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When the Tide is Coming In. Somehow, love, your boat sails lighter Smoother, faster on the bay— Somehow, love, the sun shines brighter Softer, warmer thro' the spray—

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS.

"A pretty face—a very pretty face indeed!" I turned the little photograph upside down, held it off at arm's length to get a perspective view, and scrutinized it closely.

Darwin Wallis looked pleased; a man naturally likes to have his fiancée duly admired and appreciated.

"So this is the Bessie Armitage I have heard so much of; really, Wallis, she does credit to your taste. A blonde?"

"Fair as a lily, with blue eyes and the sunniest golden hair!"

"Ah! well, I must say I prefer the brunette style, so far as my individual taste goes; but then, fancies differ, you know."

It was all very well for Wallis to go into ecstasies about his pallid, fair-haired little Bessie Armitage; he had never met the glance of Cecelia Vernon's magnificent dark eyes.

"As you say, fancies differ," Wallis returned lightly. "But I wish you would select a handsome frame for it when you go to it—next."

"I'll see to it," I said, depositing the picture in its envelope, and returning it to my inside pocket.

After all, Darwin Wallis was better off than I was, for he was securely engaged to the dimpled, yellow-tressed little object of his affections, while I was yet as it were in utter darkness, uncertain whether Cecelia returned my ardent devotion, or whether she secretly inclined toward Fitzhugh Trefoil.

A score of times I had resolved to settle the question; a score of times I had gone to the old Vernon house with the very formula of declaration on my lips, and as often had the words died away, unvoiced and unspoken.

If fate had only gifted me with one-thousandth part of Trefoil's off-hand audacity, I don't think anything short of the Deluge could check that fellow's cool self-possession; an earthquake wouldn't, and I don't think that the millennium could!

However, love inspires the feeblest heart with a sort of fictitious courage, and I was a new man since Miss Vernon had smiled upon me. What was the use of doubting, hesitating and trembling. Why not decide my fate at once? Darwin Wallis' serene content exercised a stimulating influence upon me.

"There is no sense in procrastinating matters any further," I said, half aloud, as I walked up and down the rather limited domains of my little law office. "I have been a doubting fool quite long enough."

I am afraid I wasn't a very amiable member of the domestic circle that afternoon.

"I think Paul is growing crosser every day, said my sister, shrugging her plump shoulders. "Mother, I wish you'd speak to him!"

But my mother, bless her wise old soul, knew better than that.

"Paul is worried with business matters, I suppose," she said, apologetically. "Paul will do well enough, if you only let him alone."

I went up to my room after supper and made an elaborate toilet; but all the pains I bestowed upon it, served only to heighten the general effect of awkwardness!

"I've two minds to wait until to-morrow night," said I to myself, stopping with my cravat half tied. "No—I might be a coward, but I was not such a poltroon as that, I had begun the enterprise, and I would carry it through."

Moreover I had had an inspiration! An entirely and original method of putting the momentous query had occurred to me.

I opened my writing case, and carefully took out a little carte de visite wrapped in tissue paper. It was Cecelia's picture; she had allowed me to steal it away from her, with scarcely a remonstrance, a week before. Then

was the time I ought to have proposed, but, like a timorous, doubting calf, I had let the golden tide of opportunity slip unimproved away from me! I drew Bessie Armitage's vacant, doll-like face from its envelope, and compared the two with a thrill of triumph in my heart.

It was a lovely spring night as I entered the wide gravelled path that led up to the wide porch of the old-fashioned Vernon mansion.

Squire Vernon sat there smoking his meerschaum.

"Won't you set down and have a smoke?" he demanded hospitably. "It's a real luxury to be able to take a whiff out o' doors, after bein' shut up in the house all winter. Or may be you'd prefer goin' in to see Cecelia."

Sensible old gentleman! he had not forgotten his own young days.

"She's in the parlor, all by herself," said the squire good-humoredly, motioning me in.

Cecelia was sitting in the parlor alone, as her father had said, the bright centre of a cheerful circle of light.

