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Warmth the South Wind Bringeth Sindow on the valley resteth But sunlight gleams on the hill. Mute are the stones and peobles, But music dwel's in the roll And warmth the south wind bringeth To drive away winter's chill.

The nest on the lough is empty. And you sigh for the nestlings still But songs of the cratwhile fledglings The woodlands with melody fill Ab! was min the south wind brangeth

The dream of your youth bath vanished. Fut deeds now your boay days fill, When the voice of the thrush is stient. The macking lifed sings on the hill. Oh' warmth the south wind bringeth To drive away winter's chill.

Grieve not for vanished pleasures. There are others their places to fill, When light of day both departed Night bringeth the star-shine still, And warmth on the south wind cometh To drive away winter's chill. - Louise T. Hodges, in Atlanta Constitu

DAISY'S MILKING-STOOL

10 ANNA SHEDDS.

Daisy Metcalf and I made our appearance in this world of core upon the same day, and our mammas being o'd friends we became from weechild. hood fast friends and companions. We went to school tegether; we dressed each other's dolls; we entered society together, but under different circumstances. In the eighteen years during which we had grown from infancy to womanhood, Saul Metcalf, Daisy's father, had made one of those maminoth fortunes that result from successful modern speculation. My dear father, on the contrary, had been treading the path that leads downward in the rare for for one, and we were poor folks compared to the Metcalfs. Dai-y, being an only child and a little beauty, entered society as a helie and heiress; her costumes imported from Paris, her jewels of the most costly discription, her carriage, horses, surroundings of every kind those that only wealth can procure.

When I say we were poor folks, I do not mean that we were reduced to suffering poverty, but we lived in a very quiet way, kept only two servants, and while I communized in the housekeeping department, Fred my only brother, worked at clerking in a waolesale drug store, and belped my overworked father in the family expeases. We were invited out and had our share of gavety, but my costumes were the work of my own fingers, the same material often serv. ing for two or three dresses, and my jewel-box was my inheritance from my mother, and but a signder stock of pretty trinkets

I don't know when I first suspected that Fred was in love with Daisy. We three had been so much together, Fred being only three years older than of course for both of us to depend upon Fred es an escort, and to fulfit: the duties of a brother to Daily as well as to his own sister. One block plush bands?" only lay between our modestdwelling and the superb brown-stone front of Saul Metcalf's stately house, and not a seem interested. day passed that Daisy's feet or mine did not trip over that block to bring us together for girlish chat and exchange of confidences.

I think it was the winter when we both seame out" at a pearty given by Mrs. Metcalf, to introduce me as well as Daisy to society, that I first noticed a change in Fred. He began to plead another engagement quire frequently when I was going to Metca I's, or wante I him to not as Daisy's escort as well as mine. He no longer burried home when Daisy came to dine and spend a quiet evening at our house, The dusts they had learned forether lay untouched for weeks upon the music-rack, and I no longer saw Fred's name upon Daisy's ball-programmes for four or five dances. And as he grew graver and some of the boyish delight died out of his eyes, Daisy, too, lost something of the old girlish brightness, and her step no longer danced and sprang as if from mere overflow of joyourness.

I might have noticed more if my own heart had not gone out of my keeping during that winter, and the manly fascinations of Harry Wilmer engrossed my own dreams. This is not my love story, so it suffices here to say that at Easter I become Mrs. Henry Wilmer, and took possession of a handsome house and shared the large Income of a wealthy husband. Daisy was one of my bridesmuids, and looked levely in cream-white funcied a look of pain came into her soft brown eyes at the formality with which Fred filled his position of best man, avoiding rather than courting

It had hastened my wedding a little some other folks I know, and would that my father and Fred had a most favorable offer to go together to Sacramento to open a branch business for the firm who employed Fred. There seemed to be every opportunity for making money, and they were both "There is not a decent house in the anxious to avail themselves of the offer. So the old home was broken up, and a week after my wedding

