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., APRIL 14, 1892. NO. 33.

"Doe Ye Nexte Thynge."

The mysterious thread of life
Which lies in a tangled skein
Of duties and joys and voiceless hopes,
All knotted at times with pain,
Will untwist its vexed string
As you "doe ye nexte thynge."

Do duties of every day
Call vexedly from hand to feet,
Till the closing will preside the heart and brain
Against the dread meshes beat?
Would your heart soar and sing?
Only "doe ye nexte thynge."

Ambition with mighty greed
For riches, or fame or place
Entwines round the soul in each of lust
And rends each in every face.
Would you live by the world?
Give "ye nexte thynge" to God.

With peace in the heart and mind,
Life's skein in its tangled mass
Unravels its mysteries one by one,
Even down to the end of days.
Then "ye last thynge" will be
To pass over Death's sea.

—[Alice Armstrong, in Frank Leslie's.

THE FIRST DELEGATE.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

Annie was up to her ears in work. She had come to her Cousin Lorenzo Fraser's to visit, not looking forward to a whirl of gaiety, since Lorenzo was a minister.

But she had not even visited. Lorenzo's wife was sick abed with a mild attack of pleurisy. The children had been sent to her mother's, and good, faithful Lorenzo was getting his own meals; but even so, Annie had found Mrs. Fraser in the depth of a despair which was quite frantic.

For the conference was to be held in their church next week, and they were to entertain at least four of the delegates, and she sick abed, with the house in disorder and not a bit of cooking done!

Annie had straightened her pillow, and smiled comfortingly.

"Then I'm glad enough I came," she said, energetically; "and I'll stay longer than the week I came for, if it's necessary. Mother doesn't need me. I'll see you safely through the conference, and stay till you're up, Tilley. I know how to work, you know. Don't worry a bit now."

"The dearest girl in the world!" poor Tilly had sighed, gratefully, to Lorenzo that night. "Dear—sweet and the best, and one of the prettiest, too. Yes, she's unusual every way. I wonder how it comes she isn't married, or engaged even? When we were there last winter, there was that young man—what was his name? Wentbeck? Whitcomb?—who paid her every attention, and seemed so nice."

"Nice young men who pay handsome girls every attention don't always want to marry them," said Lorenzo, with unexpected worldly wisdom. "Not but that Annie is good enough for the best of them. But I've heard since that that young Whitby went West."

"I hope Annie's heart didn't go with him," Tilly murmured.

That was how it came about that Annie was up to her ears in work.

It was Saturday afternoon. She had washed a few things that morning, and she intended to bake bread and some pumpkin pies and a cake, and make apple and cranberry sauce before night, and do the small ironing.

A white cloth bound her yellow head neatly, and a long apron covered her from chin to feet. A few blonde locks escaped prettily, and her heated cheeks were becomingly red.

But she was too ruthlessly busy to give a thought to her appearance; she was saying to herself that if anything happened to interrupt her, she should die—when the door bell pealed.

She gasped and groaned. Dreadful! She took her hands out of the bread-dough, but they were doughy, and there were various smudges on her apron.

She knew the pies would burn if she left them; and how could she stop to entertain anybody? It was a flushed and flustered young person who went frowningly to the door.

It was a man. Of course it was a man! She had known it would be a man. It was a man with a beard and an utterly absurd long coat to his heels, as though the thermometer was a zero.

Annie did not like eccentricities, and she disliked beards. She regarded sadly the third button of the objectionable coat.

"Well?" she said.

"I—you—I—" the visitor stammered.

And then the truth dawned upon Annie.

"Oh!" she faltered; "you are one of the delegates? You'll excuse me—I ought to have known! But we didn't expect any till Monday. Come in, please—come in!"

She was much abashed. A minister and she with a greasy apron, and a rag round her head! She talked on with apologetic haste.

"Mr. Fraser did not look for any of the delegates this week, but of course you are very welcome. He isn't at home just now, but you will lay your coat off and make yourself comfortable? I'm sorry, but Mrs. Fraser is ill. I am their cousin, and I am taking her place as nearly as I can."

She was shaking down the base-burner in the parlor, having given the delegate a chair. She thought her cordiality ought to thaw him—that and the base-burner.

