The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

$1.50 PER YEAR

Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XV. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., JUNE 1, 1893. NO. 40.

Life's Seasons.

When all the world is May-day,
And all the skies are blue,
Lord Life and Youth take play-day
Among the Buds and dew:
When all the world is May-day,
And clouds are far and few.

When all the world is Summer,
And dusks are poppy heads,
Love is the shy new-comer,
Who nests in lily-beds:
When all the world is Summer,
And clouds are rosy reds.

When all the world's September,
And morns are golden mist,
Regret may still remember
The long-forgotten tryst:
When all the world's September,
And clouds are twilight-kissed.

When all the world is Winter,
And all the sky alarm,
Ghosts' eyes, that burn and splinter,
In Age's ashes form:
When all the world is Winter,
And clouds are driven storm.
—[Madison Cawein in Youth's Companion.

A WEDDING IN HAWAII.

BY POLLY KING.

It was Christmas morning in Oahu some thirty years ago, Oahu that gem of the Hawaiian Islands, about which so much has been said and written. The little town of Honolulu still slept; but out on the sugar plantation the twittering birds believed in early rising and awoke Roger Baring, the young master of Waikiki, with their chirping Christmas carol. He arose and went to the window, looking out on the sweeping plain, covered with waving cane and the sandy slopes of the distant hills on which the enchantment of dawn still lingered. The sky was a mass of pink clouds fleeting before the rising sun, and Roger drank in the beauty of the scene, though his heart was heavy and his waking full of disappointment and unrest.

For the past two weeks he had been expecting the arrival of a ship from England that bore a precious gift—Mary Jameson, his sweetheart; and here was Christmas morning and she was still on the high seas.

In those days of slow-sailing ships, bridegrooms could not rush home from the Antipodes in a couple of weeks as they can now, and many timid women who have never before left their native land, bravely took the long, weary journey around the cape, to fulfill their plighted word.

Mary Jameson was one of these. Time, separation and infrequent mails had only served to strengthen the devotion of this pair of lovers; and Mary, stifling many pangs at parting with her beloved home and country, had sailed for Oahu as soon as possible after Roger wrote her that Waikiki was ready and waiting for its mistress.

Sailing vessels varied very much in the time of their passage, and there was really no cause as yet for anxiety; but Roger, who was burning with impatience for the arrival of the "Andromeda," had felt the last week drag slower and more heavily than the whole three years since he had left England, and this morning, instead of Merry Christmas thoughts, his mind was full of shipwrecks and disasters. He felt that he would have given the fields he was so proud to own, nay, all the wealth of this heavenly island to be in England with Mary on this home holiday. The tropical vista faded to the little church in Cumberland laden with holly and mistletoe, where they had first met. He could hear the children's voices piping the Christmas carols, and feel the cold, biting air instead of the magnolia-scented breeze.

He could see his mother and the children packed into the rectory pew, and his father beaming down from the pulpit with messages of peace and good will. A great wave of homesickness came over him, and then he laughed at his folly. At home he was only one of the rector's sons, while here he was master of all Waikiki, and had already laid the foundation for a large fortune. He whistled "Rule Britannia" in derision and, rolling himself up in a burnous, stepped out of the French window into the garden. Hidden in a grove of pandanus trees near by was a beautiful clear pool, where Roger came each morning to bathe, and sporting in the cool water allegiance to his witching adopted land was soon restored.

"You can't bathe outdoors on Christmas Day in England," he thought, contentedly, as he swam in the soft water that was so clean and clear that he could see the pebbles lying at the bottom.

A vigorous young man of twenty-five, however, cannot live on scenery and reminiscences alone, and by the time Roger was dressed he could have seen no more welcome sight than the little table on the veranda that was being made ready for breakfast. The servants were running around the house, gentle, brown creatures with soft voices, calling "Aloha! Aloha," in Christmas greeting. In honor of this day that the missionaries had taught them was the greatest in all the year, they had decorated the house with branches of hibiscus, and woven wreaths of smilax and jessamine around the windows; even the master's breakfast table was strewn with red pomegranate blossoms.

