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RATES OF ADVERTISING

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Wheat and Clover. On one side slept the clover, On one side sprang the wheat, And I, like a lazy lover, Know not which seemed more sweet - The red caps of the clover Or the green gowns of the wheat.

Miss Jefferson's Lodger.

The clock had just struck 9. Hugh Dyson and his friend Mr. Carhart were enjoying a snug little bachelor tete-a-tete by the light of the shaded gas-burner. They were a curious pair; similar, and yet not alike; fond of one another's society and yet constituted very differently.

"Then you're really determined to make a change in your quarters," observed the other as he listlessly turned over the most leaves of a newly arrived magazine.

"I can't stand it," said Dyson, ruefully. "I'm the only old bachelor in the whole house, and everybody preys on me. The girls make me buy their concert tickets, the men borrow money of me, and the neighbors regularly victimize me with their babies and their errands. And that isn't the worst of it, old boy. I could endure all that with an old grinner like me, but when it comes to entomological specimens in the jelly and a mouse's leg in the mince pie -"

"Nonsense!" "It's a fact, I tell you. No, I shall pull up stakes."

"Why don't you get married?" "Why don't I go to heaven? One event is about as profitable as the other!" "No; but really, you're just the sort of person to enjoy a bright heartstone and a pretty wife of your own. Did you never think of it?"

"Why, yes, I have thought of it. I was in love once and engaged to be married." "You?" "Yes. Seems rather improbable, don't it, but nevertheless it is true."

"Who was she?" "A little black-eyed divinity, with cheeks like two peaches, and hair that wasn't so much black as it was purple. Native state, Connecticut; age, 18; name, Jamie; surname - well, as long as it didn't become Dyson, it is not a matter of much importance. Cause of misunderstanding, a tall fellow by the name of Parker. Don't know what became of either of 'em, and don't care! Now, you've heard of about it, and I hope you feel better. Look here - see what a lot of advertisements about Madeira board for unexceptionable parties? Pre- out out of the papers! I say, Selwyn, I wish you'd cut that old hotel, and come and room with me. You won't. Very well, then."

I mean - I will take these rooms. I'll send my trunks immediately. But, mind, I only come here on one condition. I don't want to be bothered."

"Disturb'd, annoyed, asked questions about, meddled with. There's my card. Give it to your mistress and tell her I'm to be let alone."

And Dyson went away, congratulating himself on having found such a easy little refugium. The table was as neat as the rooms, the attendance prompt and sedulous, the other boarders not addicted up parently to prying, and, best of all, the landlady never made her appearance. Up to this period in Hugh Dyson's experience, the world had had been synonymous with a sort of private detective, a gossip, a harpy, and this new state of things was infinitely satisfactory.

"It's too good to last," sighed he. "Something will happen. The house will be burned down, or Miss Jefferson will have a fit of apoplexy. If she's that fat old lady, in black I saw tramping down the basement stairs yesterday, she's exactly the sort of subject for a good, burning stroke. And really that would be a public loss, for she's the only boarding-house keeper I ever knew who had the proper idea of the desecrating for lobster salad. And her confectionery tarts - they're just sublime!"

His surprise proved to be correct. Something did happen, although it was not exactly what he had apprehended. Dyson himself fell sick.

"It's nothing," he said, when Carhart advised him to call for a doctor. "I'll get the S-s-s-s girl to brew me a jug of tea, and I'll go to bed early, that'll set me all right."

Through the delirium that was gathering over his brain, Dyson caught here and there a concrete sentence of the doctor's talk at his bedside.

"You see," said Dr. Fane, solemnly "it's very sickly just now through the city, and it is almost impossible to obtain a good nurse at any price. I don't know of a single professional who is disengaged."

"But I should think there might be enough for one if you pay them well," suggested Carhart.

Dr. Fane shook his head. "Epidemic fever is a cruel disease," "Yes; but in the name of Christian charity is -"

"Can it be possible that she keeps the house?" thought Carhart; and then, as Miss Jefferson's casually apert eyes met his eyes, he colored and looked down.

Six weeks afterwards Dyson sat up for the first time in a pillowed arm-chair by the open window, where the sunshine spun glistening webs of brightness, and Miss Jefferson herself brought a tiny footstool to place under his feet.

"That's right, Jamie; now come and sit down by me," he said, smiling, as he met the wistful sparkle of her eyes. "My dear little nurse, how shall I ever thank you for the devotion you have shown?"