But he sat down with his coat on, without response beyond a cough. He seemed stiff.

Annie supposed young ministers were commonly afflicted that way. Or wasn't he young? That horrid beard made it difficult to judge, and the parlor was dim.

"Mr. Fraser will be sorry not to have been here to receive you," said Annie. She contrived to shove a footstool within the man's reach, and placed the last magazine on the table near him. The pies were engrossing her thoughts chiefly. "I know you'll excuse me? I'm so busy just now!"

"Certainly, certainly!" the delegate responded, making evident the fact that his voice was heavy enough to keep the sleepiest congregation awake. "Don't let me detain you."

"I'll come back now and then," Annie thought, with recovered self-possession.

And when the pies were out of the oven, and the bread in, she did go back, with a set little phrase for the entertainment of the earliest delegate.

"Will the conference be a large one?" she queried. "Mr. Fraser thinks so."

"He ought to know," the delegate rejoined.

Some of his dignity had evaporated before the genial glow of the base-burner. He leaned forward with his elbows on his knees.

"It was in Connellsville last time," said Annie.

"Where the cheese factory is," said the delegate. "I suppose the conference subsisted on cheese mainly."

Annie smiled. Why, the delegate was quite bright and humorous.

"Cheese always makes you think of pie," he added. "I beg your pardon, but do I smell pumpkin pie baking?"

"You smell pumpkin baked," Annie laughed. "Would you—would you have a piece?"

The delegate made a gesture of pleased assent.

"There's nothing I'm so fond of," he declared.

Annie went and brought it. The delegate was surprisingly unministerial; but he wasn't the joke she had taken him for. As for that, she could remember when Lorenzo had been a regular "case."

She put the pie, a big and thick and delicious-looking wedge, on a china plate, and the plate on a napkined tray.

"Ah!" said the delegate, smacking his lips. "So many thanks."

"Perhaps," said Annie, conscience-stricken, "you haven't had any dinner?"

"Well—a lunch," the delegate answered, hesitatingly.

"Wouldn't you like— Wait!"

Annie whisked away, and came back with cold meat and milk and bread and butter and pickles.

The delegate spread them on the centre-table with an air of extreme satisfaction.

"I was hungry," he said, in his coarse-sounding voice. "Famished. I feel like a tramp, though, to be getting away with all the cold food you've got."

"Getting away" with things was peculiarly unclerical. Annie wavered between astonishment and mirth.

"Shall you make me chop wood in the back yard to pay for it?" queried the delegate.

"I'd rather you'd stone raisins," said Annie. "I've got a cake to make for the delegates. Cousin Tilly says that the conference delegates are dreadful eaters."

"It's from being asked to tea so much by members of their congregations," said the delegate, "and not being given anything but tea and preserves. When they get where there is something to eat, they eat."

Annie tittered. She wished the parlor were less dim, or that he would look at her more squarely. A really humorous minister was something new. She could almost forgive the coat, which was still on, and the beard.

"Is it going to be a fruit cake?" said the delegate. "With currants, besides the rasins?"

"Yes," Annie responded.

"And citron?"

"And citron," said Annie.

"I will stone the raisins," said the delegate. "I like fruit cake next to pumpkin pie."

He took up the emptied tray with an enthusiastic flourish and followed Annie to the kitchen.

She was filled with astonished amusement. Was there ever such a conference delegate—such a minister? Certainly he was jolly, but was he to be exactly approved of? She was bewildered.

"If you could lend me a dish-apron," said the delegate, "why, I could pitch right in."

Annie turned to look at him. It was not dim in the kitchen. The light from the south window fell squarely upon him.

She dropped with a crash the spoon and tin dish she had taken up, and gasped and wavered backward.

"Joe!" she cried, faintly.

The delegate jumped and grasped her.

"Don't faint, Annie! Annie, dear, don't! Oh, little girl, aren't you glad to see me? It seems as though I could eat you alive! Excuse the expression. It's Western, Annie."

"It can't be you, Joe!" she cried, clutching the lapels of the long coat. "How—when— Joe, Joe, I wasn't to have seen you again till next spring!"

