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RATES OF ADVERTISING

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One square, one month - 5.00

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

When Jimmie Comes From School,
When Jimmie comes from school at four,
I see his face as bright as four
To whiff and bang and bang and spin,
And brighten up from foot to floor!

The dog that all day long has laid
Upon the back porch was his tail
And heeps and barks and bays again
The last scraps in the flower-pot.

When Jimmie comes from school,
The splendor inches elms a tune,
And mother from her knitting sits
To tell that hungry boy of hers
That supper will be ready soon,
And then a slab of pie hot soon,
A cookie and a honey or two

And for the quince barney breaks,
Where everything cries, "How d'y do!"
When Jimmie comes from school

The rooster on the garden fence
Rites up and down and crows and crows
As if he knows, or thinks he knows,
He, too, is of some consequence.

The mule who joins the worms, too,
And just to be the flower's sill.
The red bird, coming out of view,
On his high perch begins to trill,
When Jimmie comes from school.

When Jimmie comes from school, take care!
Our hearts begin to throb and quake
With life and joy and every ache
Is gone before we are aware.

The earth takes on a richer hue,
A softer light falls on the flowers,
And over them a brighter blue
Seems bend above the world of ours,
When Jimmie comes from school.

-JAMES NEWTON MARSH.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

BY RICHARD DOWLING.

"Hallo, Bracon!" said I, one
brisk April afternoon, as I saw my
friend the detective leaning against
the parapet, like fellest loafer alive,
"who would have thought of meeting
you on London Bridge?"

"Come here, Mr. Fall," said he,
catching my arm and drawing me to
his side. "Do you know that I have
this morning solved the mystery of
that?" He pointed to the burnt out
shell of a great warehouse on the Middle-
sex side of the river not far from the
bridge.

"What?" I cried. "Solved the mystery
of the great Thames street fire?
First of all tell me what the mystery
was, for candidly I do not know; and
then tell me how you solved it, for by
that time I shall be dying to hear."

"Let us step into the recess and get
out of the people's way," said he.

"You see, of course, in the papers,"
said he, "Schofield's wharf had
been burnt down, and that there was
no way of accounting for the fire."

"Unfortunately, Bracon," said I,
"my newspaper reading for the past
week or ten days has been absolutely
nothing; but I saw on the placards
something about a 'Great Conflagration
in Thames Street!'"

"Then I suppose I must tell you all
about it," said Bracon, with a sigh
of resignation. "Well," he went on,
stretching across the stone seat of the
recess and resting his elbows on the
parapet, "last Saturday afternoon Mr.
Tomlinson, who owns Schofield's
Wharf, looked at the Tower street door
at 2 o'clock and from that time until
4 o'clock on Monday morning, when
the place was found in flames, that
door was opened by him or any-
body else. There are two doors, to
be sure, but the other one on the wa-
ter side can be opened only from the
inside, and when the flames got on the
spot the river door showed signs of
having been tampered with, although
the fire seemed to have originated in
the rear of the building. At the rear
of the building were a number of
jute, and at first Mr. Tomlinson said he
suspected they had heated, but
strangely to tell you, they were found
uninjured save by water, and were
about the only thing in the building
which escaped."

"Schofield's was very heavily insured,
and on Monday people began to
say it was a good thing for Mr.
Tomlinson it had gone up the due, as
his affairs were in a bad way."

"By Thursday morning the had
rumors got stronger, and people who
saw that the cause of the burning
ought to be looked for in Tomlinson's
difficulties."

"In fact, that he had set fire to the
place," said I.

"Well, yes," said Bracon, petu-
lantly. "But they did not put it in
these words exactly; maybe I'd tell
my story just as quickly if I told it
my own way."

"Then by all means go on your own
way, I will not interrupt again,"
said I, sitting upon the parapet, with
my feet on the stone seat.

"Tuesday evening I was called in.
It was plainly put to me that there
were strong suspicions in the case,
and I was told that it would be made
very well worth my while if I found
out all about it. You know that in-
surance companies will hardly ever
set the law in motion; here they
could not but do something, the crime
was so glaring—

"You could not expect it to be
otherwise than glaring," said I "with
such a blaze."