Cecelia was always fair to look upon, in my sight; tonight, however, she seemed more than ordinarily beautiful.

I sat down and began hesitatingly upon the never-failing topic of the weather. A proposal seemed the easiest thing in the world as I walked along the starlighted road, contemplating it from afar off; but now that I was face to face with it, Alps upon Alps of difficulty and perplexity seemed to surround its accomplishment.

Cecelia tried her best to keep the ball of conversation in motion; she introduced new subjects, asked leading questions, and feigned deep interest in the most abstruse of topics. But even Cecelia couldn't talk on forever, and presently with a little sigh of despair, she subsided into silence. Now was the eventful moment of my destiny.

"Cecelia!" I said softly.

She raised the liquid blue eyes to mine.

"I want to confide in you tonight—have I your permission to speak?"

"Certainly, Mr. Markham!"

"I am very much in love, Cecelia; in fact, my heart has long ago gone out of my own possession into that of—"

I stopped, with the fatal husky feeling in my throat. Cecelia was blushing divinely! I drew my chair close up to hers, with the sensation of a man who has just pulled the string of a cold shower bath.

"Who is the lady?" faltered Cecelia—as if she didn't know perfectly well already.

"Shall I show you her picture, Cecelia?"

Miss Vernon inclined her head almost to the level of my shoulder, to look at the little carte de visite I drew from my pocket. I skillfully put one arm around her waist.

"See, dearest."

But to my horror and dismay she snatched her hand from my clasp sprang up and started away, like some fair avenging goddess.

"How dare you insult me, Mr. Markham?"

"Cecelia! How—"

"Don't presume to call me Cecelia, sir," said the indignant girl, sweeping from the room.

I felt like one palsied. What had I done? Surely she would presently return and apologize for her capricious conduct.

But she did not return; and after waiting long in vain I sneaked out of side door and crept dejectedly home, my heart burning with resentment.

I had no mind to meet the family group, so I admitted myself with the night key and stole noiselessly up stairs, where my gas still burned.

I threw off my coat viciously; as I did so the forgotten carte de visite dropped from my pocket. Estopped, I picked it up. It was the portrait of Bessie Armitage.

And there on the mantel, where in my heedless haste I had left it, was the countenance of Cecelia!

I had shown her the wrong photograph.

All was clear now! Her indignation and resentment—the whole tangled web of mystery was unravelled! I caught up my hat to rush back, but at that moment the clock struck 11!

It was too late. All apology and explanation must be deferred until the morning.

Early the next morning I walked over to the old Vernon mansion; but expedition as I was, Trefoil had been there before me. I met him coming whistly down the walk as self-possession as ever.

"Good morning!" I said briefly, endeavoring to pass him; but he detained me.

"Congratulations, my dear fellow; I am the happiest man in the world, Cecelia has just promised to be my wife!"

I stared blankly at him, and with one or two unintelligible murmurs, turned short round and walked home again.

Well—so goes the world, and I am a bachelor yet. There is but one Cecelia, and she, alas! is married to Trefoil!

The Historic Alamo.

The building now called the Alamo is only a part of the Alamo, but being the most enduring, besides the most unique part, and being accredited as an important part of the fort defended by the Texans, it has been purchased by the State and is now public property.

The State has turned over the old church to the city to take care of and keep open to visitors. The city furnishes a keeper and regulates his hours, etc.

Hundreds of strangers visit the Alamo during the year, and what do they see? A very untidy, negligently kept old building, in one room a crazy smoky old stove, sticking its pipe out of one of the front windows to bespatter the walls.

Old lumber, rickety old floors and unsightly furniture greet the eyes of the visitor. Many of these people imagine that this is just how it looked in the fire and smoke of battle; in fact, there is a picture of the Alamo, which is pointed out by the keeper as the Alamo as it was when the battle was fought and it looks just like the Alamo of today.

Then there is a picture of a proposed monument and a contribution box nearby to which the attention of visitors is called. How many dollars have been dropped into that contribution box has never been divulged? Many complaints have been made of the treatment of visitors but the matter was thought too delicate to be commented upon.—San Antonio, (Texas) Express.

