Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

$1.50 PER YEAR

Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XVIII. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., SEPTEMBER 26, 1895. NO. 5.

Chatham Record.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion - $1.00
One square, two insertions - 1.50
One square, one month - 2.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Two Kinds of People.

There are two kinds of people on earth today,
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth,
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble or proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bringes each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No, the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go you will find the world's mass
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you the leaner who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE PASTURE KNOLL.

BY ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

It was a dreary afternoon, and the light was waning. A timid ray, struggling through the west window, yet lingered in Nancy Allen's kitchen as the loth to leave her alone. She was standing by the window, anxiously peering out into the growing shadows. A tattered white rag, dipping dismally from one lone cherry tree, was the only visible apology for life.

"Per'aps there'll be a light, yet," she faltered; and she felt a grain of comfort from the wavering hope.

Nancy drew toward herself a chintz-covered rocker; but she did not sit down.

"Reckon I'll see it sooner if I stand;" and there she remained, with one hand on the window-sill, peering out into the gathering gloom.

Occasionally she uttered a piteous little wail, "Poor Sarah!"

Long she stood there motionless, but still no light appeared in the weather-stained cottage on the hill.

"'Tain't no use," she murmured.

Reluctantly she turned away and slowly bent over to straighten out the worn braided rug at her feet.

"I guess she's gone, else there'd be a light. Mary never could bear to stay in the dark. She was always rather timid, ever since she was a little mite."

Nancy's hand trembled perceptibly as she lighted the lamp. She was strangely moved!

"Reckon I don't need any supper; but suppose she should come for me to set up. I should feel sort of faint before mornin'. Per'aps I'd better eat a bite, an' be all ready."

Nancy then went to the cedarway, and got a broken tumbler of currant jelly and two slices of wheat bread. These she placed on one end of the kitchen table—the other end was covered with rags cut into narrow strips for a new rug.

"Presume if I should set up, I'd feel the need of a cup of tea;" and Nancy hastened toward the little closet at the other end of the room, where she kept the remnant of her mother's purple and white china tea-set, the teapot, and the bone-handle knives and forks which she had had when she was married. After the teapot was placed on the stove, Nancy again went to the window and peered out.

"There hain't ore speck of light. Oh, Sarah! an' you won't let me share it with you!" and Nancy sighed sorrowfully, as she sat down alone to eat her scanty meal.

Nancy Allen had eaten alone for two years, ever since her husband was brought home in a half-unconscious state from the accident at Joel Tyler's barn-raising.

Just before he died, he whispered to Nancy, "Bury me over on the pasture knoll. Then I can be in sight of—home. I always wanted to be buried there, it's so peaceful; and I'll—wait—there—for—you—Nancy."

"Yes, William, 'twill be just as you wish; an' you'll be near to Sarah's, too," sobbed Nancy; but her husband didn't hear her answer.

Sarah Wilson and her daughter, Mary, lived up on the hill, opposite the pasture knoll. The Allen land extended some little distance in front of the Wilson farm, on the opposite side of the road. The pasture knoll, a delightfully picturesque spot was just across the road from the Wilson house. The two families had always been the warmest of friends; indeed, they seemed almost as one family.

"What belongs to me, belongs to you," Sarah often declared to Mrs. Allen; while she in turn, always replied: "If I have anything you want, Sarah, an' you don't find me at home, you just walk right in an' get it—you know where the key is."

"I don't see what Nancy Allen can be thinking of, Mary," declared Mrs. Wilson, excitedly, the day after Mr. Allen's death, "to be making a graveyard right in front of our house."

"Why, Mother, you're not afraid" began Mary.

"Afraid! course not," interrupted Mrs. Wilson. "I don't mind it so much for myself, but 'tis the property I'm thinking of. 'Twill spoil the sale of it, an' Nancy Allen knows it! Who'd want to buy a farm with a graveyard right in the front door! If she treats us so, I'll never have nothing more to do with her—never! As though the graveyard where other folks is buried hain't good enough for William Allen."

"Why, Mother," replied Mary, looking up from her dishes; "I don't see as it will make very much difference. We don't want to sell the old place and, if we ever do, nobody who wanted to buy it very much would stand out for a grave on somebody else's farm."