Bracon shot a glance of scorn at
me, but took no further notice of my
interjection.

"The first thing I did was to find
out all I could about Tomlinson. His
home was at Putney. To Putney I
went. I discovered he lived quietly in
a dull row, a couple of hundred yards
from the river. He is a childless
widower of forty-five. He never saw
any company, and his household con-
sisted of himself, an old housekeeper
and one maid servant. On week days
he never made more use of his Putney
house than to sleep and eat breakfast
in it. Even on Saturdays he did not
come home until it was time for bed.

In summer he spent a good deal of his
leisure on the Thames, but had no
boat of his own, always hiring one of
old Greenfell, the boatman.

"Little time as Tomlinson devoted to
Putney, as a rule, they told me he
spent less than usual there that week;
for the maid servant had gone home
on Friday to Hertfordshire to see her
mother, who was ill, and Tomlinson
had given his housekeeper a holiday
from Saturday to Monday to visit her
married daughter, he saying he would
himself spend from Saturday to Mon-
day at Brighton."

"Now, many men without families
are in the habit of going to Brighton
from Saturday to Monday, but he was
not one of these. In fact, his visiting
Brighton was a most unusual event;
and for years he had not done any-
thing of the kind. This set me think-
ing and inquiring further and more
closely about Tomlinson's manner of
accounting for his time. He had
given out that he went to Brighton by
the 6.15 on Saturday and came back
by the 8.30 on Monday morning. I
made sure that he had not been seen
at Putney from Saturday to Monday
night, when he went home after the
fire."

"Tomlinson told me in Thames
street that he had stopped at the Bel-
voir in Brighton, so I took a little trip
for myself down to the sea, and drop-
ped into the Belvoir. At the hotel—it
is a big one, as you know—I found
out that he had been there from Sat-
urday night to Monday morning accord-
ing to the books; for he had paid for
his bed on Sunday night and breakfast
next day. I lounged about and found
a clerical chambermaid who said that
although the maid was rumpled she did
not think my man had slept in it on
Sunday night. Then I met a waiter
who would, in the ordinary course,
have served Mr. Tomlinson's breakfast
on Monday morning, and who could
not remember having served him or
seeing him that day.

"Tomlinson was not known in
Brighton, and I lost all trace of him
there the moment I put my foot out-
side the hotel. However, the facts I
had picked up put an idea in my head,
and I came back to London and went
on to Putney once more and dropped
in on old Greenfell. Of course, the
boating season has not begun yet for
him. I found him doing some work-
ing in expectation of the season, and
fell into chat with him.

"He had not seen Tomlinson for
weeks—months. It was of him the
tea merchant always hired boats in the
season, but Tomlinson would not be
likely to take to the river for a month
or six weeks yet. Greenfell had nothing
but good to say of Tomlinson, and
was very indulgent at the rumors re-
specting the fire in Thames street.

"Why," said Greenfell, "the man
was fifty miles away at the time the
fire broke out."

"So I have heard," said I. Green-
fell had no notion I was a detective.
I had come merely to see about a boat
for next Sunday.

"They tell me," said old Greenfell,
"that the fire began at the river side.
Well, I'll tell you a curious thing.
Sunday night or Monday morning one
of my boats, a pair one, was taken by
some one who did not say 'By
your leave or pay a penny.'"

"I was all attention now, you
may be sure.

"Whoever borrowed the boat
brought it back all right, and nothing
the worse if it wasn't for a bunch of
paraffin. Whoever had the boat must
have upset his lamp in it."

"Which boat was it?" I asked.

"That one there," said Greenfell,
pointing.

"Has anyone used it since?" I said.

"No. It's not fit for hire. I must
wash it well out before I let anyone
have it."

"I got into the boat and found even
still a smelt of paraffin. I lifted up
the stern sheets. There was a little
water in the boat, and in the water I
found this."

