The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

$1.50 PER YEAR
Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XIV. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., DECEMBER 24, 1891. NO. 17.

The Chatham Record.

RATES
OF
ADVERTISING

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

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Ring loud! Ring long!
Exultant Christmas bells!
No note peals e'er too high for Him
Whose natal morn
Angelic choir and tuneful seraphim
The waning year still tells.
To burdened souls foretold.
Ring loud! Ring long!
Ye merry Christmas bells,
Ring loud! Ring long!

Ring low! Pray strong.
Low-sighing, mourning hearts,
God's well [illegible] peace! By day, by night,
Mute lips, give praise.
He knows thy direst need, know thou His might
From Bounty's lavish hand,
In Plenty's garnered maze,
Pray low! Pray strong!
Christ's longing, patient ones,
Pray low! Pray strong!

Moan now, moan now
No more! On wasting couch
Gaunt specters, tossing to and fro,
"[illegible]"
Christ the Comforter comes to smooth thy brow,
To light thy darkened sky,
To calm all earthly woe.
Moan now, moan now
No more! Christ's both heart
And warm, and more.

Ring loud! Ring long,
O strong-toned, Christmas bells!
For all—[illegible], the [illegible], the poor,
Your welcome swells—
Ring long for Christ's [illegible] open door!
Ring loud—a [illegible]!
Ring long for Truth's bright score
Ring loud! Ring long,
Life's hope 'n' Christmas bells,
Ring loud! Ring long!

R. T. Greener.

Martin's Christmas Gift.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

A gray December twilight; the leafless woods half hidden in the whirling clouds of snow that had begun to flutter through the chill air as the sun went down, a melancholy wind sighing sadly down the valley, where rocky hills rose up on each side of the steely gleaming river, and only the red light from Farmer Carey's kitchen window seemed to brighten up the sombre scene. For the great log fire that blazed in the cheery throat of the huge stone chimney was sufficient of itself to light up the gloomiest winter gloaming that ever closed over the bleak New England hills.

It was a large, low room, with newly whitewashed walls, and solid beams sloping extending half way up to the ceiling; a room with small paned windows, which oddly distorted everything you looked at through their medium, and chairs and tables which were evidently manufactured in the days when wood was cheap, and people didn't mind a little extra bulk left around. A bright-striped rag carpet covered the floor, and the shelves of the wooden cupboard beyond the chimney were decorated with layers of newspapers, cut in fanciful shells and scallops, while divers and sundry implements of gleaming tin, hung on the walls, flashed back the brightness of the fire like so many eyes.

"Well!" said Mrs. Carey, setting down on a round piece and the fat tallow candle she had just lighted, as her husband came in, shaking the light snow from his pepper-and-salt-covered overcoat, as if he intended to have a good storm within doors, on his own account.

"Well," answered Stephen Carey, composedly, "it's a-goin' to snow all night like furiation, an' the wind's settin' round to the east, and if it hadn't a' been for them mufflers you knit last month, my ears would ha' been clean froze off my head."

They were a curiously contrasting couple. She, rosy and fresh-colored, with bright black eyes, and a quick, fluttering way with her, like a bird, while he was tall, and slow, and ponderous, with leather-brown skin, and an expressionless, fossilized face. Yet they had been a singularly happy couple all their lives long.

"Did you get any letters?"

"Yes."

"From Martin?"

"No, not from Martin. We're goin' to have company to Christmas. Vivia Grey is coming to-morrow night."

Mrs. Carey elevated both hands in a sort of spasmodic despair.

"CLOSE TO MRS. CAREY'S SIDE."

"For the land's sake!" was her exclamation (which Stephen Carey facetiously termed "mother's swear"); "what are we goin' to do with Vivia Grey? We hain't nothin' like what she's been used to, and I don't see how on arth we're to make her anyways comfortable. We hain't no velvet carpets, nor silk sofys, like they have to her uncle's, and I don't know what should send her here."

"Because she wants to see us, I s'pose," observed Stephen, composedly. "There, there, wife, don't fret. Blood is thicker than water, and she's our foster cousin, you know. It'll make it pleasant for Martin, when he comes."

