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A Song.
Why should I do the music wrong?
The birds sing 'neath the blue,
And you to me a sweeter song
Than I can sing to you.
Sweetheart—
Than I can sing to you?
Why should I strike a waver note?
To sing your lips, young eyes,
When every bird with rippling throat
Hath sung them to the skies?
Sweetheart—
Hath sung them to the skies?
In vain the music will not flow
Though still the strings are free,
The sweetest melody I know
The song you sing to me.
Sweetheart—
The song you sing to me.
—P. L. STANTON, in Atlanta Constitution.

Uncle Ben's Experiment.

It is strange what different estimates people will put on a man's character, according to the eyes with which they may view him. In the opinion of some Mr. Benjamin Benedict was a gentleman, a scholar, and a philanthropist; while others, quite as well qualified to decide, wondered that such a monster was allowed to walk the earth unchallenged.

For old Ben Benedict was just the sort of man to provoke a plebeian in alternations—a human March day, with streaks of sunshine and chilling gusts sandwiched through his nature.

"You will be sure to like my uncle, darling," said Hugh Benedict to his young wife. "He is eccentric, but he is sterling."

Rachel did not answer, but her blue eyes were wistful and full of perplexity. Uncle Ben, whom she had never seen, but of whom she had heard much, was to her an inscrutable riddle, whom she feared more than she was willing to acknowledge. For Hugh's future depended to a certain extent upon Uncle Ben Benedict, and with Hugh's future her own was bound inseparably.

She was a fair, fresh-looking girl, with velvety cheeks, bronze-bright hair, and features of an earnest and delicately cut as a cameo. Hugh was quite certain that Uncle Ben could not see her without loving her; but then these young husbands are not apt to be impartial judges!

She was sitting in the breakfast room when the old gentleman first beheld her, and the only warning she had of his presence she saw reflected in Hugh's eyes.

"My dear, how do you do?" said the old gentleman.

And she thought he was not so terrible after all!

He turned to Hugh.

"Well, young man, are you ready to go home?" he asked, brusquely; for he knew that the old gentleman had given Hugh and Rachel a wedding present of a new house.

"Quite, sir."

"Shall it be tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"All right." And Mr. Benedict set down to spend the evening and enjoy himself.

"Well," said Hugh, when his uncle was taking leave, and paused on the hotel steps to light a cigar.

"Well," said Uncle Benedict calmly.

"How do you like her?" asked Hugh.

"How can I tell? She's pretty; so is a doll or a white kitten! Good evening!"

And Hugh, albeit he was very fond of his uncle, did not know whether to be vexed or not.

Early next morning, however, Uncle Ben made his appearance.

"Frankly packed, eh?"

"All but the last one, uncle," and Rachel lifted her pretty head out of the tray.

"I'm going to take you down to Bloomsburg myself, my dear," said Uncle Ben. "Hugh, I want you to go by express to Washington with these letters. They're of importance. I'd go myself if I were younger, but journeys don't agree with old bones like mine."

Hugh looked abashed.

"Cannot the business be postponed?" said Hugh, hesitatingly.

"No!" replied Uncle Ben, curtly.

"If you don't want to go, say so. I dare say I can find some one else to oblige me."

"Of course, I shall go," said Hugh.

"But Rachel—"

"I suppose I'm old enough to take care of a girl. You'll find us both in the new home, with the kettle boiling, and the table set for tea, when you come back."

So there was nothing for it but for Hugh to kiss his little bride a half-score of times, and commission Uncle Ben to take the best possible care of her until he should return.

"Foolish children!" said Mr. Benedict, as he saw Rachel sobbing on Hugh's shoulder. But there was a

cherry twinkle in his own gray eyes nevertheless.

Poor little girl! The atmosphere had lost somewhat of its sparkle, and the world looked less bright, as she journeyed toward her new home with Uncle Ben's newspaper rattling at her side. As the twilight began to fall her thoughts became busy, as a woman's will, at times.

"Uncle," she said, turning suddenly toward the old gentleman, "what sort of a house is it—ours, I mean?"

