

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XVI.

PITTSBORO, CHATHAM CO., N. C., OCTOBER 12, 1893.

NO. 7.

Table with advertising rates: One square, one insertion - \$1.00; One square, two insertions - 1.50; One square, one month - 2.50.

The Alarm Clock. Her heart was a clock, and it ticked in time. To her thoughts that flowed as a running river...

WAS IT A SPECTRE?

He was waiting for her; he had been waiting an hour and a half in a dusty suburban lane, with a row of big trees on one side and some eligible building sites on the other...

The policeman passed him with but a cursory response to his "good-night." The bicyclist went by him like gray ghosts with foghorns; and she was nearly ten o'clock and she had not come.

He shrugged his shoulders and turned toward his lodgings. His road led him by her home—desirable, commodious, suburban—and he walked slowly as he neared it.

Then he noticed that the front-door was open—wide open—and the street-lamp shone a little way into the dark hall. There was something about all this that did not please him.

He walked up the path and listened. No sign of life. He passed into the hall. There was no light anywhere. Where was everybody, and why was the front-door open? There was no one in the drawing-room, the dining-room and the study (nine feet by seven) were empty.

The next morning he was better though still very white and shaky. But the tale he told the magistrate was convincing, and they sent a couple of constables with him to her house.

the lamp. "I told you you was drunk, but you would know best." When he was alone with her, he told her—not for that would not bear telling—but how he had come into the commodious suburban house, and how he had found the door open and the lights out, and that he had been into that long back room, facing the stairs, and had seen something—in even trying to hint at which he turned sick and broke down.

"But, my dearest," she said, "I dare say the house was dark, for we were all at the theatre with my uncle, and no doubt the key was open, for the servants will run out if they're left. But you could not have been in that room, because I locked it when I came away, and the key was in my pocket. I dressed in a hurry and I left all my odds and ends lying about."

"I know," he said; "I saw a green scarf on a chair, and some long brown gloves, and a lot of hair-pins and ribbons, and a prayer-book, and a face-handkerchief on the dressing-table. Why, I even noticed the calendar on the mantel-piece—October 21st. At least, it couldn't be that, because this is May. And yet it was. Your calendar is at October 21st, isn't it?"

"No, of course it isn't," she said, smiling rather anxiously; "but all the other things were just as you say. You must have had a dream, or a vision, or something."

He was a very ordinary, commonplace young man, and he did not believe in visions, but he never rested day or night till he got his sweetheart and her mother away from that commodious house and settled them in a quite distant suburb. In the course of the removal, he incidentally married her, and the mother went on living with them.

His nerves must have been a good bit shaken, because he was very queer for a long time, and was always inquiring if any one had taken the desirable suburban house; and when an old stock-broker with a family took it, he went the length of calling on the old gentleman and imploring him, by all that he held dear, not to live in that fatal house.

"Why?" said the stock-broker, not unreasonably. And then he got so vague and confused between trying to tell why and trying not to tell why, that the stock-broker showed him out, and thanked his God he was not such a fool as to allow a lunatic to stand in the way of his taking that really remarkably cheap and desirable suburban residence.

Now the curious and quite inexplicable part of this story is that when she came down to breakfast on the morning of the twenty-second of October, she found him looking like death, with the morning paper in his hand. He caught her—he could not speak—and pointed to the paper. And there she read that on the night of the twenty-first, a young lady, the stock-broker's daughter, had been found with her throat cut from ear to ear, on the bed in the long back bedroom facing the stairs of that desirable suburban house.

log such proceedings when duly authorized by the warden becomes liable to a fine of \$50 or imprisonment for three months with or without hard labor.

Blushing. Blushing is not an art. Neither is it an absolute sign of ill-breeding, as some unkind folk maintain. The fact is, it is just as natural for some people to blush on one occasion as it is for others to turn pale on another.

Ordinarily the blood passes through these vessels in normal volume, leaving only the natural complexion. But when some sudden emotion takes possession of the heart its action increases and an electric thrill instantly leaps to the cheeks. The thrill is nothing more than a rush of blood through the invisible capillaries; the color is nothing more than the blood just beneath the delicate surface of the skin.

Sudden horror, remorse, fear, on the contrary, influences the nerves which control the blood vessels, and the face becomes white. Blushing and pallor result from the sudden action of the mind on the nervous system. So, if the mind be forewarned and prepared for emotions, both habits can at least be partially overcome.

A man with three children entered a restaurant in a German town and after they were all seated he said: "Now, children, are you hungry?" "Yes."

"Would you like some sausages?" "Yes, yes." "Waitress, bring three sausages—two for myself, that makes five. Ah, I have forgotten the bread. Waitress, some bread. Now, out away."

Five minutes passed, a quarter of an hour, half an hour. Then the landlord said to the children: "Your father is a long time in coming."