But Mrs. Carey could not take matters so easily as did her more phlegmatic spouse.

"I didn't put no icin' on that cake," she fretted, "and there wasn't a raisin left for the pies, after I'd mixed up the puddin'. I might have sent for some by Deacon Beardsley's boys, if I'd only knowned in time. And then the floor in the front bedroom—I hain't no carpet for it, and—"

"Oh, bother the carpet, mother. If Vivia can't put up with what we've got, she must go elsewhere; but I'll risk her. Where's the paper?"

The snow lay white and pure, like ridges of pearl, over all the fallen logs and unsightly stone walls, fringing the solemn old cedar trees and turning the woods to cathedral arches carved in dazzling marble and alabaster, when Farmer Carey's old box-sleigh, cosily lined with buffalo robes, jingled up to the door, just about dusk, and Vivia Grey ran into the kitchen, like a little fur-robed fairy, to Mrs. Carey's no small astonishment.

"THERE HE IS NOW."

There was nothing so very terrible about this city visitant, after all—a delicate girl in blue merino dress, and gold brown hair falling in a ripple [illegible] about her oval face—a girl whose shy brown eyes looked at you as if pleading for love, and whose mouth was as pert and lovely as a rosebud! Mrs. Carey threw off her wrappings in front of the huge fireplace.

"We've got a fire in the front room," began Mrs. Carey, but Vivia did not allow her to finish the sentence.

"Oh, never mind the front room," she said, coaxingly, "it's so bright and snug and cheery here. You'll let me stay, won't you?"

And Vivia had her way.

She was the brightest little sunbeam that night that ever illuminated the quiet old farm house. At least so thought Farmer Carey and his wife, as Vivia ran about, helping to clear away the table and sweeping up the hearth and wiping the dishes as deftly as if she had been brought up to the trade, and finally settling down on a little cricket close to Mrs. Carey's side, where every gleam of the blazing fire turned her bright hair to shimmering gold and mirrored itself in the limpid depths of her hazel eyes.

"It's a little dull for you to-night, my dear," said the farmer, glancing lovingly at her, as he smoked his evening pipe, "but Martin will be here to-morrow night, to spend Christmas. That's your cousin, my dear."

"My Cousin Martin!" repeated Vivia softly.

"You'll like him. I'm sure—he's as fine a fellow as ever breathed, if he is my son," went on the old man. "And—now this is a great secret, my girl, remember—and I guess likely Martin means to surprise me with it, for I only heard on it through Deacon Beardsley's daughter-in-law, who came up last week—I shouldn't wonder if Martin should bring a wife here, one of these days, to get the old folks' blessing!"

The farmer's face was radiant as he spoke. Vivia listened with her fair head slightly turned.

"Would you like it?"

"Like it! I guess we should!"

"But you might not find his bride—"

"My Martin would never bring home a bride that we shouldn't love, of that I'm sartin," answered the old farmer, conclusively.

"Uncle Carey," said Vivia, earnestly, "will you promise me one thing?"

"Half a dozen, if you choose."

Vivia laughed.

"I shall be satisfied with one. Promise me that you will not tell your son I am here. He—he may be vexed to think that the quiet of his home Christmas should be disturbed by the presence of a stranger."

"'Taint like Martin to feel so. He'll make you as welcome as flowers in May."

"Yes, but promise me! It's only my whim!"

And she looked so pleadingly into Farmer Carey's eyes that he could not but promise.

The orange sunset of Christmas Eve streamed athwart the snowy fields like a beacon of promise—the woods, all hung with silver-pearled icicles, shone and glittered like enchanted palaces, as Farmer Carey drove up to the old red store at the cross-roads when the daily stage from the nearest railroad station discharged its human freight, and peered over the fur wrappings with which the careful hands of his wife and Vivia had completely muffled him.

"There he is now, walkin' up and down, with his hands in his pockets," cried the farmer, his brown face lighting up at the sight of his only son; "Martin! Martin, my boy! Why I do believe old Whiteface knows him!"

And the next moment Martin Carey was seated beside his father in the box sleigh, cheerily answering the torrent of questions which the old man eagerly poured forth.

