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RATES OF ADVERTISING

Table with advertising rates: One square, one insertion - \$1.00, One square, two insertions - 1.50, One square, one month - 2.00

For larger advertisements liberal concessions will be made.

Time's Up.

Time's up for life and laughter; We've drained the banquet cup; But now the dark comes after, And lights are out. Time's up.

A CURS CONSTANCY.

Bobo was a poor old dog, and Max Wilber was a poor young artist. Everybody had kicked the dog out, and so Max took him in.

Max was shabby. One could guess that he had no money in his pockets, but Bobo had not the keen appreciation of such a fault.

"Have they all shut their doors against you, Bobo?" said Max. "Come home then and share my sausage."

Bobo comprehended the invitation, and without more ado followed Wilber up the staircase of his lodgings, and stretched himself before the empty stove, with as evident an intention of never more departing as that manifested by Paul's Raven.

A little room with a north light and an easel, with a screen which fancied that it hid a bid, with furniture worth in the bulk five dollars; with a trace of a Bohemian supper—a pound of sausages and a loaf of rye bread.

When the sausage was cooked, he gave a scrupulous half of that and of his bread to Bobo, and the twain ate heartily.

for a word or a whistle, and the next, and the next also. Max stayed at home and painted nothing and smoked and drank instead. In a week the state of his mind was something terrible; he was more than ready for any desperate deed, and he decided that, since he could not share his life with Flora, he would get rid of it altogether.

He returned and locked the door and drew the table to the middle of the room and drove the book into the center beam carefully. Then he made a slip-knot in the rope, and arranged it to fit his throat. Then he jumped down and found pen, ink and paper, and wrote a farewell note to Flora and clambered to the table again.

Bobo by this time considered it his duty to ascertain exactly what was going on. His master's face wore an expression of despair, and dogs can understand expression. Moreover, there was something very wrong about the whole complication. Bobo put both paws upon the table, turned his nose upward, opened his great yellow eyes to their full width and gave vent to a prolonged and wailing howl.

"Farewell, old dog," he said; "my only friend, farewell. You are constant; you are true. You love me, I know. You will mourn me."

And then it came into his mind that Bobo would have cause to mourn. That once more he would be homeless, friendless, kicked from every door, gibed by children, barked at by well-fed dogs, scratched by angry cats, and carried at last perhaps to the pound.

"And, by George, I won't do it," said Max still on his perch with the rope about his neck. "You've been true to me, Bobo, and I'll bear my misery rather than leave you to suffer. Bobo, old dog, it's a great thing to die for any one. I'm going to do more for you; I'm going to live for you."

And Max unknotted the rope, jumped off the table, and flung himself down upon the floor beside Bobo, who licked his face, and dined in ecstasy.

That night Bobo slept with his master before the fire. Sometimes Max roused from the feverish half-sleep in which he lay, and felt the rough paws on his breast, and patted them.

By dawn he fell sound asleep, and never awakened until a quick, light rapping at his door startled him to the consciousness that it was high noon. He started to his feet and opened the door. Without was Flora.

"Great Heaven!" cried Max. "You here!" And he drew her in, forgetful of his ruffled hair and disordered cravat.

The Stature of Mankind.

Dr. Theodore Gill, when asked by the writer at the Smithsonian whether he was startled by Professor D Smith's examination, expressed his opinion that man is now at the maximum in the scale of height and stature.

Professor W. J. Motley, the well-known ethnologist, says that Americans need have no fear that any such condition may result from their present vigor. When Herbert Spencer visited this country he prophesied that our Nation would soon develop into a stunted, unhealthy race, because in their struggle for intellectual and commercial superiority our citizens were burning the candle at both ends; but since this prophesy was made the statistics have continued year by year to prove that we are the tallest and the healthiest Nation on the globe.

As an example of the effects of insufficient food, the Indian tribes which have existed for centuries in our arid regions are much thinner and shorter in stature than those whose fathers enjoyed the abundant game of the prairies.

Although the form of the tongue of birds usually corresponds to the shape of the bill, there are exceptions to this rule, as, for example, in the waders, Kingfisher and hoopoe, which, in spite of their long bills, only possess small cartilaginous tongues.

In the pelican, indeed, the tongue is altogether rudimentary. In most birds whose food consists of seeds, the tongue is short and pointed, and in others spiculate, rarely yarrow, or tubular. In some birds, such as the owl, which swallow their prey entire, the tongue is broad and serves as a mere shovel.

In the hedge sparrow, nuthatch, woodcock and others the tongue is bifid or trifid at its apex, while in the flamingo birds the tongue is split into two branches almost to its base, and is used for actually gripping the small insects on which these resplendent little creatures subsist.