"Didn't I tell you I should come back for you as soon as ever I was able?" he demanded, fondly. "Did I want to wait till next spring? No! And I'm able now, Annie. The real estate business in Wisconsin is a first-rate one, Annie—or it has been for me. Whitlock & Co. (and I'm the company) has boomed—fairly boomed—and I've come back for my promised wife. I got home yesterday, and when I found you were here, I made a bee-line—"

"But, Joe," she interrupted, protestingly and unsteadily and tenderly, "that awful coat—and a beard!"

"The climate in Wisconsin is to blame for both," he pleaded; "and for my awful cold, too. To think you didn't know me, Annie! Oh, it was rich! I was wondering how long I could keep it up."

"I was so flustered with the hurry I was in," she said, slowly and wonderingly, "and I was so far from expecting you, Joe, dear, and so sure that you must be a delegate. And your beard and long coat, and your hoarseness, and the parlor was so dark! I knew there was something queer and natural about all the funny things you were saying. How could I have been so stupid?" she marveled.

"You could hardly have helped it," he declared, with his arm strangely located.

"A delegate—the first conference delegate!" she cried. "Oh, Joe, the joke is on you! And, Joe," she begged, with feminine abruptness and softness, "you will have that beard off, won't you? Do!"

"I'll leave the beard," said the first delegate, bestowing a kiss, "if I can take you."

"I shall see Tilly safely through the conference, though," said Annie, flying to take off the apple-sauce before it burned.

"Nice young men," said Lorenzo to his wife that evening, humorously, "do, perhaps, oftener than not marry the handsome girls they have paid attentions to."

Dyeing Living Flowers.

It is said that two poor Parisian women, who earn a livelihood by making artificial flowers, have hit on a process for dyeing natural flowers in brilliant hues. Public attention was called to the matter by florists who received in a lot of flowers some sweet-williams of a bright green color. It seems that one of the women poured some paint into a bowl in which some natural flowers she was copying had been put in water. The next day she was astounded to find that the flowers had assumed the hue of the paint. Being a woman of inquiring mind she continued experimenting and succeeded in producing various colors never intended by nature, but very available in art. She immediately commenced dyeing flowers for the market, and extended her practice to other sorts of blossoms, including white lilacs and camelias. The only colors employed by her at present are violet, green and pink. The violet is obtained by using the "violet of Paris" dye, and the other two are due to chemical compounds with long names, one of which contains twelve and the other twenty syllables.—[New Orleans Picayune.

A Simple Test.

Mrs. Sharpton—I fear my husband's mind is affected. Is there any sure test?

Doctor—Tell him you'll never speak to him again. If he laughs, he's sane.—[N.Y. Weekly.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

RISE OF THE ELEPHANT.

The American presidential line
Began in seventeen eighty-nine,
By Washington was the list begun,
Who ruled two terms, and Adams one;
Jefferson, Madison, Monroe,
Sat for two terms each, and so
Quincy Adams came for one,
While Jackson three in turn held on;
Harrison died and left four years
For Tyler; one term Polk stepped up to,
Taylor died, and left three years
For Fillmore; one term went for Pierce
And Buchanan; Lincoln then
Was shot as his second term began,
And Johnson sat until one term
For two terms, Hayes for one and Grant
Four months for Garfield, who was killed,
And Arthur the vacant office filled,
Then Cleveland a term did win,
And now the second Harrison.

—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

PROTECT OUR FRIEND THE ROBIN.

A single pair of robins have been observed to bring over one hundred worms to the young in their nest in the course of an hour. When ploughing up a sod for summer fallow we have noticed numbers of them engaged in picking up the white grubs and wire worms that so often infest old pasture. No one should grudge the few cherries they may take. Their favorite food in their winter quarters to the South is the berries of the sour gums and the fruit of the pokeberry tree. The young birds when caught early are easily trained, bear confinement well in a cage, feed on bread and vegetable food, sing well and make cheerful house pets. They are the tamest and most domestic of all our native birds, and should be guarded and protected to the fullest degree.—[New York Voice.

TOMMY, THE NURSE ELEPHANT.

In India the elephant is the friend, servant, protector of the family. One should see a certain Tommy, whom I know, taking his master's children out to walk.