"You don't understand it," sobbed Mrs. Wilson. "We've always been like sisters, and to think that she would hurt my feelings aforepiece. I told her yesterday, when I was setting up there, that the other place was just's good, and she said as calm-like—she knew 'twas hurting my feelings—'Sarah, I must carry out the wishes of the dead.'"

So they had not spoken since the funeral.

Nancy went many times to her old friend's "to reconcile as again," she said to herself, but her knock was never answered. Then Nancy wou'd go down to the pasture knoll and wait, but Sarah never appeared.

It was very lonesome for Nancy living alone in her cheerless home. She often drew up her chair to the window so she could see Sarah's light.

"It's cmo most's though Sarah was here of an evening when I see that light," sighed Nancy to herself. Often she would go to the pasture knoll for company.

"I can be near them both, then," she said, as she trudged wearily up the hill.

On one of her lonely pilgrimages she met a neighbor who had just come from Sarah's.

"Good-morning, Mis' Allen! Going up to see Mary Wilson? She's pretty bad off, no mistake! It comes rather tough on her mother, being all alone."

Nancy replied, half to herself: "An' she didn't let me know."

Drawing her shawl closer around her frail form, she hastened on up the hill. To her timid knock—how strange it seemed not to go right in—the door was opened by Sarah.

"Oh, Sarah, how is Mary?" asked Nancy, anxiously.

"'Bout the same, Mrs. Allen," answered Sarah, shortly, and she was about to close the door.

"Can't I come in an' do something for you? I want to be just the same's we were before. Oh, Sarah—can't we?" and Nancy extended her little mittened hand, tremblingly.

"I don't know's I hanker to be friends with folks that hurt one's feeling a purpose. I can get along well enough;" and Sarah turned abruptly and closed the door, leaving poor Nancy amazed, and almost frightened at her sterness. She slowly started home, but when she reached the pasture knoll she waited a moment. There was no indication of a grave.

"With no stones," concluded Nancy, "it won't seem so hard for Sarah. Oh, William," she sobbed, "would you have minded being buried in the other place, if you had known how Sarah'd feel?"

For a week she anxiously watched the light on the hill, now there was no gleam from the window. Often during the evening, she thought she heard Sarah's step; but it was only the leafless branches of the maples swaying against the rafters. There was a step at last—of a neighbor's lad.

"Mary Wilson's dead, thought you'd want to know."

Longsat Nancy, murmuring: "Poor Sarah!" All at once she started. "Per'aps 'twill reconcile us—if she'd do it!"

Mournfully the clock ticked, while Nancy painfully penned the homely note, so full of love and sympathy.

"Dear Sorrowing Sarah: I just heard 'bout it. If you'd like, you can bury Mary, just's well's not, right on the pasture knoll. It won't seem so hard to you—for she'll be kinder near home. An' you can look out righ where she is. I thought it wouldn't be quite so lonesome for her, being near you—an' William.

"I love you well's ever.

NANCY."

She folded the note with her trembling fingers, then hurried out into the dark. She didn't stop this time at the pasture knoll, but hastened on toward the house opposite. When she reached the front yard she hesitated and whispered brokenly: "If Sarah 'il only do it." Then she noiselessly groped her way to the doorsteps.

"I'll slip it right under the door, an' Sarah'll find it in the morning."

The next afternoon Nancy noticed two men digging on the pasture knoll.

"Sarah'll be reconciled now," she said, eagerly—"Sarah'll be reconciled now!"

But all that day Sarah never appeared, Nancy simply waited.

"She'll come some time," she faltered.

That night after the funeral Nancy felt so lonesome that she started for the pasture knoll. Some one was kneeling by the new made grave. Her head was bowed, and she was talking to herself. Nancy cautiously approached, and knelt down by the other grave, opposite. The dark robed figure remained motionless.

"Nancy was so good, Mary! You don't seem gone now, but only as if you'd stepped out here to rest—and you wont feel lonesome. Oh, Mary, will she forgive me?" and with a sob, Sarah raised her head.

