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Unity.

A sombre pine is stirred
By the recant wind on high,
And out of its gloom, like a word,
Breaketh a bird to the sky.

The sky speaks through a star;
The star seeks the heart of the sea;
To the sea strives a river afar;
In the river a brook laughs free.

And down to the brook doth gleam
The thread of a mountain spring,
Born in the shade of that pine tree's dream
And brushed by the bird's soft wing.

—Virginia W. Cloud, in Youth's Companion.

CHASED BY WOLVES.

BY H. C. DODGE.

During one of the coldest winters ever known, I was in Russia, my business obliging me to spend several months in an outskirt village situated on the bank of a goodly stream, but un-navigable river which, of course, was frozen solid.

Having plenty of spare time and such a splendid place to indulge in my favorite sport of sailing on the ice, I had made me a fine ice boat, on which, warmly clad in fur garments, I took frequent and long trips, sometimes extending them far into the night when the moon was bright enough.

Although I was often warned by the peasants to avoid venturing too far up the river—especially at night—on account of the wolves who inhabited that wild region, I paid little attention to their words, for, never having been attacked by those savage creatures, I couldn't realize how dangerous they were.

Neither did I know that the Russian wolves were at least twice as big and much more ferocious in strength and ferocity than those in this country, which had always skulked away the few times I had met them in our Western States.

Late one clear and cold afternoon I started out on my iceboat prepared for a longer trip than usual, for it was full moon time I wanted to see the grand mountain scenery some thirty miles up the river and also the falls there which I had been told were so wonderfully beautiful in their winter dress and in the moonlight.

The river's solid surface was in most places smooth and the wind was just right for fine sailing.

For fear I might meet some wolves which, I knew, or thought I did, that my swift iceboat could easily distance in case they followed, I wore a brace of big revolvers and a small hatchet, which last, however, I always took with me.

Quickly I left the settlement far behind and where the river was straight and wind favorable I flew with lightning's speed.

But where the river twisted so I had to tack, or where the ice was lumpy, or where the fall in trees on the silent, snow-covered banks kept off the wind, I made slower progress.

The further I got up the river the more bewildering in grandeur and beauty the uninhabitable and rugged country became, and when the setting sun lighted the clouds and in mountain tops with fire the effect on the world Russian landscape exceeded my wildest dreams of nature's glory.

When the full moon arose from behind the dark forest of firs, which fringed the river's edge and the colors changed from fiery gold to silvery white, I was completely entranced. The contrast between the glitter of the moonbeams on the sparkling snow and ice and the intense blackness and shadows of the gloomy woods charmed me, and yet, in spite of my enthusiasm, it awoke me with its fearful sublimity.

Onward my iceboat flew till I came in sight of the falls ahead, then, slackening my speed, I slowly and carefully approached them.

In their center the dark waters leaped and tumbled, on either side trees and rocks coated with glistening ice and dazzling icicles seemed like a sugar fairland, while above hung a misty cloud of spray in which floated a lunar rainbow.

I knew not how long I would have gently glided to and fro lost in admiration of the majestic scene of splendor had I not been startled by a distant howl apparently coming from the depths of the dismal woods on my right quickly followed by answering howls from the other bank.

I knew from my little experience while hunting in the far West that the sounds were from wolves and that I was discovered and, perhaps, soon to be chased by them.

I also knew that after a period of intense cold weather they become so ravenous from hunger that nothing except superior speed could overcome their attacks.

Though I felt safe enough in my iceboat, which, try their best they couldn't catch, I thought it high time to be off, so pointing the bowsprit for home I started

But the wind was against me and, though I skimmed swiftly over the ice, my speed wasn't nearly so great as when going with the breeze, while the tacks I had to make brought me too close to the gloomy banks for comfort in case the wolves became numerous and venturouse.

All the time and from every direction, some from afar and many close by, came those blood-curdling howls increasing in number and filling me with an indescribable terror, which chilled me even more than the cutting blasts blowing right in my teeth.

Soon I saw dusky forms outlined against the shadowed snow under the trees on either bank, running along with me and easily keeping up with my flight.