Bracon handed me a broken link
of a gold watch chain. "I slipped
the link into my pocket," he went on,
"without saying anything to Greenfell

about it, and in a few minutes was on
my way to Thames street. As I went
I examined the link. It was a long S
loop, flattened and marked 18 carats.
"When I got to Schofield's Wharf I
asked for a private interview with Mr.
Tomlinson. He did not know who
Bracon was, and saw me at once. I
told him I was a detective put on the
job, as it was feared some of his men
had fired the place out of spite. I
said:

"Mr. Tomlinson, I have a theory as
to how this fire arose. I think the
man who did the job borrowed a boat
from old Greenfell, of Putney, with-
out saying anything about it to Green-
fell. I think he had a few gallons of
paraffin, and that he just let the oil
flow in under the river door and then
set fire to it. Moreover, if I could
only put my hand on the man who wore
a watch chain with links like that I
could put my hand on the man who lit
the blaze."

"I placed the broken link on the
desk before Tomlinson and looked at
him for the first time. He made a
clutch at where his watch chain ought
to be, but he was not wearing one. He
fell back in his chair and gasped and
turned deadly white. He tried to
speak, but no word came. I picked
up the broken link and left him. That
was at noon today. Tomlinson is now
out of the country. No claim will be
made upon the insurance companies,
and tomorrow Tomlinson will be known
as an absconding bankrupt."

"And," said I, getting down off the
parapet of the bridge, "will an at-
tempt be made to bring the reconded
to justice?"

"I think not," said Bracon.—New
York Advertiser.

Where Cork Comes From.

"Very few people understand how
corks are made or where cork trees
grow," said a wine tout the other
evening in a Broadway cafe. "Of
course I understand all grades of
the business," the oenologist went
on. "The cork tree on an average
lives 100 years, and its average height
is 25 or 30 feet. It is a native of the
Mediterranean basin, in Northern
Africa, Corsica, Southern France and
the Siberian Peninsula. It does not
grow in America except in spots—dry,
warm places of mild temperature.
These trees are very rare and consid-
ered great curiosities.

"On a recent visit South I found
two fine cork trees in the college
grounds at Bay St. Louis, near New
Orleans. They are very large and
beautiful, and are called 'The Twins.'
A number of corks had obtained per-
mission to strip the trees of their
bark. The cork tree is valued for its
bark; the best time to strip it is in
July or August. The outer bark of
the tree is first stripped when it is
about twenty-five years old. This re-
moval of the rough bark, or outer
skin, as some would call it, causes a
growth of finer quality. This requires
eight or nine years, and the quality
improves with each successive strip-
ping. So you will see that the cork
tree, as well as man, changes its
skin in about the same number of
years, though I believe seven years is
the time given to man for a complete
change.—New York World.

The Vitality of Man.

There are two parts of the human
organism, Dr. Balfour tells us, which
if wisely used "largely ensure senile
fatales." Those two are the brain and
the heart. Persons who have often
wondered why brain workers, great
statesmen and others, should continue
to work with almost unimpaired men-
tal activity and energy up to a period
when most of the organs and func-
tions of the body are in a condition of
advanced senile decay, there is a
physiological reason for this, and Dr.
Balfour tells us what it is. The nor-
mal brain, he affirms, "remains vigor-
ous to the last," and that "because its
nutrition is specially provided for." Who
is there among those who have
reached or passed middle age that will
not be rejoiced to find such admirable
physiological warrant for the belief
that the brain may continue to work
and even to improve almost to the
very last hour of life? As in the case
of the brain, there seems to be excel-
lent physiological warrant for the con-
clusion that coteries paribus the aged
heart succeeds to, at any rate, a rela-
tive increase of strength as time goes
on.—London Hospital.

A Distinction with a Difference.

Country Coffin—Really, my daugh-
ter is a thoroughly good girl; she
makes all her own dresses. No dress-
maker has ever received a cent from
her.

City Cousin (dryly)—H'nd! My
daughter always wears the best mat-
erial made in the latest fashion. As to
the dressmaker's bills, your daughter
and mine are alike in that.—Truth.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE DEER AND THE HANGAROO.

"Please give me a ride on your back,"
Said the duck to the kangaroo!
"I could sit quite still and say nothing but
grues!"

The whole of the long day through!
And we'd go to the Dee and the Jolly, Do Lew
Over the land and over the sea;

Please take me a ride, oh, oh, oh,
Said the duck to the kangaroo!

