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cesses will be made.

A Song of Love.

Where Love may make his nest,
Where shall my soul abide?
The sun may pass from east to west—
The ocean wander wide;
But Love, my dear, where'er I be,
Shall make a heaven on earth for me.
I cannot hear the birds
Whose breasts the blossoms greet—
There is such music in Love's word,
I have no heart for them!
Sweet sing the birds from land to sea,
But Love sings sweeter songs to me!
What is the sweetest song
The rarest bird can sing,
To Love that lets a whole life long
And then to heaven takes wing?
It is on earth—in heaven above
One song, one song of love—of love!
—P. S. Stanton.

A ROUGH PEACEMAKER.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

"I have ordered the house painted dark green, with pencilings to set it off," said Ned Winters, after his usual salutation, as he threw himself into one of Mrs. Hall's easy chairs in her pretty parlor, and cast a proprietorship glance of admiration at Mrs. Hall's pretty daughter, who was reclining languidly in an easy chair just opposite.

"Green!" she exclaimed, suddenly assuming an erect position. "Ned Winters, have you no taste at all that you can even think of having it painted green? Green and red! How ridiculous!"

"I am sure you will like it, Minnie," expostulated Ned, in a slightly annoyed tone. Judge Eldridge's new house is painted green and it is very pretty."

It was the evening after Mrs. Danford's party, and Ned Winters should have known better than to visit his betrothed so soon after that exhausting affair. Not only this, but they had both been dissipating, in the way of parties, to an unusual degree for the past few days, and neither of them was in proper condition for a pleasant, agreeable visit all by the ourselves.

Human nature will rebel after a certain amount of abuse, and the sweetest disposition is liable to be converted into its opposite with very slight provocation.

Usually, when vexed questions arose, Minnie would say, "Oh, Ned!" in that pretty, cooing way of hers, and then she would use all of her "woman's arts" so artlessly and innocently, he thought, to win her own desires in the matter.

She never failed of winning, or of leaving the impression on Ned's mind that he was having his own way in granting her requests; but now they were completely exhausted and ill-tempered on that unfortunate evening.

"You must countermand your order at once, Ned," said Minnie, decidedly. "Drab is the color we want. It is so modest and unassuming! I have it painted a lovely shade of light drab with slate-colored corners."

"I have already given my order, and I shall not revoke it," said Ned, in tones which had a suggestion of angry resentment in them. "I have given you full sway over the inside of the house, and you have kept the carpenters in hot water from the first by changing the plan of the rooms so often. I don't mind that so much because you are to live in the house, and the inside ought to be arranged to suit you; but I reserve the right to paint the outside any color I choose, and I choose to have it painted green."

"I won't live in a green house!" cried the little woman, looking very severe and dignified, with her diminutive figure erect and haughty. "I tell you I won't live in a house that is painted green!" more emphatically; "and if you persist in having it green, you can get some other girl to share it with you, that's all!"

"Which I can do without any serious trouble," said Ned, springing to his feet and starting for the door. "When you desire to see me again you can let me know!"

He scarcely realized what he was saying in his angry impetuosity.

"Or perhaps come and fling myself at your feet and implore forgiveness!" she cried out simply, with a husky tone in her voice, which was followed as soon as he had gone out and he had closed the hall door behind him by a tempest of tears.

"How could I say such hateful things to him?" she murmured, reproachfully, after she had wiped her resentment away. "The dear fellow has allowed me to have my own way from the first, and I might give up in the matter of the paint. Oh dear, I'd rather have the house painted a bright yellow than to have quarreled with Ned!"

And Ned as he tramped slowly down the street, called himself all the hard names he could think of for

allowing such a trifle to mix into use "dear little Minnie" so shamefully. The night passed with very little sleep for either of these unhappy "grown-up" children.

Minnie spent it in tears, while, in his bachelor apartments, Ned paced the floor restlessly; but neither felt like offering the necessary apology, when the morning came, and so another miserable day began.

It is hard to tell how large a mountain might have grown out of that insignificant little mole-hill, if something terrible had not rushed to their assistance at that opportune time and settled the matter for them.

In the midst of her self-reproaches, Minnie became aware that there was an ominous silence all about her, and that the people in the next house were gazing at the sky in the west with anxious glances.