Could Not Make Thibet.

Mr. Wilson relates an amusing story of an officer who determined to enter Chinese Thibet by stratagem. This officer managed to cross the frontier at night, and so escaped the frontier guard.

Next day, however, while he was journeying deeper into Thibet, the Thibetan soldiers overtook him, and informed him that, as the country was unsafe, because of robbers, they would go with him in order to protect him, to which arrangement the traveler was compelled to agree.

In a few hours they came to a river, which was crossed by a rope bridge. The Thibetans passed over first, in order to show that the bridge was safe, and then the officer got into the basket and was pulled along by the Thibetans. Suddenly, however, they ceased pulling, and left the Englishman hanging in mid-air above the rushing torrent.

In vain the traveler shouted to the Thibetans to pull; they merely smoked and nodded their heads. The hours passed and still the officer hung above the torrent. At last the Thibetans agreed to pull him back if he would promise to leave Thibet immediately. This, of course, he was compelled to do, and took his departure from the forbidden land.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Lost Wills in Bibles.

There have been in England recently two examples of the recovery of lost wills found in Bibles. One was made more than thirty years ago, and leaves sixteen thousand pounds to certain missionary societies. It was an illustrated Bible, which attracted the attention of a little girl; if there had been no pictures, it is said to reflect that nobody would have looked into that Bible. It is curious how the old custom of looking into Bibles, not indeed for wills, but for banknotes, has gone out. It used to be the way of religious folks to give the sacred volumes to their god-children, interleaved in this excellent fashion. In Captain Marryat's novels the first act of a young midshipman upon receiving this present used to be to go through it very carefully from Genesis to Revelations.—Argonaut.

Soudanese Cure for Rabies.

When a person in the Soudan is bitten by a dog supposed to be suffering from the rabies, the animal is instantly caught, killed and cut open; the liver is taken out and slightly browned by being held to the fire, after which the whole of the organ is eaten by the patient.—Louisville Courier Journal.

A 2,000-acre farm near the Delaware Water Gap is devoted entirely to the cultivation of celery.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE BRIGHT SIDE. Nancy has a hopeful way— Bright and sure Nancy. When I cracked the nut to-day, She said in her hopeful way, 'It's only a nut—don't fret, I pray.' So my, glory Nancy!

Nancy has a hopeful way, She said and sweet in Nancy. When I broke the nut to-day, She said in her hopeful way, 'Well, take care, I'm glad to say.' Kindly, merry Nancy!

Nancy has a hopeful way— Quite right, little Nancy. Cuts will crack and break away; Fretting doesn't mend or pay. Do the best you can, I say, Betsy, loving Nancy.

—[Algeron Tassin in St. Nicholas.]

THE HONEY BIRD.

There is a curious little bird, which frequents the haunts of the Bushmen in South Africa. The Bushman's food consists, as is well known, of roots, larvae of ants, beetles and wild honey.

This last he discovers by means of his little honey bird which hangs about his path, coaxing him to the nest in the hollow of a tree, or rook in a rock, and strange to say, it is only after the nest has been pillaged by man, that the bird is willing to eat its share of the feast.

In connection with this fact, a story (told of a Hottentot, who is endeavoring to explain to his country the vocation of a missionary, likened the teacher to "the honey bird which says: 'Come, come,' and conduct us to the sweet treasure."—New York Observer.

"WE ALL FEEL POLITE."

Once upon a time a certain mother noticed a remarkable change in the deportment of her six-year-old son, who from a rough, noisy, disconcerting boy became transformed into one of the gentlest, most courteous and considerate little fellows in the world.

The child was attending the kindergarten, and the mother naturally inferred that to his teacher was due the change she was glad to notice in him.

"Miss Smith teaches you to be polite," she remarked, making what was really an assertion in an interrogative tone.

"No, she never teaches me one bit about it," was the instant and most emphatic reply.

