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PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., MARCH 12, 1891.

NO. 30.

Pittable Condition of Alaska Esqui

"The Esquimanx of Alaska are in a

very pitiable condition, and the prop-

sition of the government to buy rein-

territory should not be used as a butt

resident of Sirka, who, while dining

at the Grand Pacific, gave vent to this

observation. "The Esquimaux are

Just as deserving of governmental aid

One square, one month . For larger advertisemente liberal con-

racts will be made.

When Age Has Come. Life bath its quiet joys when age hath cours Though voices many have grown still and dumb

Along the way: Shadows oft fail upon the drying grass, Dead leaves are rustling as we enward pass At close of day.

Yet flowers bloom; the latest of the year And hands extended meet us on the way,

ng us as hunds of old friends may With heing touch.

Though much his gone, much has been left

In little pleasures we our comfort find From day to day. Though many voters have grown still and

Life both its quiet joss when age has come

- L. F. S. Barnard.

WHICH IS IT?

I was down on my knees scrubbing. I don't like to scrub. It's dirty, prinding, disagreeable work. Dorothea Casanbon never scribbed in "Middlemarch," and I'm quite sure neither Rebecca nor Rawena, in "Ivanhoe," ever took a turn at it.

But somebody loss got to seemb, and Aunt Pamela has got rheumatism in both knees, and of course there's no one to do it but Darling and me. So we alternate it between us, for nothing would induce Aunt Pamela to hire the work done ... With two able-bodied women to the house," says she, con-Jempi nously

As I said before, I was scrubbing the east room flor, when all of a sudden Darting duriesed into the room, and danced around my prostrate form like the wild sprate she is.

"Don't, Durling!" wail I; eyou'll upset the part."

"I don't care if I do," said Darling. eRise up, Italy Ariel; the spell is broken!

What on earth do you mean? sold I, struggling into a sitting position, with the scrubbing brush uplifted in one band like a sort of homely sceptre, while Durling pirouetted around me.

· She has gone!" cried she.

"Who has gone?" questioned L "Aunt Cancla?"

*Strone wherey? "To be a guardian migel at some old wom in's be lade up at Bathel Four Corners, and year and I are to finish the house-elemine."

Ob, are we?"

I floog the scrubbing brush through the open wimlow, where it lodged in the leafy gold of a manster maple tree

"There's the kite' on to whitewash, the lest room to clean, the rag carpets to slocke, and the buttery shelves to scour, and the corner bedroom to be scrubbed and papered anew; and there's the pigs and the turkeys and the Mussovy dicks and the young calves and the cows and -?

"Darting," I cried, seizing heraround the wast and joining in her mad dance, you're a jewel!" Let's have some four. Let's invite the Beveric girss and Sem Tooker and Harry Wadsworth, and have an autumn-leaf dance! We never go anywhere, and we're never allowed to see any company, and it's work, work, grub, grub, the whole time!"

"I'm with you, Ariel!" said my pigeon-wing, and terrowly escaping the pail of soapsorls as she came down on the tips of her toes. "Run, quick, and give the invitations, and I'll stir up the jolliest molasses gingerbread you ever saw for refreshments. Tell them all to come without fail."

Darling and I were the twin daugh ters of a New York artist, whose sudden death bad left us to the care of his widowed half-sister, Aunt Pamela Wilkins. No two poles could be wider spart than our upbringing and

Aunt Pamela's home atmosphere. "Such a pair!" grouned the good old housekeeper "Ariel and Darling! Just the sort of names one might have expected from Felix Brainard and his wife. And brought up to do nothing absolutely nothing! Darling can't make flap acks, and Ariel throws away her stockings because no one has ever taught her to mend them. And as for soft soap and sweet pickles and raised bound, why, good gracious, they've mover even heard of 'em!"

We were a tecrible trial to Aunt Inmeis. Of that there was no manner of doubt. But then, on the other hand, what a terrible trial Aunt Pam da was to us!

So that when the historic occasion away." it was small wonder that "the little mice" straightway proceeded to

They all came Nell and Fanns Beverly and their brother Duke, Mr. Wadsworth, Sam Tooker and Joe Sat v c.l sefe-shinest.

dance in the big room that I had left girls-good-night!" bulf-scrubbed, and for once the walls of the old farmhouse rang with light laughter and merry voices.