"And mother is well?" he asked, when he could get a chance to speak.

"Yes, and—"

But here Farmer Carey bethought himself of his promise to brown-eyed little Vivia, and awkwardly turned the current of his words.

"And she'll be glad to see you, my boy! But, Martin, you don't look as hearty as you did last September. You are pale!"

"Am I?"

The young man was evidently a little embarrassed.

Farmer Carey dropped the reins instead.

"There's nothing wrong, Martin! You haven't been getting in debt? Because if you have, my boy, we aren't rich folks, but there is the farm, and if a mortgage, or—"

"Nay, nay, father," answered Martin, pressing the old man's hand and gathering up the reins with a sad smile, "I am in no such difficulty as that, thank you all the same. Nor did I mean to cast a shadow over your quiet life with the reflection of my own sorrows. But since you have questioned me, I will confide in you freely. I have fallen in love."

"That's nothing to look sad about," the farmer answered. "Why, it's what I did myself, son Martin."

"It was a pleasant, brief dream, father," went on Martin, "but it was soon over. I'm only a workingman, father, with just enough to live on—"

"A workingman!" broke in Stephen Carey. "And what of that? Ain't they the bone and sinew of the land? Why boy, you ought to be proud of the title!"

"WALKED TO THE VILLAGE CHURCH."

"Hear me out, father. I loved a girl who would grace the home of any man, and I had reason to believe that she returned my love. A trifling difference somehow made a coolness between us. I was in the wrong. Being made aware that I had misjudged her, I was about to seek a reconciliation, when I learned that she had fallen heiress to a fortune which lifted her far above my humble sphere. I have always said that I would never marry an heiress. Still less would I lay myself open to misconception now, when the world would say that her wealth alone brought about our reconciliation. I shall never see her again."

"But, Martin—"

"Oh, father, I am very miserable!"

One moment Martin Carey's head drooped on the kindly shoulder of the old man; then he straightened up again, erect and stately as a young pine tree.

"If you please, sir, you will not speak of it again. Let it die into the past. You would have liked her, I think. She is a distant relation of mother's family."

"Twasn't Ruth Ann Wilcox, who went to York, teachin' school last fall?"

"No, sir. It was not Ruth Ann Wilcox."

And with this Mr. Carey was forced to be contented. Evidently, Martin did not like to be questioned, so, in his inmost mind, the old man came to the conclusion that it must have been "Deacon 'Siah Parton's step-daughter, that was half-sister to mother's cousin, Jotie Allways."

"But, Martin," he ventured to say, after they had skimmed along over the hard, frozen ground for some minutes in silence, "do you believe you would have kissed and made friends if it hadn't been for the money she's fell heir to?"

"I do, father."

"There, I swow!" cried Farmer Carey, brandishing his whip-handle. "'Tain't doin' justice to her to let this consarned money part you both! Martin, boy, think twice about it."

"I have thought, sir, and my mind is unalterably decided. Could I bear to be called a fortune-hunter? Father, say no more. It only reopens the old wounds, and, although I feel your kindness from the bottom of my heart, indeed, indeed, it can do no good."

From the uncurtained windows the red firelight streamed out across the gathering darkness of the fast-closing night, as the sleigh drew tingling up in front of the door, and Martin Carey sprang out.

His mother was at the door to receive him in true motherly fashion, and the next instant he entered the cheery old kitchen, whose walls were all festooned with wreaths of hemlock, ivy, and shining laurel leaves, with glowing scarlet berries.

"Why, mother!" he cried, "this is a genuine Christmas decoration! Who would have dreamed of there being so much skill left in your fingers."

"Tain't me!" cried Mrs. Carey, looking triumphantly around. "Dear me! I never could have fixed the things together so cunning. It was Vivia."

"Vivia!"

Martin Carey's handsome Greek face grew pale as marble, as he repeated the word. At the same moment a slight, graceful little figure glided into the room, and came to his side.

"Yes, Martin, it is I. You'll let me wish you a merry Christmas, won't you? And, Martin—"

"Well?"

She stole her little hand softly into his.

"I've got a Christmas gift for you, if you will accept it—myself."