At every tack I made, going no nearer the shore than I could help, my horrible pursuers would slacken their speed and watch me till I turned, while, from the darkness of the woods where they stood ready to spring upon me at the first chance, their hot eyes gleaming like blazing coals.

Then, as the wind filled my little sail and I shot off to the opposite bank, they, giving a chorus of maddened howls, started again to head me off, while those on the side I was approaching stopped to wait for me.

No far, none had ventured on the frozen river and I began to hope they wouldn't, for, thought I might avoid an attack from the banks, I trembled at the thought of what might result if they took to the ice.

All the while they were gathering in greater numbers and displaying more boldness and cunning in calculating and waiting for my movements in tacking.

If the wind died out, if my sail gave way, if I upset, as I came near to doing more than once in bounding over a rough piece of ice, I should be torn to bits and devoured instantly. Even without those things happening I realized my chance of reaching home in safety was frightfully slim.

Now the howlings for some reason stopped in silent, unrelenting and tireless pursuit the ever increasing bloodthirsty wolves leaped along the shadowy banks easily keeping up with my boat which almost seemed to stand still while the pack on the ice behind were surely getting closer and preventing me from flying backwards up the river in case I had to use that forlorn and, likely, hopeless way of distancing those near me if they, too, left the land.

Before me and twenty miles yet from safety the river began to twist between projecting bluffs, may be ten feet or so in height. I knew the contrary winds there would necessitate slower progress and longer tacks, and so give the wolves the opportunities they wanted of heading me off and perhaps springing from the bluff on me while I turned.

Evidently they knew it, too, for without pausing to wait now when I approached the shores they darted on, and I could see them forming in horrid groups in front of me on several exposed points, while those in the rear on the ice were rapidly catching up.

One hand held the tiller, the other revolver, as under the first dreaded point I was obliged to sail, but although the immense creatures there crowded and showed signs of leaping off, they didn't, and away I skimmed to the opposite bank.

I reached it and, too paralyzed with fear to look up, slowly went about. Suddenly, before I could set well under way, with a howl of the fiercest rage an enormous gray wolf shot from the bank and landed with his fore feet on the stern of the boat, well nigh upsetting it and nearly stopping its motion as he dragged behind striving to bite me with his horrid fangs.

I fired, almost poking the pistol into his great open mouth, and he, losing his hold on the boat, rolled over, dying on the ice.

At once a dozen of his fellows sprang from the bank upon him, and, while he still struggled in his death throes, tore him limb from limb and devoured him instantly.

That taste of blood maddened the others, and, faster than I can tell it, they leaped from everywhere on the river till before and behind and each side they rushed after my boat, which just then was spurring across for one more tack ere I should have some miles of straight sailing where the wind would be favorable.

But right in my path, and where I had to go about, a pack of wolves, forty at least, were coming or waiting, for they seemed to have learned the trick of the ice-boat's tacking.

Aiming quickly at those in front I emptied my revolver into them; then as I drew nearer I gave them the contents of my other pistol. As before each

wounded wolf was pounced upon and torn and eaten by his comrades, but so many of the beasts were at me that all could not join in the bloody feast. Still it broke their ranks and gave me a few seconds longer to work my boat around for its last short tack.

Hatchet in hand, on and into the confused pack I dashed, hitting some and sending them sprawling, but in spite of everything three mighty fellows leaped on my boat, one of them knocking the tiller from my grasp as he struggled for a footing—the other two hanging from the stern and dragging like the rest did. In a moment more the whole gang—then chasing me not forty feet behind—would have been fighting over my bones. Never minding the snapping, entangled wolf aboard, I reached back and fetched my sharp hatchet on the paws of the two who were hanging on the stern, chopping them off and dropping the beasts for their companions to finish.

Then regaining the helm and refilling the sail, I shot away on a straight course down the river faster than my fleetest pursuers could follow.

Now I had time to attend to the wolf aboard, who had fortunately jammed his feet in the gear of the boat and was held there, while he made furious efforts to get at me.

Expecting he would break loose and attack me before I could wholly reload, I hastily slipped a cartridge in my pistol and fired, hitting him in the shoulder only.

The howl he gave was answered by the hundreds in chase who, thank heaven, were dropping further and further behind my flying boat.