Roger and a pile of necklaces, gewgaws and print gowns that he had hoped Mary would have saved him the embarrassment of distributing.

"I'm in for it now," he thought, as he carried them down stairs and called to the steward to collect the woman servants. They came slowly and timidly with downcast eyes, their freshest garments donned for the festival and their long black hair bound and plaited with gay lauhala buds. What a picture they made, grouped together against a background of huge cactus; their manner, always gentle, was as different from an English servant's strong acceptance of a Christmas tip, as their loose garments and flower-bound hair differed from a trim cap and apron. They kissed Roger's hand again and again with gratitude and affection.

"Aloha! Melly Kismas, haole!"

"Ke lole maiki."

"Ke haole maiki lon."

"Aloha! Aloha! Melly Kismas! Melly Kismas!" they called back in their soft, pattering speech, as they ran away to their quarters to exhibit and examine their treasures, leaving him in peace to his strange breakfast of taro cakes, baked breadfruit and mullet.

Roger forgot his healthy appetite and swallowed the food mechanically as he watched a small figure that was coming down the narrow, dusty road from Honolulu. There was no mistaking the long, loping gait of the professional messenger.

"A ship is signalled! English flag!" called the native, and scarcely stopping he was gone, to carry the news on to the next plantation. For at this time the arrival of a ship was an event, and the arrival of this one doubly so, laden as it would be with Christmas presents and messages from home.

The man was scarcely gone before Roger was on his way to the town. Could it be Mary's ship? There were several vessels overdue, so he must not be too sanguine. He hurried along trying to keep down his excitement, and repeatedly telling himself that he would not be a bit disappointed if the sighted ship was not the "Andromeda."

On the quay were gathered most of the inhabitants of the little town, a motley and picturesque crowd; missionaries and their wives in the garments of civilization; royal personages and natives with flower-bound hair and flowing robes; swarthy half-nude bearers and divers, their smooth brown skins gleaming in the sunlight; Chinamen and venders of wreaths and lauhala buds for the hair, all jostling each other in common curiosity.

The ship had just dropped anchor outside the reef to wait for the rising time; it was the "Andromeda!" Roger could scarcely believe his eyes and good luck. A sudden determination seized him. Why delay? Why could not Mary first set foot on the island as his wife?

Explaining his plan quickly to a good old missionary, who was conveniently on the spot, Roger soon procured a boat and six stalwart rowers to take them out to the ship. From the quarter-deck the captain watched the little boat put out.

"Go and tell Miss Jameson a boat is coming," he called to his wife; for the pretty English girl had won the hearts of every one on shipboard, and he did not doubt that the approaching boat contained her lover. "It's Mr. Baring, sure," he called in another few minutes; and his wife rushed down the companion way again to Mary, who had buried herself in a corner of the cabin, too shy and overcome now that the long separation was so nearly over, to dare peep out.

How the captain's wife arranged it, I don't know, but when Roger climbed up the ship's side, every one was on deck, seemingly much more interested in his companion than in him, and he could slip away unnoticed to find Mary in the little cabin alone.

Was this really Mary? This lovely fair-haired creature who seemed almost dazzling in Roger's eyes, in contrast with the dusky women he had lived among so long.

Was this Roger? A moment's embarrassment and hesitation — then their eyes met. Blue English eyes do not change for time or climate, and with a little cry of happiness, her journey ended, Mary was in her lover's arms. It was odd how suddenly her fit of shyness vanished, though certainly this bearded, sunburned man had little in common with the young lover of three years before, and with what little persuading she was willing to fall in with all his rapid lover-like plans. So it came about that in a little while the crew drew up in line in their Sunday clothes, the good old clergyman bared his gray head and found a place in the centre of his prayer book, and the captain's wife whispered a hurried explanation among the wondering passengers. Then Mary came upstairs on the captain's arm, looking more like an angel than a woman, Roger thought, in her simple white muslin, as she stood up to be married on the broad deck of the "Andromeda." What a bridal, with the sunshine beaming a blessing on her yellow head, and lighting the blue bay and the distant island into a fairy scene! The bells calling to service were born softly on the wind; and the earth, sea and sky lent all their poetry to make the service impressive in this wonderful cathedral of nature.

