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The Chatham Record

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As Appointed. Two men went forth on summer hour. And both were young, and brave and true; Two legal hearts, two brains of power, Two to date and do. Each followed right, each turned from wrong. And now his errors to outlive; Each again with hope and courage strong To do his duty to give.

JACK AND JILL.

Two figures standing in the bay-window of a country drawing-room; a glorious sunset was gilding the topmost branches of the trees in the old garden with its late rays, and the chimneys of the village church-tower rang out their peals. Their sound broke a long silence which had reigned in the room and the young man, fixing his eyes on his girl companion, spoke hurriedly. "I did not know it was so late! I must be off, or I shall miss my train to town, and my regiment at Portsmouth, and all my chances of getting on in the world. But, by Heaven, I'll do even that, if you will only say the word 'Stay.'"

When she was seventeen and he nineteen, he passed with credit into the engineers, and went up to Chatham to study, and when he came back from his first term there, the old relationship between the two was at an end, a change in it being unavoidable, if sad, Jill was shy and Jack officiously polite; wearing his best clothes when he was likely to meet her, bringing her flowers from his father's conservatory and grapes from his vine; and, in fact, making hot love to her, which state of things continued until the occurrence of the scene described above. General Marriott saw it all plainly enough, but being fond of Jill, he was well pleased at the prospect of having her for his future daughter-in-law. It was Jill, only Jill, who saw any hazard in the engagement, although it seemed to her that her whole happiness depended upon it. It was for that very reason she wished to win, not the rash, impetuous, boyish love Jack could give her at present, but the love of his future manhood, of his life. She was so well aware of all the advantages he possessed; his social position which would introduce him into the best society; his physical beauty, his winning grace, his ready wit, which would insure him friends and admirers wherever he might be; it was likely that he would always remain true to the everyday English girl with no special gifts? Yes, it was likely, Jill thought because she knew something of his character, but it was not certain, for he was untidy. Let him be tried, and then if he proved faithful, he should be rewarded by a love as deep as the fathomless sea, as strong as the elements themselves, and faithful unto death. Little did Jack know as he left the rectory gates, that such a gift was his already, whether he ever came back worthy to claim it or not. And so two years passed away while Jack was in India. They did not write to each other except on birthdays and special occasions, because Jill had forbidden correspondence as likely to make him feel less free. From General Marriott, she heard of him every other week, and he seemed to be well and popular and happy. Of a young curate, who came to the parish, and after doing his utmost to win Jill's love, left the place in anger and despair, it is needless to write here; his pile was, after all, more wounded by the utter coldness of her manner than his heart smitten by it. At the end of two years the old general, who had been a long while a widower, died, and Jill learned no more now of Jack's welfare, for the hall was entirely closed. At that time, too, the second Afghan war broke out, and his regiment was sent to the front. Those were anxious days for her, when she daily waited at the rectory gate to meet the old postman who brought the morning paper, and with trembling hands would open it to see if any battle had been fought and what names among the killed or wounded or sick.

in the papers, hope, growing less and less, had almost left her. In spite of her good courage, it was with a white face and a weary step that she went about her duties; she, who was wont to be so cheerful in the days gone by, that she had been called by the family, "Sunshine." She had now a strange fancy for sitting, toward sunset, alone, in the bay window, where she had last parted from her lover, and one evening—it was a Sunday—having excused herself from going with the rest to church on the plea of fatigue, she lay there in a rocking chair, dreaming sweet day-dreams of that bright, manly young face which had looked so enticingly into hers, and seeming to hear again his reproachful cry: "Ah, Jill, if you cared as much as I do!" A day-dream, and yet a reality, for, as she raised her eyes, Jack, or else his ghost, was standing beside her! But it was no ghost who flung his arm round her neck, and repeated again and again: "My darling! My Jill! my treasure!" "Oh! Jack, Jack; I thought you would never come!" "So did I," he said, solemnly. "But look at me, my dear one; I am not the same. I—"

CHILDREN'S COLUMN. The Ploughman. He's a steady old fellow, the ploughman. He comes when you're "cross," so beware And makes but the faintest of furrows At first, with his heavy ploughshare. But little by little they deepen, Until, by-and-by, on your brow Are left all the marks of the furrows The ploughman has made with his plough. And then 'tis quite useless to worry, To fret, and to frown and despair, For every one sees the deep furrows, And knows that the ploughman was there. —Youth's Companion.