"Vivia—stop a moment, Vivia!" he exclaimed, with the old dream, as he really standing here under the shadow of the old roof tree, but in the weight from my heart! Vivia, my love, my darling."

"Your wife," she interposed, gently. "Oh, Martin, would you have allowed a barrier of gold to separate us? Heiress though I am, I should have been the poorest woman in all Christendom if I had lost your love. And you had to hear the world's careless imputation of being a fortune-hunter. You did not come after me; I came after you."

And when Mrs. Carey said this, with the best dresses made of soft, Martin and Vivia were still standing in front of the fireplace, up on one another's brow, caressing with the old lady stopped short.

"Martin—I didn't know—"

"But I know, mother!" cried out the genial voice of the farmer, close behind her. "Martin, say, lad, it's all right at last. Mother, we're goin' to have a new little daughter and her name is Vivia Grey!"

And when the clear, cold light of the blessed Christmas Day dawned radiantly over the glistening, snow-covered earth, and the red fingers of sunrise wrote across the orient sky the sweet old words, "Peace on earth, good-will to man," Martin Carey walked with Vivia to the village church, and there received the sweetest Christmas gift that earth could have in store for him.

He had married an heiress in spite of all his protestations—and that is the end of most men's resolutions.

Christmas Bells.

O happy bells! through evening years
We hear, in your glad ringing,
The message still of peace, good-will—
All jarring discords loosening.

O bells of God! ring on, and ring
To grander action nerving,
Till all our days are Christmas days
Of living and of serving.

—*[illegible] Bayard.*

They Were Agreed.

What kind of a necktie do you like best, Maurice?" asked Gertrude with thoughts of Christmas.

"I like a handsome bow as well as anything, don't you?"

"Oh, I just do!" said Gertie, with a movement that was almost a snuggle, and Maurice never felt so well satisfied with his personal appearance as he did at that moment.

"COMANCHE."

Thrilling Story of a Famous War-Horse.

The Only Survivor of the Custer Massacre.

There died at Fort Riley recently the most famous horse in the West in many respects. It was Comanche, the war horse that was the only thing on Custer's side that came out of the massacre in June, 1876, alive. Comanche had never been under saddle since, and lived at ease until death by old age, the pet and care of the Seventh Cavalry. He was 25 years old, and was visited by sightseers from far and near during the last years of his life. Professor Dyche, of the state university at Lawrence, was summoned by telegraph and secured the skin and skeleton for mounting and will prepare them for the World's Fair.

It has been the lot of few horses to receive the attention and homage that fell to Comanche. His presence at Fort Riley was a constant reminder of the severest blow the Seventh ever received, and he had a care that nothing human could give. Comanche was a large gray horse, 15 hands high, long of limb and with heavy mane and tail. One can estimate what he made of his age, but it was put down as twenty-five to twenty-eight when he died.

The Indians told an interesting story of the horse's famous action. Custer arrived at the banks of the Little Big Horn River June 26, 1876, and saw spread out before him in the valley a camp of several thousand, under the leadership of Sitting Bull. The camp was in a state of unrest, and Custer, following his usual tactics, decided to attack the enemy on both flanks and in the middle, thus to discomfit and rout them easily. He ordered Major Reno to attack the east end of the camp with one division, Captain Benteen the center with another, while he should take the west end. The result is familiar to all—how Reno retreated as a result went too soon, was repulsed and was driven from the ground; how Custer proceeded to the west end and instead of finding a small company of redskins, was confronted by an army of thousands massed against him, all armed with the latest and best government rifles and guns.

With Custer was Captain Myles Keogh, who rode Comanche. The horse had been in several battles and could stand fire like a veteran, run like a mustang. At first the soldiers seemed successful, but then the terrible tide told on their ranks. Captain Benteen and Custer were driven down before the great force of the enemy and waited for Reno to attack the rear, but he did not come.