The mother was puzzled, for she was at a loss to account in any other way for so radical a change. A second and third attempt to discover the cause of this condition was attended with a similar result—meretricious denial upon the part of the child of any instruction in the matter of courtesy.

"Well, then, if Miss Smith doesn't say anything, what does she do?" she asked at length, quite desperate in her desire for light upon the matter.

"She doesn't do anything. She just walks around, and we feel polite. We feel just as polite as—every thing!" and the inquiring mother was fully satisfied.—Educational News.

A REMARKABLE TOWN.

In Surinam there is a remarkable town-like creature, the female of which carries the young in a series of cells in the thick skin of the back, which assumes a strange, honeycomb-like appearance. When this lady toad is carrying her nursery about with her she is a very repulsive looking object.

Single handed she would be unable to cope with the important question of placing eggs where they will be most favorably disposed for hatching, and for this she has to rely on the good services of her mate. Soon after the eggs are laid they are taken up by the male and pressed, one by one, into the cells in the thickened skin of his partner's back; there they grow until they fit closely to the hexagonal form of their prisons, each of which is closed above by a kind of trap door.

After a period of some eighty-two days the eggs reach their full development and produce, not tadpoles, but actually perfect little toads. The reason of this is that the tadpoles, which require to breathe the air dissolved in the water by means of their external gills, could not exist in the cells, and, consequently, this stage of development is passed through very rapidly within the egg. In due time the young toads, to the number of 80 or 100, burst upon the lids of their cells, poke out their noses, and make their entrance into the world. The mother toad rubs off the remnants of the cells against any convenient stone or plant stem, and comes out in a brand-new spring outfit.—Knowledge.

The late John J. Brannan, Chief of the New York Fire Department, killed on duty last December, is to be honored by a bronze sculpture portrait to be placed on one of the public buildings.

STUDENTS' DUELS.

Dangerous Pastime at the German Universities.

A Systematic Mutilation of the Human Face.

The duels at Heidelberg are very famous. There is perhaps no university in Germany at which duelling is not practised, but here it is regarded almost as a religious duty. The sons of the rich congregate at Heidelberg, and they are the people who are especially addicted to this form of student pastime in Germany. It is not an exaggeration to say that between twenty and thirty duels take place here every week during the semester, and these nearly all at the Hirschgasse, a little tavern across the river from Heidelberg, which is known and a favorite everywhere as the place of resort for such encounters. It has served in this capacity for a great many years. The signboard points to it. It is mentioned in the guide books and every one knows of it except the university officials and the police. It is not a ten-minute walk from the centre of the town, though it is outside of the city jurisdiction. Thus, however, seems to be a matter of no moment; for some of the clubs for a period last year fought in the town itself, at a tavern directly in the shadow of the old castle.

The Hirschgasse is a sort of cleft in a hillside down which deer used to pass in order to drink at the river-side. The tavern is a characteristic German country drinking resort, on the second story of which is a large hall in which the duels takes place. It is surrounded by stables, a garden and a court.

On the ground floor of this tavern is a restaurant. One of the rooms, besides various pictures of different famous duels, contains three heavy oak tables, the top surfaces of which are carved with the names of students who have earlier patronized the house. Among them are to be found men who today figure prominently in one way or another in the affairs of Germany. Notices are now displayed forbidding any further mutilation, and the incursions have been vanquished over in order that they may be preserved as mementoes for the curious.

In the fighting hall itself are various ornaments, such as steel caps of different colors and sword. A bust statue of the Grand Duke of Baden looks down from a niche at the end of the room, to lend the proceedings constantly a kind of official character. There is in the hall a table full of dainties, such as sandwiches and beer, at which those who attend the fights may refresh themselves at intervals. A side room exists for the use of the surgeons and the stitchers. No attempt is made to conceal the encounters. The hall has a great number of windows, through which, on one side next the hill, men and women also from the town watch the fighting. To this neither those who fight nor the proprietor of the tavern seem to offer any objection.