What a welcome Roger's servants gave the new bride, strewing rushes far up the road under the feet of her bearers and smothering her with roses and jessamine.

"Aloha! Aloha!" "Ka wahine haole!" "Aloha! Aloha!" they repeated, with smiles of welcome.

"It is Paradise," cried Mary, as she caught sight of the tropical garden and the flower-strewn path up to her new home.

"Yes, darling," answered Roger, drawing gently into its quiet shade "This is the garden of Eden, and we are spending our first Christmas in Paradise together."—[The Independent.

Prehistoric Ruins in Africa.

"I have just returned from Europe," said Howard Hoffman, "where I have sojourned ever since my return from Zanzibar, six months ago. I have been perusing a course of investigation in the British Museum that I had hoped would throw some light on the recent discoveries that have been made in Africa. Not far into the interior of Africa from Zanzibar I, in company with others, recently discovered traces of a prehistoric city of no small dimensions. This city that I speak of must have been a capital of some ancient province or kingdom. It was some five miles square and was surrounded by a wall of masonry, the foundations, with a few projections, of which still remain and indicate an excellent knowledge of masonry. The wall was undoubtedly meant for protection against enemies, for it was strongly built and must have been at least 20 feet high. It is now overgrown by great tropical vines, and parts of it extend through impenetrable morasses.

"Inside a few remains of houses still exist, and the outlines of a great temple or palace on the highest ground within the enclosure. Some excavations have been made and a few relics brought to light, such as pottery of the Egyptian type, and broken bits of welded copper that may have come from a suit of mail. Some idea of symmetry must have obtained in that distant period, for the houses were built along streets or winding lanes, the precursor of our modern thoroughfares. The whole is overgrown at present by a mass of tropical plants and great old trees that have been standing for hundreds of years. To what nation those people belonged cannot be told, but the ruins would indicate that once Africa's shores were the seat of a great civilization and a great commerce."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Boasts of Old-Fashioned Crops.

All the big stories of enormous crops that were said to have been grown in the early history of the country must be taken with some allowance. Men do not mean to tell falsely, but the guesswork about the size of acres is not always very close. Besides, if crops were grown on stumpy land some deduction of the area was always made for land that was occupied by stumps. "No," said the old farmer with whom we talked this matter over, "crops in olden times were not bigger than now. I doubt whether they averaged as large. A farm that has been kept in clover, with occasional dressings of manure, is not growing poorer, and I believe that some of the acres I now till that my grandfather cleared up are richer in available fertility and will produce more wheat per acre than he ever secured. Of course with the modern facilities for harvesting the wheat crop costs much less than it used to do, and this holds good also of other crops."—[Boston Cultivator.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

IF YOU PLEASE.

We've just heard of an island far away,
Across the rosy sunset seas,
Where we'll send to stay for a year and a day
The folks who forget to say "please."

We'll pack them off, the ill and the hale,
In a well-manned ship together,
We'll hoist the sail and steer without fa
Regardless quite of the weather.

And when they come back they'll be so polite
They'll say "How'd ye do" on their knees
Won't it be a delight to behold the sight,
And hear them in chorus say "Please"?
—[New York Advertiser.

HOW TO MAKE A BOAT.

To make a boat you must secure a block of wood four inches thick and seven inches long, and from it cut the hull. Dig it out with a chisel and put a deck on it. If the boat is sixteen inches long it should be four inches wide, and the bowsprit must be seven inches long. The bowsprit is the stick that extends out from the bow. The mast must be the same height as the boat is long. The rudder must be three inches long and must not go any further down than the keel. The keel must be one inch at the stern and one-half inch at the bow. The gaff should be six inches and the boom eight inches long. Red is a good color to use in painting the boat. It should be painted all over the bottom and painted black above the water line. The boat is now ready for the sail.—[New York Recorder.

FOOD THE BUTTERFLY LIKES.