She went to the door, and the sight presented to her nearly deprived her of her senses, it was so terrible.

She now heard a distant roar and rumbling, and after in the west saw a mass of black, angry clouds, high up in the sky, rolling and tossing about in a most formidable manner, with a narrow point at the base which seemed to be gathering up fuel for the black-browed monster's wrath to vent itself upon.

"A cyclone!" she cried.

Her first thought was of Ned and the safety which she was sure, his strong arms would afford her in this dreadful time of danger.

His office was two blocks away, and without a thought of her appearance, or her probable fate should the storm overtake her in the street, she ran down the path, out of the gate, and had started with flying footsteps for Ned's office, when the cyclone struck the village.

She was lifted from her feet and carried forward with bewildering haste.

It was only the outer edge of the cyclone which had caught her in its grasp, and when it whirled her about a dozen times or more, and had thoroughly shaken her, it dropped her as so lightly as if she weighed nothing.

Her thoughts in that first moment of peril, had been the same, and he was on his way to Minnie's home when she fell at his feet in a most unceremonious fashion.

"Oh, Ned!" she gasped.

He caught her in his arms, and kissed her with a frightened air, in a most unceremonious manner, considering that they were in the street on Main street, in fact—and that everybody was "out."

But it so happened that the "village gossip" was too busy just then to make a note of this or an incident passed unnoticed.

"Dear Ned," said Minnie, meekly, as soon as she regained her breath, "I don't mind if the house is painted green."

"I've acted a fool, Minnie," he said humbly. "I don't care a copper what color the house is. I've wished a hundred times since last night that there wasn't any house at all."

"So have I," said Minnie.

And later in the day they discovered that the cyclone, which had brought them together with such unceremonious haste, had also removed the cause of their quarrel.

The new house had been taken up carried several rods, and set down, in a pristine condition, in Farmer Jones' backyard.

Notable State Papers.

"The original McKinley tariff law is written on parchment similar to that of the Sherman law, and like it, it is bound into a big book that contains the original documents of many other laws. It fills sixty-three of these large parchment sheets, and the engraving of it was done by three different clerks. The title of the bill is, 'An Act to Reduce the Revenues and to Equalize Duties.' It is attested in the same manner as the Sherman law, and signed by Speaker Reed, Vice President Morton, and President Harrison. The Wilson bill, which supplants the McKinley bill, fills about as many pages of the heavy unruled parchment, which, by the way, we send to England to buy. The Wilson bill mentions almost every article of commerce that one can think of, grouping similar things into paragraphs, and naming the duties that shall be paid on each. There is a long list of articles on which there is no duty.

"Proclamations by the President of the United States have maintained one form since the foundation of the government. The original Emancipation proclamation issued by President Lincoln is written upon very heavy white unruled paper that is folded once. The fold is at the left, like a sheet of four-page letter-paper, and each page is ten by fourteen inches in size. It begins, as do all Presidential proclamations, by the President of the United States of America—A Proclamation.

"The first line is written with a pen in a bold hand, and the words, 'A Proclamation,' form a line of themselves—printing characters, although executed with a pen. It proclaims that on a certain date, and under certain conditions, a race is free from bondage, but in no wise calls its own 'Emancipation Proclamation.' That is a popular name given to this, one of the most famous of state papers.

The text is in the handwriting of Secretary Seward—a hand that was strikingly like that of Mr. Lincoln—Harper's Round Table.

Some Forms of Fungi.

Scarcely a day passes in which we do not see some forms of fungi, so common are they—inhabiting every nook and corner. If we walk in the fields, the woods, even in the doorway, we see the little white, gray and brown umbrellas of the toad-stools and mushrooms. Going to the preserve closet, we see that on the tops of many of the bottles a white growth has formed. Our old shoes hidden away in the dark have a greenish dust upon them; this is another fungus; and the "mother" in vinegar claims consanguinity with the yeast which raises our bread. The paste-pot is flaked with pink, green and gray spots, all fungi. Some of the grain crops are often subject to partial or complete destruction from different kinds of fungi—the "smut" of wheat and corn, ergot of rye, and others.

