# TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

# \$1.50 PER YEAR Strictly in Advance.

# The Chatham Record.

VOL. XVII.

go, don't you?'

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., FEBRUARY 14, 1895.

NO. 25.

### Unscaled.

The gift divine Is not so far as many say Not weary leagues away, away, But thine and mine

The gift supreme Is not so high as great ones tell; where the angel martyrs dwell But in our droam.

The gift most strong Is not of mountain rib or ses, Or twisted bolt of victory.

The gift most sweet Is not beyond the Alps, or hid Behited old Khufu's pyramid, But at our feet.

The gift most fair Is not will landse use, dampled sky, Or froited clouds that drowse or fly, But what we are.

The gift above All reskoning of artful art Is not beyon I but in the heart Of human love. —IDA MAY DAVIS.

# THE VALENTINE.

BY MARY C. PRESTON.

"No clients today," thought Philip schorn, as he turned from his office rindow and went back to his desk,

A fine rain was falling outside, a sin which was freezing as it fell, saking the pavement as smooth as a theet of ico. The young lawyer knew that few, save those who went forth to earn daily bread, would venture out this cold, dreary February morning; and the bread-winners of the city never sought that airy, pleasant office of the talented and wealthy Philip

He was leaning idly back in his chair, playing with a pen, which as vet was innocent of ink, and dream ing of a pair of gray eyes-laughing, sunny, tender eyes-when the door was pushed open, and a young man entered very unceremoniously.

Philip looked up with a slight smile; evidently the newcomer was no stranger to him, nor unwelcome.

"Good! you are all alone and idle." said the visitor; "for just once in my life, I am going to employ you!"

"Yes, To draw up your will, my dear Guv?"

"Not exactly; but will you compose a verse or two-very sentimental -for a Valentine? I want to send one, but I couldn't make a rhyme to save my life; you can, I know. Will you, Phil?"

"I write verses for a love-sick swain? My boy, you must wonder I don't throw you out of yonder window! I am a lawyer, not a scribbler of rhymes!"

"But you can scribble rhymes, and I can't. Won't you help me? I've just set my heart on sending her some thing she'd like, and I knew you would help me; you will, old boy?"

And Guy Azore, with his boyish face flushed a little, and his blue eyes glowing, drew a chair beside that of his friend and sat down.

Philip looked at the impulsive facindulgently a moment, then, with a low laugh, drew forward some sheets of paper, and dipped his pen in the

ink. "Here goes," he said, merrily. "Is it to be a declaration, my boy? or do you only wish to let her know that hext question: state of blissful uncertainty as to whether or not she is to have the pleasure of rejecting you later? Her ever are blue, are they not? That will fur nish one rhyme, for of course I-you will tell her that your love is 'true' '

"See here," said Guy, moodily, "! am hard bit, and if you are going to chaff me --

"Then go shead; write just as you would from yourself if you had met Mabet Snowe and fallen in love with her, and wanted to take advantage of Valentine's Day to tell her, there's a

"Mabel Snowe!"

He paled a little as he repeated the name. Ah, those soft, gray eyes that had haunted him for weeks past-the fair girl-face that had seemed to him so pure and sweet!

'Yes. Isn't it a preffy name? But her eyes are gray; not blue, and-But you know about what I want to

Yes, he knew. Without a word, but with a slight frown on his white forehead, the young lawyer bent over his desk, and his pen went rapidly along

As he would write were he writing from himself, Guy had said. For moment he forgot that it was not from himself the lines were to go to Mabel Snowe, as he wrote rapidly, impatient-

iy. Then, lifting his head, he suddenly remembered, and with a laugh that was not exactly mirtuful, he pushed the sheets across to Gny, who took

and read them eagerly. "Joyel you're a poet, Phill" cried the young man, impulsively. "That | about wearing a rose in her bosom, and giving it to me as a token of her at Folger's ball tomorrow night. You youth,

Philip nodded. "She will be there, too. I'll intro duce you. You are a good fellow,

Phil, and no mistal .." And placing the poetry in his

breast-pocket, Guy left the office. Alone once more, and Philip begar a restless pacing backward and forward, backward and forward, which lasted for an hour; and when he flung himself into his chair at last, and rested his brow on his hand, his fine face was decidedly pallid, but his lips were firmly set.