"Well," said Uncle Ben, reflectively, "it's a cottage, I should say."

"A modern cottage?"

"Well, not rather on the antique order than otherwise!"

"Oh," cried Rachel, "I'm glad. I despise these new, stiff places, that look as if merely to be admired, not lived in and enjoyed. Uncle, what are you laughing at?"

"At your curiosity, my dear."

"Then I won't ask another question."

But she fully atoned for that deprivation by sketching on the tablets of her own fancy an endless variety of little Gothic erections, with bay-windows and turrets, while Uncle Benedict watched her from behind the screen of his newspaper, with the quaintest of expressions on his brown old face.

"I'm almost sorry I commenced the thing," he said to himself. "If I should be disappointed in her! But, pooh! it's the only way to find out if she is worth my boy's love!"

Presently the lumbering old country conveyance came to a standstill—but, to Rachel's surprise, in front of no fairy cast of low-curved eaves surrounded by verandas and flower-potteries. A tumble-down, unpainted farmhouse stood a little back from the road, with its shutters hanging loosely by one hinge, and one or two scrubby bushes forlornly tossing in the wind! A well-swept, mute witness of bygone days, towered up in rear, and a cat dived under the cellar windows.

"How dreary it looks!" thought Rachel, with a little shudder, as she glanced round to see whether the fat woman opposite or the bank young gentleman by her side were going to alight. But neither stirred.

Uncle Ben seized his carpet-bag and umbrella.

"Come, my dear," he said to Rachel; she started instinctively forward.

"Is this the place?"

"This is the place."

"Poor Rachel! What were her sensations as she looked blankly around the neglected, dismal spot which was the sole realization of her fairy dreams? This the home Uncle Ben had given her! And for an instant she felt as if she could repel the unwelcome gift, and tell Uncle Benjamin plainly that she could not spend her days in a hovel like this.

But then came sober second thoughts. Uncle Ben had meant kindly; they were poor, and could not afford to dispense with even the meagrest of roofs over their heads. No, she must accept the present in the spirit in which it was given, and cheer in the bud all her rebellions and unamiable repinings.

"I told you it was a cottage, you know," said Uncle Ben, keenly scrutinizing her face.

"Yes, I know," said Rachel, glancing round with brightening eyes. "That is a very choice climbing rose over the window, if it was only properly trained."

"It's rather lonesome," said Uncle Ben.

"I like the country," Rachel answered, hopefully.

As she spoke a slipshod old woman appeared to let them in, and led the way to the best room, a green-papered ornamental apartment, with a fire in the fireplace that emitted considerably more smoke than odor.

"Smoky chimney, eh?" said Uncle Ben.

"The draught seems to be poor," said Rachel; "but I dare say it can be fixed."

"I hadn't any idea the ceilings were so low," grumbled the old gentleman.

"It's partly the effect of the wallpaper," said Rachel. "A narrow strip of pattern will improve it."

"What queer little emporiums over the mantel!" said Uncle Ben.

"Oh, they will be nice for our china," said Rachel.

"My dear," said the old gentleman, "I believe you are determined to be pleased. Do you really think you shall like this place?"

"I shall like any place where Hugh is!" said Rachel, brightly.

She went all over the house with the old gentleman, planning improvements, suggesting and contriving, until he really began to think she would

make an Arcadia out of the worn-down old farm. And if she shed a few tears on her pillow when she went to rest, under the eaves of the roof, Uncle Ben never mistrusted it.

There was a buggy at the door when Rachel rose from her breakfast of ryebread and corn coffee the next morning.

"Come, my lass," said the old gentleman, "I want to show you a place further up the road which has been leased by a friend of mine."

The drive and the delicious air were like an invigorating tonic to the wearied little bride; and a picture after the style of Watteau awaited them, in the exquisite cottage, with its deep piazzas, bay-windows and picturesque-sloping roof. Rustic chairs stood under the branches of the elms on the lawn, and a marble Cupid, holding up a carved shell, scattered bright rain into a tiny basin directly in front of the gates.

