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Sergeant Jasper at Fort Monroe. When Charleston built for the Briton's sport The spongy, hardy palmetto fort, And the ships with their topsails taut and thin...

at the head of his class from our college, and was looked upon as one of the most promising young physicians in the country now, he was a helpless maniac! "Ramsay" I involuntarily queried, only partially believing my own eyesight. Habershon nodded. "You need not speak to him; he won't r. ply. It is just 6 o'clock. He will sit at that table gazing at the old skull until daybreak and then he will throw himself upon his bed and sleep until noon. That's the way he used to do, you know, and the humor him all I can. Poor old Ramsay; I owe him a good deal, you know, Hartly. You remember all about it?"

the older doctors that if his theory proved perfectly successful in practice he would be able to give his method of cure in writing for the benefit of the medical world—at present, he said that it was utterly impossible for him to intelligently explain his ideas. However, he guaranteed that the attempt would be perfectly harmless to the patient and the doctors stood by ready to prevent any undue or dangerous experiment. For myself, I have not the least idea to this day just what the means were which Ramsay employed to produce the end he had in view, nor have I any theory to advance. The whole thing was a strange affair to me then and appears just as strange when I look back upon it from the present moment, with all the experience which I have gained with fifteen years' practice.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN. My Owl. What, not up yet, my sleepy head! More than an hour ago I called you from your little bed, You're very slow. You're like the owl in the tree; When night comes forth he flies In the dim dusk, seeing easily With his round eyes. But when the morning shines he creeps Into some bark-hid chink, And there the whole day long he sleeps Without a wink.

A NORWEGIAN SPORT. The National Pastime of the Sturdy Norseman is "Ski." Binding on the "Skis," He Glides Down the Mountains. "Ski" running is to the Norwegian what base-ball is to the American, or ricket to the Briton—the national sport. It is also something more; it is necessary and practical mode of locomotion, as is skating to the Dutchman, and snow-shoeing to the denizen of the Canadas.

The Wild Animal Trade. "There is scarcely anything going on in the trade this year," recently observed Mr. F. J. Thompson, who is perhaps the largest wild animal dealer in the United States, and who resides in New York. "You see, this year," he continued, "is the presidential year, and like theatrical business, our trade is seriously affected. In off years circuses and other shows put in their heaviest work, while in years like this the countrymen, when they have a holiday, instead of going to the circus go off to a mass meeting or to see the parade.

Diedrich and Gretchen. Sat a prince within his castle, Sad and lone; Far beneath a winding river Danced and shone. "Ah!" he sighed, "I wish and pray I were happy now as they— Yonder peasants on their way." Paused a peasant, gayly humming Simple song, Glancing upward toward the castle Grim and strong: "Would that I were there," said he, "Ah, how happy I should be, Feasting, singing merrily!" "Nay," said Gretchen, now beside him "Covest not; Thou art happy, honest Diedrich, In thy cot, God hath given thee thy place, Castle walls would pale thy face, Waste thy strength and mar thy grace."

Fate of John Ramsay, M. D.

I am a physician. I have made a life-long study of the human brain, and may, perhaps, be pardoned if I say that my opinions upon diseases of the mind now carry considerable weight among members of the profession. It is only a week or two since I was called to a large asylum for the insane in Northern Ohio to examine a case which baffled the skill of the local doctors. After disposing of that matter I took an unprofessional stroll through the institution in company with my old friend, the superintendent.

We three fellows all fitted in the same social set, and although both Ramsay and Habershon knew good and beautiful girls by the score, the fates decreed that they should fall in love with the same young lady. And yet, strange enough, they never displayed bad feeling toward each other, nor ever sought to make the lady's position an unpleasant one on account of the rivalry. It seemed to me, an onlooker, as though there was a tacit understanding between them, that no undue influence should be brought into play, but that, knowing how both loved and admired her, the object of their admiration and esteem should be left quietly to choose between them.