"I really core more than I knew," be exid, clowly. "Then why not ener the lists against Guy, and woo her, too? If she cares for the boy, I am too inte. If her heart has not yet awa'.coed, I may have a chance. To morrow is the fourteenth, and tomor row night I will meet her, I will know the truth then."

Philip Achorn was rarely an early arrival at a ball, but he was among the first to enter Mrs. Folger's ball-roos on that night of St. Valentine.

Yet early so he was, Guy was earlier. and stood near a window, looking very nearly sullen.

As Philip saw his friend's face, udden hope stole into his heart. Had she failed to wear the rose?

No: for in another moment he say her, crossing the room on the arm of her brother; and in the bosom of her white dress nestled a rose as red as

Presently he was at her side, his grave eyes on her face, his heart beat ing furiously, although outwardly he was very calm.

"Have you kept a dance for me? he asked. And she blushed faintly as she put

her tablets in his hand. "This is disengaged," he said

quietly. And in another moment it we marked his own. Both were strangely silent as they went gliding over the

floor, It was not until as he led her to ent that he spoke.

"Would it be impertinent of me to isk how many Valentines you re served today, Miss Snowe?"

"Only one," she replied, shyly and involuntarily her hand went to the rose she wore.

"And when I ask you for the rose

He had written the words to her a Guy's request, it is true, but they had een his own cry to her for a return of the love he gave her; and as he wrote them, he had forgotten Guy a low he forgot the boy again

She was so fair, so sweet, so shy and ender, with the faint color in her cheeks, and the long lashes drooping, and whiteness all about her save for that one red flower.

He forgot that it was for Guy Azore he had written those lines to her, and he risked more than he realized in his

"Can you part with your rose? want it very bally. Will you give it to me?

She did not lift her eyes, Suddenly he remembered that the flower was not for him, and his face lost color.

Had she not out it there, above the beatings of her heart, for Gny Azore the youth who was his friend? Why

had he forgotten? mall fingers were fluttering among

the laces! The fair, odorous pledge was posened and held out to him. What

did it mean? A sudden, hot color went over his face; his eyes grew glad and soft, as, gathering the blossom and the hand that gave it into a warm clasp, he stood there, in a sheltered corner of the ballroom, with music swelling about him, and his pulses keeping

time to the measure. "You give the rose to me-to me? se said, in a low tone of rapture.

And she gave a swift, upward glance into his eyes, a glance he could not mistako.

"I knew the Valentine was from on," she said, almost in a whisper, There was no name, but I knew it anst be you; and so I were the rose." "Ah!" be said, the truth dawning

n him at last, And he pressed the rose to his lips, then the small hand.

"Mr. Azore seemed to think he had right to the flower," she went on, "He coaxed me to give it to oftly. him, and seemed quite put out when I refused. He did not know that it saed every week for sums under ten war. s -- a token."

"Poor Guy!" thought Philip, trying not to laugh.

But he was too happy, two blest in answering love, is capital. It might his new-found and unexpected bliss, be called an inspiration. She is to be not to honestly pity the disappointed

> "A token of the love you give me?" he asked, gently. "Truly such token is of more value to me than a crowa would be. I wrote the words you read this morning without a hope in my heart: but now --- "

He looked impatiently about him. at the figures of the dancers. No, he dared not kiss the face so near his wn-not yet!

"She shall never know the truth of it all," he vowed, inter. And she never did. As for Guy, he was young and impressionable; in a

#### month he was deeply in love again. Indians as Bunters.

"It is a remark often made by oldtimers who knew the western country when the red man was as common there as the tenderfoot is now," said a sportsman from the Backies, "that Indians never scare away game from a region in which they hunt. But, they say, wherever the white man come with his firearms came is bound to be killed off or driven away. These say ings are true, with the qualifying statement that by reasonable game laws game of all kinds can be preserved and even when nearly exterminated restored to almost its original plentifulness in districts not too fully occupied by man and his domestic erestures.