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried Rachel.

"Come in, my dear, and see how you like the interior," said the old man, solemnly.

It was perfect, from the drawing-rooms to the chambers, all in white and pink, like the inside of a rose's heart, and the fairy conservatory.

"It is like fairyland!" cried Rachel, enthusiastically. Do tell me, Uncle Ben, who is to live here?"

Uncle Ben turned round and faced her.

"You, my dear."

"I?"

"And Hugh, of course!"

"But," gasped Rachel, quite overwhelmed, "the other house—"

"That's only a little joke of mine! This is the real home, and I give it to you with all the more pleasure that you were disposed to make the best of the bad bargain you thought you were in for."

And Rachel felt something warm and wet upon her cheek, like a tear, as the old gentleman stooped to kiss her.

When Hugh came home, to find his little wife upon the verandah, all welcoming smiles to greet him, he exclaimed:

"Why, Uncle Ben, this is a perfect castle!"

"But none too good for the little jewel that inhabits it," Uncle Ben answered.

Electricity to Light Carriages.

As common as is the use of the electric light in the United States, we have as yet neglected to avail ourselves of one application which has been extensively employed in Europe and especially in France, namely, its use for the illumination of carriages, street cars and other public conveyances.

An interesting report on this subject has been submitted to the Department of State by United States Consul Chancellor at Havre. He shows that within the last five years electricity in private carriages has been extensively used by the affluent classes in Europe.

The Prince of Wales was the first to adopt the idea in London, and the German emperor has had the court carriages lit by electricity, not only the outside lanterns but also the interior being illuminated by means of a series of accumulators carried under the seat, and all over the harness are placed what the Germans call Gluhlampen, or small colored lights, which glow like fireflies and conquer the thickest fogs. The accumulator for a carriage is carried in a box only eight inches long by seven high and four wide. It furnishes a good seven and a half candle power reading light for eighteen hours, enough to last the owner for from one or two months.

It costs from fifty cents to one dollar to renew the charge less than the cost of smoky, unreliable and ill-smelling oil-lamps. The consul says that in a few years all public conveyances will thus be lighted, as a fifty-cent plant is sufficient for each. He gives a detailed description of the various appliances necessary.—Washington Star.

Where Butter Is Margarine.

A deputy of the Reichstag, while on his journey from Frankfurt to Berlin, bought at each of the principle stations he passed some bread and butter. When he arrived at Berlin he found himself in possession of twenty-three pieces of "Butterbrod." The honorable member was not laying in this large stock in anticipation of a "ball-night" sitting in the Reichstag, but with a very different object. On leaving the train he proceeded straightway to the "Imperial Analytical Bureau" to have the "Butterbrod" analyzed. It was proved that out of the twenty-three pieces of the Butterbrod purchased at the railway refreshment buffets no fewer than seventeen were spread with margarine!—Munster Neuesten Nachrichten.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE WINTER WIND IS FRESH AND COOL,
But what care we for that?
We're here beside the cheerful fire,
So let our baby cry,
And gravely she looks on while we
Blow bubbles beautiful to see.

We have a bowl of foamy suds,
And about new pipes of clay;
And we can have a merry time
This chilly, snowy day.
We blow away all care and troubles,
When we blow rainbow-crested bubbles.
—P. SHERMAN, in Detroit Free Press.

NOTES ON LIONS.

The tongue of the lion is so rough that a close look at it will almost take the skin off the looker. It is not safe to allow a lion to lick your hand, for if he licks the skin off and get a taste of the underlying blood, supposing it to be there, he would want the hand and everything adjoining thereto.

Nothing more perfect in modern machinery exists than the mechanism by which a lion works his claws. He has five toes on each of his forefeet and four on each of his hindfeet. Each toe has a claw. Nothing about a lion is without a reason, and the reason he has more toes and claws on his fore feet than on his hindfeet is that he has more use for them. If this were not so the majority would be the other way.