There is nothing to fear for them: neither serpents nor wild beasts; marshes or pools. Tommy watches over them with more solicitude than the most zealous nurse could show.

He walks with slow steps along the little footpaths. He accommodates his pace to that of the smallest child. He gathers flowers for them. He plucks fruit from the trees, he plunders the sugar canes. At the wishful gesture of a little hand he breaks a branch for the one who wants a whip or a sword.

The whole bevy of children are calling Tommy here! and Tommy there!

"I want that big mango up there to eat."

Tommy plucks the mango for the child.

"Oh, Tommy! get me that butterfly!"

The huge elephant softly approaches the butterfly and brings it a captive into his trunk by a sharply drawn breath.

"I want that pretty yellow flower—that one, right there in the middle of the pond."

Tommy goes into the water up to his neck to get the lily.

At the slightest sound which is not clearly accounted for, or if he sees a jackal or a hyena in the jungle, he quickly gathers the little flock between his fore feet under the protection of his trunk. He begins to roar with anger. Disaster falls on whatsoever threatens to touch one of his children—tiger, lion or man is instantly crushed to the earth.

On the borders of the Ganges, in the flat marshy land covered with jungles and streams, the home of the royal tiger of Bengal, combats occur almost daily between this wild animal and the elephant, who is guarding the flocks, the servant, or the children of his master. The tigers of this species are so ferocious that they never decline the battle, although it invariably results in their being crushed under the feet of their huge foe.

Pitiless as the elephant is in his battles with the tiger, the bear, the rhinoceros, animals which he never allows to escape him alive, just so gentle is he, just so kind and humane toward all inoffensive creatures. So strong is this disposition in him, that whatever empire you may have over him, you can never persuade him to destroy an insect.

The tiny red, black-spotted bugs, which the children call "lady birds," are plentiful in India, only larger in size by half than the European and American bugs of that name. As an experiment I have often seen one of these insects set on a plain surface—on a tile of the court yard, for example—and an elephant bidden to crush it by setting his foot on it; but neither his master nor his keeper has ever succeeded in preventing him from stepping very high over it, with evident care to do it no harm.

DEAD SHOTS.

Wonderful Marksmanship of the Texas Rangers.

Handling Revolver and Rifle With Equal Facility.

The Rangers were the largest men I saw in Texas, the State of big men, says Richard Harding Davis, in Harper's Weekly. And some of them were remarkably handsome in a sunburned, bold-considered, easy, manly way. They were also somewhat shy with the strangers, listening very intently, but speaking little, and then in a slow, gentle voice, and as they spoke so seldom, they seemed to think what they had to say was too valuable to spoil by profanity.

When General Mabry found they would not tell of their adventures, he asked them to show how they could shoot, and as this was something they could do, and not something already done, they went about it as cheerfully as schoolboys at recess doing "stunts." They placed a board a foot wide and two feet high, some sixty feet off in the prairie, and Sheriff Scheeley opened hostilities by whipping out his revolver, turning it in the air, and shooting, with the sights upside down, into the bull's-eye of the improvised target. He did this without discontinuing what he was saying to me, but rather as though he were punctuating his remarks with audible commas.

Then he said, "I didn't think a' you Rangers would let a little one-penny sheriff get in the first shot on you." He could afford to say this because he had been a Ranger himself, and his brother Joe was one of the best captains the Rangers have had, and the rest of his six brothers are all over six feet high. But the taunt produced an instantaneous volley from every man in the company; they did not take the trouble to rise, but shot from where they happened to be sitting or lying and looking together, and the air rang with the reports and a hundred quick vibrating little gasps, like the singing of a wire string when it is tightened on a banjo.

They exhibited some most wonderful shooting. They shot with both hands at the same time, with one hammer underneath, holding the rifle in one hand, and never, when it was a revolver they were using, with a glance at the sights. They would sometimes fire four shots from a Winchester between the time they had picked it up from the ground and before it had nestled comfortably against their shoulder. They also sent one man on a pony racing around a tree a foot as thick as a man's leg, and were dissatisfied because he only put four out of six shots into it. Then General Mabry, who seemed to think I did not fully appreciate what they were doing, gave a Winchester rifle to Captain Brooks and myself, and told us to show which of us could first put eight shots into the target.