"Note the Indian in hunting as he searches out and steals upon the deer or wild turkeys with his soft tread of moccasined feet. In the twang of his bow string and the flight of his whistling arrow there is no explosive wound to alarm the creatures near the one that is struck. He, like themselves, is in sympathetic accord with the tints and tones of plain and mountain and forest, and while endeavoring to match their craft against his they are satisfied with trying to avoid him without abandoning the region where

ie abides. "It is when white hunters of the sportsman variety invade its haunts, their presence heralded by the tread of their booted feet, their clothes alien in appearance to the wilds, and their purpose shown by the crack and crash of firearms, that game begins to migrate to other feeding grounds. Add to this the increasing and indiseriminate slaughter for slaughter's sake that characterizes the whiteman's hunting and it is easy to see why the depopulation of the forest and plain, when unrestricted by law, is speedy and sure. Ever since the general adoption by Indians of firearms for their hunting it has not been found that large game has diminished materially in regions in which the white man is an infrequent visitor, although Sir Samuel Baker, the explorer, asserts of African game and predatory ereatures that animals can endure traps, puffells, fire, and every savage method of hunting; but firearms will speedily clear them out from extensive districts," - Chicago Tribune.

# Peannt 0.1.

The utilization of peanut oil in th manufacture of some constitutes an important industry in Marseilles, some ingenuously operating machine being used for the purpose. After being cleaned and shelled the nuts are made to fall into a triturating machine, consisting of a pair of east-iron rollers, and after being conracty ground the meal passes to another machine to be ground finer, and thence into a long hexagonal case forming a sieve, through which the fine meal passes, while the course is sent back to the rollers nearn. The meal is then pressed in what are termed "scourtins," made of horse hair, a pressure of 2,850 pounds to the square inch being exerted and left on it for an hour, which suffices to extract all that can be obtained in the first yield; the meal now passes from the scourting is ground a second time heated to a temperature of about one hundred and fifty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, and another pressing effected. If oil of a very fine quality is required, the nuts are crushed but once, the partially ground nuts yielding smaller but finer product. The wield varies according to the quality of the nuts. Mozambique nuts produce about 50 per cent in the first pressing, the value being from 70 to 92 franc per 100 kilos; the second pressing yields about 12 per cent, the value of which is from 45 to 50 francs per 100 kilos. It is stated that the quantity of nuts imported at Marseilles for this purpose in 1893 was more than 70,000,000 pounds.

It is estimated that in London alonnearly 1,000,000 pawn tickets are isabillings.

#### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Oh, the apple trees in the orehar !! Like were chuldry faces I are The russers and pippins, sty preging, B-tween leaves a twinish, at me

And on the crisp breeze, as I'm longing In vain for the beauties to drop, A blittle, baunting song soons to whisper, "The best fruit is found at the top

On the gnaded and mostly boughs upour

They cradie me now in their arms. And outward I gaze on the occlured The river, the uplands, and farm-o, gazing far, far from challessel,

That blitbe, breeze -mg ne er will stop: ame, station, are won but by elimbing "The best trust is found at the top!" GROKON COORDS in D troit Proc Press.

#### HOW CRICKETS SING.

Nobody would guess the cricket to be a flying insect; and yet he has two pairs of the most beautiful wings folded away beneath the brown scales. or wing cases, on his back. These ha seldom uses; they are given to him as a last resource, in case of famine at any time in the place which he in balits, when he would fly to some new abode. With skill and care these wines can be unfolded; and then very curious musical instrument will found on the upper pair of wings, consisting of a couple of small tiles and two flat, clear places beside them.

When a cricket wishes to "sing" he bends the front part of his body downward a little, races the wings, without unfolding them and rubs the little files quickly against each other. The sound which he makes in this way is greatly increased by the two plates, which not like the parchment of a londer and to spread further. -- Animal Friends.