Leaving Captain Keogh on a barren ridge, General Custer and his men ascended the crest of the knoll to which they were driven and there made his last stand. Keogh, seeing his men exposed to the fearful rain of bullets, gave the order to the men to kill their horses and take refuge behind their bodies. The order was obeyed. He still rode Comanche, and here there is a variation as to the manner in which the escape of the animal occurred. Some Indians say the horse ran away and ran, but the more popular version is, that his master, in contempt, to consider the thought of saving the life of the horse which had served him so well, dismounted, and giving the animal a stinging blow with his sword, drove him away and turned his unprotected front to the foe.

Comanche dashed over the slopes regardless of all before him, and the Indians, being on foot, made way rather than meet death beneath his hoofs.

The circle around Custer and Keogh was complete, and a few minutes after Comanche's escape every soldier in Custer's division was dead. Two days after a squad of cavalry, who was coming to the scene of the massacre, having received word from Reno's scouts, met Comanche dragging his weary limbs over the trail on which he had traveled a few days before, bearing his brave master. The soldiers took him along to the place of the final stand, and when it was found that not a man remained alive they determined that the horse should not be again ridden, but should be cared for as a worn and honored veteran.

Until his death Comanche was the pet of the Seventh. He had the finest stall in the stables, his grooming was the choicest. No man ever rode him and when he died one of the regiment said he would have been more mourned.

Comanche was one of the original mounts of the Seventh Cavalry when the regiment was organized at Fort Riley in 1866 and was in nearly every skirmish from that one until 1876. His first encounter was against the allied tribes of the central plains in 1868, when General Sherman commanded in person. He received his first wound in September of that year at the bloody battle of the Sand Hills. He had Spanish blood in his veins and was tractable and intelligent. During the past six months, while it was seen that he was failing, every military post in the country was notified of his condition, and every soldier who visits the exposition will want to see the mounted remains of the famous steed.—[Chicago Herald.

Pike's Peak.

In the first decade of this century, Major Zebulon Pike gazed from afar at the grim slopes of the mountain named in his honor, and doubted if human foot would ever tread its summit; nor did he express this doubt lightly, as might one who had not made the endeavor, but as one who had put forth his best efforts, and had been baffled at every turn by frowning steeps, chilling blasts, and fast-falling snow.

Having reached the height of a much lower peak, now known as Cheyenne Mountain, he doubted that human effort would be able to bear the more nearly risk for his small band of men, and therefore retraced his steps to the valley.

Forty years or more passed by, and the mighty monarch yet reared aloft its proud head in seeming defiance of human tread. When another venture some traveler contemplated the ascent of the mountain and an exploration of the magnificent canons opening in every direction from the camping ground. He had pitched his tent in a nook of surpassing beauty, wherein was situated numerous health-giving springs, a place where the Indians were accustomed to bring their sick that the "Manitou," the Great Spirit, might heal them by those life-giving waters.

Then a band of hostile Indians appeared in large numbers and he who might have dreamed a trail to those lonely heights was forced to make haste in his departure, and to "stand not on the order of his going."

But the magic word "gold" had set in motion many an emigrant wagon, and the lonely plains were soon marked by an uninterrupted train of eager fortune-seekers, bearing in letters bold on their wagon covers the device in capital characters on the brows of their vehicles, "Pike's Peak or bust!" Some perished by the way; many reached the goal; but to each and all the grand old peak, now shrouded in clouds, now gleaming in the sunlight, stood a landmark for miles on miles of pleasant journeying.

Not all of those who reached the goal were rewarded by the sight of the yellow metal, for wealth is not counted nearly by tongues, and many who failed in their search for gold found not much money, though wealth. The ever-seeking spirit had not withdrawn his flowing locks from the western heavens, and daily added to his towering crown a wreath of glory, and ever his famous springs with [illegible] bubbling, wit [illegible] not, and never ceased.—St. Nicholas.

Test of Superstition.

"What is the test of superstition in this age?" asked a gentleman at the Grand last night. "Nine people out of ten would say there is no one it [illegible] than there never was a greater mistake. I will undertake to prove it simply by calling attention to the fact that in the vast hotels found here the revenue is less on an average from 13 than on any other floor. Sunday is the quietest day of the week. It is a fact that there are in the city today hundreds of people who will not move on Friday, because of the superstition connected with the day, and it is astonishing. The tests of superstition differ; but the same theory underlies them all, the same conditions apply to almost every one, and they are found that Friday is not full of [illegible] [illegible]—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Remarkable Ear of Corn.