The lion is nocturnal by choice. He has no particular objection to daylight, but likes to spend it in the bosom of his family, or at least adjacent to it. It should not be supposed that because he roams about at night he neglects his family. He kills in order to fill the family larder. He kills to eat, not for amusement. He never bothers small game so long as there is big game within reach. When feeling fit, he can take an ox in his mouth and jump fences and ditches like a professional stealer-chaser.—Home and Farm.

MILITARY SIGNALING.

During the autumn the armies of Europe have been marching and counter-marching, changing 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 new tests to the old methods of warfare. But perhaps the most interesting thing to the casual observers at these great autumn maneuvers was the number of contrivances used for keeping open communication between various regiments, army corps and divisions.

In one part of France, says Harper's young People, the manoeuvres consisted of an attack by an entire army corps upon a large fortress. The defenders of the fort had established many redoubts and outposts on hill tops and in farm houses and in windmills. All these outposts were connected by telephone. The men of the signal corps strung the wires several days before the attack was expected, so that when the enemy appeared the lookouts were enabled to converse with their superiors inside the fortress just as if they had been only a few yards away.

Improvement in Butter.

The competition in furnishing fresh butter for the English market grows daily keener. Once the Danes had it all their own way, and Danish butter was in demand at the highest prices. Seeing what the dairy schools had accomplished for that little kingdom, other nations followed suit and began a vigorous rivalry for the London market.

Swedish Butter.

Sweden has been so successful in her efforts that by many her product is reckoned even superior to the Danish article. French butter at one time ranked very high, but carelessness and the admixture of oleaginous oils caused it to fall in disrepute. It has only just regained its lost footing by exercising extreme care in the preparation of the article and by the rigid selection of all adulterating substances. By heretofore efforts Australia has succeeded in placing on the market a butter of excellent quality, and there is no room to doubt the rapid betterment of the Canadian and American article. The butter standard throughout the world has steadily risen. In nothing are the benefits of competition more clearly shown than in this one product. The average butter has improved more within the past decade than during the whole of the preceding century.—New York World.

A Big Circulation in Water.

The ocean, sea and lake surface of our planet is estimated at something like 145,000,000 square miles with an average depth of 12,000 feet, and is calculated to contain not less than 3,270,000,000,000,000 tons of water. The rivers of the earth are estimated to have a flow sufficient to cover thirty-six cubic miles of the globe every day. Now if all the oceans were suddenly dried, and the river-estimates up their present rate of flow, which, of course, they could not without ocean evaporation, it would take 3,594 years to refill the basin.—St. Louis Republic.

Her Bright Pupils.

"You have two very bright pupils, Miss Winsome," remarked Mr. Sweetly to the schoolma'am.

"Which ones do you mean, Mr. Sweetly?"

"Why, those in your eyes to be sure."—Pattinader.

UNCLE SAM'S FLAGS.

A Man-o-War Carries Two Hundred Different Ensigns.

The Most Difficult to Make is That of San Salvador.

Before a man-o-war is completely equipped she must be supplied with a varied assortment of the flags of all nations. The flag locker of a cruiser like the New York will contain more than 200 different ensigns.

All the flags for our navy are made in the equipment building at the Brooklyn navy yard. The floor of the flag room is covered with lines representing the exact measurements of the various ensigns, and it is no easy matter to turn out a flag which will be exactly according to pattern, both as to design and measurement.

There are eight colors used in flags—red, white, blue, orange, yellow, green, brown, black and emerald yellow. The emerald yellow is used instead of white in flag-maps for signaling. This is because it is found that when signaling at a distance, a white flag or a device on a white ground blends with the horizon and becomes almost invisible.

The largest American flag made is called No. 1. It measures 31.80 feet in length and 13.12 feet in breadth, and is very rarely used. The size called No. 2, which is considerably smaller, is the one generally used by warships.

Cruisers carry the stars and stripes in seven different sizes, but only the Minnesota and the Detroit fly the gigantic No. 1 size.

The most difficult flag to make is that of San Salvador. This flag requires all the colors, and Costa Rica runs it close, requiring all but brown.

