Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

$1.50 PER YEAR

Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XVI. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., MAY 10, 1891. NO. 37.

Chatham Record.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion - $1.00
One square, two insertions - 1.50
One square, one month - 2.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

"What of That?"

Tired? Well, what of that?
Tis but a common thing to weary—
And only by exertion gain repose.
May Life attain thro' sleep (glad life) great
And bring to Duty—Home a strengthened soul.

Lonely? Well, what of that?
What! is sympathy so lost, then, after all,
But some ideal that is found to fail
And only thro' a greater sacrifice
Prove joy unscathed of the purchase price.

Dark? Well, what of that?
Hope [illegible] night thro' [illegible]
[illegible] night [illegible]

Also [illegible] the night—
A [illegible] not the night.

Hard? Well, what of that?
The getting [illegible] of [illegible]
Of aspiration [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Hope [illegible]

[illegible]
The [illegible] their display.
And [illegible] to [illegible]
This [illegible] faithfully Life's work is done,
[illegible]

[illegible] in Interior.

An Awkward Situation.

BY EDITH C. WINCHELL.

Ever since Elsie had returned from her trip abroad we girls had felt somewhat in awe of her, and if the truth was freely spoken, not a little envy was mixed with the new sentiment which we held for her, as even the very best of our spring frocks looked shabby in comparison with the chic gowns which she had brought home from Paris and even the dainty little gifts that she had presented to us with sweet and unaffected grace had not possessed the power to dispel that sullen feeling of jealousy that we were all too proud to admit, yet too ingenuous to conceal.

One afternoon just between daylight and dark we were all clustered about Maid Adams' cosy tea table, discussing the University dance that was to be the event of the holiday week, and naturally with true feminine instinct the talk had finally settled upon the important question of what we were to wear.

"Of course there is no use asking Elsie about her gown, she will outshine us all in some imported Lemonet," half laughed the hostess as she poured out the tea and ran for hot cakes.

"Oh, of course, that is only the natural result of a foreign trip," came the envious chorus, while poor Elsie, who was one of the sweetest dispositioned girls in our set, endeavored to ignore the palpable irony in our voices and with a gay, yet slightly apologetic air, said

"Girls, I wish you wouldn't talk like that. You know you are all ever so much prettier than I, and your home gowns look much nicer on you than all my imported fal-lals, besides if you only knew how horribly mortified I feel every time I put on the frock that I am going to wear next Tuesday night you would be sorry for me instead of wasting your time envying that which I really do not care a thing about."

"Oh you simply don't mean that," in ululandos interrupted Mollie Tempestal, whose modes over gowns were the bane of her existence.

"Yes, I do," persisted Elsie, "and when I'd have less my pride had a fall the first day I wore that dress—you will believe me, I knew," and she angled a little wistfully for it had hurt her tender soul to notice upon her return from her six months tour to Europe with her father, that the girl friends were not so frankly chummy as they had been before that event, settling themselves in various attitudes that can only be assumed within the uncouth aged limits of a very friendly circle as prepared to listen. "I bought it in Nice. We had been traveling all through Italy and when we had arrived at Nice for the carnival I hadn't any particularly nice gowns, as papa was anxious for me to wait until we went to Paris before replenishing my wardrobe. Nice is very gay at that time, and everybody was out in the loveliest, Frenchiest things that made me green with envy. One day we were walking down the Rue St. Jean Baptiste, a palm shaded street leading from our hotel to the Promenade des Anglais, and in a shop window I saw a perfect little love of a dress, in pearl blue crepe, that I at once determined to wear at the Battle of Flowers the next day, provided I could get father to consent to my having it.

"Bringing every argument to bear I at last blissfully carried that sweet gown up to my room, and in the afternoon following surveyed myself with complete satisfaction in the first real foreign frock I had ever possessed. Having met a very nice English girl in the hotel she and I, in independent fashion, wandered off from father, telling him that if we got lost we would join him at the table d'hote dinner at six-thirty. Before we knew it we had lost sight of time and found ourselves in the very midst of a whirling torrent of large and small bouquets, loose blossoms and waving branches of fragrant mimosa. Off to the right of us the parade had already started. We were wild to see it, but every available space was more than filled by fortunate spectators, who were quite oblivious to the fact that two unhappy girls were just dying for a glimpse of the passing show. 'The Prince of Wales has driven over from Cannes, and will take part in the battle,' said some one standing by and we looked at each other in despair, for my English friend had a loyal love for His Highness, and I was wild to have a look at a real live prince, and the thought of our disappointment was almost too much for us to bear.