"He is not our father. We were playing outside, when the man came up to us and asked us if we would like some sausages. We all shouted 'Yes,' and then the man brought us in here."

Anxious Daughter. "Mother, did papa have his salary increased when he was married?" Mother—"No, my child."

An Autumn Sign. "So," he said huskily, "you send me away." She could not deny it. "An I to have no assurance from you?" "No," she answered. "And why?" "Because you have more assurance now than you know what to do with."

SENATORS AT LUNCH.

Scenes in the Restaurant of the Upper House. Senatorial Idiosyncrasies in Eating and Drinking.

A Washington letter to the Houston (Texas) Post says: The Senatorial restaurant is a very different looking place from that at the House end of the Capitol. There is a free for all atmosphere about the Representatives' dining-room, while a formality pervades the Senate restaurant.

Back of the man who stands behind the bar and a little to the right as he faces you is the retiring room. The Senators dine in their respective and hearty fashion. At any hour of the day as the day is ordinarily conducted in Washington, the potent, grave and reserved Senators of the upper chamber may be found at the tables indulging their minds and overhauling their stomachs.

A different man in the matter of feeding, an educated man, as the restaurant keeper estimates him, a man upon the tip of his tongue, is Senator Manderson of Nebraska. He is as choice in the selection of the morsels which he swallows as the bird of paradise, which is supposed to live upon the dew which rests in the cups of the South American flower.

A very delicate eater is Senator Manderson, a man who insists upon prompt attendance, a man upon the best terms with all the waiters in the restaurant. He and Senator Palmer are representatives of the two opposite types of eaters to be found in the Senate hospitality.

At Point Lookout the men started to build a platform out into the bay, which was not completed. Connecting boards along the spiles furnished an excellent opportunity for fishing. On one of these—East trolling for spotted-tail bass—a fish there found—O'Donnell was "still" fishing from another two or three rods distant. He caught a flounder, evidently the first he ever saw. Holding it aloft as it wobbled around, alternately showing the dark and the flat white sides, he summed up his ichthyological establishment in the following colloquy: "The judge? O'Oh fish a long spell before I get the other half of you."

Everybody has heard of Nie Arndt's wildcat. The cat was given to Nie some months ago, and ever since has been living on the fat of the land. The cook, a colored woman at Nie's place, feeds the cat, which has manifested a great fondness for her. When she approaches the cage, he purrs in the most pleased manner, but if anybody else comes about him he immediately growls and shows his wicked-looking fangs.

Curious American Houses. Among the 65,000,000 people in the United States there are probably not 500 outside of the locality who are aware that at the mouth of the Mississippi there is a little village built upon wooden piles standing far out in the water. This village, which is called Balize, is reached from the mainland by canoes or boats, and its inhabitants have to climb a kind of pulley-ladder to get to the doorways of their homes.

A Large Hog. In a western town there lives a woman who has a genius for large stories. As she is accustomed to say, she "seems partly details." At a tea party she entertained the company with a description of a hog which her father fattened to the enormous weight of 3,000 pounds. "Oh, my dear," ejaculated her husband, "it must have been 500 pounds."

MINTING MONEY.

Interesting Processes at the United States Mint. Turning a Mass of Molten Metal Into Coins.

It is rather difficult to attempt a description of how money is made. To get the best idea of the multiple and minute processes of minting one must be an eye-witness. It is only when the proceedings stand by the dusty furnaces, arranged in central rows, to see them open their pass and to look right down into the fiery oven, where incandescent masses of flame are licking up the molten masses of silver and gold.

A day or two ago Olin Brown, standing beside a visitor who had watched with all the fascination of a novice the great iron mouths opening and closing, betrayed himself into a most unexplained outburst of infantile mimicry. Olin's Brown has been many years at the mint, and the visitor listened with interest, as to one who spoke with authority. Here is the process in a nutshell.

"Making money," said he, with one of those eloquent waves of the hand he keeps by him to rest on an explanatory occasion, "is first like making candy. You mix the metals. You roll out the dough into sheets, we call that the flat into bars. You cut the dough into cakes, we call that the metal bars. Then we stamp them. The metal bar over is melted up and it is used just as the cook gathers up the left-over rolls then again and cuts them out."

In other words an amount of metal, say the equivalent of \$10,000 in gold which ordinarily is made up of 90 per cent gold and 10 per cent copper, is put into a black lead crucible about the size of a peck measure. It is kept in the furnace one hour and 40 minutes. The workman watches his gold as carefully as the cook his cakes, and when the molten liquid is brought to the proper consistency he takes out the corrected black lead crucible at the spot that would normally only hold and keep up \$2,000 worth of the metal at a time, pouring it out again with that marvelous dexterity, which only comes from practice, into molds holding \$1,000 each. Nothing can be more beautiful than the fiery stream of young and pure gold as it glides into the locked arms of the iron mold. When the liquid solidifies it forms a bar, or, to be technically correct, an ingot about twelve inches long and about half an inch thick.