"Nancy," she cried, "can you for"—

"Oh, Sarah!"

And two sad, lonely hearts were reconciled on the pasture knoll.—Independent.

How Forty Miners Did Business.

There were neither courts nor juries in the land; the word of a Californian was the only bond required. Even the wary traders who frequented the coast, when foreign commerce was finally allowed, trusted them freely from one season to the next. An incident illustrating this trait is told by the Aguirre family. Don Jose Aguirre who owned a trading vessel, once had a supercargo a young man who was a stranger to Californian customs. While the ship with cargo, lay in San Pedro harbor, the master being absent, Augustin Machado, a ranchero of considerable wealth in land and herds, but who could neither read nor write went on board to do some purchasing, his carts awaiting him on shore. When he had made his choice and was about leaving his goods conveyed to land, the supercargo asked him for either payment or guaranty. Machado did not at first understand that he he had been distrusted; no such demand had ever before been made of any ranchero, where the buyer offered no money he being credited without hesitation. When at length it dawned upon the Californian, he drew a hair from his beard, and gravely handing it to the young man, said with dignity "Deliver this to Senor Aguirre and tell him it is a hair from the beard of Augustin Machado—you will find it a sufficient guaranty." The supercargo crestfallen, paced the hair in the leaves of his memorandum-book and allowed the goods to be removed. Upon Aguirre's return he was deeply chagrined at the insult that had been offered to his friend.—Overland.

A Surgeon's Composite Snake.

Dr. G. A. Countryman of Mellette, South Dakota, possesses a combination snake. It is half garter and half sand snake, and this peculiar composition was made possible by a surgical operation performed by the doctor. His attention was directed to snakes from observing that when a snake is killed, its tail appears to live until the sun goes down, when life ceases. It is thought by many that this is owing to the nerves, but the doctor was somewhat skeptical on this point. Being a surgeon he dissected several and made some interesting discoveries. He found that in both the sand and garter snakes the spinal column extended little more than half the length of the body. Knowing that it was possible to graft flesh, this led him to chloroform them and try splicing them, making the splice of course below the end of the spinal column.

He made four unsuccessful attempts but succeeded in the fifth. The grafted snake he has now is apparently in good health and the joined parts are perfectly knitted together. Its body is of the sand snake and its tail is a garter snake's. The sand snake is spotted and looks exactly like a rattlesnake, while the garter snake is striped and its color is of the different shades of green and yellow. Both of these varieties of snakes are harmless and common throughout the state.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

I AM THE FAMILY CAT.

I can close up my claws
In my soft velvet paws,
And purr in the sun
Till the short day is done—
For I am the family cat.

I can doze by the hour
In the vine-covered bower,
Winking and blinking
Through sunshine and showers,
For I am the family cat.

From the gooseberry bush,
Or where bright currants blush,
I may suddenly spring
For a bird on the wing,
Or dart up a tree,
If a brown nest I see,
And select a chicken or two
For dinner or tea,
And no one to blame me,
Berate or shame me
For I am the fancy cat.

In the cold winter night
When the ground is all white,
And the icicles shine
In a long silver line,
I may not to shiver
In the moonbeam's gray quiver,
But curl up in the house
As snug as a mouse,
And play Jack Horner
In the driest corner,
Breaking nobody's toys,
With my claws in my paws,
Asleep with one eye, and awake with the other,
For pats from the children, kind words from the mother
For I am the family cat.

OLIVE DAVIS ALLEN.

A SNAIL'S MOUTH.

Snails are such unpleasant creatures to handle that the amateur naturalist usually passes them by in disgusted silence, but they are interesting as well as harmless and will repay close observation.

In one particular alone the snail is wonderful animal, and that is his mouth. It is fortunate for mankind that no large will animal is similarly constructed.

The mouth of the snail is armed with a very formidable instrument in the shape of a remarkable saw-like tongue. Probably you have, at some time or other, noticed how cleanly cut are the edges of a leaf at mess which a snail has been feeding himself. It is difficult to imagine how such a soft and flabby-looking animal can have made such clean incisions. But with an examination of the cutting instrument concealed in his mouth, wonder on this score vanishes.