I dared not wait to load anew, for my horrible passenger, made desperate by his wound, was surely forcing himself loose. Fastening the tiller I jumped with my hatchet to strike him ere he did so. At the same instant he leaped at me, catching a good cut across his eyes as I dodged him. Then, before he could turn, I sunk the hatchet blade in the back of his head with such force that it stuck there while he fell limp and lifeless into the sea I had vacated.

Loading the pistol again I put half a dozen bullets into his head and body to make certain he was dead—then, sitting on his carcass, I took the tiller once more and steered for home and safety.

The danger was over. Though I saw a few more wolves I passed them so swiftly that chase was vain.

It was dawn when I reached the village bank with my awful trophy and the tale I told astonished and startled the anxious peasants who in all their days had known no such an escape as mine.

The wolf I killed was a monster even for the Russian country and it took two strong men to carry it to my house. Its skin, made into a rug, now decorates my American home and furnishes a never-ending start for all sorts of adventures, none of which can approach the one I told.—[Chicago Sun.]

Washing Little Indians.

We were camped at the Hot Springs on the L. L. trail, made famous in Indian annals by the escape of Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Percés. Just above us was a large camp of Flatheads who were making their fall hunt. One morning we were awakened by their shouts and cries. Evidently there was great excitement somewhere, and we promptly jumped up. It was just after daylight, and cold clouds of steam were rising from the big basin-shaped pool at the foot of the granite wall from which poured a thick stream of boiling water. The pool was so large that at the lower edge the water was almost cold; the nearer you approached to the place where the hot water burst from the rock the better chance you stood of getting boiled.

At the edge, at a place where the water was of a comfortable temperature, stood two Indians, one on the bank and the other on a stone in the water. Near by were a dozen other Indians guarding a number of little Indian boys and girls, who had nothing on and were howling and crying.

When we looked out of the tent the two Indians at the pool had an Indian boy—one holding him by the feet and the other by the hands—and were gravely swinging him backward and forward through the warm water, while he yelled at every dip. As soon as they had finished with him he was set upon the bank and ran to the willow brush near by.

Then the noise redoubled, for each child in the group guarded by the Indians feared that it was his turn. They all tried to escape to the brush, but their elders pursued and caught them, until the very last one had been put through the cleansing process.—[New York Sun.]

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

SOME THINGS WE NEVER SEE.
A sheet from the bed of a river,
A tongue from the mouth of a stream,
A toe from the foot of a mountain,
And a page from a volume of steam.
A wink from the eye of a needle,
A nail from the finger of fate,
A plume from the wing of an army,
And a drink at the bar of a gale,
A hair from the head of a hammer,
A bite from the teeth of a saw,
A race on the course of a study,
And a joint from the limb of the law,
A clock that is drawn on a sand-bank,
Some fruit from the jamb of a door.
—H.K.'s Jests

FANCY CHAT.

Mamma would like a package of decorated codfish," said Harold to the grocer's clerk.

The clerk looked puzzled. "Decorated codfish?" he repeated. "Are you sure that is what your mother wants?"

"That is what she said."

The man thought a minute, and then, with a half-laugh, he said, "Oh, I have it!" and began looking along the shelf. There was an amused expression on his face when he handed the package to Harold.

"Tell your mother," he said, "that if it is not what she wants she can send it back."

Harold repeated the message, adding, "He did not seem to know, at first, what decorated codfish meant."

"O Harold," cried mamma laughing, "I said decorated, not decorated codfish!"

Harold looked ruefully at the package. "I thought he wanted to laugh about something," he said. "Guess that was it." [Youth's Companion.]

THE SWISS PARADE.

This is the story told by an old Swiss chronicler:

The magistrates of the Swiss town of Brugg assembled in council, and resolved to raise a forest of oak-trees on the common.

Then the citizens sallied forth on a rainy day, made holes in the ground with canes and sticks, dropped an acorn in every hole, and tramped the dirt down with their feet. Thus they sowed upwards of 12 sacks of acorns, and when the work was done, each citizen received a wheaten roll for a treat, the expense being defrayed by the town treasury.