"I do not wish to be thanked," "But you can help yourself, my dear. Married women can't expect to have their own way - and you're to be married to me a week from Tuesday."

"Oh, Hugh, not so soon!" "Yes, exactly so soon. I have been deprived of you too long already. I can't afford to wait any longer. Jamie what a curious story our lives would make. It seems so strange that I should come here to board, where you were struggling to earn your bread, and never knew whether I had been directed by fate. And you know it all the while, and hid away until death came to my bedside; and then you gave him bottle, like a heroine as you are."

Jamie Jefferson's eyes filled with tears as she hid her face on her lover's shoulder. Perhaps she was thinking of the deadly warfare she had waged with the destroyer - perhaps they were tears of happiness. For Jamie was very happy, and so was Hugh Dyson. - New York News.

Carrier-Pigeons. De Witt C. Lockwood writes for St. Nicholas an article describing the mail service by carrier-pigeons established between Los Angeles and Santa Catalina, Cal. He says:

The message, when sent by the Catalina carriers, is always written on sheets of tissue paper four inches wide and ten inches long. Four of these slips will contain enough written matter to fill a column or more of an ordinary daily paper, by which it will be seen that the birds can carry a very considerable amount of correspondence. It may be interesting to know that during the Franco-German war, when large numbers of carrier-pigeons were employed with great success, the messages were printed by microphotography on fine, waterproof films, by which method an almost incredible amount of correspondence could be forwarded by a single bird. According to a French newspaper, nearly two million dispatches were carried by pigeons during the siege. The birds were taken out of Paris in balloons.

There are various methods of attaching the message. After folding the written slips together lengthwise in the middle, then over and over three or four times, the whole may be rolled up tightly into a drum-shaped pellet, secured with bits of twine, and then tied to the bird's leg; or else the narrow folded slips may be wound round and round the leg, exactly as you would apply a bandage to a sore finger. Sometimes the message is attached to the wing or tail feathers, or fastened about the body of the bird, but not always with the best results.

The well-known figure, on certain valentines, of a huge envelope with "Love to Thee" inscribed thereon, the whole tied about the neck of a dove with a yard or more, apparently, of pink-blue ribbon, is undoubtedly responsible for the prevailing belief that this method is the one generally employed. It was no uncommon thing to have a man rush into the office with a yellow envelope, duly sealed and addressed, almost as large as the pigeon itself, expecting the girl to carry it (in his book, probably) across the street. After a few experiences of this kind, the boys were not at all surprised when somebody wanted to know if he could get a bird to take over an umbrella for him.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

TAKING A FLY. I built a wall to hold it, My garden growing gay, Of heavy stone I built it, To keep all harm away. So tall, you could not reach it On top, bench or chair; So smooth no foot could scale it By climbing, anywhere.

And yet, with all my efforts To hold my garden small, One sunny fellow ventures To peep across the wall. By slow and careful climbing The top was reached and he, My neighbor's Morning glory, Nod'd brightly down at me!

QUICK WIT. A comedian in a French theatre once made a great hit out of a painful accident. One day, while indulging in a bit of horse-play on the stage, he hit his head violently, entirely an accident, against one of the pillars of the scene on the stage. On hearing the third everybody uttered a cry, "No great harm done," said the comedian. "Just hand me a napkin, a glass of water, and a salt-cellar."

These were brought, and he sat down, folded the napkin in the form of a bandage, dipped it in the glass, and emptied the salt-cellar on the wet part. Having thus prepared a compress according to prescription, and when every one expected he would apply it to his forehead, he gravely rose and tied it round the pillar. The effect of his action was such that every one set him down as the readiest and wittiest man in his profession.

THE KING OF BIRDS.

This is the name which is given to the eagle, a bird that has been looked upon since ancient times as emblematic of might and courage, for it is much stronger than other birds, and the elevation and swiftness of its flight are wonderful. Its home is usually located in some spot where the surrounding scenery is of the wildest and most beautiful in nature, and a rocky cliff or shelving precipice is the place it selects on which to build its nests. This is simply made of twigs and a few sticks, and in it the eggs are laid and the young eaglets nurtured until they are of sufficient size and strength to take care of themselves, when they in their turn, make other homes and raise other broods. The eye of the eagle is famed for its keenness, and the distance at which its piercing sight can distinguish an object is wonderful. Eagles are also remarkable for length of life, for it is known that some of them have attained the great age of 100 years, and even more.