"Oh," cried I, at last, flinging myself down in a splint-bottomed chair, and resting my disheveled head against the wall, "I can't dance another step! I'm clear out of breath. Do let's rest!

Rest! As if a lot of gay young frolickers could even known what the word meant.

Sam played a variation on his violin, and Duke Beverly accompanied him on the jewsharp. I drew, in red chalk on the wall, a silhouette of Aunt Pamels, in a fine frenzy of house. Cleaning ("We're going to whitewash it tomorrow," said I, recklessly). while Darling treated us to an excellent imitation of the same old lady in a hurry to go to church, looking for the spectacles that were astride of her

And then we began to set the table for supper, just as the old clerk in the kitchen chimed midnight, while the four young men went down cellar to draw some cider out of a barrel in the southeast corner, which Aunt Pamela had pronounced superior to any cider in the neighb rhood.

All of a sudden we heard a shrill voice at the foot of the stairs "Darling! Ariel! Where be ye,

Nell Beverly dropped the loaf of gingerbread on the floor. I stood, paralyzed with a delicious cream-castard in my hand. Darling's dimpled face grew pale.

"It's Annt Pamela," she whispered. "Hush! Hide away the things. in all creation can have brought her back at tals time of night?"

"tirds! girls!" screeched the old lady, secome down stairs and get me a cup o' tea. I'm most beat out. Old Mrs. Hurley is better, and she's more percollar than ever, and says she won't have a soul come near her but her own slarter, Mary Ann. So I'm back. But I never meant, girls, you should set up all night a cleanin' house. You're good, smart workers, but there ain't no sech hurry as all that. And you've been sort o' keepless, leavin' the cellar door unfastened on the outside. T've just padlocked it and made all safe.

And bolted all four of the boys down cellar," whispered Darling What next?"

We beckuned to the Beverly girls to keep quiet, and crept rather sheepishly down stairs.

There stood Aunt Pamela, bundled in shawls, and ruddy with the touch of the night frosts.

"Workin' in the upstsics rooms, be ye?" said Aunt Pamela. "Well, I calculate it's time to leave off now, and go to bed. And I can take hold and help ve tomorrow mornin'. It's a real comfort to hev two stirrin girls about the place like you."

Durling and I looked guiltily at each other. If ever Aunt Pamela had been capable of screasm we might has a suspected it now; but she was the most matter-of-fact of old dames, and up to this time her yea had meant yea, and her nay may.

She sat composedly down to her tearembled in the room above (the profound peace. lovely little sister, executing a final winding wooden staircase came directly down into the room where we -at), and while mysterious sounds ever and anon came up from below

Would she never be through? "I do b'lieve," she said, at last, that I've padiocked the dog down cellar. I sort o' hear a strange rust tin' down there. P'rhaps I'd better go and see."

"N-no. Aunt Pamela," historically interjected Darling, "I'll go! You know how steep those stone steps are, and Give me the key; I'm not

afraid to got" Presently she came back, bright faced and breathless.

"It's all right," said she. "The dog wasn't there.

"Oh, well," said Aunt Pamela, "my hearin ain't as good as it was. I may have been mistook. And now"-with i prodigious yawn -- 1 guess l'il go to bed."

Never did the old lady's preparations for a night's slumber spin themselves out into such insufferable restimm!

o Parling and me to be up betimes in a rived on which "the old cat was of fall house-cleaning which we had you come to a period you must stop. begun se bravely.

liberate the captives alreve stairs.

Sam had his violin, so that we could an escape we have had! Good-night,

And as they sendded breathlessly out, a faint voice, like an echo, came

from Aunt Pamela's bedroom "thood-night, girls- good-night!" Silently .'e closed the front door; noiselessly we turned the lock and shot the big, rusted bolts, and then stood eyeing each other.

"Does she know," said I, "or does she not?"

"The upstairs blinds were tight shut," pleaded Darling. "How could she?

"We were making such a noise," "But she is quite deaf you know." "She never could have thought that we were scrubbing and whitewashing up there, at that time of night?"

"Perhaps she did," cheerfully argued Darling. "She's so fond of work herself that she thinks it's a luxnry for other people."