Our own flag is by six inches an easy one to make. The forty-four stars in their blue field have to be accurately arranged, and the stripes mathematically exact according to the official pattern.

The stars are made of muslin, folded twenty-five times and punched out by a steel punch, which cuts a circle or more stars at each operation.

There are used in the navy yard 50,000 yards of bunting annually, which is all made in the United States. Before being made up into flags the bunting is put to a very exact test. From each lot a sample is taken and steeped in fresh water for twenty-four hours. After that it is thoroughly scrubbed with strong soap and then rinsed and dried. It is then exposed to the direct sunlight for eighteen hours, and if it shows no fading in color it is accepted. The industry given employment to a great many men and women. Boston Globe.

Not As They Are Spelled.

The absurd and sometimes extraordinary difference between the spelling and pronunciation of English names has often been commented upon. Several lists have been published but they are by no means complete. The following, it is believed are for the most part new: Woodborough, Windsor; Woodmanster, Woodnutcracker; Wynodolham, Windon; Yaddleton, Yalham; Gainsborough, Gainsber; Ekkle Ashlede; Brampton, Brian, Brown; Brightelmston, Brytton; Hillham, Horn; Middlethorpe, Threlthorpe; Maryelone, Marrochione; Clonon, Cloran; Uttoxeter, Tuxter; Ransham, Ransom; Pevensey, Pinsky; Coxwold, Cookwold; Cossarholme, Corsi; Hobbeworth, Hobbler; Shilllow, Shaddy.

Straahan should be pronounced Strawn; Colpham is Koolham, the accent being on the last syllable; Bannham is Bowham; Dullesmo should be pronounced Dulam; Botham should be Btoth; and in Abrogavemy the 'x' is to be sounded. Menzies pronounced I. Myages, Knollys as Knowles, Sandeas Sands, Gower as Gorr, and Milnes as Mills. Glomis is Garmis; Gougham should be pronounced Gogam, and Rathven is Riven.—Boston Transcript.

Quaint Japanese Game.

The Japanese Minister created a genuine sensation and became a popular hero at one blow with the unique entertainment given in Washington to celebrate his birthday. In the game of takuriki, which the guests, including the justices of the supreme court and the members of the cabinet played, each person drew a package of souvenirs, consisting of Japanese toys and trinkets. Each small parcel was done up in tissue paper and as the recipient unfolded the contents there was a series of Ous and Ais and shrieks of laughter over the various discoveries until the liberty was perfectly appreciated.

Chief Justice Fuller drew a Japanese doll, and the comical expression on his face as the gift came into view was most laughable. Some Japanese fireworks and a small pipe were also in the packages. The game was originally intended for the ladies, but as there were enough packages left to go around among the men all joined in the fun. Mr. Komin is known as the leader of the progressive faction in Japan. His conception of the art of entertaining was decisive such that he is a good judge of human nature in the west as well as in the Orient.—New York Herald.

Would Not Stand It.

"Here!" thundered the South American President, "is a letter from that Yankee impostor with the word 'spotted' at the bottom of it."

"Yes, sire," humbly said the secretary.

"Have him fired out of the country on the first steamer. I am running all the debating business in this country myself."—Indianapolis Journal.

General Miles' Narrow Escape.

My narrowest escape," mused General Miles. "It was almost to the north of a charge. I rode up to where he was standing, and we shook hands. Said only he drew back his hand, and, seizing his rifle, stepped back a little, levelled it directly at my head and fired. Owing to his excitement, doubtless, he missed, and I was unhurt. But a brave soldier boy, a little to one side, and back of me, was instantly killed. I do not think that the Indian chief premeditated this act. He doubtless thought that, having been captured, he was sure to be killed, that he was surely bound for the lap of a white chief with him. Yet I, or rather my Indian scout, had told him that he would not be harmed if he surrendered; then and there. He did not trust us, for he would not have kept his word with me if he had given it in similar circumstances. The man who can not be trusted never trusts. Lane Deer was afterwards killed."

"Which would you rather fight, Indians or white men?"