The true eagle is known at once by the tarsi, or feet, which are feathered down to the toes, thus distinguishing it from birds called terns, for the latter more properly belong to the falcons, although the name eagle is also given them. One of the best specimens of the eagle family is the golden eagle, which is of large size, measuring when the wings are spread, eight feet from tip to tip. It is of a dark brown color, some parts almost black, the head and neck being covered with pointed golden red feathers. The golden eagle is found in almost the entire northern hemisphere, and is the largest species. Many stories are told of eagles carrying to their nests lambent small animals of various kinds. They have also been known to carry off young children whose rescue from the dreadful fate which threatened seemed miraculous. The eagle is of historic fame, for it was the standard of the old Romans; it has been used in heraldry for ages past indicating magnanimity and fortitude, and is the chosen emblem of the United States of America. The white-headed, or bald-headed eagle, which is our national symbol belongs to the family of eagles, and is also called the sea eagle.

The principal coloring of this bird is dark brown, but the head, neck, breast and tail are white. It usually makes its home near the sea coast, or beside some lake or river, and its favorite food is fish, although it is known to carry off young fawns, hares and other small animals, and to feed on various aquatic birds. The flight of these eagles is exceedingly graceful and majestic and it is a beautiful sight to see them soaring and circling through the air. The osprey may also be termed an eagle of the sea, for beside it he makes his home, and the fish he catches from its waters are his food.

Besides those which have already been described are the owl eagle, the hawk eagle, the marsh eagle and many others. There is much that is bold, grand and stately about the eagle, and he is such a fearless, powerful creature that the title King of Birds seems a most appropriate one. - Detroit Free Press.

A TRUSTY ANIMAL.

Few Horses Are Vicious and Tricky by Nature.

The Fractious Ones Made so by Human Influence.

The man who, in one of the papers, has protested against the agitation of overhead checks, blinders, etc., on horses, on the ground that such guards are needed because "there never was a horse that would not play a mean trick on a man if he could," has simply made an exhibition of his ignorance of horses. There are some of us who fancy that we know horses pretty well, and who have the absolute knowledge of experience, to sustain us in the opinion that not only is a tricky horse a rare thing, but that it is in ninety-nine cases, out of a hundred, the product of abuse. A thoroughly practical "horse man" once told the writer that "a fractious horse was always made by a fractious man." The writer himself had the advantage, all through his youth, of daily and constant association with horses. Every day of his life he rode or drove horses, almost from infancy. They were of several generations and of all sorts. There were sometimes six or eight in the paternal stable, and in all these years there was but one horse which by any stretching of terms could be called "tricky," and there were extenuating circumstances in his case. The nature of the horse, as every real and intelligent student of the horse knows, is essentially honest, open and confident. It is unrivaled among animals in this characteristic, except by certain breeds of dogs. Even the honest ox is capable of a kick or a thrust of the horn (generally the result of ignorance or want of intelligence rather than design) at unexpected moments, but the horse has no natural propensity to any form of treachery. The always well treated and trained horse may be deposed to a kick.

Nevertheless, the horse is very apt to reflect the character of the people he lives with or has lived with. It is safe to wager that a vast majority of cases of trickiness in horses could be traced to human influence - the history of the horses could only be known.

Perhaps a good deal of the writer's personal love for horses is traceable back to a single incident of his early childhood. At the age of six he once mounted old Roy, the term "old" at that time being one of endorsement, for the mare was not so old as the boy, to ride to a neighbor's. The mare was fat and sleek; so was the boy; her back was so round that her spine was a little hollow instead of a projection. On that glossy round back was no saddle, not even a blanket. The little fat boy's short legs simply stuck out into the air on either side. The greater part of the journey had been uneventful and the boy and mare were returning homeward, when, in going down a slope, Roy inadvertently began to trot, and the boy, having no kind of anchorage, began to slide forward upon the mare's neck. Upon that he let go of the bridle, hugged the neck, and screamed. Not knowing quite what this performance meant, Roy continued to trot placidly down the hill and the boy continued to slide. Doubtless she thought it was some new kind of boy's play. At last he slid clear over her head, and rolled up on the ground. The mare must have eased the fall for him by ducking her head slowly, and she certainly kept her feet entirely clear of him. He simply rolled into the ditch by the side of the road, quite unharmed, but bushing homeward lustily.