#### MILITARY SIGNALLING.

During the autumn the armies of Europe have been marching and countermarching, charging and retreating, all over the respective countries that they have been organized to defend, experimenting with all sorts of new arms and engines, and applying nev tests to the old methods of warfare But perhaps the most interesting thing to the casual observers at these great nuturan memorares was the number of contrivances used for keeping open communication between various regi-

ments, army corps an I divisions, In one part of France this full ma ascayres consisted of an attack by at entire army corps upon a large fortess. The defenders of the fort had established many redoubt, an i-outposts on hill-tape and in faradroises and in windralls. All these outposts were connected by telephone. The men of the signal corps strong the wire several days before the nitrick was expeeted, so that when the enemy ap pe and the lookouts were enabled to converse with their superiors incole the fortress just as if they had been

only a few yards away. The country all about the fort mapped out and divided into square that were either numbered or lettered and the soldiers knew exactly, how to aim the cannons and motors in the fort so that the shells would drop in certain places. In actual warfare the pickets would telephone to the comcavalry was approaching behind a hill to the north, or that several regiments of infantry were hiding in a lot of woods to the south. Then the big gans in the fort could be trained on the woods or on the depression behind the hillock, and shells could be guard even while he was out of sight, and the invadues force might thus be provented from securing an advanta

geous position from which to attack The telephone system used by the French soldiers on this occasion was a eampaign outlit that could easily b transported any distance. It was very simple, consisting merely of coils of copper wire, of pronged bumbo poles for supports, and of month-piece and ext-pieces to talk and hear through A telephone line like this can be runidly set up, as a wagon can carry the bamboo roles along and a man with a coil of wire on his back can lay the line as fast as his companions can stick the poles into the ground .- Harper's Young People.

# A Germ-Killing Lemonade.

It is said lemonade has been discovered by M. Girard, Chief of the Paris municipal Laboratory, to be a mibrob destroyer. The bacilli of cholera and typhoid fever cannot resist the acids. especially the powerful citric acid of the lemon. "One grain," declares M. Girard, "will destroy all the microbes in a quart of water. This germ-de destroying lemonade can be relies upon if it is the red, sanguinary fluid some people paint their interiors red with on circus days, -New Orleans Picayane. .

# LIFE IN A DUGOUT.

Subterranean Homes on the Wind-Swept Praires.

How to Live Comforably Under the Ground.

Some time ago the writer had the pleasure of spending a night in one of the most comfortable and substantia residences in Texas. The wind outside blew as it never blows anywhere in the world save on the plains of northwest Fexas during a norther, but the hous never once trembied. It was the kind of house that the wind exunot slinke, and that not even an earthquike can tople over. One would think that so strong a house would be well known and quite popular, but it is not treated of in any books on architecture. It has an architectural design of its own Corinthum, the Ionic, or the Doric. One peculiarity is that while in most structures you begin at the bottom and build up to the top, in this one you begin building at the top and goldown io the bottom. There is no technical name for such houses, but in Texas they are popularly known as "dug-

that 100 miles west of Henrietta, Texas, a considerable percentage of the people live actually under the ground Farmers, cowboys, ranchmen, and various others are amone the number, and they form by no means a povertystricken array. Put your elf in similar be most likely to do. You take up a claim of 640 acres of Government land, on which you propose to make for some time to come. It is absolute ly necessary for you to have a house but you have no lumber except that of which your big wagon is composed. You are miles from a railroad and still many more miles from a sawmill. You may have \$10,000 in gold in your pocket, but gold will not buy lumber where there is none to buy, and you cannot build a house out of gold itself. What shall you do? If you are a sensible man, you simply dig you a bous in the ground, roof it over and spend your nights unmolested by cyclones in the spring or northers in the winter. Of course, you expect some day soo to build you a house of a different kind, but you gradually grow to like your new quarters, and as you are very busy any way, that "some day" does

not come for a long time. Dugouts have been a great help to Toxus. Many a herd has been kept and many a farm has been cultivated which mover would have been till years later had the owner been obliged to wart till he could build him a house of wood.