These ingots are subjected to a process of rolling out which lengthens them without increasing the weight. The bars are then ready to be cut. One machine cuts the coins, another stamps them all in the process of milling has been performed. Milling is a mint parlance, has a somewhat of a scientific application, but in ordinary vernacular it signifies the rolling over of the edge of the coin preparatory to stamping it with the minute details, which are commonly known as the millage. The latter is part of the process of stamping and is done at the time that the stamp is put on the coin.

Speaking of stamping introduces the large corps of women who form a considerable part of the working force of the mint. About 100 of them are employed, and they are industriously at the stamping and milling. It may be said in explanation of the process of the term "milling" that every coin before it is stamped is carefully weighed. If too heavy, the edge is delicately filed until the coin is of lawful weight; if too light the process is repeated. This process of weighing and adjusting is an employment to which women with their delicate fingers are well suited. They assume in charge of the stamping. Frequently it may be said that most pieces stamped from \$9 to 10 come every minute. In one short hour \$15,000 in ten-dollar gold pieces can be stamped around the edge and on both sides.

There is another part of the work which comes under the charge of the women employed at the mint. They do the sewing. At first thought it seems a trifle incongruous to associate sewing with money minting, but all the bags used by the mint are sewed in the buildings. The bags are made of white duck and run up by machine, being sewed twice for security. The bag making is so small a thing when you come to consider the number it takes to pick up the newly coined wealth of the country each year. The five-cent pieces are packed in \$50 bags and the pennies in \$10 bags, small silver in \$1,000 and the gold in \$5,000 packages. Roughly speaking, last year fully 2,000 bags

Veiled Horses.

The oddest thing to be seen in the streets of Colorado Springs are horses decked with veils. We have grown accustomed to the jaunty little hats worn by many horses in our town to protect them from the heat of the sun.

These veils, belonging to fine saddles are mere fringes of fine strips of leather that hang before the eyes; others are mosquito netting drawn tightly back, and fastened like a woman's nose veil, but the most stylish and altogether reflective are of netting drawn over a hoop which holds it away from the eyes, yet completely protects them.

These veils protect goggles give the street a weird, a wraith-like look. The veils are worn for fashion's sake. They are indeed a waste of money, and the result, if not even the life of the horse, is doubtful. Colorado, with all its great attractions, has one plague—the plague of flies. Flies of all sizes, from the locust to the enormous blue bottle, are everywhere. Most parts of the body the horse can hide if he will, but his eyes are exposed objects of attack by the fly tribe. If the horse can see to provide a protecting veil for his most faithful servant.

Magnified Case. Sometimes the simple action of a man will indicate his character. One of Pittsburg's wealthy old gentlemen was walking along the street the other day pointing his finger upon some object upon the pavement now and then. What brought on? he raised and placed in his hand. He was collecting tiny nails that had fallen from merchandise boxes. He continued until he had gotten a handful. Then, picking up a piece of paper from the pavement, he wrapped up the nails carefully and pocketed the package. A bystander asked him what sort of a case he had.

"Oh, he said, 'It's nothing but a gal of red covered with leather.' " "It must be suggested for it attracts nails and saves you from stepping on 'em."

"Not that I know of, unless the fender of leather over the steel has done it," he replied. "I saw you picking up some nails a short time ago?" "Yes," interrupted the old man, "I used some of them." Then, looking downward, he exclaimed: "There's one I miss!" and picked it up with his magnetic servant.

Hawks Afraid of Guinea Fowls. That noisy, quarrelsome bird, the guinea fowl, with voracious appetite and destructiveness of flower and kitchen gardens, would not, in general, principles seem to be a profitable bird for the poultry yard. It is so indifferent a parent that its young have usually to be hatched out and reared by a foster mother in the shape of a hen turkey. It was with surprise, therefore, that a New Yorker, who discovered that a farmer of that region commonly kept a pair or more of guinea fowls among their other poultry. This was done for the purpose of keeping away the hawks, the boldness of which would not venture to swoop down upon a yard of which any of these ruffled, round-bodied, helmet-headed fowl were tenants.

Whether it is the hollow-out appearance or strident cry, or manifold readiness to fight that darts the hawk, certain it is that whenever one of these aerial pirates, reconnoitering a farmyard from on high, comes earthward in swift, narrowing circles, it is only the loud squeak of bristling defiance of the guinea fowl to cause him suddenly to remember an engagement in the next township, and to scold him carrying off in haste.

In the Family Homestead. Mr. Van Cleave—"Do you know, I've wanted that lovely old chair of yours ever since I first saw it?" "Mabel (cheerfully)—"The chair and I go together."