"Just as we were about to return to the hotel to hunt up father and pour out our woes into his sympathetic ears, we spied such a splendid place, unoccupied, and made a rush for it. Such luck, cheers too, and the best view in the whole line. Everyone looked at us as we took our places, but we didn't mind, we were going to see the Prince.

"Just then up stepped an important individual who mumbled something in French, and at the same time a handsome drag stopped before the railing where we were so comfortably established. A middle-aged, good natured man, looked rather amused as he saw us setting there, and the important individual talked faster and more vehemently but I never budged. Not then I looked at my friend, and to my minute surprise she was bobbing up and down the funniest little courtesy you ever saw, and backing down and out with suspicious alacrity. Suddenly it dawned upon me who the mous I gentleman was, and with less ceremony but no less haste I likewise vacated my chair which had been reserved for no less a personage than the Prince of Wales himself. Imagine then, we had been calmly sitting up in the box belonging to the prince, and everybody in Nice had gazed at us but were afraid to tell us to get out for fear that we might be princesses or friends of the royal guest. You can imagine how pleasant my stay in Nice was after that. The story got around and everyone stared at me whenever I went out. That blue dress I had worn and will wear it for the first time since at the University dance, and it by any chance I should feel puffed up over my superior style one look at it will suffice to subdue any such unworthy pride. I am glad I told you girls, though it did come hard to confess to such an awkward, almost shameful mistake."

We all laughed, had some fresh tea and went home in much better spirits, for that little recital had taken away all the sting that lay in the superior French style of Elsie's imported gowns.

Means of Identification.

The waters of the bay had washed upon Long Jack Body, and for two days it lay in an undertaker's shop awaiting identification. Nobody on Cape Cod knew the man. At last an old rickety wagon rattled up and Farmer Hall got down. Passing into the back room, he looked at the body for a moment and said

"That's him."

The undertaker asked for further information, but Farmer Hall could only say it was Tompkins, his hired man.

"But can't you tell us why he is Tompkins? Are they his clothes? Can you furnish some positive means of identification?" And the undertaker looked expectant.

Farmer Hall shifted his place and was lost in thought. Suddenly he slapped his leg.

"Well?"

"He chattered." (Boston Budget.

Indications of a Fight.

General Stonewall Jackson's body servant was a boy who seemed to have a presence of any forward movement; his camp utensil and his master's baggage were always ready and packed in anticipation of an order to advance. The peculiarity excited remark among the General's staff, and one day several young officers called the boy up and asked him how he guessed so accurately the intentions of the General.

"Well, gentmen, whenever I see Mass Stonewall get up in the night and go to kneeling and saying his prayers I know there's a fight on hand, sure, and I makes preparation accordin'." (Confederate War Journal.

Decidedly Moving.

New Minister: Did you notice that any of the members of the congregation were moved by my sermon?

"Yes; every when you raised your voice, Deacon Smith nearly fell out of his seat, he was wakened so suddenly." (Inter-Ocean.

The Gray Wolf of America.

Of the very few instances of the grey wolf attacking man, one is related by John Fancourt in the ever interesting columns of "Forest and Stream," of a Mr. King, who was a timber cruiser in British Columbia. Once, when traveling quite alone through an immense forest, searching for the best timber, and camping wherever night overtook him, Mr. King suddenly found himself surrounded by a pack of between forty and fifty gray wolves. They thought they "had him foul," and would lunch at his expense, but they made one slight mistake. Instead of being armed only with an axe, as they supposed, he had a good repeater in his belt and plenty of cartridges.

Well, said Mr. King, the fight at a small tributary creek, lasted about half an hour. Then a few of them broke away into the timber and commenced howling, which had the effect of drawing the rest after them, when the whole band started away on the run, still howling as they went. I found seven of their number dead, and probably more than were wounded.