At last the acorns lay too deep in the ground, which, besides, had been trodden down too firmly by so many feet; the seeds never came up.

The thrifty townspeople then raised a crop of rye and oats on the common. After the harvest they ploughed the soil and sowed acorns in the furrows.

But luck even now turned against them. Only a few acorns came up, while the grass grew all over the common.

The townspeople made hay in due season, carefully sparing the infant oaks when they mowed. It was no use! The rank weeds soon killed them all.

After the second failure the members of the Council put their wise heads together and resolved to try a new way, for an oak grove they were bound to have.

On the twentieth day of October, in the year of our Lord 1532, the whole community marched out to the woods. Men, women and children dug up oak saplings, and transplanted them on the common. The citizens worked with a will. In the evening every boy and girl was given a wheaten roll to remember this arbor day, while the men and women partook of a merry supper in the town hall.

Now the oaks did grow, says the chronicler.

The Brugg people were so pleased with this final success that they decided to institute the anniversary of this arbor day in 1532 as a holiday in their town for all times to come.

Year after year young people marched in parade to the oak grove, and returned home, carrying oak twigs, or switches, as a proof that the trees grew apace; and year after year a wheaten roll was given by the town to every boy and girl, to be eaten in remembrance of arbor day.

The ancient custom has been kept up faithfully through the centuries, and still exists under the name of "Swiss Parade."—[Harper's Young People.]

He Didn't Go.

"Maria," he said tenderly, as they sat together looking into the cherry logs that threw out flickering flames on the hearth, "Maria, I think I could go to the world's end for you."

"It may be so," said Maria, as she looked at the clock and yawned, "it may be so, George; if you wanted to now would be as good a time as any."

George took his hat, and instead of going to the world's end he went home.—[New York Press.]

SAVAGE GRIEF.

Paying the Last Honors to a West African Potentate.

Five Weeks of Native "Playing," Feasting and Dancing.

At a time when we read of the funeral rites of several great men who have been prominently before the English people, it may be of interest to know something of the last honors paid by his people to one who in his time received no small share of attention both in his own country and here—the black King Ja-Ja of Opobo, West Africa. It will be remembered that he died at Tenerife when returning to his own country, whither he had been permitted to go by the Government. His people urgently asked for his body, which there was much difficulty in obtaining, as he was buried in a place under Spanish jurisdiction, which does not permit the removal of the dead under a considerable interval. By the efforts and influence of the Consul-General of the Oil Rivers Protectorate, Major MacDonald, this rule was set aside, and the steamer Benin brought the King's remains to Opobo.

The body was in four cases, two of wood, one of tin and one of lead. As soon as it was known the steamer had arrived all the chiefs of the town and district came with their followers in their big canoes, attired in their best, and with streamers and flags flying from their boats. The outer case was removed from the coffin, which was then wrapped in many folds of costly silk brocade and placed in a large canoe, with Ja-Ja's brilliant state umbrella erected over it, and guarded by two chiefs of his house. The big canoe then headed the crowd of others and proceeded up the river. Alternative trade was stopped, and the last five weeks have been devoted to native "plays," feasting and dancing, and numbers of fowls and goats were killed for food. In the town and its neighborhood continuous cannon firing has gone on day and night, about 500 kegs of gunpowder being consumed in this way. To the final "great play" all the white residents on the river were invited. The town was decorated with numerous flags. The cannon and gun firing kept up, and native music from tom-toms (drums hollowed out of tree trunks) and various strange instruments was rendered with vigor. Ja-Ja is buried within the courtyard of his palace, which stands in the centre of a square of small houses, having galleries fronted with glass. The room containing the vault in which lies the coffin was draped round with silk brocade and hung with photographs and pictures of the late King, one large painting in oil being well executed. At one end of the room was a large mirror; at the other end a broad couch, on which reclined his wives, who have watched the body night and day since its arrival.