It resembles a long, narrow ribbon, coiled in such a manner that only a small portion of it is called into use. Thickly distributed over the entire surface of this ribbon are an immense number of excessively sharp little teeth, designed in a manner which admirably adapts them to the purpose for which they were intended.

The quantity of these teeth is incredible—one species, for instance, has been indisputably proved to possess as many as thirty thousand of them. The reason for their disposition on a coiled, ribbon-like surface lies in the fact that by use they become worn away.

As this happens the ribbon is uncoiled and the teeth which before were wrapped up in it at the back of the snail's mouth, come forward to take the place of those which have served their turn. The upper part of the mouth consists of a horny surface against which the sharp-toothed tongue works.

A leaf which is to be operated upon is caught between the two and subjected to a regular file-like rasping on the part of the tongue. So effective an instrument does this form that the tough leaves of the lily may often be found to be entirely rasped off by it.—Detroit Free Press.

Gutta Percha from Leaves.

There is now a prospect that the supply of gutta percha will become permanent. The old native method of cutting down a tree, to get the gum, and thus killing the goose that laid the golden eggs, is given place to that of plucking the leaves and extracting the gum from them. This plan has been put in practice by Mr. Hurant, at Sarawak, with success. The gum from the leaves is not only purer, but there is more of it. An adult tree of twenty-five to thirty years' growth only yields one catty of gum when the tree is sacrificed, whereas two pluckings of the leaf yield as much without injuring the tree. Moreover, the saplings from the roots of trees already cut down are useful in yielding leaves.—New York Telegram.

The Youngest Grandmother.

A claimant for the honor of being the youngest grandmother in America is Mrs. John W. Pierce, of Boston, whose age is twenty eight. She was married at the age of fourteen years and her daughter became a wife when only twelve years old.

CRAB RANCHES.

An Important Industry on Chesapeake Bay Shores.

The Meat Now Packed in Cans For Winter Use.

Crab ranches are among the institutions along Chesapeake Bay, especially on the eastern shore of Maryland. They raise soft-shell crabs, and do not cultivate hard-shell crabs to any extent. In connection with the ranches there are canneries, which pack crab meat into cans for use during the winter. The ranches have done much toward bringing the price of soft-shell crabs down, although often the price depends upon the weather. Before the advent of crab ranches the price of soft crabs ranged from $1 to $1.50 a dozen, while now often they can be bought for thirty cents a dozen.

The ranches constitute an important industry. In the neighborhood of Crisfield, Md., alone, more than 1,200 men are employed in the crab business, and from May to October their catch will average 5,000,000 soft-shell crabs. The value of the industry to the fishermen is more than $100,000 annually. Deal Island is a rival of Crisfield and ships about 50,000 soft crabs weekly to Baltimore, which is the distributing point. Very few of the soft crab fishermen hunt for hard crabs, for there is very little profit in them. Baltimore is the distributing point, but New York is the best customer.

Very little capital is needed to start a crab ranch. The main trouble is watching the crabs. The ranches are situated along the water and a place is made in the bank to form an artificial bay. This bay is about three feet deep and is shut off from the main water by heavy wire netting. When a man starts a ranch, which is early in the spring, he catches a lot of hard-shell crabs. These are fed regularly on meat, clams, oysters, etc., and great care is taken of them while they are shedding their hard coats.

Each section of the bay has to be visited every two hours day and night to take the soft crabs from among the hard ones, and this is the most difficult part of contracting crabs. To get the crabs, men wearing high boots wade in among many thousand crabs, sorting them over until all the soft ones are picked out. If this work was not done regularly every two hours the hard crabs would eat the soft ones. Sometimes the man will get only half a dozen crabs, and two hours later may go back and pick out a hundred or two. Every day as hard-shell crabs are caught and placed in the ranch to wait their turn to be canned. At the end of the season all the crabs are taken out of the ranch, and, after being boiled, are picked and sold to the canners.