A MEDICINE DANCE. Terpsichorean Performances of the Kiowa Indians. Dancing Two Hundred and Forty Consecutive Hours. An Anadarko (Indian Territory) letter to the Courier-Journal, says: By invitation of Sin Boy, the chief of the Kiowas, I recently attended, with three other palefaces, the great medicine dance of that warlike tribe. The place selected for the dance was forty miles west of this place, on Rainy Mountain creek, a tributary of the Washita river. The place was well chosen, with just timber enough for shelter, good grass and springs to supply drinking water. The Kiowas formerly participated in this dance annually, but owing to the scarcity of buffalo they have only had two in the past five years. One buffalo at least is essential to the medicine dance, and they had to go 300 miles and pay \$100 cash to obtain one for this dance. It was just sunset when our party arrived. A place was pointed out to us by one of the chiefs, our tepees erected, our horses staked to grass and our water-kegs filled. All of this work was done by squaws. We were invited to supper, and to our surprise were seated on the ground to a sumptuous repast, of which we showed our appreciation in a very decided manner. One of our party could talk Kiowa, so we got their programme, and being weary from our day's travel, turned in and were soon in the arms of Morpheus. We were awed by daylight next morning, and after a hearty breakfast of beef and coffee, but no bread, we proceeded to take in the sights. The encampment consisted of three hundred lodges arranged in a circle about one and a half miles in circumference. In the centre of this circle the medicine lodge was erected. It was a circle one hundred and fifty feet in circumference, with poles set in the ground about four feet apart, and green brush interwoven so thick that one could not see through it. In the centre was a pole about forty feet in height, on which the buffalo hide was suspended; on the west side was placed the idol they worship, which was a figure cut from stone, about thirteen inches high, resembling somewhat a mummy. On either side of the idol was a cone-shaped pile of sand, with a small opening at the top, from which issued continually a very black smoke from one side and a blue smoke from the other. How this smoke was generated is beyond my ken. On the east side of the circle was an opening, through which old Sol threw his resplendent rays full in the face of the idol as he lifted his head above the eastern horizon. The dog soldiers were dancing. The dog Indian is one who dances four days and nights without sleep. If faithful, he is honored among his people. The buffalo dancers come next on the programme. They dance four days and nights without sleep, but are allowed to take soup and water occasionally in small quantities. They, if faithful, are honored by the Great Spirit. The dog soldiers had been dancing three days when we arrived, but one day of this was enough for us. They danced until, from sheer exhaustion, they would fall to the ground, when they would be caught up by two or three stalwart bucks and carried to a hole of wet sand and mud and rolled therein until they returned to consciousness, when they would again participate in the dance. Any one of the tribe that felt religiously inclined and that they would prove faithful, could enter the dance, squaws excepted. We were not allowed to enter the medicine lodge until we were dressed in a mode that is, with a sheet and moccasins on and hat off, when we were treated as their equals. The dancers were clad in sackcloth and ashes. They work themselves into a high state of excitement, singing, praying and dancing. Some of them would be crazy for hours at a time. On the evening of the fourth day after our arrival, Ti-mu-da, the medicine chief, declared that the Great Spirit wore a smile, and then the dance which had lasted two hundred and forty consecutive hours was brought to a close, the beating of the tomtoms having never ceased during the entire performance. Then the donations of the Great Spirit began, but as our time was limited we did not stay to see the finale, but there are thousands of dollars' worth of fine shawls, blankets, moccasins, robes, &c., deposited in a pile to decay. Child-Widows in India. There were in British India, by the census of 1881, no less than 207,388 widows under 14 years of age, and 78,976 of these were under 9. They can no longer legally be burnt, but their widowhood is viewed by all Hindoos as the punishment for horrible crimes committed in some previous existence. They are closely confined to one meal a day, which they eat in solitude; obliged to conceal themselves in the morning lest the sight of them bring bad fortune on the beholder; and all this for life. —[Albany Journal.