The vault is cemented over, and at its head a plate of food and a large jar of rum stood, the latter of which every day had been poured over the grave. Much treasure is buried with the body. Time was when the lives of even 100 slaves, openly sacrificed, would not have sufficed on such an occasion that the spirit of the king might proceed on his journey with due state; but under the wise and firm government now existing this terrible custom has been abandoned. The funeral feast was laid in a large room adjoining the one containing the vault; and a long table, laid with white cloth, knives, forks, glasses, and dinner napkins, supported a profusion of food. A splendid roast turkey was carved by the head chef, who, wise man, removed his most superfluous garment for the good work. There were roast and boiled meats, yams, palm-oil "chops" and "fu-fu," which latter is a dough-like substance made from pounded yam. The proper method of consuming this delicacy is to roll a piece into a ball the size of a hen's egg, dip it into palm-oil "chop," open the mouth wide, shut the eyes, and there you are. It is wholesome, and, as Sam Weller remarked, "very filling."

Large jars of "tombo," a native drink made from a species of palm tree, were handed round. A hospitable invitation to these good things was given by the chiefs, whose black followers crowded the sides of the room, and eagerly watched for portions of the feast handed them by their masters. When eating was done, then came the last ceremony—that of smashing upon the table all the plates and dishes used. Adjoining to seats under a large tree in the courtyard, the chiefs and their guests watched the "plays" commence, to the accom-

paniment of vigorous and startling native music. Men dressed in grotesque costumes decorated with bells and rattling nutshells, wearing head-pieces of bullocks' horns and goats' hair, danced about, some on foot and others on stilts; processions of young men carrying swords and knives marched two abreast, contorting their bodies as they went, while troops of women and girls walked about singing funeral chants to Ja-Ja.

Another procession was formed by the daughters of Ja-Ja, and some of the prominent chiefs, attired in English military and naval full dress, wearing gold epaulettes and cocked hats, and having quantities of valuable pink coral strung around their persons. The music, drumming, dancing and gun firing were kept up all the day and the following night. In a short time will commence the ceremony of installing the new head chief of Ja-Ja's house.—[Liverpool Post.]

The Natural Resources of the South.

By the census statistics the mortality among whites for the census year 1880 was 14.74 per 1000 for the whole United States, including the South; and for the southern states alone from Maryland to Louisiana inclusive it was but 14.04 per 1000. By the best of all demonstrations, therefore, the South is proving the salubrity of her climate, the fertility of her soil, the extent of her natural resources, and her fitness for the support of a large population. An empire in extent, her lands are still not one-half occupied. Her population per square mile averages about one-third that of the average northern state, and but one-fifth that of the more populous ones. The sole condition which now prevents a large immigration, both from abroad and from the north-western states, from taking advantage of the opportunities open in the South, is ignorance of the situation. Such ignorance cannot be of long duration.

Briefly, there is not elsewhere upon the globe a territory open to the Anglo-Saxon race, with such varied and great resources and such propitious and easy conditions of life and labor, so abundantly supplied with rivers, harbors, and with lines of railroad transportation, or so well located to command the commerce of both hemispheres. The prophecy of what our people will make of these advantages in the struggle for commercial supremacy among the nations of the earth is but faintly written in what has already been done, under adverse conditions, by each section working alone. Now their united strength will be brought to bear on the easiest part of the problem. The most progressive race on earth—the leaders of the world in science, in invention, in wealth, in energy, and in enterprise—will here develop the greatest natural resources under the most favorable conditions possible.—[The Forum.]

Ingenuous Indian Basket Makers.

The Tarratines, or Penobscot Indians, who live on an island in the river a dozen miles above Bangor, Me., are the most ingenious of all basket makers, and no chemist has produced brighter colors than those with which the children of the forest adorn their wares. The baskets are made of thin strips of ash and maple, the latter for rims and handles, and much of the work is interwoven with fragrant sweet grass from the salt marshes along the coast. Alder is steeped for pale red, dyer white birch bark for bright red, cedar boughs for green, sumac for yellow, white maple bark for black. A light solution of maple yields purple instead of black. Some of the Indian basket makers are very prosperous. One family of four cleared \$1000, in addition to their living expenses, last year, and in the parlor of their house is a Brussels carpet, upholstered furniture, a \$400 piano, various expensive ornaments, lace curtains, Catholic books and pictures, and a set of Cooper's novels. There are many lazy and drunken Indians, but the good Indians control the affairs of the tribe, and are respected by the white people.