"Does she know," repeated I, "or does she not?"

And that was something which we never found out. Aunt Pameia said enigmatical things at times. Otherwhiles, there were unaccountable w nkles in her muddy blue eyes. But if she had penetrated the mystery of our escapade, she never told of it Darling thinks she doesn't know. I am pretty sure she does.

We had a dreadful time erasing the ed-chalk caricature from the wall, and I had to drop Sammy's violin into the big lilac bush, and broke the sounding-board.

But he says it doesn't signify, since I've promised to be his wife. And Harry Wadsworth is coming Sunday nights to see Darling, so there's some prospect of our drudgery drawing to an end. And every night Aunt Pamela herself goes out to see that the outside cettar door is locked.

of ain't goin' to run no more risks,' ny = she.

But the question still remains unanswered does Aunt Pamela know, or does she not? | Saturday Night.

Most Cold-blooded of Commanders.

Perhaps the most cold-blooded ommander who ever lived was the French general, Saint-Cyr. He was a great tastician, but totally neglected the morale of his men. He was never seen on horse back, and never showed himself before the lines. On one occasion when he was simply a general of division, the impetuous Marshai Oudinot, puzzled to know what to do in an emergency, asked Saint-Uvr's advice, frankly telling bum that he was "nonplussed."

"You, monseignent," said Saint-Cyr, ware a murshal of the empire, and I am a general of division. I shall faithfully carry out your orders, but it would not be becoming for me to advise you."

Later on Saint-Cyr succeeded to the command of the army, and then adopted a peculiar method of general ship. He formed his plan of battle clearly, precisely and with admirable foresight. Then he sent his orders to his subordiuntes, and shut himself up in his quarters, absolutely forbidding entrance to a single soul. Then he took out his wolln and went to studying a hard piece of music as tranquiland toast, while the Beverly girls by as if he had been in the midst of a

> The battle which won Saint-Cyc his fought while he was fidding in his tent. He had apparently foreseen exervibing, and the carrying out of his plans completely, crushed the enemy . - / Atlanta Constitution.

Pumping Water From a Distance.

Water cannot be lifted much over thirty feet by a suction pump, but it may be drawn considerably further. If a well or spring is 100 or 125 feet from the pump, water may be drawn with ease if the total lift is not over thirty feet. But by using a force primp set over a dry well 6 or 8 feet deep and carrying the pipe up a regular slope to the bottom of it, water may be drawn 100 feet or more with a total lift of nearly forty feet. The foot of the pipe in the well or spring should be furnished with a sheek valve to retain the water in the

Bringing Her to Time.

a bool at Indian Island, Old Town, Me., But at last she disappeared into her takes an intelligent interest in his lestittle room, which opened out of the sons and does not simply learn them kitchen, with a farewell exhoration by rote. The teacher had been giving instructions in punctuation, and closed the morning to further the great work by saving emphatically; "Now, when A little black-eved girl then com-No sooner had the door closed on menced to read, and went on in a er stout figure than we made haste to reckless manner, regardless of the peried in question, whereupon the fat "Make linste, girls make haste!" and bright little Indian boy poked her whispered Durling. "Sam and Duke on the ribs and electrified the school by and Harry are waiting for you at the veiling instity, "Whea!" He grasped end of the lane. Merciful fates, what | the estuation. - [Detroit Free Press.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

PAPA'S VACCINATION The family had been vaccinated, Maurice and Maud and Berta

Papa and mamma and Baby Grace Who cried when the doctor burt her Afterwards, Berta beard queries passed io, politely, she asked paps, one night:

How's your imagination?"
—[Youth's companion.

A CHURCH-GOING DOCK A Brooklyn gentleman tells this story: "While I was spending my vacation in Massachusetts I went with my daughter to the village church. When the organist commenced to play my attention was attracted by the flapping of wings, and on top of the organ I saw a snow-white dove which seemed to take a great interest in the music. The dove, known as Clum sy,' was owned by a farmer who lived at some distance from the church. It attended service every Sunday, and often stayed and made its way into the Sanday school room, where it would perch on the back of the super intendent's chair. There it would sit, calm and demore, until the singing