As a rule the gray wolf soon disappears from settled regions. In the United States there is probably not one wolf to-day where twenty years ago there were fifty. The killing of the ranchmen's cattle, colts and sheep was not to be tolerated, and a bounty was put on the gray wolf's head, with fatal effect. More deadly than the steel trap or the Winchester, the strychnine bottle was universally brought to bear upon his most vulnerable point, his ravenous appetite. Even during the last days of the fur fakes in Montana, the hunters poisoned wolves by hundreds for their pelts, which were worth from three to five dollars each. Now it is very difficult matter to find a gray wolf, even in the wild West, and in Montana and Wyoming they are almost as scarce as bears. (St. Nicholas.

The Great Lakes.

Champlain first discovered Lake Ontario, gave it the name "Saint Louis," and other parts of travelers called it "Frontenac," after the great pioneer. Then came the English, who preferred to call it "Ontario," or "Katarakon." George Washington, in his journal as surveyor, gives it both these names, "Ontario" proved the more popular, however, and it was finally adopted.

Lake Huron was named after the famous Indian tribe that lived upon its borders. Hennepin, in 1698, called it "Karegnondi." In Washington's journal it is merely noted as "Onat-ochi," or "Huron."

Lake Michigan was for many years called Lake Illinois, from the tribe of Indians who lived near it. In 1679 the pioneer Sieur gave it the present name of Michigan, and this was ratified by Charlevoix in 1744.

Champlain was the first one to describe Lake Superior, and on his map it is called "Grand Lac." Later on the Jesuit fathers called it "Tracey," or "Superior." The English later called it "Nadonessous," another title for "Snow." Later in the last century it received its present name, and the matter was decided by government on the early maps of survey.

Lake Erie was often called "The Cat," "Eries," or "Du Chat," from one of the names of the Erie tribe, who lived on its banks. Sieur, in 1679, called it also "Cadergnon," a name some times given to Ontario. Washington's journal names it "Oskwego." Its present name became fixed soon after by appearance on the official maps. (Inter-Ocean.

Chinese Babies.

Chinese babies and young children wear so many clothes that one would think their lives must be wretched. I have seen no less than four coats, one over another, on a little Chinese baby. There is one Chinese baby, however, who has the proud distinction of wearing the finest opal in the world. He is the son of the Minister at Washington. On state occasions, his father wears it in his cap, but when the baby was christened, or at whatever ceremony corresponds with the christening of an American baby, the small mite wore the resplendid gem, which is as large as a pigeon's egg, and surrounded with fine, white diamonds, says a writer in the American Agriculturalist.

Incorrigible.

"Yes," said the young man with plaid trousers and a big watch chain, "I must confess that I am deficient in musical taste."

"Perhaps the modern music bores you," said the pleasant young woman.

"It does many people, you know."

"Yes. I don't care for modern music. There is one thing about the old songs that I like very much."

"What is that?"

"The fact that nobody sings them." (Washington Star.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

[illegible]

Where is that speaker that is modest?
Not a living soul can claim
Where is that pretty piece of cotton
That was cut for baby's dress
Where are all the silver [illegible]
Of the sorts we used to sight
And we cannot hope to find them
For they [illegible]

Where are father's new suspenders
That he hasn't worn a week
Where are the cuddle garts and bottles
Let the household stand and speak
Where are the flour sacks [illegible]
In a cultured parlor [illegible]
All the household [illegible]
And [illegible]

(Atlanta Constitution.

[illegible]

A bright fellow, in the [illegible] table Harriers, said kept by Mr. Bear park at Lea Row, England, answers an extraordinary amount of letters in connection with the delivery of letters at his mistress' house. Every day he plants himself on the mat at the house, which overlooks the road leading out exactly for the mail cart, and upon its approach, meets it, puts his forepaws upon the wheel, and, opening his mouth, takes from the driver the letters and papers for the house. One day recently he displayed even more than this amount of sagacity. He started off with the rest of the pack to a hunt, but as the time approached for the arrival of the mail cart he left the pack, went home, performed his daily duty of carrying the letters from the mail cart to the house, and then rejoined the hunt. (Darlington and Stockton Times.

HOW THEY BECOME PROUD.

Little Elliot Grey, sitting before the open coal fire in his father's library, was startled by hearing the little bronze pig in his hands say distinctly:

"Well, I can talk now."

Elliot was so full of fear that he let the ornament fall into his lap, but it fell so that its face was still toward him and its dull eyes looked up into his widely open ones.

Finally his curiosity overcame his fear and he said to the object that had so suddenly become animated:

"I don't believe you can talk now."