Said the kangaroo to the duck,
"This requires some little reflection;
Perhaps on the whole, it might bring me
luck,"

And then, as they sat in objection,
Which is, if you'll let me speak so bold,
Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,
And would probably give me the rheu-

-MATHEW.

LEARN A TRADE—WHY NOT?

Until within the past few years an
American boy, if he had no speciality
of talent which directed him toward
certain professions, could always start
in the world empty handed, and find a
place. The Great West was open.

An American boy could hardly be
found who could spend the years of his
youth learning to be a skilled me-
chanic of any sort, and consequently
almost all those occupations have been
taken up by foreigners.

It seems strange that parents do not
see how great an opening there is in
all trades for an intelligent wide-
awake American. The American
brain is clearer and cleverer than any
other, and combined with a skilled
knowledge, is invincible almost any-
where. And yet the greatest manuf-
acturing jewelers in New York City
offering every possible inducement,
cannot get American apprentices of
the class he wants, although he offers
to pay each boy a salary while they
are learning the business.—Atlanta
Constitution, Jr.

A SALUBRIOUS DOG.

A dog who receives wages every
week is one of the curiosities of Lon-
don. She is a fox-terrier named Strip
and by the faithfulness with which she
discharges her duties she is an excel-
lent example to all who are ambitious of
getting a salary.

Strip is employed by an electric
lighting company to lay the copper
strips as they are called through their
culverts. It is necessary to carry
these strips through the culverts in
lengths of about 100 yards each, and
they are laid four abreast. These
strips are supported on transverse bars
at intervals of ten yards. The diffi-
culty and expense of laying the strips
was a serious consideration for the
company, until it occurred to the fore-
man of the works that a terrier might
be trained to carry a guide rope along
the culverts to the end of which the
strip could be attached and easily
drawn through.

He had in his possession a broken-
haired fox-terrier, about nine months
old, which he immediately began to
train for the business. To induce a
terrier to travel 10 yards underground
is not so simple a task, but it must
not be remembered that at every ten
yards came the transverse supports,
and it was necessary for her to jump
over these every time until she could
be depended upon to jump every sup-
port without fail; else she was useless
for the work in hand, and herein lay
the great difficulty in her education.

However, by patience and perse-
verance on the part of her master,
added to the naturally honorable dis-
position of Strip, perfection was
reached, and she never makes a single
mistake now. Working in the dark
culverts, she can be implicitly trusted
to assist the company in her depart-
ment, and has laid many miles of wires,
both in London and Brighton. And
the company, recognizing the value of
a good servant, pay her good wages,
which she receives every Saturday
morning along with the other em-
ployees of the company.

Strip is purely a scientific dog, and
will not condescend on any terms, to
the frivolities usually affected by her
species. Rats are treated with scorn,
cats are unmolested, and larks gener-
ally are tabooed. She is creating quite
a stir in the electrical world at the
present time.—New York Recorder.

A Three-Eyed Cat.

The Jenkins family, who reside at
Leesville, a village south of Masou-
lon, Ohio, are in possession of a cat
which has three distinct eyes. The
animal is nearly a year old and a great
pet. People visit the Jenkins home
fully out of curiosity, and the cat is
the center of attraction. The two eyes
are in their usual places, but the ad-
ditional one is directly back of the ear
left ear. The cat has perfect use of
the three organs, and blinks all at
once. The cat is invaluable as a mouse-
catcher, for it can see before and in
the rear at the same time.—Detroit
Free Press.

DEADLY DYNAMITE.

How the Awful Explosive Is Manu- factured.

Nitro-Glycerine Mixed Drop by
Drop With Clay.

The recent free use of dynamite in
criminal attempts that have been made
upon life and property revives an in-
terest in this preparation and prompts
a curiosity to know how it is handled
when employed for such purposes and
how it can be safely carried by the
men who use it.

It perhaps may not be known that
dynamite, which presents such an im-
posing appearance, is in a most danger-
ous liquid, the vapor arising from it
after its explosion causing severe
injuries, and its simple contact with
the fingers, particularly if any of it
gets under the nails, will produce a
violent headache, generally accompa-
nied by nausea.