On the last evening, Fred took me a little into his confidence, not frankly and fully as he had in many less important matters, but letting me petted life!" guess much of the love filling his heart, the probe binding him to eatly, "Think of hearther g he silence. By such half-confidence, 1 cycsight upon said the kory Me and a felt sure that Saul Metcalf's great | 1-" wealth and his own uncertain prospeets kept him from letting Daisy see the love he cherished, almost without hope, for he thought she only felt the sisterly affection of long intimate friendship for him. Even this little he would not have told me, but he did not dare to trust himself to make a farewell call, and intrusted to me his but laid up dollar by dollar in fair, message of imperative business preventing his saying good-bye in per-

"Daisy will think you very unkind not to spare her five minutes," I said. "You do not understand," he answered, impatientle, +d am not unkind; I am only miserable. There! I don't want any pity. It is all right; but there are some things a fellow cannot stand and not betray himse f. To bid her farewell, for years, per-

haps, caimly, quietly, as a more friend, is beyond my strength." "But why not tell her you love

Who said I leved her? Don't be r mantic. I am not going to figure in Sant Merculf's eyes as a fortunehunter. Just tell Dalsy I cannot get round, and say good-bye for me.

And before I could answer Fred

The next morning Harry and I bade my father and brother good-bye for an indefinite time, and, as it proved, my parting from my dear father was a final one. Two years later he died, and it was six years before Pred returned home, and then only for a brief elsir to me, in the winter.

It was at the very height of the fever for art embroidery, and my partors were crowded with speci news of work-gifts, many of thera; some the brightness in her eye, result of my own industry, though most of my own efforts went to adorn the persons of my first-born, Harry, drawer of old music, and at ten o'clock and my wee baby girl, Nettic.

I challenged Fred's admiration for all my pretty tritles, until I ted him to a most elaborate affair in hand-painted satin, plush bands and chenille fringe.

guess that was only a common wood- alone. Daisy put her pride aside and en milking-stool, would you? Just Daisy and myself, that it was a matter such a stool as our grandmothers used wealting, at my house, called together in the country years ago. Did you all her old friends. ever see levelier painting, and such fine embroidery as there is on the

> "Who gave it to you?" Fred asked, reging with brotherly good nature to

-- I bought it." of should think you had enough without purchasing any," my brother aid, langling.

"Yes; but this was to help an old friend. I bought it of Datsy Metcaif. You remember Daisy ?" I continued, not noticing the sudden paller in Fred's face. She does this sort of work for a store in New York, but they do not half pay her, and her old friends order pretty things they do

.. What do you mean?" Fred cried. his voice sharp with pain.

not actually want to help her."

"You knew Saul Mateal, was dead, did you not?"

«No. You must have written that in some or the letters that were lost

while I was in Japan," "It was just about that time," I said. "I surely wrote it to you. We all felt so surry for Daisy. Her Twenty-righth Pennsylvania Infantry mother died a few weeks before her father and was spared the trouble that followed, Mr. Meteaff's former, that Manch Counk. Shortly after the serdid not cover his debts, when the es-

even Daisy's jewels and grand piano. . Why is she not here?" Fred said, in battle, walking up and down the long rooms, to the infinite peril of my spindle-You professed to love her. Why do

tale was settled. Everything was -old,

you not give her a home? need not look at the as if I were a ment. He was killed, so far as cushmers and richest lace, though I monster, Fred! I tried every way to be learned, at the very moment his make Daisy come here. I even offered wife became iil. General Geary, her a salary to come as nursery gov- commanding the division of which the erness for Harry and Netty, and made | I wenty-eighth formed a part, saw her laugh out as merrily as she did in him fall, and dismounted and marked the opportunities effered to pay es our old girlish days when she had not line spot where he fell."- Harper's a care. But she is as proud as - as - Young People.

not take charity, even from me." "Where is she?"

"She is boarding at 427 Lstreet."