was ended, when it would fly home

A MAIL DOG ON HIS TRAVELS. As the mail train arrived at the vest-side station, Norwich, at 10,42 a. m., one day, recently, a good-sized Scotch terrier jumped from the cor and took his seat on the wagon of Mail Carrier Kelley and started for the postoffice. He was "Owner," the traveling dog of the Albony, (N. Y.) postoffice. He is cheek-by jawl with postal clerks and letter carriers every where and knows them by their uniform. He will follow no one else but representatives of the postoffile de partment and will board no train but a mail train, always entering the postal agent's ear. Cleek William McCord invited the dog to take dinner with him and he accepted the invitation. He left with the mails at 2,45 p. m., and is now again en route. He has traveled to most of the large cities of the country and spent some time in Montreal. He has lost one eve in a rail road collision. He never fails to retuen to his home office. - (Picayune.

TOPSY, THE CAL MOTHER

One of the blackest cats I ever saw was Topsy ; and she was onto as she When mice and rats were scarce around the house and in the barn in which she lived she had a novel way of letting people know that she was hungry.

First, she would find a small piece of wood and carry it in her mouth to her young mistress. After dropping it at her feet she usually made a pristence of cating it and then mew so pitcously that food was soon forth-oming

One day Topsy became the Imppy mother of five black kittens. were born in a big empty feed box in the barn. Under her tender care they grew strong and thrived. Topsy's life was wrapped up in them-When they became large enough to partake of solid food she brought succulent, wee mice for them to eat, and each kitten got one daily

For ten days she pursued this practice, until people wondered where Topsy found so many tilbits for her darlings. Her fidelity to those little, black, animated bundles of fur was trich, guanaco and silver-fix skins regret that I learned one day that she had been robbed of her young.

Singly and in pairs they were given away to admiring neighbors mutil none were left to receive the ministrationof the young mother. Still, with pathetic regularity, she continued to eatch mice and being them to the big box. There she dropped them in, one at a time, until each of the absent kittens had been provided for,

Topsy never seemed to doubt that they would return Finally somebody nailed the box cover down and Topsy could not get inside, but for some days she visited the spot and mewed most dismally. Then she seemed to become resigned to her loss and once more be came like her former self - CNew

Origin of "Boston."

At some exceedingly remote period of time there lived, near the site of the old English town of Boston, a renowned saint, named Botolph, over whose bones a stately church was built, which was for many ages the resort of religious pilgrims. The town which gathered round the tomb of St. Botolph was called Bot slph's town, rounded into Boston, as rough stones by the action of the water are smoothed into publics. The Ledger.

Thought Him Childless.

Teacher-Remember, boys, Washington was the father of his country Builet head Johnny-Thought be never had any children!- [Epoch.

PUNTA ARENAS.

The Most Southern Town of the American Continent.

A Great Centre for the Sheep for lokes," It was Henry Jacobs, a and Fur Industries.

We reached Punta Arenas in the

night, anchored and slept happily until

there is new and prosperous. The

principal business houses are German.

Panta Arenas is a free port, and the

great centre for supplying the sleep

between the various islands of Tierra

del Fuego and of the Strait of Magel

lan, and three times a year the Pata

gonian Indians ride into Ponta Acc-

nas to sell the produce of their bunt-

ing excursions, namely, puma, oc-

stock of merchandise, and embersor-

ing to do business with the passengers.

guanaco, seal, otter, pama, fex look

ing soft and warm, and interspersed

bows, arrows, spears, hours, shell

and the terrible bolas, which the Pata-

gonus and their popels, the Argen-

tine gauchos, use to hunt the ostrich

be delivered in Havre, and then pro-

reeded on her way.

creature. | Chicago News.

The exportation of furs is an

with success.