A freak of nature in the shape of an ear of corn was presented to the Tuesday to Mr. Wm Daniels. A perfect ear of corn wholly filled with grains is surrounded by seven smaller ones equally perfect ears, about one-half the size of the center ear, and as found in the ear of the base. It is a curiosity worth preserving, and was grown by Mr. Daniels on Ann Ohio Van Meapin's place, near Seaside.—Oregon Mosquitian.

Shadows.

See, on the Dial of the past,
This peculiar sun looks fiercely down,
No telltale shadow does it cast,
To warn us that the time has flown.

And so I trust in future years,
No shadow from the midday skies
Will cross our life. Love hath no fears,
And love cares not how swift time flies.

The ivy with its tender hold
Hath wound the Dial all about—
And so love's canopy of gold
Will shut time's passing shadows out.

F. S. Mines, in Munsey's Magazine.

HUMOROUS.

Striped goods are still fashionable in criminal circles.

Any man would much rather be a fool than look like one.

A man with an elastic step should be able to wait for a long stretch.

A book on etiquette might justly be termed a work on hand-civil-culture.

The next industry of the rain producer will be to make the rain dear.

The pedestrian is a man who generally puts his whole sole in his work.

In society we try the hardest to please the people who love us the least.

"This is a regular sweet loaf," said the confectioner, when business was dull.

Women are not [illegible] as a race. They have no vacancies for new wrinkles.

Narrowness is the meanest kind of white-cap gentry, for they will even hold up babies.

It there is one man more than another that a man is up to his neck in it is his shirt.

The Universal Peace Society wants to discourage boys from mounting backward walls.

Talking of the thieves of the present day, the greatest thief of old was a mere habit of mind.

"I wish I hadn't rejected him." "Why?" "He really didn't seem the least bit sad when I said no."

A pessimist is pungently defined as a man who sees something he hasn't got, to a man who doesn't know what he is getting.

It is sadly but frequently the case that the man who hurrahs the loudest has the least idea of what he is hurrahing about.

Fangrum—They say old Jones is dying by degrees. Ellison—Just like him. He never was a hustler when he settles a deal once.

Jack—Was I the, I proposed to Miss Rammer last night. Jim—Did she give you her heart? No—but I got a piece of her mind.

When the young girl's father comes into the parlor and calmly turns off the gas, we suppose the young man can safely regard it as time to light out.

Friend—How's your son getting on, doctor? I hope he's growing up a credit to the family. Dr.—Yes, he has the young rascal! He gets credit everywhere.

"What a lovely morning!" he said. "It is a perfect morning," she replied. "Tiny," he said, "I haven't seen anything this morning that isn't perfect," and he looked her straight in the face. Then she blushed.

The Passing of the Buffalo.

Twenty years ago there were 10,000,000 buffalo roaming about the Western prairies. Now none are to be found, save in menageries and preserves." There are some in the Yellowstone National Park. A small number, private landowners in Oklahoma has a herd of about seventy-five. The next largest collection is in the Zoological Garden of Philadelphia, and numbers sixteen. Add to these, there are perhaps a dozen more throughout the land. The Cincinnati Zoological Garden has two. The effort has been made with these few remnants to preserve the species in Yellowstone, but it is a period of failure through the unfortunate fact that all, or nearly all, of the calves are males. Last week in the Philadelphia Garden two female calves were born, but both weak and sickly. In the Yellowstone there are not enough females at for increase. It looks as if the Buffalo must go.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Sea Island Nine Feet Across.

Captain John Richards, of the British ship Cambrian Monarch reports having passed within half a mile of a pinnacle rock, showing about seven feet above the water, in latitude 29° [illegible] north, longitude [illegible] west. No soundings were taken and no discolored water was seen except close to the rock. The sea was smooth, and from the top of the rock appeared to be about nine feet in diameter at the water's edge but much larger under the water. Captain Richards says he is sure that it was not a floating mass.—Philadelphia Record.