It seems that to shoot a Winchester you have to pull a trigger one way and work a lever backwards and forwards; this would naturally suggest that there are three movements—one to throw out the empty shell, one to replace it with another cartridge, and the third to explode this cartridge. Captain Brooks, as far as I could make out from the sound, used only one movement for his entire eight shots. As I guessed, the trial was more to show Captain Brooks's quickness than his marksmanship. I paid no attention to the target, but devoted myself assiduously to manipulating the lever and trigger and aimed blankly at the prairie.

When I had fired two shots into space, the captain had put his eight into the board. They sounded as they went off like firecrackers well started in a barrel, and mine, in comparison, like minute guns at sea. The Rangers, I found, after I saw more of them, could not shoot as rapidly with a revolver as with a rifle, and had become so expert with the smaller weapon that instead of pressing the trigger for each shot, they would pull steadily on it, and empty the hammer until the six shots were exhausted.

How High a Bass Will Jump.

Some time during 1886 there was quite a discussion in the Angler as to how high a small-mouth bass would jump when hooked, and, if my memory is correct, writes a fisherman, the discussion suddenly ended with an editorial of five or six lines, in which Brother Harris expressed a doubt if they ever cleared the water more than 18 inches. At the time I thought I knew this to be contrary to my experience, but, as it was not my funeral, I remained silent. That some bass—perhaps a large majority—do not clear the surface more than 18 inches is no doubt true, and it is equally true that others exceed this limit. Eighteen inches is a baby to what a number of my catch this fall made; a leap of two feet above the surface was not uncommon, and I had one three-pounder to clear the water as much as three feet. I am as cool and clear headed as the next one when I hook a fish, and as I carry my bait in a galvanized iron minnow bucket instead of in a glass bottle, I will not come down an inch from the above figures; it is rather below than above the distance he made, and I could but wish that so grand a leap for liberty might result in his freedom. The small-mouth will leap higher, leave the water oftener, fight longer and with more spirit when hooked in the lower jaw than when hooked in the upper, and the chances of his final capture are about one in the former to three in the latter. In a number of instances, where the water was not above three to five feet, I could see every move the fish would make, and at times as many as three or four would make a dart for my minnow at the same instant, and, to my surprise and chagrin, the smallest one in the school would get there first, as a rule.

Never in all my fishing have bass spit out the minnow as they did on this trip. In fully three cases out of five the minnow would be spit out and found above the smell on beating the fish, and several times, while playing the hooked fish, I could see another old fellow trying to appropriate the minnow above the one I was being hurried through the water by the mad rushes of his more unfortunate kinsman.—[St. Louis Republic.

A Wonder in Music.

Sir James Paget says that he once heard Miss Jaunthe render on the piano a presto in Mendelssohn in which she had to play 3,000 notes in four minutes and three seconds! Every one of these notes involved certain movements of the fingers, and in many there were movements laterally as well as those up and down. Let us say that there were three distinct movements for each note. As there were twenty-four notes per second, she moved her fingers at least seventy-two distinct times each second. Moreover, each of these notes was determined by the will and alloted to a certain place, with a certain force at a certain time and with a certain duration. Therefore, there were four distinct qualities in each of the seventy-two movements in each second. Such were the transmissions outward. And all these were conditional on consciousness of the position of each hand and each finger before it was moved, and by the sound and the force of each touch. Therefore there were three conscious sensations to every move.

There were seventy-two transmissions per second, 144 to and fro, and those with constant change of quality. And then, added to that, all the time the memory was remembering each note in its due time and place, and was exercised in the comparison of it with others that came before. So that it would be fair to say that there were not less than 200 transmissions of nerve force to and from the brain outward and inward every second during that wonderful performance.—[St. Louis Republic.

Remarkable Battle Expedients.