Every afternoon, between five and six, an under-sized man with a nervous but decided air boards a Wabash avenue cable car at Washington street and rides south. Probably not one out of twenty-five of his fellow passengers recognizes him as the hero of a desperate fight against the City railway company. Chicago goes very fast, and the sensation of yesterday is hardly the memory of to-day. This is D. B. Fisk. When the City railway company, about a dozen years ago, put "bobtail" cars (cars in which passengers drop their passes through a slot into a box), on its lines, Fisk, single-handed, began a crusade against the bobtails, and ceased only when the cars were removed. How did he go about it? He simply refused to pay his fare except to a conductor. The drivers on the line came to know him and ceased jingling their bells for his fare. He used to enter a car and offer to pay the fares of all the passengers—to a conductor. The result was many a carload of people were hauled free. Fisk found a few nervy followers; the newspapers took up the battle, the public joined in, and the result was the complete subjugation of the company and the removal of the obnoxious vehicles. The fight, it is said, cost the company hundreds of thousands in lost fare and cars left on their hands, which they were obliged to sell at prices away below their cost.—[Chicago News.

Arachne and the Spider. Everyone has noticed the cobwebs which hang upon each shrub and bush and are strewn in profusion over every plant of grass on a fine morning in autumn, and, seeing, who can have failed to admire? The webs, circular in form, are then strung thick with tiny pearls of dew that glitter in the sun. No lace is so fine. Could any be wrought that would equal them in their filmy delicacy and lightness, it would be worth a prince's ransom. But for such work man's touch is all too coarse. It is possible only to our humble garden-spider, known to scientific people by the more imposing name, Epeira diadema. These spiders belong to the family of Arachnidae, and the ancients, who were great lovers of beauty, observing their webs, invented the pretty fable of Arachne. Arachne was a maiden who had attained to such expertness in weaving and embroidering that even the nymphs, leaving their groves and fountains, would gather to admire her work. They whispered to each other that Minerva herself must have woven as she grew dexterous, and, overhearing them, denied the implication with high disdain. She would not acknowledge herself inferior even to a goddess, and finally challenged Minerva to a trial of skill, saying: "If beaten, I will bear the penalty." Minerva accepted the challenge, and the webs were woven. Arachne was of wondrous beauty; but when she saw that of Minerva she knew that she was defeated, and in her despair went and hanged herself. Minerva, moved by pity for her vain but skillful opponent, transformed her into a spider, and she and her descendants still retain a portion of her marvelous gifts of spinning and weaving.—[Swiss Cross.

An Expensive Request. A Philadelphia lawyer was appointed solicitor for a certain business house in that city. At the end of the year he was asked to send in his account, which he did, by lumping everything, simply saying, "So and So, Dr. to Professiona Services, \$2000. The manager was a stickler for form, and sent back the account, asking for an itemized statement. The lawyer did as requested, and at the bottom tacked on the following: "To preparing itemized statement, \$100." After a murmur of horror and astonishment, it was paid.

The Cost of a House. People who are going to build may like to know that "a three-thousand dollar house" is one that the architectural paper says can be built for \$2,850. 37; costs \$3,100, according to the architect's estimate; is worth \$3,700, the carpenter says, to build; increases in expense to \$4,800 during the process of erection, and makes you draw your check for \$5,953.28 before you move in and get your first bill for repairs.—[Journal of Education.

The First Razor. The earliest reference to shaving is found in Genesis xi: 14, where we read that Joseph, on being summoned before the king shaved himself. There are several directions as to shaving in Leviticus, and the practice is alluded to in many other parts of scripture. Egypt is the only country mentioned in the Bible where shaving was practiced. In all other countries such an act would have been ignominious. Herodotus mentions that the Egyptians allowed their beards to grow when in mourning. So particular were they as to shaving at other times that to have neglected it was a subject of reproach and ridicule, and whenever they intended to convey the idea of a man of low condition and slovenly habits the artists represented him with a beard. Unlike the Romans of a later age, the Egyptians did not confine the privilege of shaving to free citizens, but obliged their slaves to shave both beard and head. The priests also shaved the head. Shaving the head became customary among the Romans about 360 B. C. According to Pliny, Scipio Africanus was the first Roman who shaved daily. In France the custom of shaving arose when Louis XIII. came to the throne young and beardless. The Anglo-Saxons wore their beards until, at the conquest, they were compelled to follow the example of the Normans, who shaved. From the time of Edward III. to Charles I. beards were universally worn. In Charles II.'s reign the mustache and whiskers only were worn, and soon after this the practice of shaving became general throughout Europe. The revival of the custom of wearing the beard dates from the time of the Crimea, 1854-55.—[Penman's Journal.