"Well, when you are fighting Indians you know exactly what to expect. If you do not whip them they will kill you surely. They give no quarter. You cannot make terms if you surrender. They pay no attention to the rules of war, observed by civilized warriors who will not use poisoned arrows or poisoned explosive bullets. The Indians torture and mutilate prisoners. They will even violate a flag of truce. I came once being killed under a flag of truce once when I was holding a conference with Sitting Bull. The plan was discovered in time by some of our folks and frustrated."—St. Louis Republic.

We Asked Consent.

We asked consent, my love and I,
All in the early morning,
A golden promise lit the sky
The day was just beginning.
The hour of all for winning;
But the old man lifted up his head
And scanned the sky and briefly said,
"Tis nae the time for courtin';
Nay, nay!" said he.

We asked consent, my love and I,
The maiden moon was slender,
A starry mist rained down the sky,
And the eye was new and tender.
The mother she was sleeping,
Where stars their watch were keeping;
The old man sighed and bowed his head;
"She's but a bairn—the child," he said,
"But life's as short for lovin';
Ay, ay?" said he.
—Ida Benham, in Independent.

HUMOROUS.

A kiss is not an 'unlovely thing if it is our own; but another's prejudices are hideous.

If the "new woman" hopes to succeed she will have to behave like a perfect gentleman.

McSwitters—When was your wife's last birthday? McSwitters—A good many years ago.

"Did you ever hear of Fuddles paying anything he owed?" "Yes."

"What was it?" "An apology."

"How's your new town doing now?" "Party well. The chills struck it last week, and they're just a-shakin' things up."

New policeman—And where is your permit to peddle? Peddler—I have a verbal permit. New policeman—Show it to me.

Did old Grabgold show you the least attention when you called upon his daughter? Jingle—Yes, he showed me the door at once.

"Oh, I am awfully worried. I walk in my sleep." "Only wish I could do it. If I could I'd still have my job on the police force."

Little Johnny—The teacher said today that we belonged to the animal kingdom. Do you believe boys and girls are animals? Little Ethel—Boys is.

Mrs. Macler—Is your soup all right? Crusty Border—Oh, yes. I will take a shave after dinner, and I guess it will answer for the hot water.

"Can't you trust me?" pleaded he.
"No," decisively she said it.
"How could trust me when you see,
From she looked didn't credit."

Fingle—There goes a woman with a history. Fangle—That female who just left your office? How do you know? Fingle—She worked for an hour trying to sell it to me.

Mrs. Cusso (after reading some news from China)—The statesmen in this country don't have yellow jackets, do they? Mr. Cusso—No; but they have Presidential bees.

"What's the matter, Spiffins? You look cross." "I am cross. That villain Snuggs called me an unmitigated idiot." "Oh, I wouldn't mind that, if I were you, Snuggs is so brutally frank."

"Can't you tell me, Baron, that when my offer of marriage was rejected by the prima donna, I was so miserable that I was on the point of throwing myself out of the window." "What prevented you?" "The height."

He—Yes; I put a small offering in the contribution box and I feel better for it, too. She—Do you mind telling me what it was? He—No; it was that pluffed quarter I've tried to work it off on the butcher and baker for the last month.

Bilkins—There's a lot of difference in women. Wilkins—For instance? Bilkins—Well, yesterday I offered my seat in a street car to one and she declined it with thanks, and today I offered it to another and she accepted it without thanks.

Fair Dealing—"I don't see why it is that Ethel is always so popular with the men," she remarked. "Well," he replied, "it goes to show that business-like methods pay best in the end. She has a reputation for the greatest promptness in returning a ring when the engagement is broken."

Clever Retaliation

A fastidious person once officiated in a region where a kiss to the bride was considered an indispensable part of the wedding ritual; but the looks of one newly made wife pleased him so little that he observed: "At this point in the ceremony it is customary for the clergyman to kiss the bride, but in the present case we will omit that formality." The justly indignant bridegroom waited for his revenge, which he got a few minutes later with: "At this point in the ceremony it is customary to hand a sealed envelope to the clergyman, but in the present case we will omit that formality."—Around.