A suggestion that valerian should be planted to attract the butterflies in our parks is made by Mr. A. Hensman, No. 51 Harley street, Cavendish square W., who attributes to the valerian in Regent's Park the profusion of butterflies there last autumn. He says: "Several species of the common white butterfly are to be seen every year all over London, but such a variety of the vanessidi I never saw before. The painted lady, large and small tortoise-shell, red admiral and the lovely peacock butterfly literally swarmed on the valerian, which is so attractive to those species. I counted on one small patch which I could have covered with my hat, four of the above-named species.—[London News.

A BUTTING RAM.

A ewe had two lambs, and, having little milk, one of them, a little black fellow, was given to a farmer's boy in Cochise County, Arizona, who delighted in pets. From an old earthenware teapot, with the finger of a dog-skin glove on its spout, he gave the lamb all the cow's milk it could take. It grew rapidly, and for a time it was a favorite pet; but in an evil hour the boy taught it to butt, and when it had become a powerful ram it ceased to be a pet. Fortunately the beast had no horns, but his head was hard, and his ever-ready propelling force immense. After a time he became a nuisance, and was put with a band of cattle in a distant well-fenced field. An old woman, not knowing that the ram was there, attempted to cross the field, but soon found herself prostrate with a huge, black, wicked-looking sheep standing over her. He was willing to let her alone if she kept quiet, but bent on mischief if she offered to rise.

Finding that he liked to have his head fondled, she was quick to take advantage of his weakness and get him off his guard.

She lay in a furrow where there was plastic clay. Getting a well-mixed ball of this in each hand, she suddenly attacked both his eyes, and by rubbing and pressing the sticky material into them she got away.

The ram was seen with his head in the air turning round and round, and it took careful washing to remove the hardened clay.

The beast was sold to a butcher, whose apprentice laughed at the hint that he might not be able to take him along. An hour later a passer-by found the boy down and the ram giving him a bunt every time he rose.

The training in evil ways of that black lamb illustrates what is being constantly done with human beings. The slum-child might be led into virtuous ways, but left to surrounding evil influences, he becomes at maturity a pest to society.—[New York Independent.

Breaking the Ice.

She—If you don't stop letting me sit down on the same sofa with you, I'll tell papa.

Bashful Youth (much bewildered)—Eh? Wha— what will he do?

She—He'll make you marry me.

Then he proposed.—[New York Weekly.

GUNMAKER KRUPP.

The Great German Iron Works And Their Founder.

Seventeen Thousand Workmen Employed in Essen.

The work ng war lord of Germany, as he has been called, is Herr Frederick Krupp of Essen, Westphalia. He is a monarch among gunmakers and iron founders, immensely wealthy and of tremendous influence, but he is personally little known outside of his own country.

The great works at Essen were established by his father in 1827. At first the elder Krupp had only two workmen and the works were conducted on the most limited scale; but under the supervision of the son they attained their present colossal proportions. Herr Krupp is the discoverer of the method of casting steel in very large masses.

He sent to the London Exhibition of 1851 a block weighing forty-five German quintals; and at the present time he is able to cast a block weighing more than 4000 quintals. He manufactures a large number of articles used for peaceful purposes; but his name is more particularly associated with the gigantic steel siege-guns which the Germans used with such terrible effect against the city of Paris. In 1864 the king of Prussia offered him letters of nobility, which he declined to accept.

Krupp's factories, in which are employed 17,000 workmen, turn out all the big guns with which the German army and navy are equipped and most of the machinery for Germany's ships of war. To fill up space and time, steel rails, too are manufactured, and whereas it is rumored that the German Emperor is a silent partner in the concern, and Germany runs its own railroads, the contracts for all rails and engines needed are filled by Messrs. Krupp & Co.

Essen is situated in the very heart of that region of Westphalia where coal and iron are found in abundance. The process of converting iron into steel has been and, if I am correctly informed, is still kept a secret by the firm. But few visitors are allowed on the premises. They are conducted around by a guide, who shows them only so much as the firm thinks fit to let them see, and in the short time in which the favored guest is hurried through the establishment, which covers several square miles of ground, he can hardly take with him more than a few general impressions, of which one is the greatness of the establishment, another the precision and order with which the work is carried on, and a third the genial, elaborate system which makes such an order possible.