There are duels here some three or four mornings every week by the numbers of the various fighting clubs, of which Heidelberg has an enormous number. The most aristocratic of them all is the Saxo-Borussia. This club bears cartel relations with the Borussia of Bonn, to which the Hahnenkollerns belong. Five or six duels between various combatants are usually fought on the same morning.

This is all a curious commentary on law and order as they are supposed to exist in Germany. Such machinery for the enforcement of law as is to be found here flourishes in no other land in the world, and yet, for one reason and another, the duel goes on unhindered. By the laws of the empire, without taking into account the penalties prescribed by the lower jurisdictions, there is a most severe punishment for duelling and the challenging to duel. In spite of various attempts to make other interpretations, the student duels have by the Supreme Court of the empire been decided to be duels in the sense of the law. Yet publicly in the Reichstag no longer ago than last winter, an esteemed member of the Kaiser's Ministry declared himself and his Government at issue not only with the laws of the Supreme Court, but with whatever moral feeling there may be in the land against this malevolent form of evil.

That there is a strong feeling against the systematic mutilation of the human face in the universities there can be no doubt, although it is sometimes difficult to discern. Those who are

opposed to it, however, are so far removed from the throng of authority that they cannot make their influence felt. It is one of those abominations, of which there are several in Germany, that there will be no way to afoot until there is established a Government which can rest in some way upon a free and responsible public opinion. Whatever the Government of Germany is today, it is not this.

Dielling is so common at Heidelberg that it is said sometimes by those who do not know their subject that all the students fight. This is, of course not true, though there is relatively a larger proportion engaged at it here than at some other universities. There are surely not more than 300 fighters out of a whole attendance of 1,200. This figure, however may be slightly below the mark.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Mr. Isaacs' Rare Cactus.

That ardent student of floriculture Colonel Alfred Isaacs is not so passionately absorbed in the flora of foreign lands as he used to be. The poppy and the pallid pelargonium are good enough for him, he says. Mr. Isaacs is a Government collector in the office at the foot of Main street.

Along the top of his desk sits a row of alligator pears and some sweet potatoes blooming in bottles of water. The other day this display was impressed by the arrival of a queer-looking plant in an earthen flower pot. A note attached to the plant described it as a Hawaiian cactus and very rare.

In size and shape the Hawaiian cactus resembled a penholder covered with a thin grayish-white foliage. The upper end of the plant was tied to a stick inserted in the soil of the pot. Taken as a whole the cactus was not a promising object, but Mr. Isaacs attended it with loving care. Twice a day he watered it, according to instructions, yet the cactus did not appear to thrive.

"It must be the climate," said Mr. Isaacs.

But the hot weather of the past two days aroused the latent energies of the Hawaiian specimen to a remarkable extent. It began to shed a fragrant round about that made Mr. Isaacs sick and drove sea captains out of the office. The aroma of that imported cactus was simply asphyxiating, so much so that the ragged collector said:

"I am beginning to smell a rat."

Mr. Isaacs was right. He pulled the cactus up by the roots and exposed a rat which should have been buried deeper or thrown overboard two weeks ago. The language he used sounded like special ravings of J. McCallough in the photograph, and now Mr. Isaacs is trying to find out who pulled off a rat's tail as a Hawaiian cactus. He has his suspicions, and will get even before the summer is over.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Linens for Liners.

There are no laundries on board ship; they take up too much room. So the chief steward lays in thousands of pillow slips, sheets and towels. These come on board tied up in bales of a dozen each, and are stored in the linen locker, a cubbyhole of a place, on the main deck; the ventilator pipes from the engine room run through it, and keep it hot.

There is no danger of linen getting mildewed there. The linen which has been used is thrown into another room provided with the same atmosphere, and is kept thoroughly dry. Where there are clean napkins every day, frequent changes of stateroom linen and an everlasting replenishing of towel racks, the demands upon the linen locker are very extensive.

A liner like the New York puts to sea with about nine thousand articles, ten thousand towels, six thousand or seven thousand sheets, eight thousand pillow slips, and about one thousand table-cloths. Most of these find their way to the soiled linen locker or in the course of the voyage. When the vessel arrives they are carried off to a laundry.—Ed. Bits.