The value of the soft crab to the epicure depends entirely upon the shortness of the time which it has been out of the hard-shell. The new shells begin to grow at once, and every hour thereafter detracts from the soft crab's value. When the crab is preparing to moult and its shell is loosening it is known as a peeler, a long comer, or a shed comer. When its shell has begun to crack it is called a shedder stage it is a highly prized by fishermen as bait. When it has reached the shedder stage, if it is not in a ranch, it seeks a shallow inlet or shore where there is plenty of grass, crawls out of its shell, and remains in heat and trembling. One of its brethren in the early stage of a hard shell happening along would promptly devour it. This is what the crab ranches prevent.—New York Sun.

How He Made an Impression.

They sat at his favorite table in an uptown restaurant. Both were dressed in the height of fashion.

The attention of the other guests in the dining room had been attracted to the couple by the evident anxiety of the young man to make a favorable impression on his fair companion. He gave orders to the waiter with an air of self-styled superiority, and his tone of voice was warranted to reach the ears of all present.

As the courses progressed the time for serving dessert came. The young woman was heard to confess a weakness for huckleberry pie.

"Ah!" exclaimed the youth, "so funny, you know. I, too, am passionately fond of huckleberry pie. I have it almost every day that I am here."

"I say, waiter," he called at the same time snapping his fingers above the table. "Bring me two portions of huckleberry pie."

The waiter executed the order with due haste, and as he set the plates upon the table the final act of the little drama that was being enjoyed by the persons at other nearby tables began. The young woman frowned, then blushed, and leaning over complained to the young man in a stage whisper that the powdered sugar had been omitted.

"How stupid," he cried as he beckoned the waiter again. "Brooks," he said to that functionary, "what is it that I always order with huckleberry pie, and which you invariably forget?"

"I know, sir," replied the waiter after a moment's hesitation.

"Go at once then," continued the youth, "and bring it to Miss—."

By this time several new arrivals who had come in just in time to hear the last part of the conversation joined the rest of the audience in watching the couple. Everybody waited impatiently for the waiter's return.

In a few seconds he came back fearfully, and walking to the young woman's side laid beside her plate—a sauce!

The young man's face was a study in chromatics of high tints as he saw the expression of suppressed laughter on all hand. He hastily paid the bill and left with his fair companion, who showed by her countenance that he had evidently made a lasting impression.—New York Sun.

Co-Operation in Fighting Pests.

Michigan is the first State to enact a compulsory spraying law, we believe, but it remains to be seen to what extent it will be enforced. The statute provides that owners or occupiers of fruit trees and vines shall spray the same with appropriate insecticides and fungicides under penalty of a fine not exceeding $50, or imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding sixty days or both. Upon the petition of ten freeholders, the township board or selectmen shall appoint three commissioners whose duty it shall be to notify farmers of the presence of insects or fungous pests in their orchards or vineyards, and upon their failure to spray same, the commission shall do the work for them at the expense of the township which may recover the costs from the owner. The provisions of the law are not to apply to yellows in peaches, which is in charge of a separate commission that has done effective work. This new law is certainly strong enough and ought to amount to something. Some enterprising township might well go a step further and have this entire work of spraying done by a been agent at a fixed charge, relating at the close of the season any profit above expenses. By this co-operative method the work would be done more cheaply and effectively than by the average individual, such a result being to the advantage of all concerned.—American Agriculturist.

Business Gregariousness.

A novel development of the tendency to concentration which concentrates specific lines of business in certain districts and the offices of specific branches of commercial interests in certain buildings is noted in San Francisco, where a fine building is being erected which is to be devoted exclusively to offices for doctors, dentists, oculists and aurists. It will not be merely an aggregation of offices but will be uniquely fitted with every necessary and convenience for the use of the specialists who are expected to occupy it. In addition to the suites of offices, each planned with full regard to light and ventilation, with reception rooms and cabinets for private examinations and house-to-house tests, there will be an operating room and one of the finest medical libraries on the Pacific coast. There will be a restaurant and some apartments in an annex, and in every way the building is intended to offer to the specialists expected to occupy it every aid to their practice. Already many of the offices are engaged.—New York Sun.

The Torpedo Fish.