In a family of parrots the tongue is provided at its apex with a brush of some 250 to 300 hair-like processes. In the parrots, the tongue is thick and fleshy, devoid of horny barbs or papillae, and is even suspected to possess sense organs of taste.

It is interesting to note that the parrots, the form of whose tongues most closely resembles that of man, are able to imitate his language more clearly than any other birds.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE NEW MOON.

The moon in her silver cradle, Goes cooking her way through the skies, Nobly sees when the baby laughs, Nor hears when the baby cries.

The stars are her fair attendants, And over a calm watch keep, Such a sleep should for her engage, And the low winds hush her to sleep.

I do not think the little moonlet Would tire of cooking in air, And would long for a floor to step on, And some one to play with her there.

And a blossom to pick to pieces, And some one to talk the moon language, And sing the moon songs to her, —MRS. A. MASON in Boston Transcript.

A PECULIAR FRIENDSHIP.

"The most peculiar friendship I ever saw formed was one between a hawk and a raven," said a traveler recently.

"One day, when living on a farm in western Pennsylvania, I shot and wounded a hawk. When I picked up the bird I found that its wings were broken, but otherwise it was uninjured. My sister begged that the creature's life be spared, and the request was granted.

Within a few days the hawk had become quite tame and would come to us for its food when we called it. The chickens were greatly frightened at its presence, and kept up considerable fuss. This soon wore off, and in a short time its presence was taken as a matter of course.

EDIBLE TURTLES.

The United States Blessed With Forty Varieties.

The Species That Usually Ends in the Famous Soup.

Edible turtles of the United States are discussed by a writer in the learned Review Scientific. He considers that the gourmets of this country are to be congratulated on the number of alimentary reptiles at their disposal.

The "loggerhead" is found upon the Atlantic coast from Virginia to Brazil. It is a giant that weighs from 300 to 1,000 pounds, especially in the South. The eggs form an agreeable dish, but the flesh is good only in the young individuals, since it becomes oily and acquires a musky taste in the adult.

It is the green turtles that furnish the greater part of the turtle soup meat. These are the turtles par excellence. In the Atlantic they are met with from New York to Florida.

The female creeps up on the shore two or three times, excavates a hole, and deposits therein from 100 to 200 eggs (about 500 during the season) and returns to nearly the same place every time, and on each occasion covers the eggs with sand in order to conceal the site of the nest.

The flesh of this species is excellent, and forms the principal ingredient of green turtle soup; and the amateur will tell you that there is nothing so good as the "scallop," the flesh mixed with cream fat that is found under the gill.

Formerly, the turtle was taken by means of harpoons of spears, but this process injured the animal, and is now taken in nets or captured upon the beach. Certain fish-men prefer to live and take the animal by Jan 1, but when the reptile is powerful this is not accomplished without some difficulty.

A watch should be cleaned every two or, at most, every three years, if it is desired to preserve it. In time the oil decomposes, gets mixed with the particles of dust which enter the works of even the best closing watch, and is not so effective as a grinding material.

A watch requires cleaning in less time than every two years, according as it is exposed to or is exposed to much dust and dirt. Any one having the misfortune to drop his watch into water or any other liquid should take it at once to the watchmaker to have it taken to pieces and cleaned, for a delay of even an hour might spoil the watch forever.

A Vine for Every Home.

A lady lately asked for the name of the "best all round vine." It is impossible to say which is the best without knowing what is expected of the vine; whether it is intended to train over a slender frame or to cover a high fence; whether it is wanted for its flowers or simply for its foliage; whether an annual or an evergreen is preferred.

For all general purposes, I know of nothing superior to the white passion vine, Constance Elliott. It will find itself to all uses, modestly trailing over a low frame or quickly mounting a wall if given anything in the way of support. It need not be trained over the ground and bloom in apparent contentment. It is not for it will soon shade a large veranda.

The greatest objection to most vines around the house is that they harbor spiders, caterpillars and other insects. I have often been obliged to remove pretty vines on this account. But on a white passion flower, trailing on long southern "sawyers" for several years past, not one troublesome pest ever appeared.

The flowers are large, creamy white of beautiful form and delicate fragrance, appearing in profusion during the spring and summer.

"Present But Not Voting." In the British House of Commons members when present must vote, on one side or the other. One might had work some question was before the House on which Mr. Chamberlain the leader of the Liberal Unionists, did not want to take sides, either with the Liberal Government or with the Tory opposition.

The members were surprised the next day not to find his name in either list, and one raised a point of order to discover why he was omitted. The Speaker intimated that Chamberlain was the man who had become of the member for Birmingham, but he declared that it was too late to call him to account. The House roared, and Mr. Chamberlain, looking uncomfortable, the story being told all over England. Mr. Chamberlain will probably not wait so long next time.