"L- street!" my brother cried,

street?" "They are small, poor houses," I said, "but they are respectable. Most father and Fred started for their new of them are boarding-houses for clerks, shop-girls and needle-wo-

men. "And Daisy lives there! Daisy, who never knew a want in her whole

"Poor little Daisy!" he said, pres-

"Yes," I said, after waiting some time for the conclusion of the sentence

"I not a millionaire, as Saul Metcalf was supposed to be," Fred said, but I am on the road to wealth, and I am already a rich man. And it is solid money, not gained in speculation, honest, commercial business. Our business is flourishing and I am at the head of the branch house in Sacramento, as you know, with every opportunity to push my own fortune, as in town that of the firm. What time is it? Nearly eleven! Too late to call any- business; he rented a cheap house,

"I should say so," I said.

"Tomorrow-" said Fred. "To-morrow Daisy dines here," I said. "Sue comes to dinner every fashionably, go to schools where they Tuesday, and Harry escorts her home be per-unded to resign that duty, for once, to-morrow."

We chatted a few minutes longer, and then Fred went to his room, earrying Daisy's milking sood with him. Wether he sat up all night comtem-

work of art, I am nuable to say; but I do know that the next in deep mourning, came into my sitting-room, expecting to find me alone, she had no reason to complain of Fred's coolness. Long, long before I guessed the secret of her rejected suitor, and the interest she took in my sacramento letters. But I never hinted at my suspicions, and I looked on at that rapturous meeting and said nothing, even to Fred, of the added color on Daisy's check, or the new

After dinner, the old ducts were rummaged out of a long-closed Harry made no movement when Daisy went to my room for her hat and

"The course of true love" ran very smoothly for the next month, the time "This," I said, "is the gem of my of Fred's visit to me; and when he lot of art work. You would never returned to Sacramento, it was not jet me provide her trousseau, and the

There was a very handsome show of wedding presents, but mine was most carefully packed by Fred's own hands, and was presented at his request. Harry gave the silver tea service I had selected as my gift, for Fred begged that I would give them Daisy's milking-stoot, - | The Ledger,

Rather Long Wait.

"What's apothecaries" weight, pa?" nquired Waide, looking up from his

"About forty-five minutes when you are in a horry to get a little medicine for the luby's colic," responded his father with a been there often air. - [Chicago Times.

A Curious War Inco. .

There are many carrons but true inances of presentiments such as the following, which is told by a Pennsylvania jurist, under whose personal observation it occurred:

"On Similar morning, May 3, 1863, Mrs. Lansford F. Chapman, wife of the gullant soldier who was then in Virginia and in command of the Regiment, attended services in the was supposed to amount to millions, vice had begun sie was suddenly taken very ill. Friends came to her assistance, and when she become able she gasped, 'The Major has been killed

want to be strictly correct. He was legged tables and fragile bric-a-bric. killed while leading his comrades in a charge against the enemy at Chancels Mrs. Wagstaff, that I shall never see lorsville in the midst of the severest your made Roscoe again. He is a "Hecanse she won't take it! You fighting of that sanguinary engages great loss.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

There were two little kittens, a black and a

gray.
And grandmanima said with a frown: will never do to keep their lath, The black one we'd better draws

Don't cry, my dear," to the Bees, One kitten's enough to keep Now run to nurse, for 'the growing late, And time you were fast asleep.

The morrow dawned, and rosy and sweet ame little flex- from her man The nurse said, "Go into mamma's room And look in grandma's "op."

Come here? said grandmamma, with From the rocking-class where she was

Soul has sent you two hitle sisters; Now, what do you think of that?" lies boled at the raises a moment, With their wer heads, selfow and be-And there to grandinaming substry said.

"Which the Are you going to dream."

New Orleans Pleayana.

A MILES OF POSTAGE.

Twenty years ago a young farmer, whom we shall call John Potter, sold the land which his father had left to him, and with his wife moved into the city of New York.

In a favor, be told his friends, his money brought him only four per He could double that in trade

At first he centured cautionsly into and he and his wife lived as simply as they had done in the country; but as the children began to grow up, he was auxious that they should dress would meet the children of rich men-in a word, push their way into what he considered ergood society."

In business, he said, he was making only six per cent. But by speculating In stock he could easily turn his money over twenty times a year.