Silk-worms are destroyed in vast numbers by a mould. Its spores, entering their bodies, fill the whole interior, and cause death in from seventy to a hundred and forty hours. The hop-crop is often ruined by "mildew."

One strange fungus attacks a kind of ectoparasite, growing like a tree from his back until it is much larger than the poor worm, that crawls about with his mouth open until it kills him. —St. Nicholas.

A Remarkable Memory.

One Sunday a few weeks ago, Ben Oxford took a walk through the rail-road yard at Tullare and read the numbers of the cars and their destinations and noted the trainees they were on. There were ninety-six cars on the different tracks, and, having looked them over, he went into the office, took up a paper-clip, and, beginning with the last car, set them all down back to the first one.

Bringing them over in his mind, he said, "I have missed one," and set down the figures of this car in the order in which it stood on the track.

He made three mistakes in the whole list, writing C. P. 32,701, when he should have written 32,701, also 63, 675, and lastly 19,633, when it ought to have been 19,863.

It is not likely that any man with an ordinary memory could take the numbers and descriptions of five cars and remember them five minutes, and the writer will bet his hat that he himself could not remember the description of two of them ten minutes unless he had half an hour to learn them in.—Tullare, (Cal.) Register.

A Poor Student.

Mr. Hansel—You say you belong to the worst class, is it?

Everett Wren—That's what.

"You must be about the best of the class, ain't ye?"—Cincinnati Trib.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE SHELL.
Nobody saw me do it,
Nobody came that way,
When I found the box on the chest of drawers
Where the cakes or supper lay.
Nobody told me not to,
Nobody knows but myself,
But, O! I wish that once I took
Way back again on the shell.
Nobody knows my trouble,
Nobody ever would see
That a cake could cause a little child
So much unhappiness.
Nobody can be a mother
Who look it from the shell—
But I know better I go to sleep,
I'll have to tell her some!

ANTS AND THEIR WAYS.
A man who knows all about ants says that no one has ever seen a quarrel between any two of them that lived in the same nest. If a great many children were put together in one big house, do you think that they could be so kind to each other as the ants are?

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GLASS IS ANCIENT.

The Tribus Made It as Well as Modern Manufacturers.

Beautiful Effects Obtained in the Stained Variety.

The most scientific glass workers of Italy are no more proficient in their art than were the craftsmen of ancient times 4,000 years ago. These remarkable artisans, many of whom were priests high in authority, were well acquainted with glass staining, and displayed the highest artistic skill in their intricate designs. The colors were perfectly incorporated with the structure of the vitrified substance and were equally clear on both sides. The priests of Phik, at Memphis, had a factory for the manufacture of ordinary glass, and also devoted their attention to imitating precious stones, succeeding so well that specimens now found require an expert to distinguish them from the real gems. They were also acquainted with the use of the diamond for cutting glass. A specimen of beautifully stained glass, now in the British Museum, has the cognizance of Theobald III engraved upon it.

Some glass was first brought into practical use about fifty years ago by Jules de Broutin, a French chemist, although the art of staining glass was practiced long before that time. He made a thorough study of the subject in Vienna. His first effect was in softening the hard, shiny effect of the glass, giving it a silky effect that was much more pleasing. Next he endeavored to reduce its brittleness by making a spongy mass, whose threads were much finer than those of silk, and whose texture was much like that of wool. This glass could readily be woven and all kinds of articles were made from it. Among other things it was especially useful for surgical use, owing to its antiseptic properties and its cleanliness. The fact that glass is unattacked by most acids made the fabric useful for laboratory filters, and nearly all well-equipped establishments use them. The cloth is, besides, non-absorbent and a poor conductor of heat. As the individual fibers are perfectly non-absorbent, grease spots and stains can be readily removed. For this same reason the cloth cannot be dyed, but it can be spun of colored glass and the color is fast and unchanging.