"You don't, eh? Well, just listen to my story," the bronze pig said, talking very fast.

"You see I wasn't always bronze. He began proudly. "My mother was as fat and respectable as any porker. But we boys I had five brothers—didn't appreciate her good care of us.

"One morning two of us ran away. When we got to the village the past master's son caught Jack. He was the oldest and couldn't run as fast as the rest of us.

"Finally we came to the house of a farmer who saw us wandering along the road, and he put his horses and dogs after us. Oh! I shall never forget that chase." And the little bronze pig breathed hard for a moment or two, and then went

"One was the best to tell. A big dog shook him by the throat until his squeals became fainter and fainter, and at last died away altogether.

"Then the awful time came when I was the last little pig left running over the fields.

"Suddenly I was overtaken by the same dog that had killed Jim. But before he could touch me a pretty lady jumped from a rock near by and said that on account of my pugnacious I must die, but, as I had been the youngest and the one most opposed to running away, she would give me the choice of becoming a bronze pig or a dead pig of flesh and blood.

"I said 'bronze.' Almost before I knew it I was the piece of bronze you see now in your lap lying on the grass, having lost speech and movement forever, I thought.

"One day the farmer's young son found me and took me to his room in the garret. But I was out of place there, so when your brother was in the country last summer he traded me off for a pick knife.

"The next week I was coming to the city in your brother's pocket. Then I was put here. I."

"Papa can't tell you a story tonight, dear."

Elliott turned and saw his mother coming toward him.

"But I've heard one already," he answered. (New York Recorder.

In the Lingering Twilight.

"No," said the young woman, haughtily, in response to his request, as they sat on the porch in the twilight, "I will not let you hold my hand. I don't believe in such conduct in a young lady.

"And besides," she added, after a pause, "it isn't dark enough yet." (Chicago Record.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.

Great Change in the Grain Trade of the Northwest.

Crops Turned Into Flour for Eastern Consumers.

A metamorphosis of the wheat trade of the great Northwest has come about in the past five years and the wheat crops, says a Duluth letter, are now going to the consumers in the East and in foreign lands not as wheat but as flour. Six years ago there was not a flour mill in Minneapolis and only a few at the head of Lake Superior. Today there are more than a dozen mills in Minneapolis, and a number of them are of great capacity, and the output of flour is enormous. The mills of Minneapolis and Duluth there are in Minnesota 350 mills, big and little, located in various parts of the state. The larger 120 of these mills have a grinding capacity of 41,000 barrels daily. Most of the smaller ones, of which there are about 250 in the state, grind for farmers and sell direct to the small trade about their respective localities. Very few of them do a shipping business. The 120 mill have a daily capacity of 8,500 barrels, a weekly capacity of 51,000 barrels, a monthly capacity of 2,125,000 barrels, and a yearly capacity of 26,625,000 barrels. The country mills running at full capacity would produce 3,000,000 barrels of flour, to do which they would require 15,000,000 bushels of wheat, making the total requirement of wheat to operate the mills of Minnesota a year 16,500,000 bushels, considerably more than Minnesota and the Dakotas ever raised in any one year. But for various reasons none of the mills, even the larger ones, are able to continue in operation throughout the year.

One of the prime influences which worked to bring about the establishment of so many flour mills here was the disposition, which seems to have ever on the increase on the part of eastern consumers and the foreign importers of American breadstuffs, to take the product of the great wheat fields of the Northwest not in the shape of flour rather than in grain in the berry. The natural excellence of American flour has had an important bearing upon the development of this tendency, which few years ago would write to a miller, even since the roller process of grinding came into the country. The satisfaction of this customer of milling has contributed to the methods in use by the mills, when millstones were still in use.

The large lake carriers of today have tended to this trend in consumption, the cereals being shipped east and sold in the Atlantic. Much less space is needed for a cargo of flour than for a cargo of wheat, and, inasmuch as the lake carriers are paid by the ton, and a few of them have been loaded for more than 30,000 barrels. After they have operated for such small profit, cheap to the consumer, and it has played an important part in the development and growth of the business. Millers have needed the advantages possessed by eastern competitors, chiefly the reduced rates of freight and storage, the cost of the wheat, and the cost of the flour, and finally the cost of the wheat, and the cost of the flour, and finally the cost of the wheat, and the cost of the flour, and finally