as are the Indians, and they are not daybreak, when we blew the steam one-quarter so troublesome. Until rewhistle to warn the inhabitants of our cently they required no sid. Their presence, writes Theodore Child in needs are simple and with a plentiful Harper's. At length the captain of supply of whale, seals and reindeer, the port came on board, and we were at liberty to go ashore; but the landare easily satisfied. But such a supply, owing to the devastation of the white ing was difficult and dangerous: owing hunters and fishers, does not now exto the roughness of the water and the ist, and actually there is not enough primitiveness of the moles, we had to be hoisted out of the ship's boat with food to keep the L-quimans alive. "A great many bave starved to ropes. The town does not offer much death, and it is stated on good author to interest the visitor. In the bay are its that the old, the very young and two coal hulks, an American schooner at anchor, several small coasting frezen to death in order that the de schooners used for seal-fi-hing and mand for food might be diminished local service, and a Chilian survey steamer. To the north of the town is I know that such a thing seems hora government depot, with batt a rible; still feeezing is not the worst kind of a death. So cold is it among dozen buoys lying on the sandy shore. and looking from a distance like giganthe Usquiments that if you expose you ear it will freeze in a moment. tic spinning tops. Still further to the out thinly clad and you will freeze north is an old lighthouse tower, painted red and white, which was For a moment it is painful, but when used by the German astronomical mas- the cold has taken from hold of you a sion at the time of the last passage of congive up life with as little reinc-Venus. Beyond the lighthouse the land becomes flat, and stretches out ourse as were you failing into a peace into the water forming a long sandy full sleep. Now the best fixed for the Esquincers is remolece. From them splt, with a conical beacon on the extreme point. Hence the name of the mink, meat and clothing are obtain settlement - Sand Point. The town is able and their tenes are good for faci of very recent origin, but it has grown Moreover they are prolific and the rapidly, and now has a population proposition to stock Alaska with them is the most sensible idea that has come of 922 souls, the whole Territorio deto light in Washington for a long-Magellanes having a population of 2085, of whom about 800 are foreigntime." - [Chicago Post. ers of various mationalities, the chief Queer Things In Queer Places. capitalists and beisiness people being German or English. The house Republic, once found a cavity in a are solidly built of wood, the best of large borr oak tree in which about a them having corrugated from roofs. pint of pin oak acorns had been stored. Most of the buildings are painted white; some have walls and roofs of the were found had been made by woodsame deep red color; the roofs are, of peckers and was in the most solid course, sharply pointed to throw of the part of the tree. Mr. Robertson says rain. The general aspect of things

away by the birds or squirrels the fall farms and various settlements on the opposite islands of the Tierra del Fue-Robert Buchanan of Monroe county, group, southern Patagonia, and lows, white digging a coal shaft on the Fulkland Islands. In these rainy his farm, east of Albia, found a new and apparently inhospitable regions species of mouse imbedded in the the great industry is sheep farming. have not feet below the surface. It There is also much golddust in the rivwas found in a little cavity just large ers and torrents, and silver and coal enough to the body, but witnow mines in the neighborhood, but hitherany clay aftering to its for. The to they have not been worked sides of the cavity seemed worn and polished, as if the little creature had It is curious to note that the shepurned around and around thousands herds who come to Punta Arenas to of times in its narrow sepulcire bebuy goods and provisions often pay in fore it final valled. When found it gold-dust, which they gather in the was in a perfect state of preservation streams near where their flocks are and as soft and plieble as if had only feeding. Skins and furs form a secdied the day before ond important industry; seal and seaotters abound in the various channels.

that, according to Chambers, there-

was 398 coars' growth of wood over

the end of the cavity, yet all of the

acorns were as fresh as if only put

Minney which spouts both oil and water, often changes the programme and sends out a stream of small minnows which are wholly unlike any known species of fish found in that

Polato Subs itutes portant business here, and the port. would be rivnis and substitutes during standing as it does in the regularthe past three centuries, but it still resteamer track, is destined to greater mains the most valuable, tober known and greater prosperity. When we for cultivation in coal charactereturned on board we found two About to years ago the Chinese yam Danish fur dealers displaying their was extensively advertised as the most valuable of all rulers, and the coming subscitute for the potato, but upon The skins were spread out ever the trial it failed to meet expectations. shall, tuber as roots has attracted some attention both in Europe and with a few Indian enviorations, such as this country because its introducers claim that it may, or with take the panered the common perater but, nafortunively, the fullers are so unlike the potate that they can searcely claim to be placed in the same class with it The Osicis landed our most bug and a The potato has not yet even a fate dozen sucks, of parators, and took on board a quantity of ostrich feathers to

A Wonderfal Transformation.