Some are dag straight down into

the ground, while others are dug is the side of a hill. The one in which the writer spent the night was of the former kind. It was lifteen by twenty feet at the bottom and about seven feet deep. About three feet from the floor the walls were abruptly watened out, thus giving a shelf in the soliearthen wall some three feet wide and extending around the whole of the room. This was an exceedingly convenient arrangement, as it answered for chairs, dining table, miscellaneou shelving and beds, all in one. The owner had cut a fir-place of proper size in the solid dut wall, and, he menter of a post-hole auger, had bored a chimney down to it. One single joint of stove pipe projected from thi chimney out into the open air. The structure of the roof was strong and simple. One log had been laid meross the diagont in the direction of its greatest extent, and did daty as a ridgepole. Smaller ones were places with one end on this and the other of the ground, just as the rafters of a house are arranged. Hay had been thrown on top of these, and above all a pile of dirt had been banked up. There was a stanting door in this like that of a cellar, and leading up to it was a flight of steps. These were rather steep, but one was not afraid of breaking down with him. They wer out in solid dirt. Under ordinary ou constances one might have objected to the room on the score of its baying nothing resembling a window, but, with the temperature outside as it was, this was an advantage rather than oth orwise. A bright, roaring fire lurnes in the hearth, and the whole seen necested substantial and picture-qui

uxury.
The wind could be heard howling and roaring outside, but aside from his there was nothing to indicate that the first norther of the season and on of the fiercest known for years we raging. The host was a weather-beaten old Texas ranchman. He leaned back on his clay divan and smoked and contrered:

## "How whout the horses?"

"Ob, they'll pull through all right," he said. "I picketed them on the south side" of the windbreak, you know, and that'll help considerably.

This windbreak consisted only of a bank of earth thrown up at a little distance from the dugout. It was a poot stable at best, but it amounted to something in case of life and death with the animals sheltered by it, -New York Sun.

#### Rats.

Why does a car full on its feet? asks correspondent who signs himself

For the simple reason that it is impossible for it to fall in any other

Any other animal will fall the same, provided the bencht of the fall is suffleient for the body to assume the natural position before striking, as the centre of gravity is toward the feet; if, on the contrary, it were toward the mek, the animal would walk with difficulty, and it would require powerful museular exertion to prevent it from wobbling as it walked,

With man it is the same, and it his irms were tied down to his sides, and ins body stiffened with a rod, and he were thrown head-forement from a great height he would be bound to and on his feet. Sam Patch under-Yew people are aware of the fact stood this perfectly. The writer saw him jump years ago. The moment he eleared the chiff from which he jumped, he chapped his hands to his thighs, and stiff ned his body, and shot through the air and struck the water straight mea die. The last time ic jumped, it was said that he had been indulging somewhat too freely, and he jumped all abroad, waving his arms in the air, and the natural conequence was that he went whirling through the air head over heels, and heels over head, and when he struck the water the blow killed him. When one wishes to dive he puts his hands above his head, not to strike the bottom, but to throw the centre of gravity into the upper part of the body.-New York Herald,

### Catarrh and Deafness,

In this season of colds and coughs, attention to and protection of the throat should not be forgotten. By protection is not meant bundling up the throat with silk mufflers, but proection of the whole body, and if possible an exposure and hardening of the neck to the cold. This last is important not only on account of the throat itself, but because of so many uses of catarrh which affect the est and cause deafness, Indeed, some physicians say that the fact line been demonstrated beyond a question that side from rupture of the car-drum, there is searcely a symptom of defective hearing which is not traccable to the condition of the nose and throat, Also it has been said that the use of smelling salts is one of the most troliffe eauses of deatness, operating by weakening the olfactory perves, and through them the anditory system. All strong or pungent calors should be excisied as far as possible, especially those which act upon the secretory processes. Any signs of chronic colds, entarrhs or lasting sore threat should or be allowed to run treatment for lear of the complicating deafness - Popular Health Magazine.

A Dutch Fair. The fair they hold on markin a Datch town is a thing to be need The town-folk turn out, especially the children, and the country folk turn er, and there goes on such a predi gious amount of frying, and baking and boiling that you would imagine i Garagantuan army had come to town The chief attractions of these marke day fairs are the puppet shows, the merry-go-rounds and the refreshmen seoths. A little town springs up in the market place in the course of two or three hour-, a little town of compact frome and canvas buildings which are easily taken down again, packed no and transferred to the next seem of action. You will find substantia looking restaurants, capable of scating fifty people at once, put up in twinkling and taken down in less tim-You will find a whole settlement of side-shows and tiny streets of small pavilions, where all sorts of quee catchpenny merchandise is vended, to the delight of the small children. Detroit Free Press.