Up to the beginning of the sixteenth century the glass used in stained glass work was what is known as "pot metal," that is, it was colored in mass through its entire substance. Painting was only used to bring out the shading and fine line work, and the paint was always brown, which was afterwards "fired" into glass. During the sixteenth century a rich yellow stain, obtained by the use of silver salts, came into use. It was also used upon blue glass to produce green of etc. Shortly afterward the transparent flints of tin in the glass were first introduced to give brilliancy. The rich glass used at this time was made by placing a thin layer of tin "pot metal" upon the surface of a sheet of white glass and welding the two together by heat, as the tin alone became opaque as soon as its thickness was increased. It soon occurred to some one to cut or grind away the tin, surface to produce white figures on the red ground. By staining the exposed portions, they were able to get rich yellow and red contrasts. This led to extending the practice to other colored "pot metals," until a great variety of beautiful effects were produced.

When glass contains little or no lime it shows a marked tendency to become opaque upon cooling, probably owing to minute crystallization throughout its structure. The so-called aluminous glass is made by heating slowly of this kind and allowing it to cool slowly. Opalescent glasses that which possesses the same tendency in less degree. A good "mix," as it is called by glass workers, for aluminous glass is 100 parts of quartz sand, forty-five parts of potash, three parts of calcined borax and five parts of silicate of magnesia.—Scientific American.

General Grant in Japanese Eyes.

In the Century is printed a translation of portions of a quaint Japanese tale of General Grant. The following is an extract from it:

In the spring of his seventeenth year he expressed a great thought to his father, and after a long conversation, "I have in my mind the thought that, when four years from today have passed I shall not be doing this kind of labor." The father, thinking it a strange thing, said, "Do you have your father's shoddy for trade? Do you hate to become a leather maker,

and spend your life thus? What profession, then, do you expect to adopt in future? Do you expect to go into the fields carrying a sickle and scythe? Do you expect to buy and sell things in the market, or do you fix your eye-balls on books of 10,000 volumes, and desire to speculate reasons and promote moralities and become a man of wide knowledge?"

General Grant, replying to these questions said, "To cultivate the field and become a farmer is well, but to spend the whole life as a herding is not well. To take a Szechuan (counting machine) and become a merchant and gain profit is well, but along with it to make bad practice is not my desire. Contrary to all this, our ancestors, in the year of independence of this country, sowed great merit, I hear. I also, entering a military school, will have to show my arm in the time of great things. O, Father King, how is it?" The father, being exceedingly glad, did as he wished.

The Wonderful Human Fish.

One of the oddest human freaks that ever saw the light of day in the United States, or, possibly in any other country, is Herman Schepker, who was born at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1834. At last accounts the little fellow was living with his parents on St. Clair street, in the above-named city, and was as bright and happy as boys of his age usually are. Herman has a handsome, intelligent face, and shapely, symmetrical limbs. In fact, to all outward appearance he is an ordinary boy, but those who know him best say that the only parts of his anatomy that are covered with a common human skin are his face, neck, hands and feet, and that the other portions of his body are literally encased in tin, dark blue fish scales. From the neck to the ankles this wonderful coat of mail so thoroughly covers the body that not the slightest section of skin bearing any semblance to that of the human being is visible. The family were perfectly horror-stricken when the little "fish boy" was born, and for more than seven years managed to keep the matter a profound secret. However, little Herman's playmates finally learned that their companion was a veritable fish. This soon leaked out and the matter became public. Faculty and doctors and professors who have recently examined the boy are unanimous in pronouncing him to be the "big fish" wonder of the world.—New York Journal.

Largest Salmon Ever Caught.

Just what is the weight of the largest salmon caught in Columbia is uncertain, so many people who have to do with fish are given to being uncertain in their statements, but the weight of testimony is in favor of about eighty pounds, as the outside limit of the Chinook, with a heavy tradition, which no one believes, of one having one, been caught by some one somewhere, which weighed about 100 pounds. This has been a season of unusually large fish, and many weights from sixty to seventy pounds have been taken; but the very largest heard of is reported to Mr. J. M. T. Harrington of Plover, who wrote to Everette A. Farris, recently, that a salmon weighing eighty-three pounds had been brought in by one of their boats, adding that it was the largest caught this year, and also the largest any one at the canyon had ever seen. It is quite probable that this is the largest salmon record from the Portland Oregonian.

Arranging for his Own Funeral.