To learn how it is handled in its
manufacture and how it can be man-
aged after-ward with freedom from
this unpleasant accompaniment a New
York Press reporter visited an estab-
lishment not far from that city where
dynamite is put up and prepared for
use. The ingredients employed are
nitric acid in a concentrated form,
sulphuric acid, also highly concen-
trated, and glycerine.

These products are carefully ana-
lyzed individually before being mixed,
and are weighed off into their proper
proportions with great care. As to
the proper weight each has, so far as
danger is concerned at this stage of
the proceedings there is no cause, be-
cause each is itself a comparatively in-
nocent; it is only when they are com-
bined that they become explosive.

The acids are mixed in a receptacle
by means of air forced into them. The
receptacle is a wooden vat or tub, hav-
ing double sides, between which cir-
culates a current of cold water, while
crossing and recrossing the interior
are a number of little pipes through
which the water also flows.

A thermometer is constantly em-
ployed to indicate when the proper
temperature is reached. The acids
are poured in, and when they get to
a proper degree of coldness the glycer-
ine is put in drop by drop, care being
taken that the temperature shall not
rise above seventy-five degrees. At
the lower part of the vat is a little
funnel that communicates with a re-
ceptacle, where the mixture is rapidly
cooled within a very few seconds af-
ter it leaves the vat, and then it runs
into a large bucket filled with cold
water, where it is agitated and thor-
oughly mixed by the injection of cold
air. This agitation is kept up for a
quarter of an hour; then it is allowed
to remain quiet for a time, after which
it has filtered over it chloride of
sodium. Then it is ready to be used.

There is a different room devoted to
each process in the operation of mak-
ing the explosive.

To increase the power of this ex-
plosive which has been thus far pre-
pared, and which is known as nitro-
glycerine, or the first stage of dynamite,
the material is transported in
gutta-percha boxes to an apartment
provided with tubs bearing a particu-
lar quantity of porous earth, which is
found only in Germany. The nitro-
glycerine and this earth are then cal-
cined until it becomes a fine powder,
which is known as dynamite, and
which consists of seventy-five or eighty
per cent of nitro-glycerine.

The dynamite cartridge is provided
with a fulminate of mercury in a cop-
per tube, which is employed in ex-
ploding the dynamite. This tube is
exp. is closed at one end and at the
other end is inserted a wick in the
shape of a twisted cord, perma-
nent in form, with powder. This wick is
which this wick burns in one yard in
fifty seconds, and it will continue to
burn until it reaches a regular under-
standing variation in the strength of the
charges employed in the different
work to be done by this explosive.

A Dog as a Professional Beggar.

"Do dogs reason? Well, if that
dog does not, his master's lady of
sympathy is abnormally developed,"
said a gentleman on Fifth avenue, as
he pointed to a woebegging man
leading a dog that was seated in the
middle of the pavement looking up at
passers-by in a pitiful manner with
tears glistening in his eyes. "Now
look at him for a while and see how
his gait is just for sympathy will
meet with response."

I wanted to see a woebegging dog and
two ladies went about to see the creature
and when within a few yards of the
man, and an old man of his own
money and an old man of his own
money had brought him where the
woman said he was a beggar. They

When Jimmie Comes From School.

When Jimmie comes from school at four,
I see his face as bright as four
To whiff and bang and bang and spin,
And brighten up from foot to floor!

The dog that all day long has laid
Upon the back porch was his tail
And heeps and barks and bays again
The last scraps in the flower-pot.

When Jimmie comes from school,
The splendor inches elms a tune,
And mother from her knitting sits
To tell that hungry boy of hers
That supper will be ready soon,
And then a slab of pie hot soon,
A cookie and a honey or two

And for the quince barney breaks,
Where everything cries, "How d'y do!"
When Jimmie comes from school

The rooster on the garden fence
Rites up and down and crows and crows
As if he knows, or thinks he knows,
He, too, is of some consequence.

The mule who joins the worms, too,
And just to be the flower's sill.
The red bird, coming out of view,
On his high perch begins to trill,
When Jimmie comes from school.