He became a speculator, and was a showy house, and began the frontie afternoon, when pale, little Daisy, struggle for place in the fashionable world. Every do Lir which was made was spent to attain this end. To obtain an invitation to the 1 --- 's ball, to visit with the B .- 's, - these were the objects of life with father, mother and daughters.

But John Porter, when he began this work of carning fortune and position, forgot that he had invested in the business not only his money, but his mental and physical strength. In a few years his health began to fail. No percentage rould pay for

He had been in year's a strong, hardy fellow, with high courage and a sweet temper. At here years old he was gray, bent, busons and irritable. Then came attacks of nervous prestrations then partial paratysis. alf I would go back to farm life.

and give not brain rest, I should recover," he said. But what could his dericate city-

bred daughters do on a farm? How could be, used now to luxuries, bear the rough, simple country life?

The bargain he had made was tree vocable. He was his percentage; he hand his life, dvine so blen a of one of those mysterfous becaused discussed to which so many overlay of Americans

costly tastes and halfer a sum of money in afficient to gravify them, and nervous, enfectived bodies.

If he had chosen in his health and outh a simpler life, and t from the stroggle for money and fashion, he would in all probability now be a strong, helpful, happy man, surrounded by healthy, vigorous children ready to undertake whatever good work Gor had set them.

There is a sterv in the Bible of a young man, the beinten destiny which would have set him and his children. apart from all others throughout the history of the world, who in a momen tary fit of hunger sold his birthright

for a mess of notage, Lew young people think of the story now, perhaps, or attach any signifievery boy who is crowding into the city, willing to sacrifice health, ner, your strength, moral principle and money and a place in the fashionable world, is selling for a mess of portage a heritage as noble as Esan's. Youth's Companion.

Modern Camibalism.

Miss Bencon Ho .- I am sorry, dear

Mrs. Wagstuff (in evident surprise) -Why, what do you mean & I nel was here yesterday.

Mrs. Bencon 11 .: (sighing :- Yes. yes: that is what I refer to. Caroline said that you had your uncle Roscofor Muner yesterday. [Burper's

COST OF BAD ROADS.

Heavy Losses Entailed by Badly Kept Highways.

Farmers and Country People the Chief Sufferers.

We have in the United States somemules above the age of two years upon our farms, and at the moderate estimate of 25 cents as the cost of feed and care of each of these animals, we see at a glance that the aggregate expense of maintaining them is about \$1,000,000 per day. If, by a similarly moderate estimate, we say that they are kept in the stable in a condition of enforced idleness by the deep mad of spring and fast for a period averaging 20 days in each year, we may easily compute that the loss, in this respect alone, will amount to \$80,000,000 per year, a sum sufficient to build 16,000 miles of excellent lighway. course, considering the great variety of conditions, and the consequent

number of factors to be regarded, it is impossible by mathematical formula to compute the loss entailed on any community by the continued toleration of these dirt roads in in the result of any computation is dried ball damp upon the inside, the more likely to show a loss smaller holes being used for breathing purthan actually exists, and in whatever way the matter be regarded, it is cortain that with the imposed burden of extra help and extra diaft-animals: loss of time, wear and tear of wagon. and harness, the drawing of light loads, and the depreciated value of farm-lands, we are pursuing a shorts sighted policy in permitting the present system to continue. Besides the actual loss, which a moment's reflection will serve to show, we are gaining nothing and saving nothing in that great department of agricultural By dwellers in cities the actual con-

dition of these country roads during the wet season is scarcely known; while with farmers, to whom all rends are dirt roads, and who have never seen nor known of a highway better than that which they have used from boyhood, the dirt road is an accepted fixture, which long bubit and use have impressed upon them as a natural and necessary adjunct to farm of

In the spring of 1894 in the state of New York the country newspapers were printing long editorial conplaints of the hopoless condition of the rural highways, and the consequent paralysis of country trade, commercial reports we While published from week to week, in which business embarra-smouts and failures were charged directly to the impassable condition of the country roads. Haif-loaded farm-wagons were stalled in deep mind almost in to me. the shadow of the magnificent (wentymillion-dollar capital at Allemy, while, as if to show to what ridenious ends. the perversity of the buman mind will sometimes lead us, the good farm-Albany county were too had to per- link. mit them to get to town in this oppose a bill which premised to make them better! - The Century.