It is on record in mostical literature that in the year 1931 a poor old man, Among the Prince of Wales' votines pesalog in Tarantum, near Naples, is that he is a "lover of a dog." To hade, was the subject of a marvellow deed, the kennels are one of the print change when at the age of nearly ninety cipal show places at Sundringham, years. His skin peeted off and a new His favorate spo ting dogs, it seems, and soft skin supplied its place; his are two wavy retrievers, Bruce IV. muscles again became strong and and Bell V. But the Prince fatteres primp; the wrinkles disappeared from every kind of breed, and is the root his face, and the white hairs from his pient, of course, of a great many pre head; black, only hair grew on his sents, among which are Bosco, a head again, and his complexion be-Samovedo sledge dog, presented to care fresh and contliful. Sixty Captain Wiggins; and Bizoff, a Nov- years later be again became decrept weginn dog, blue, with grav markings and a second old age, and dled after a most peculial and quaint-to-ving passing his one hundred and sixtieft I year - 1St. Louis Republic.

Way of the World

Aloft on the bough the fair fruit hung. Caressed by the wind and missed by the

The Chatham Record.

RATES

ADVERTISING

standing below as it swung out of

One longed for a taste of so luscious a

One just as perfect was lying below Where the fickle wind tossed it hours ego, Its tints as dainty, its forms as round. But notedy cared—for it lay on the ground.

It is ever the fruit that is just beyond reach

Be it fame or honor, or love or a peach. That man longs for the most why we never Let be scorns to peck where the fruit grows

-[Ada E. F(eld

HI WORDES.

A man who is up to snuff isn't to be succeed at.

Given a few chemicals, a counter-

feiter can always raise a dollar. A man never gets so poor that he can't borrow trouble without security.

"Papa, what is a fad?" "A fad. my dear, is somebody else's peculiar-

Much as a man admires the truth he prefers to have it told about som? ther fellow When there is no loows flying around

the biggest thing in the barnyard is the strut of the smallest moster. The man who invists that doctor

bill are robbay might modify his

language and refer to them as pillage.

If you want advice, get it from the man or women wher is non-oil your own age. That is, if you want ad-View that you can't cent. "Do you take sugar in your coffee?"

asked Mrs. small of the star boarder.

No. um'am," replied the latter; what I would like some offer in it." Accepting the philosopher's theory that money represents trouble it is surprising to see how many people are willing and anxious to become from

A facetion-man who has occasion to send postal cards to a certain small town where there is a postmistress, writes on the top of the card: "Please

forward after perusal." Old Man (reprovingly) - Wife, why do you sowl so when you are singing? This is a new hobit you are forming, Old Endy (good-naturedly)-You must know, John, old people are

constantly getting new wrinkles. I had rather ride a teacest. Than to meddle works woman When she's putting up a stoke,

Harvard College and the Indians.

One of the early gifts from England to Harvard College was a printing press for the purpose of supplying the Indians with Hibles and other books that would aid in their conversion. Various religious treatises were pubished for the use of the colonists, but climost immediately the general court commenced to interfere with the liberty of the press. No facilities were llowed for printing outside of Cambridge, and even here the restrictions were so great that the court forbade the patrication of Thomas-a-Kompis' Initation of Christ," although the

The efforts to convert and educate the Indians were honest and praises worthy, but as is well known, the Indian did not take kindly to civilization, Of the few who were willing to submit to English masters and to learn Latin and Greek, some sickened and died after they had made good proficioney, others were disheartened and left when they were almost ready for college, while the one solitary Indian taleb the eshabteaumusk who has the honor of being enrolled among the alumni of Harvard College died soon after taking his degree. [Chicago

The Bouquet Game. The bouquet game was recently de-

critical in the Detroit (Mich.) Tribune. One of the players is asked to name her or his favorite flowers: this is done, mentioning three or four as the hiv, the rose, the violet, etc. This person is then invited to leave the room. Then other players designate by the names of the chosen flowers several friends or playmates, absent or present, of the one who has withdrawn. The absent one is now called back and naked wwhat will you do with the life". To which is pechaps answered, "I will wear it next my heart " withe rose " of will cast it sside," erc. When the player has disposed of each of the flowers according to her fancy, she is fold whom they represent; then it may be she finds she has east away her dearest friend, no given the place of honor to one and so on. If she gives drall or in ouginous answers the game is rendered more lively and amusing.