Profit Sharing. The electric railway company at Glens Falls, N. Y., has introduced an innovation in the method of paying some of its employees for the coming year. A premium system, consisting of a percentage of the returns made by each conductor, such in the case of the motorman, a share of the savings effected in car repairs, are the principal features. The system will, the officers of the road hope, aid in the efficiency of the service to the public and at the same time enable the employees to make a substantial addition to their wages in proportion to their faithfulness to their duties.

The Science of War. Proprietor of Iron Works. If I understand you correctly you wish to place an order for armor plate that no cannon shot can pierce. We are turning out that kind of thing every day, and—

Agent of Foreign Government.—No, you misunderstand. I wish to know if you can manufacture a cannon that can pierce any armor plate? Proprietor.—Certainly, sir. We are doing that kind of thing every day. Chicago Tribune.

A Slumber Song.

Far away in the Western sea, Leth an island all silver and gold, Where ballads are sung by the breeze As it flows through the boughs of the budding trees.

Whose name is weary and none grows old, And while to my bosom my child I fold—

Come thine eyes, my babe, and we Together will float on that Western sea. Far over the rooking billows we'll sail, Till we come to that wondrous shining land, Where the children play on the golden sand, And on many a hilltop and every dale, The fairest dance till the moon grows pale, There we will wander, hand in hand.

Come thine eyes, my babe, and we Together thither marvelous land will see. Golden head pillow'd in mother's breast, Closed are the eyelids o'er weary eyes, While from the world the daylight dies, Swath my baby, his face to rest, Gone where no evil air four can molest, Gone where the islands of dreams arise.

Far away over the drowsy sea— Sleep, my child, while I sing to thee.

LARREN'S MAXIMS, in Boston Commonwealth.

HEMORRHOIDS.

Ends in a strike—A match. A fool's eyes are always being put out.

The man who writes "twere better far we had not met" must have left a creditor.

Womankind—What do you think of home rule? Bivvers—Down on it, I'm married.

"Hah!" snuffed the landlord, even you give Me a word to rhyme with "cash!" The landlord's snuffing answered him—"Suppose, sir, you try cash!"

Money would be more enjoyable if it took people longer to spend it as it does to earn it.

Mother—Have an ambition worthy of you, my boy, Jack—Oh, never fear, mother! she is—

"How does Fannie stand in her classes? Well?" Flossie—Oh, no; just awful pigeon-toed.

"Man wants but little here below," Now I'm inclined to doubt it. He asks but little, wants a pile, And has too little without it.

Young Dentist—Have you any operating chairs for children? Dealer—No; they are all for grown persons. It is nonsense to say a man is inclined to be laid. When a man is becoming bald it is quite against his inclination.

Every time a man is in need of assistance he realizes that he has been making some awfully poor investments in friendship.

That fish should live in water. Most people understand. Yet, truth to tell, the marriage shark. Both fish and bird on land.

Observing Shark—There goes a man-of-war-board, Philanthropic Shark—Poor fellow! We'd have to eat him or he'd drown.

Teacher—Suppose you had \$80, and gave \$20 away, how would you ascertain how many you had left? Bright Boy—I'd count them.

"Was old Henryfoot pleased with his daughter's selection of a husband?" "Oh, yes; he knew he would have something to boot in the bargain."

Man may marry for economy. Since the dawn of today. It is as expensive a wife. Than any other.

"Don't you have a great deal of trouble getting a seat in the street cars?" "Plink—Never. 'How do you manage?' 'Think—Always stand up."

"What far is this," asked a teacher in one of the schools of a class of juveniles, as she held up a muff. "That is far to keep the hands warm," replied the boy.

Mrs. Mulhoolly—An' phwat is your daughter doin' now, Mrs. Mulhoolly? Mrs. Mulhoolly—Oh, she's taken up the housekeepin' and, an' is livin' out at service.

It takes a woman to know woman's wants. This is a fact that cannot be denied. Yet one more fact our observation teaches— It is by man they're usually supplied.

Johnny Thel's just like a woman. Mamma—What's wrong now? Johnny—Well, teacher told me not to speak out loud, and then kept me in for whispering.

Phil—Would you be sorry to hear that I am going to marry Ethel? Priscilla—Yes, indeed I should. Phil (hopelessly)—Why? Priscilla—Because I like Ethel.

The brainless woman, who sits by here, May be all right in her self-imposed sphere, But the same old woman, who attacks at a name.

Will continue, as ever, the boss of the house. Mamma—You never see Tommy Jones playing about the trolley car tracks or running before the cars. Teddy—Tain't no fun for him. Mamma—Why isn't it? Teddy—His mamma never said he mustn't.

The ivory men of Grand Island, Nels, estimate that their business has fallen off \$7,000 annually within the last two years on account of bicycles.