Imitation Jellies. A year or two since a man in the town of Oswego found himself with a large crop of red currants, and, as the price in the market was too low to permit him to sell them at a profit, he manufactured them into "jam," or "jelly," using the best of sugar, and producing a most excellent article, which he imagined would sell to families and hotels readily. He found the hotels supplied with a cheap, impure article, manufactured from gluten and acids and colored to resemble somewhat in color and taste currant jelly, which the landlords told him answered every purpose, as the boarders didn't know the difference, and it could be procured at a rate much lower than he could afford to sell the pure, delicious, wholesome article, because they sold at retail an article which "answered the purpose" even lower than he could afford his at wholesale. The result was the enterprising man, who thought he would do the people a great kindness by furnishing them with a pure, delicious article of currant jelly at a cost less than they could manufacture it themselves, had a large quantity on hand to send to friends and to pass around "in cases of sickness," etc. But we haven't heard of his manufacturing any more "pure currant jelly" for market. A few years since a gentleman in Union village started the manufacture of apple-jelly, and he produced a very pure and delicious article, which should have commanded a ready sale at hotels, bakeries and in families, for the table and for pies, tarts, etc. But the business did not prosper, we think. At all events, it was suspended. An inferior article, made up largely of adulterations, which "answered the purpose," took the trade. —[Oswego (N. Y.) Times.

The Rain. The rain! the rain! It gushed from the skies and streamed Like awful tears, and the sick man thought How painful it seemed; And he turned his face away. And stared at the wall again. His hopes nigh dead and heart worn out, Oh, the rain! the rain! the rain! The rain! the rain! the rain! And the broad stream brimmed the shores, And over the river crept over the reeds. And the roots of the sycamores; And a corpse swirled by in the drift. Where the boat had snapt its chain— And a hoarse-voiced mother shrieked and raved. Oh, the rain! the rain! the rain! The rain! the rain! the rain! Pouring, with never a pause, Over the fields and the green byways— How beautiful it was! And the new-made man and wife Stood at the window-pane. Like two glad children kept from school, Oh, the rain! the rain! the rain! —[James Whitcomb Riley.

HUMOROUS.

Another Indian outbreak is reported in Arizona; it is whooping cough this time. A woman's scorn is not to be trifled with. Especially when you step on it in a crowd. The pen is mightier than the sword, but an argument from either is likely to be very pointed. "The hour of reckoning has come," said the cashier, as he opened his books and prepared to run up a column of figures. "I thought you took an unusual interest in my welfare," remarked an unsuccessful lover. "No, indeed," she replied; "only in your farewell." Robinson—Hello, Jones! Been away shooting for a couple of weeks, haven't you? Jones—Yes, Robinson—Well, what did you bag? Jones—My trousers. Caller (to Mrs. Hendricks)—Your daughter's husband is an A. M., is he not, Mrs. Hendricks? Mrs. Hendricks (a trifle sourly)—Yes, he is about 2 o'clock A. M. A scientific exchange asks: "What is rotatory motion?" Why, it is that experienced by a drunken man when lying flat on his back and clutching the sidewalk for fear he'll fall off. "What did you marry my son for?" fiercely demanded an old gentleman of a clergyman who had just united his runaway swagrace in the holy bonds. "Two dollars, sir," meekly replied the foinie, "to be charged to you." California Sheep-Shearers. Still further south is the Nejuil Ranch, comprising four thousand acres. Chief among its possessions are the vast herds of sheep that wander over its broad domains. Perhaps nothing is more interesting than to watch the processes by which the wool is obtained. The sheep-shearers are mostly of Mexican origin, and when they put in their appearance present a picturesque sight, with their gay neckerchiefs and swarthy countenances. They would do well in a picture, but as human beings they are to be avoided. Cruelty and love of gaming are their chief characteristics. They snip, snip the sheep, and if they take out a piece of flesh with the wool, they snip out another alongside, to make it nice and even, meanwhile chanting some queer little rune. Then a vat of acids is prepared, into which they drop the poor creatures, old sheep and little lambs, thumping them down with poles, in order that they may be well immersed, not caring for the raw, tender flesh exposed by their brutality, nor for the foibles of the lambs, which scarcely know which way to go. The old sheep, which has passed through several seasons of this sort of thing, immediately swims through the vat to the place of egress, and passes out; not so the lamb, which struggles and strangles, with that cruel pole pushing it down under the bitter waters, not knowing what to do. Many of them are thus drowned, and the imp-like shearer, uttering an ugly oath, fishes them out. At night these inhuman beings sit up and gamble away every dime earned through the day to the sharpeners who follow in their wake, but the next day go to work again, chanting and snipping with accustomed celerity. —[Cosmopolitan Magazine.