# How it Looked,

Cholly Chumpleigh-Miss Colden ca-how do you like my moustache Miss Cobleal-It looks as though rou got it at a bargain counter.

Cholly Chumpleigh (who has bee secretly touching it up with greass paint) - Weally! I don't understand

you.

Miss Coldeal - I mean it has the up pearance of being marked down.

RATES

ADVERTISING

Chatham Record.

One square, one insertion-One square, two insertions One square, one month -

# For larger advertisements liberal con racts will be made.

Accept, dear wife, this little token, And, if between the lines you se You'll find the love I've often spoken -

Our little ones are making merry With unce ditties rhymed in jest, But in these lines though awkward very, The genuine article's expressed?

You are so fair and sweet and tender, Dear brown-eyed little sweetheart mine, And when a cullow youth, and slender, I asked to be your valentine.

What though these years of ours be fleeting? What though these years of ours be flown Ill mock old Kronos with repeating

"I love my love, and her alone And when I fall before his reaping.

And when my stuttering speech is dumb, Think not my love is dead or sleeping, But that it waits for you to come

So take, dear love, this little token. And if there speaks in any line. The sentiment I'll fain have speken. Bay, will you kiss your valently -EMMA FIELD.

#### HUMOROUS.

"Doctors' Commons" Graveyards. Sea-sickness is a famous cure for

Some short men will not go into ociety unless they can go with a very tall girl.

Guns are only human, after all. They will kick when the load becomes too heavy.

"What paper does Grabber take?" "Sometimes the junitor's and sometimes the boarder's. Mrs. Highee-Most people make

the best of everything. Mrs. Robbins -We have a cook who doesn't. "Does he know anything about art?" "Not a thing. Why, he doesn't even

know enough about it to between it." Casey-I bought these four-dollar transers in a fit of economy. Seward surveying the trousers) -I don't see

Magistrate-You are accused of not supporting your wife. Prisoner-Your Honor, you don't know how unsupportable she is. Nothing disgusts a man so at lack of

punctuality as to arrive at a meetingplace fifteen minutes late and find his friend not there yet. "Johnnie what makes you tell your mother you are sick? She'll make

you take medicine," "Certainly she will, but then she'll pay me for takin this room. Landlady-That will make it a dollar more; you can sit by the

window without danger of getting freeklesh Hotel Guest-Now, are you sure that this bed is quite clean? Maid-Yes, sir. The sheets were only washed this morning. Just feel 'em; they

min't dry yet! The girls who cannot stug or play Should not replue or sigh;

That is to say, provided they Are not induced to try. First Man-Flinger throws his money about like a madman-I really believe he's half cracked. Second Man Very probably. He's three parts broke, myhow.

Judge-You are charged with assault and battery. What have you to ner. It was sayin' too much got me into this serupe She-I think the spring the best

time of the year. I love it. He, peli-made mant-Well give me the end of the year. I think the automotic "How to Russen Boy" is the leading article in a magnitude for family read-

ing. The best way we know of is to show the boy a telegraph pole that constitution of all Periods First Tramp-Are you in favor of the income tax? Second Tramp-You bet I am, I go further's that,

Um in favor of givin' every man an income to be taxed. She This is a dreadfully close room. I shall sufficerte, I am sure. I feel my breath going now. He-

Don't worry, my dear. It had much better to than store Morrison (confirmed bachelor)-Don't you sometimes wonder what bubbles ery about? Peter (raised six) - Don't need to: I know. The most

of 'em ery about all the time, "How happy Nellie must be; she-" "Happy, when her father really forced her to marry the man on account of his wealth?" "I know; but the other pirls are dying of envy. What do

you call happiness, if that isn't" Tommy, did you find out anythine about the origin of the dollar mark? Tommy -I asked paw about it, and he said the straight lines stood for the pillars of society and the crooked one for the way they got their money.

There are at present no fewer than 10,000 camels at work in Australia.