This is a cheerful story that Mr. Thewalt, the Eastern passenger agent of the Southern Railway, told us. One day there came into his New York office a delicate-looking man, who looked a lowly mortal's private conversation. When it was granted he said:

"I came to see about having a dead body carried to Florida. I want to make all the arrangements so there will be no confusion or mistake."

And he gave the name and address and every possible direction, except the time at which the body was to be called for. When Mr. Thewalt asked that, the man said:

"I can't tell you that, exactly. It will be within a month, and you will be notified of the time later."

"Why, whose body is it?" gasped the astonished passenger agent.

"Mine," was the answer, and in less than a month it was all as the sick man had said. Everything was done as he had directed.—Washington Post.

Rivalry Run Mad.

Tourist—Does your rival across the road keep a pretty good hotel?

Landlord—Good; well I don't think. Why last night when I fat boy from a mansion boarded with him, and when he got back to New York he got an engagement as a saddleman dade.

Where Love Goes.

When Love wanders far away,
Love on your room,
Be to Love away, away—
Smooth still of home,
If the storm or tempest blow,
Love makes all the difference.

Humorous.

The only trouble with the fool's paradise is the inevitable explosion.

"And you're sure you want me for myself, Dick?" "No, for myself."

Stagnant—Talk is cheap. Not when it's over a long distance telephone.

Of all sorts of embarrassment, that of children is the most easily overcome. Ignorance of the law does not prevent the losing lawyer from collecting his bill.

A—He is a relation of yours by marriage. I believe? B—Yes, he married my girl.

He—Your husband is generous to a fault. She—Yes, but the trouble is that I can't get a fault.

Wife—That's a perfect dream of a woman. Husband—Yes; but I'll bet it's a regular nightmare of a price.

The bright ambition necessary to succeed in a literary career.

And the better and the more you are, the more you are to make an approach.

Miss Amateur—Are you married, Prof. Baten? Prof. Baten—Yes, but if you were going to play anything, don't mind my feeling.

The Count (who has had a little talk with his friend, the baron)—But, my treasure. The baron—Your treasure? Your investment, you mean?

He—Well, what do you think of the ocean? She—It is not nearly as large as I thought it would be. Why, at mere! extends to the horizon.

Mr. Brown—I thought you said it was the little boy next door who was making all this noise. That was, was I was hearing him with a stick.

Billback—Is it true that you don't spend as much money now as you did before you were married? Pocket—It is. I wish I could say the same thing of my wife.

"My expenditures never exceed my receipts," said Hawkins. "Mine do," signed Wilkins. "In fact, I am very much afraid I shall never buy any more coats for some of my last year's expenditures."

Dear mother-in-law, I would not be the best way to be a son-in-law. This is a case of a son-in-law who has been married for six years.

She went without shoes to buy some kind of soap, and when she returned she was carrying a quantity of soap, about making up her mind to purchase, but when she started, she would keep off clean," she said she didn't want that kind.

Husband—My dear, I wish you would let me see that book. I am sure I could make it go further. Wife—I know you could. I've seen you sell it right off the table and I wouldn't attempt to make it go further than that.

"Now, sir," said the professor of medicine, "you may tell me to what class of metaphysics you belong."

"Why not?" replied the student, "it's a metaphysics of mine." "I never heard it so described. Where did you learn of it?" "From experience," replied the student, "I've been in the hospital for five years and I've learned it."

A Horse With a Sweet Tooth.

H. C. Thompson, a sugar planter, living near Vinton, La., owns a mare, Bernita, that might, in addition, be called a sweet tooth. Bernita was born and raised on a cane plantation, and spent all her life with the sugarcane. Bernita has developed a sweet tooth, which nothing but a most generous supply of sugar can satisfy. In fact, she refuses to eat until her teeth have been properly exercised, not less than two pounds of sugar being stirred into her feed every day, and a quart of molasses must be added to each bucket of water before it satisfies her fastidious taste. Fortunately, sugar is plentiful and the mare is a valuable one, as Thompson cheerfully informs her when in this matter.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Information for the Curious.

The man who sent \$5 last week in an envelope to a pretty good hotel.

Landlord—Good; well I don't think. Why last night when I fat boy from a mansion boarded with him, and when he got back to New York he got an engagement as a saddleman dade.

Mail both to San Francisco.—Somerset Journal.