One of the most remarkable battle expedients on record was adopted by Mithridates, King of Pontus, who, finding himself overcome by the Roman General Lucullus, caused quantities of gold to be scattered on the field so that the pursuing soldiers were retarded by their avarice, pausing to pick it up. Some of the engines of war used in those times were tremendous affairs. There were movable towers, sheltering besiegers, which could be wheeled up to the walls of a beleaguered city, overtopping them. Also large rams and pointed beams called "cerebras," for boring holes through walls. There were "catapults," for throwing mighty stones and machines for casting flaming darts, which were terrible indeed when the roofs of buildings were almost invariably of thatch. The slingers of the Balearic Isles were the most skilful marksmen with their peculiar weapon that ever lived and it is related that they used to train their children in its use by denying them food as a penalty for missing the target.—[Boston Transcript.

A Man of Note.

Mrs. Gadd—Mrs. Babb tells me her daughter is going to marry a man of note.

Mrs. Gabb—That's queer. I heard she was engaged to a trombonist.—[Good News.

Secret Thoughts.

Hold it true that thoughts are things
Endowed with bodies, breath and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results—or ill.

That which we call our secret thought
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot,
And leaves its blessings or its woes
Like tracks behind it as it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it
Is your still chamber as you sit
With thought you would not dare have known,
And yet make comrades when alone.

Those thoughts have life, and they will fly
And leave their impress by and by,
Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned breath
Breathes into homes its fevered breath.

And after you have quite forgot
Recall outgrown some vanished thought,
Back to your mind to make its home,
A slave, or raven, it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair,
They have a vital part and share
In shaping worlds and molding fate—
God's system is so intricate.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HUMOROUS.

Of two women choose the one that will have you.

The only way to get a hen out of the garden is to go slow but shoo'er.

'Tis bad to be cut by old friends, but it's worse to be dropped by the sheriff.

"Excuse the liberty I take," as the convict remarked when he escaped from the state prison.

If you do a man a favor do not let him know it, or the chances are he will come back for another lift.

It is worth noting that people who seem familiar with the English language take the greatest liberties with it.

Bright Child—I know what they call 'em, mamma, when there's three twins. Mamma—What, Katy? Bright Child—Giblets.

One thing is to be said in the loafer's favor. Time does not run away from him as it does from the busy man. Days do not flip out from under his fingers faster than he can count them.

A Texas gentleman applied to a friend for information in regard to a certain man whom he wished to employ on his ranch. "Is he honest and reliable?" "I should say so. He is tried and trusty. He has been tried four times for stealing horses and he got clear every time," was the reply.

Doctor: Your husband appears to be run down, anxious and overworked; but I see no signs of insanity, Mrs. Van Riverside: I'm sure he's in danger of it. Insanity runs in his family, you know. "Does it?" "Yes, indeed. Two of his sisters had chances to marry rich men, and then married poor ones."

Ten Dollars Would Have Been Cheap.

"The invasion of tramps and beggars into New York, which people are complaining of," said a clerk in an uptown hotel the other day, "reminds me of a similar experience we had out in San Francisco some years ago, when I was keeping a small hotel there myself. Every tramp and 'blanket-man,' as they called them in the state, seemed to have struck 'Frisco at the same time, and you may imagine that the regular beggars whom we had always with us were disgusted. The nuisance became so great that charity got dammed up altogether, and the fellows took to threats to extort alms. Nearly everybody in 'Frisco in those days, however, carried a pistol, and after half a dozen of the beaters got shot the fraternity became discouraged and left town as suddenly as they came.

"I had a nice little hotel, newly and finely furnished, and I was catering to a quiet and respectable family trade. Lots of ladies in the house, you understand. Well, one day a man came up to the desk and asked me for some assistance. I refused and ordered him out.

"If you don't give me $10," he said, "I commit suicide right here in your hotel."

"I was amused at this novel threat, and asked him, with a laugh, why he did not make it $100.

"I'm not joking," he answered.

"Get out of here," I said angrily.

"The man pulled a pistol from his pocket, and thinking he was going to shoot me, I grabbed mine. But he put the muzzle of the weapon into his own mouth and blew his brains all over my expensively frescoed wall. The trouble I had with the inquest and the coroner cost me more than $10 was worth. But worst of all, several nervous ladies, good customers, left my house and took their families with them. They never could sleep, they said, in a hotel where a horrid man had blown out his brains.—[New York Tribune.