Every system, be it one adapted for the management of a railroad, a factory or even a city or country, is a growth. It found its origin and development in the needs of the time as they sprang up, one after the other, and had to be dealt with. No one human being could have issued forth at once the system which meets all the wants of this immense composite organism. Half a century ago the firm was a small concern and old Mr. Krupp a mere blacksmith. Returning from his travels he is said to have brought home with him or invented a recipe how to change molten iron into steel. He made use of it for various purposes, was successful in its adaptation for the manufacture of steel guns, and since that time the establishment has grown from year to year until it is now the largest and wealthiest of its kind in the world.

There is, however, another item which makes the Essen works the most noted in Europe, if not in the world. It is the care with which the laborers are treated. Although nominally every laborer is free to quit after having given two weeks' notice, a privilege which also is accorded to the management if it wishes to discharge a man who does not give satisfaction, changes rarely take place. There have never been strikes among the employes of Krupp nor lockouts. The management (which is rather of a military kind) has always endeavored to adjust wages with the purchasing power of the money.

This policy has kept the laborers contented. According to their earnings they are obliged to contribute toward a fund from which they receive aid in sickness and support in case they should be disabled by an accident or old age. A school is supported by Mr. Krupp, in which the children of laborers (at least a number of them) receive instruction. He owns a number of houses, which he lets at fair prices, and runs a number of stores, in which the laborers can obtain their groceries, clothing, etc., at a trifle above cost. It is an excellent thing that while he offers them lower prices he insists upon cash business. Under no consideration is credit opened for any one.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

The Preservation of Valley Forge.

Every American who takes patriotic interest in places with historic associations will sympathize with the movement to set apart the Revolutionary camp-ground at Valley Forge for a public park. Some years ago the house known as Washington's headquarters here and a few acres of ground were acquired and restored by an association. The bill now before the Legislature of Pennsylvania provides that the title to and ownership of 250 acres of land shall be vested in that State, so that the fortifications and their surroundings may be maintained as near as possible in their original condition as a military camp and for the enjoyment of the public for ever. The establishment of the boundaries of this park, with the power to manage and maintain it, is to be vested in a board of ten unsalaried commissioners, appointed by the Governor, and a sum of $30,000 is appropriated for the purchase of the land and other necessary expenses.

The price per acre is to be determined ultimately by the courts of Montgomery County, so that there can be no suspicion that the project will be turned to the advancement of any private interests. The forts and the line of entrenchments are remarkably well preserved, because the hills on which they were built are so rugged that they have had little value for agricultural purposes and have escaped tillage. A growth of thick underbrush has helped to protect them from washing by the rains. The view from the hills up and down the Schuylkill, extending for many miles, is very beautiful, and the plan seems commendable from every point of view.—[Garden and Forest.

A Holiday-Loving People.

The colonists of New Zealand are a holiday-loving people, says Pearson's Weekly. There is almost an average of one recognized holiday to a month, and it is a common practice for working people to take two or more days at Christmas, the New Year and Easter, so as to make an unbroken play-time of three or four days, including Sunday. Then the great mass of the people give themselves up to amusement. Horse races, athletic sports, boat races and excursions are carried on in every available spot, and are attended by large and well-behaved crowds. The commonest of holiday amusements, however, is the picnic. The several trades, sects and societies have picnics of their own, to which the public are cordially welcome on the payment of a small sum toward the expense of the entertainment.

It is amusing to the railway traveller to note, as he passes through some pleasant countryside, not one or two, but perhaps fifty different picnics in full swing, each numbering scores or hundreds of guests. It has been said with much more truth than is usually to be found in epigrams of this kind that: "In New Zealand people are like cattle. You need only turn a number of them into a pasture and leave them alone and they will be perfectly happy." On a warm and tempting New Year's day an enterprising burglar might walk through a New Zealand city and help himself, undisturbed, to the contents of most of the houses. Dwellings and streets are alike deserted, and the casual sojourner who does not understand the ways of the place seeks in vain for some one to speak to. By 6 or 7 o'clock in the evening the streets are lively with returning crowds.