Largest Human Regio.

The brain of Tourguewill, the Bass sian novelist, is said to have been the largest ever weighed, the ambiguous showing that its weight was exact! 2012 ecanimes. The extraordical size of this brain will be better male; stood when the reader is informed that the average burnur brain does not weigh above 1520 grammes 1a point of size the brain of Cavica. the pa uralist, comes next. It weighed 1800 grammes. There are many cases. in which an extraordinary intelless has accompanied heavy brain welcht, but the records show that men whose mental abilities have never been questioned have had brains under the average in both size and weight. The east of Raphael's shall shows that it was very small, much smaller than the average. Cardinal Meze-funti, who understood more languages than any other man who has ever lived, had a very small head. Soo, too, find Dickens, Lord Byron and Charles but by bit It was not in the early lays Lamb. From this it would seem that quantity of the brain. St. Louis-

Every Man Has His Price, ten cents?

sure I could if you gave me a quarter. | gatory .- | New York Sun.

A Queer Place for a Fish.

Travellers in Central Africa during the hot season often follow the dry beds of rivers and creeks for miles to obviate the accessity of curting their way through the heavy jungles which everywhere abound. Africa is well known to be the native land of many extraordinary things, animate as well as inanimate. This being the case, the first explorers paid no attention to thing like 16,000,000 of horses and the thousands of balls of hardened mud which were strewn about in all profusion in the beds of these dried up treams. One day, however, when a detachment of the Cameron expedition were exploring what in the wet season would have been a tributary of the Nile a woodman cracked one of the balls and was surprised beyond measure to see a live fish tumble out of the centre of the ball and fall gaping and floundering in the sand. This curious discovery led the explorers to make an investigation, whereupon trainevery ball of hardened earth, whether large or small, was found to comminan odd-slaned specimen of the tinny tribe. These spherical and chouses, which on account of their likeness to the earthen cases fabricated by many specles of caterpillars and other insects and worms have been called ecocoons? are perforated by many small holes and lined with a mocous from the their present condition: but the error | fish's body, the nuccous keeping the

> For want of a more exphonious name this queer species of piscus has been dubbeit "mudifish," which is expressive of the fish's curious habits if not a musical and high-sounding cog-

The remarkable instinct which than lead, causes the multish to roll himself in a . ball of mud when the dry season approaches is a wonderful provision of nature, intended soley, it would seem, to prevent the extinction of the species. The most interesting fact about industry to which the condition of the this fish is that it breathes by means dirt road is of such marked ins. of gibs when in its native element and by means of lungs during its vois per's Bazar. untary imprisonment in the mad cocoons - St. Louis Republica

The Orange Sirves Mar.

He was in his young manhood and two or those friends were bidding him gooddove, last night, at the Barclay rasping cough, and the touch of death open his public face to dother story of beyoung days soon ended, when life should have just begun.

"trood-bye, Tom," said I, grasping his hand and booking into his tace in a way that worsts could never express. etrood-live old friend," he send Simply, extending his hand, and smit-

ing through his tents. A fit of conguing seized him, and

articulate again. "When you get down to Unrida," aid a second, "don't forget to write

eSion, as soon as I get there, "Le selves. replied feeley, looking out into the

There was the black river, robing on to the sea; the strange noises on ers of Albany county were actually the wharf and the river; the glimmersending telegrams to the Legislature, ing of the far-off lights, and the lapmittee hearing, because the reads of The night was starless and black as

> Then the ferry sweed to the manuings: peoper passed and repassed; by- hesitating ere she accepted his invitaad by the boat was to cast off. He tion. was the lost one aboutly roughing as: be went. He turned, and looking edly syon get the conclumn. I owe

"Tom, in case 1-1 do not reach r o orange groves -

All Marie of heer my my mother, will you, oYes, and fellow.

STAIL LICENSE TO WORKS, BUT LIKE P.