A Millionaire's Son.

It is somewhat rare, declares the New Orleans Times-Democrat, to find a millionaire's son devoted to his books rather than his pleasures. There is one such in the house of Vanderbilt, and the son of C. P. Huntington, described as a "superb specimen of physical manhood, with a towering height of six feet four," devotes eight hours a day to study. He is especially interested in Arabic, and is said to have the finest existing library of books in that language, a statement that is of very doubtful accuracy. Mr. Huntington is credited with an ambition to write a history of the Moors in Spain.

The Last Slumber.

He sleeps.
Who sleeps?
You do not know,
And I must tell you soft and low,
My little baby sleepeth so.

He sleeps.
My baby sleeps so late!
The little birds awake and sing,
And sit about on happy wing.
He waketh not for anything
He sleeps so late,
My baby sleeps.

The moon upon the morn doth wait;
The sun shines full upon the gate;
The bees and birds are in full tune,
And summer life is at its noon—
My heart doth break!
My baby never will awake!

He sleeps.
The tender eve draws near;
The lights of home are shining clear,
But in the churchyard, dark and drear,
My little baby sleeps.

—[Myrtle L. Avery, in Atlanta Constitution.]

HUMOROUS.

Knot in it—The string.

A work of art—Selling a picture.
The clergyman who ties the nuptial knot is usually summoned by the ringing of a bell.

"I'll join you in a minute" is what the minister said to the couple who were waiting to be married.

A tenor, who has just arrived from Europe after a rough voyage, says he never struck so many high seas in his whole career as he did on this ocean trip.

Balfanz—How is that little mining scheme of yours getting along? Any money in it? Wooden—Any money in it! Well, I should say so. All of mine, all of my wife's and about fifty thousand that I got from my friends.

Mrs. O'Day—Oh, you needn't talk, John. You was bound to have me. You can't say that I ever ran after you. O'Day—Very true, Maria; and the trap never runs after the mouse, but it gathers him in all the same.

Ethel (who is not famous for her good looks)—I don't see why you should call Miss Whitmore plain. I'm sure I only wish I were half as good looking as she is. Fred—You are, Ethel—you know you are. And Ethel is wondering whether he meant to compliment her.

"What shall you give me, pa," she said, "I'm on my wedding day."
And pa, with gravity, replied:
"I'll give you, dear—away."

Our National Bird.

It has been proposed lately to ornament the top of the flag-staff with the regular army of the United States with the representation in metal of the bald eagle, which is the emblem of our republic. The staffs of regimental standards now terminate with pikes. The eagle has already done duty in this way upon the standards of other nations, and particularly upon those of Rome and France. The American eagle, however, is of a different variety from the eagle of France and the Roman republic. It is of an American variety—the "bald," or white-headed, eagle. The ordinary name of the bird is a misnomer. It is not bald, but simply white-headed, the feathers on the head and neck of adult specimens being snowy white.

The honor of first naming this bird as the emblem of the United States belongs to John J. Audubon, the naturalist, whose name will be forever associated with our bird life. He called the bald eagle the "Washington eagle," because, he said, "Washington was brave, as the eagle is. Like it, too, he was the terror of his enemies, and his fame, extending from pole to pole, resembles the soarings of the mightiest of the feathered tribe. If America has reason to be proud of her Washington, so has she to be proud of her great eagle." The bald eagle, with wings extended, or "displayed proper," as it is called in heraldry, was made the emblem of the United States in the year 1782.

Benjamin Franklin did not approve the choice. The bald eagle, he declared, was a very evil-disposed bird, who would not earn an honest living, but got his livelihood by violence, deceit, and rapine. He did not consider such a creature the worthy emblem of a people who had gallantly driven out of their country all kindly birds of prey. Franklin's critical judgment did not prevail. It is true, as he declared, that the bald eagle lives chiefly by violence and theft, swooping down upon the osprey, and snatching from this industrious bird the fish that it has just caught. But the eagle, on occasion, can take fish out of the water with great skill. The eagle is, moreover, a bird of dignity, as well as of bravery and beauty, and its strong attachment to its young and to its home certainly recommends it as an American emblem.—[Baltimore Sun.]