The Creatures of Ocean Depths.

It would appear to have been definitely established by the researches of the last fifty years that life in some of its many forms is universally distributed throughout the ocean. Not only in the shallower waters near coasts, but even in the greater depths of all oceans, animal life is exceedingly abundant. A trawling in a depth of over a mile yielded two hundred specimens of animals belonging to seventy-nine species and fifty-five genera. A trawling in a depth of about three miles yielded over fifty specimens belonging to twenty-seven species and twenty-five genera. Even in depths of four miles fishes and animals belonging to all the chief invertebrate groups have been procured, and in a sample of ooze from nearly five miles and a quarter there was evidence to the naturalists of the Challenger that living creatures could exist at the depth.—[Popular Science Monthly.

Nothing to Do.

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got;
Thus through life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;
Everything moves that goes,
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.
—[Chicago Mail.

HUMOROUS.

Base ball is one business that can't flourish without strikes.

It does'nt follow that a man is a coward because he is a base runner.

There is sometimes a glow of unintentional egotism in the remark, "the fools are not all dead yet."

"Tommy, what is the chief industry of Italy?" asked the teacher. "Organ-grinding," said Tommy.

The American is inevitably predisposed to slang. Even the infant in its cradle discovers that he feels "rocky."

Does she love you? Don't fret and fume;
There's one sure sign, beyond a doubt:
Whene'er her ma comes in the room,
She does her best to get her out.

"How paradoxical it really is," said the cooking-school girl, "to find fault with the brown bread because it won't get light."

Watts—I wonder what becomes of these messenger boys after they grow up? Potts—Some of them develop into ossified men, I imagine.

"Well," said the editor wearily, as he returned from the restaurant, "I don't know which is the toughest, a spring chicken or a spring poem."

He (gazing at her jewelless ears during a temporary lull in the conversation)—Did you ever have your ears bored? She—Never up to the present time.

Alas for Mary's little lamb:
It got to be a glutton;
It cost so much to feed it that
They changed its name to mutton.

Wife—How is my husband, doctor? Doctor—I think he has taken a turn for the better, madam. He's just paid me a bill that's been owing for a long time!

Jack—You seem worried tonight, Tom—Yes, Mabel is here with a squint-eyed chaperon, and I can't tell for the life of me whether she is watching me or not.

Mr. Lazarus Sampurse (indignantly)—I know—I know but too well—the reason of your refusal. It's because I am poor. You would marry me if I were rich. Miss Belle Golightly—Perhaps so, but you would have to be very, very, very rich.

Farm Life in Madagascar.

The district around Fort Dauphin, Madagascar, is extremely rich in vegetation, and contains and abundance of useful animals. The cattle are not so numerous, but they are of finer quality than those found in the northern parts of the island; sheep, with their large fat tails that are looked upon as the most delicate part of the mutton, and goats are plentiful. Pigs, both domestic and wild, are abundant. The latter inhabit the forest lands, but prey upon the plantations of the natives to such an extent that they become dreaded, and various devices have been employed to get rid of them. They are hunted with dogs trained for the purpose, and pits are dug in their haunts, having sharpened stakes projecting from the bottom, and the mouths hidden by rushes carefully concealed by the earth. The flesh of these wild hogs is hard, but well-flavored; they have a peculiarly long snout, and are covered with dark, reddish-brown hair. Poultry (turkeys, geese, ducks, and fowls), is both abundant and very cheap, and quails and wild fowl are met with in great numbers in the plains and marshes.—[American Agriculturist.

Why Gladstone Lay Awake.

John Addington Symonds, the English art critic, in his "Recollections of Tennyson" in the century, tells of a conversation in 1895 between the Laureate and Gladstone, in which the latter said he always slept well. He had only twice been kept awake by the exertion of a great speech in the House. On both occasions the recollection that he had made a misquotation haunted him.