Electrified Hotel.

A hotel in Chicago is so heavily charged with electricity that the guests cannot move around without getting a shock that is often painful. It is so bad that when one walks across the room a spark will leap over a space of two inches. The guests have some funny experiences. One man came near getting a gash cut in his face when he went to get shaved, because he was so startled by a spark from the razor. Then another man thought he had stepped on needles when he got into a bathtub. This peculiar condition of the building puzzles the electricians, and some think the whole house will have to be overhauled and revised.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

A Love Song of Summer.

Summer in the fields, my dear, And summer in the skies; But brighter far than sun or star The summer in thine eyes!

Thy laughing eyes, Thy dreaming eyes, With all the love that in them lies!

Summer on the land, my dear, And summer on the sea; And with the flowers and thrilling hours The summer warships there!

Oh, summer love! Wait one rose leaf From my love's lips to me!

—F. L. STANTON, in Atlanta Constitution.

HEMOROUS.

Two wrongs never made half a right.

"Does Van Brier practice law alone?" "No, he has a pal."

Many a cook can spoil the broth without any assistance whatever.

A diamond made of paste is as good as any to the proud owner who dies believing it to be genuine.

This was the tempting notice lately exhibited by a dealer in cheap shirts: "They won't last long at this price!"

A Frankford mother is so particular about her daughter's morals that she allows her to play only upon an upright piano.

"Well," said the monkey to the organ grinder as he sat on the top of the organ, "I'm simply carried away with the music."

Doddlittle is the laziest man on earth. He always sits in a draught when he reads, so that the wind can turn the leaves for him.

"Oh, yes, of course she's pretty, but she knows it so well!" "Well, that's better than being ugly and not knowing it, you know."

"When an 18-year-old girl says her mother won't let her accept an invitation to a party it is certain that the wrong person has asked her to go."

The boy stood on the burning deck And said, "As I'm alive, This weather makes me think of June— In 1895."

"What makes you think he cares for you?" "Why, mamma talked to him for more than an hour last evening, and he really seemed to enjoy it."

"Talk about daylight robbery being the height of imposition," said the man as he shook his fist at the awneter, "it is not in it with daylight robbery." "No."

Alberto I wish it were not the custom to wear the engagement ring only on the third finger of one's left hand. Mother—Santo E. I can't get more than half my engagement rings on at one time.

Rich Aunt—Why do you bring me this grass, Tommy? Tommy—Because I want you to bite it. "Why do you want me to bite it?" "Because I heard you say that when you bite the grass you will get \$10,000."

Teacher—So you can't do a single sum in arithmetic? Now, let me explain it to you. Suppose eight of you have together forty-eight apples, thirty-two peaches and sixteen apples, what would each one of you get? "Cholera morbus," replied little Johnny.

He staggered to the door. "Your refusal," he gasped, "will drive me insane." She laughed mockingly. At the moment she treated his words lightly, but when upon the following day she saw him abroad wearing a pink shirt she was startled and, although her of his fatal remark.—Detroit Tribune.

Death to the Blue Jay.

The California blue jay is to be exterminated, if the object of the sportsmen of the State prevails. The blue jay is a beautiful but destructive bird. It lives mainly on the eggs of other birds, and the sportsmen say, in this way doing much to prevent the propagation of game birds in the State. It is particularly destructive to quail. The Olympic Gun Club of San Francisco is trying to secure the co-operation of all sportsmen in the State in an effort to exterminate the blue jay. One plan suggested is the appointment of "Jay Days," when every one with a gun is to go out and shoot bluejays.—New York Sun.

The Widow of a Famous Exile.

Ismael Pacha, the late Kediye of Egypt, left three widows, one a Georgian princess and the other two Circassians, who live together in the palace of Esena, on the Bay of Naples. They now drive about Naples without their veils, and are fond of shopping and of the theatre.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The owner of a chateau near Rouanne, in France, recently sold his Bonnavais tapestries for the sum of 1,000,000 francs.