Then the chains rattled free, and the boat swept our pito the dark stream; bearing him away; As his framle went away, one said:

"That is true, said the other, "but it will always be sweet for me to

think that his last words were -

corf his mother."- New York Recorder.

The Salvation Army Uniform, According to Mrs. Beamwell Booth,

so distinctive a uniform as it is now. there is more in the quality than the The bonnet used to be small and had on their dresses, and ornamented suited to elderly persons and those Mrs. Brown...Do you think you with large faces. It also protected at St. John there are no two ornacould learn that lesson if ' gave your the hair, which was a point to be con-Little Johnnie—No, ma. But Pm be blue or black. Blue is now obli- constructed than those or the New York Sen. Indians.— Boston Transcript. sidered. The dress at one time could

RATES

The Chatham Record

ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion-One square, two insertions

One square, one month . For larger advertisements liberal corracts will be made.

HUMOROUS.

High water-The source of profit on milk.

Some talk is made with the bark on t and other talk has the bark in it. The book that makes the greatest

"Consistency, thou art a jewel." There are paste jewels, but they are

stir in society is the weil filled pocket-

of a consistency of their own. When the old gentleman of ninety proposes to the old lady of eighty-five

t is the "court" of final resort. Miss Yellowicaf-This new bonnet just matches my complexion. It cost enventy-five. Miss Costique-What the complexion?

Norliy-There goes Waitman, kiting along like a deer; I wonder if he is training for a run? Oddie-No; on the contrary he is running for a

the is as fair as mortals are. But still shell never do for me. Because in conversation off I hear her interpreting "See?"

One of the peculiar facts about human nature is that after a man has lost at 'ything he has himself he begins: feel competent to give his felends sure tips. Wife-I used to enjoy those little

dinners so much we had before we were married. Husband-I'm not orprised they seemed nice after the ones you give me now. Let your ideal be a high one. By

following the directions of the cook book you may not produce a cake as light as this belown, as therein promised, but you will doubtless succeed in getting one of less specific gravity

Pactry and Prose.

Practical Pather- to you want to marry my daugher, ch? Postleat lover - Yes, sir. I would

He down and die for her! Practical Father-H'm! Would you get up and work for her?-[Har-

He Hated to Say.

"Paw," said little Formey Figg, "I neard Mr. Waits say that great men's sons never did any good. I ain't a

great man's son, am 12" I pate a late hour Mr. Fogg's mind had not found a sufficiently diplomatte answer. - [Indianap dis Journal.

A Productive Cow

Howard tounty beats the world for productiveness. The Merideth, living morth of Pavette, save that he has a cow six years old and she is the mother of tifteen culves, and one of them is the mother of twins. Who can best it? Tayette, Mo , Adver-

What She Got.

He was a Chicago grain speculator, and for a year past nothing had been oming his way except expenses.

Misfortunes never flock by them-

the day his daughter informed him in a cold and nofeering manner that if he did not give her a diamond tions worth at least \$1500 spot cash she would clope with the concliman.

et me to my arms, my darling Joy coursed down his wrinkled cheeks, seems to my arms. -18a I get the tiors, she asked.

hun eight months wages That ended it ... Detroit Free Press.

The Rossinsk Indians of Newfounds

hand, at one time the aboriginal in-

labilants of the island, can now only

An Extinct Newfoundland Race.

be counted by one or two skeletons and a few skulls, so completely have they been swept away. The French employed the Miss Mass Indiana of Nova Sc tin to flight against and exterminate them. According to an account in the last issue of the Leansneconvert the variation Institute they were a peaceable and quiet tace, given to hanting and fishing. They used cames much of birch rind and of skins of deer, like the Esquimank cayak. They used no pottery, and used atensi's of barch sewed together, but they employed sosp-tone dishes as lamner their form being similar to

those among the Liquinsux at the the salvation Army dress was devised present day. They carved deer and walras horas and the bones of the sen into ermaments, which they wore white strings, but these soiled easily, their heads with combs. The carvings A large bonnet was found better are in triangular patierus, and out of means having the same pattern. Their

stone implements were more rudely

constructed than those of the Western