The Czar's Wrists of Steel.

During the Czar's visit to Copenhagen a German conjurer was giving an exhibition of his skill before a royal party at Fredensborg when the Czar took up the pack of cards with which the prestidigitator had been operating and said: "I will show you another trick, but I doubt whether you will be able to add it to your 'repertoire.'" The Czar then tore the pack of fifty-two cards in two without apparently the slightest effort. The showman produced another pack and tried to imitate his example but in vain; only those possessing wrists of steel can in this case follow suit. It is no trick, but the exercise of almost superhuman strength. A few minutes later the Czar called for a silver dollar and bent it double between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand.

How Licorice is Made.

"It is almost an impossibility," said a well-known New York pharmacist recently to a Mail and an Express reporter, "to tell how much licorice is really consumed by people in the city of New York. The amount is thousands of pounds annually."

Something About Fires.

It was a cold day. Fred was tired of reading, tired of looking out of the window, and so he poked the fire for a change. "I suppose there are a good many different sorts of fires," he said to his mamma, as he laid down the poker. "Yes, indeed," she answered. "It is very interesting to know how people keep warm in all parts of the world, especially where fuel is scarce and dear. In Iceland, for example, fires are often made of fish bones. Think of that. In Ireland and other countries a kind of turf called peat is dug up in great quantities and used for fuel. And in France a coarse yellow and brown sea-weed, which is found in Finistere, is carefully dried and piled up for winter use. A false log, resembling wood, but made of some composition which does not consume, is often used in that country. It absorbs and throws out the heat, and adds to the looks of the hearth and to the comfort of the room. The French have also a movable stove, which can be wheeled from room to room, or even carried up or down stairs while full of burning coals. In Russia the poorer people use a large porcelain stove, flat on top like a great table, with a fire inside which gives out a gentle, spring-like warmth. It often serves as a bed for the whole family who sleep on top of it. There are, besides, gas-stoves, oil-stoves, various methods of obtaining warmth by heated air and steam, and, doubtless," other devices that I never heard of. In some countries, however, no fires are needed. In looking at pictures of tropical towns you will at once notice the absence of chimneys."

A Sight to Feast the Eyes.

There was a sight in Bucksin Gulch yesterday that would have made the oldest placer miner's heart leap with joy. The surface gravel had been washed off, and the large cut in the jagged bedrock for over 100 feet was a mass of glittering gold. In places where it had lodged in the crevices it could be picked up by the spoonful. About a pint of nuggets, from \$20 to \$50 in weight, were picked up in the forenoon by Charles Dudley, and about twenty pounds of gold had already been taken to the bank, which had been scooped out of the potholes. No very large pieces had been found, the largest would probably not go over three ounces. The clean up, which will probably take two or three days yet to make complete, will be by far the largest ever made in the camp. It is estimated to reach 50 pounds, or in the neighborhood of \$9000. —[Coeur d'Alene (Idaho) Sun.

Something Pleasant.

"Can't you say something pleasant to me?" said a husband to his wife as he was about to start for his office. "You had had a little quarrel, and he was willing to 'make up.'" "Ah, John, I'm throwing her arms around my neck, 'forgive my foolishness. We were both in the wrong. And don't forget the baby's shoes, dear, and the ton of coal, and we are out of potatoes; and John, love, you must leave me some money for the gas man." —[New York Sun.

Her First Sponge Cake.

He—How kind of you, darling. I will always keep it before me. She—What do you mean? Why don't you eat it? He—Eat it? Great Scott! I thought it was a paper weight. —[Judge.

Youth and Age.

Omaha Child—Mamma, that old lady in the corner is— Mamma—Hush. That is Miss Spinstler! You must not call her old. "I wonder how young she is?" "I don't know." "I guess she must be about forty years young." —[Omaha Herald.