At the last meeting of the Academy of Science, Professor D'Arsonval, of the College de France, read an interesting paper on a series of experiments which he made lately with the torpedo fish. A fish thirty cent in diameter could give out a shock of twenty volts. Professor D'Arsonval applied some small electric lamps to the fish and they were lit by the discharge from its body. In some instances the discharge was so powerful as to exhaustion the lamps.

The electric current generated by the torpedo fish is sufficiently powerful to kill small fish coming in contact with it. The electric discharge can even go as high as 120 volts.—Scientific American.

The Nearer View.

What though I see not the end
This little pathway of my days,
The light of clouds that over it bend,
Its junctions with a thousand ways?

What though I cannot surely tell
Where leads the golden turn of fate?
What dream can I may analize well?
What burning lips are coming too late?

Enough, if to my watchful eye
Appears one thing I ought to do;
And—content with serving I
Walk step by step the journey through.

—American Agriculturist.

HUMOROUS.

"Aren't you afraid that friend of yours will get drowned?" "No. He's all right. He can't swim."

The fisherman who lies in wait for a trout and finally gets it, is apt to lie in wright for many moons.

The cynic is one who says we gain our victories through good luck, and come to grief on our merits.

"Dolores we miss you lots. You hasn't been to the club since your wife died." "Well, don't worry. I shall marry again."

A Swedish musician plays the piano with his hands behind him. It sounds so badly that we suppose he's afraid to face the music.

Languid Stranger—Have I got time to catch the train? Smart Policeman—You may have the time, but you don't seem to have the speed.

The sufferer—Do you think it would relieve my toothache if I should hold a little liquor in my mouth? His Wife—It might, if you could do it.

Cary—Why was it, I wonder, my poor husband never said anything to me about remarrying? Anna—Probably you were not the person he wanted to wed.

Dusty Duke—Say Rogers, do you believe in old cold water? Weld says: "It's a poor rule dat won't work both ways?" Restful Rogers decisively—Naw! It's a poor rule to work at all.

The path of prosodic virtue must pursue
Experience shows it such days
The easiest man for a large interview
Is the man who has nothing to say.

"Ah," said the jovial friend of the man with the valise, "going for a little rest, are you?" "No," was the reply, with a hurried glance at the table, "I'm going away on my vacation."

The Summer Girl—Oh, I love to hear you read your poems. It makes me realize how brave you are. The Poet—Brave? Girl—Yes, brave; you said you took them yourself to the publishers.

Magistrate—Prisoner, what do you do for a living. Burglar from Boston—Your honor will pardon me if I seem to take undue liberties, but your honor's grammar is much at fault. What can never be a synonym for whom.

Husband—We must be more economical in the use of coal. Wife (a Vassar graduate)—There are untold billions of tons of coal just beneath the earth's surface, and— Husband—and one or two big corporations just above.

Landowner, to party fishing in the stream—Hello, there! Don't you see that sign "No fishing here?" Angler—Yes, sir, I see it. Landowner—Fine fishing here! just look at that string, holding up a dozen big fellows! Beauties, aint they? The chap that stuck up that sign didn't know what he was talking about.

The Great Natural "Blow Hole."

One of the great natural curiosities of the world is the great "blow hole" on the Australian coast near Kiama, New South Wales. It is situated in the middle of a rocky headland running out into the sea, forming a truly wonderful sight. With each successive breaker the ocean spray is seen shooting up into the air, sometimes as high as from 300 to 400 feet, descending in a drenching shower, and accompanied by a roaring noise as of distant thunder, which can be heard for many miles around. This "blow hole" is a singular and phenomenon, and consists of a perpendicular hole, nearly circular, with a diameter of about ten yards across, and has the appearance of being the crater of an extinct volcano. This is connected with the ocean by a cave about a hundred yards in length, the seaward opening of which is in all respects similar to St. Fingal's cave, on the west coast of Scotland, the same perpendicular basaltic columns forming the side walls of each. Into this cave towering waves rush during stormy weather, and, as the cave extends some distance further into the rock than the "blow hole," on the entrance of compressed air, which, when the tension becomes too great, blows the water with stupendous force up the perpendicular opening.—New Orleans Picayune.