-JAMES NEWTON MARSH.

A Dangerous Metamorphosis.

"It's but a little thing I ask;
A trifle, nothing more, I swear;
This not a heavy, gruesome task.
That wrinkles brow or dulls the hair:
So wrinkle brow, but if you give
The smile, dear, that is what you live;
You cannot fairly deem a mis-
deed nothing more than, as I live,
A little, simple, single kiss."

THE LITTLE THING YOU BOLDLY ASK,
This trifle light, to you as air,
Perhaps, to me, doth bear un-
buried.
That will my own me to un-
buried.
For this same simple, single kiss
Might soon develop into kisses;
And I, from having been a Miss,
In some, in consequence, a Mrs.
-JOURNALS DIXON, in Home and Country.

HUMOROUS.

The first real estate reformer—The
nebular hypothesis.
A popular occupation with young
women—Making parlor matches.
"No, no," replied the incorrigible,
"you teach me which is switch."

A woman never marries the man who
pities, nor pities the man who marries.
If you'll notice the hatched-faced
man seldom splits his sides with laugh-
ter.
Some folks love equality so well that
the success of others make them mis-
erable.

Her Mother—Don't you find Jack
rather rough. He is—he is—he is—he is
rather rough. And yet he prais-
es him. My mother—No sir, I'll
stand up.

Operator—Now, how do you wish
to be taken madam—burst or full
length. Miss Pringley—No sir, I'll
stand up.

He—See that ridiculous is using for
peace. She—How ridiculous! Hasn't
she lost enough by war without going
into a certain court?

A certain sage said he never knew a
rogue who was not unhappy. Of course
not; it is the rogues who are not
known who are the happy ones.

Assistant—The greatest frank in
the world here. Museum Manager—
What is it? Assistant—A farmer who
speaks the dialect we get in magazine
short stories.

"Now, you young scamp," said
Blinks senior, as he led his youngster
out into the woodshed, and prepared
to give him a dressing, "I'll teach you
what is what."

"I didn't see your portrait at the
exhibition, Miss Holmeleigh." "No,
they wouldn't take it. They said it
was a good portrait, but that my face
was out of drawing."

"I propose," began the deliberate
old lawyer who called around to see a
young widow on business, when his
vivacious client exclaimed, "I accept."
They are now partners.

Professor (returning home at night,
buzzer noise)—Is some one there?
Burglar under the bed)—No! Pro-
fessor—That's strange! I was posi-
tively some one was under my bed.

First College Student—The weather
is too fine for study. Wish I could get
off for a few weeks. Second College
Student—That's easy. Kill a fresh-
man, and the faculty will order you
home for a month.

A little girl was overheard talking
to her doll whose arm had come off,
exposing the exquisite stuffing. "You
don't go, obedient doll, I know I
had told you to chew your food fine,
but I didn't think you would chew it
so fine as that."

After the honeymoon—Time, June,
—The Earl (profoundly)—I am carrying
on some interesting researches into the
early history of my family. The
American Consul (late of the Metro-
politan museum, richly snappishly)—
Are you afraid that the facts have not
been effectually suppressed?

"Here's another one of those mil-
lionsaire plumber jokes in the paper,
said Critchley. "Did you ever see a
rich plumber, Hicks?" "Never," said
Hicks. "All the plumbers I've ever
seen have been very poor plumbers.
Still, a fellow may be a poor
plumber and yet be a rich man."

He was a pretty little youngster,
with fat legs that stuck out beneath
clean, stiff starched clothes. "What
are you going to do when you grow
to be a man?" asked a visitor. The
little fellow's face assumed an expres-
sion of earnest gravity as he respon-
ded, with a voice which was evidently
shaken by sad memories of the past,
"Whip paps."

Relief for the Eyes.
In continued use of the eyes, in
such work as reading, typesetting,
bookkeeping, sewing and studying,
the saving point is looking up from
the work at short intervals and look-
ing around the room. This may be
practiced every ten or fifteen minutes.
This relieves the eye muscles, ten-
sion, rests the eyes and makes the blood
supply much better.