A New Variety of Bear.

The existence in Alaska of a hitherto unclassified bear, either a distinct species or a new variety of the black bear, is reported in Science by Mr. W. H. Dall. It is of moderate size, but known to exceed six feet in length as measured by the skins, and to slay and to live longer than the black bear of the houses. It is of the same region. The general color resembles that of the silver fox. No tail is visible on the pelt, and its claws are small and adapted for climbing trees. Its home is near the St. Elias glaciers. Another interesting animal, resembling the mountain sheep, is said by the Indians to live on the higher mountains of the northwest, and Lieutenant G. T. Emmons, United States Navy, is believed to credit the report. - Fort Worth American.

Care of Lepers in India.

The twentieth annual report of the Mission to Lepers in India and the East states that the society has now the cooperation of the necessities of fifteen different countries. It has opened seventeen asylums; eight homes have been established for the reception of the children of lepers, and it has stations in thirty-three districts in India, Burmah, and Ceylon. The mission has also done good service in a number of other institutions. Every effort is made to induce these poor people to embrace the Christian faith, but the ministrations of the mission officers are expended primarily on all. - London News.

Traveling Instalment Dealers.

Dealers in furniture on the instalment plan have been wondering of late why it was that their sales were not so heavy, as usual, at this season, and the other day one of them made a discovery, which he declares, explains the mystery. He was walking through one of the tenement districts, when he came upon a great display of furniture and small household wares piled upon the sidewalks against a fence overlooking a vacant lot. Two large furniture wagons stood close by, and a man who seemed to be in charge held earnest conversations with a lot of sharp-looking young men who were constantly coming and going.

Occasionally one of these sharp young men would bring a home-unity with him, who would look over the stock and order from it what she needed to replenish her household furniture. They are under no expense for cost of showrooms and warehouses, but buy from the manufacturers at the same rates as the regular dealers. Their saleroom is the vacant lot or street corner where they meet for the day, and their salesmen make a home to home canvass, advertising the low prices of their wares and drawing attention to the fact that they can do cheaper than the regular dealers because of their smaller expenses. They do business on the regular plan of the instalment dealers, and the man in charge of the wagon is usually a stowaway, who prepares the necessary papers. - New York Herald.

Berlin's Famous Avenue.

The famous street in Berlin, known as Unter den Linden, is a mile long and 200 feet wide. In the center is a promenade, with carriage drives on either side and a road bed reserved especially for equine traffic. This famous boulevard is lined by beautiful palaces, large hotels, public buildings, universities and museums. The rows of trees in the center are composed of chestnuts, linden, birch, maple and alder, whose varied foliage stands in beautiful contrast with the buildings that line the street. At the southern extremity of the boulevard is the celebrated Brandenburger gate, a triumphal arch, surmounted by a beautiful group of figures, which Napoleon carried off to Paris in 1806, but which was brought back by the Prussians when Paris was captured by the Allies in 1814. The arch, nearly 200 feet high, spans five distinct carriage drives. At the other end of the street are situated the national gallery, the royal museum, the new museum, the royal library and the old palace in which Frederick the Great was born. In an open square in the center of the great avenue, facing the Emperor's palace, is a bronze equestrian statue of the Emperor. The Brandenburg gate at the southern terminus leads into the Tiergarten, a park nearly two miles long by one mile wide, filled with magnificent trees, small lakes and ponds. The park is situated part of the park - that which is most distant from the city.

The Four Voices.

By water Brown Boud, who is said to have seen Of white and summers some thirty-and-seven, Tripped lightly Gold Tresses, of sweet seven-teen,

"How pleasant the evening breeze that stir The rustling leaves, as the woods grow dim?" Such almost words spoke his lips to her; But his heart was muttering low to him: "Oh, that the summer of life were spring! Oh, to have found her long summer ago! But yet too late! Would this sweet young thing Give the hope of her youth to a N. Y. M.?"

MEMOROUS.

A man's best friend is very seldom his neighbor. The flagman at the railroad crossing waves responsibility for his company. "Papa, do lawyers tell the truth?" "Certainly my boy, they will do anything to win their case."

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

"He - Will you marry my money? She - You forget yourself, sir. He - Oh, no, I don't. I'll throw myself in to bid the bargain.

Adolphus (fingerling his only ten-cent piece) - See cream is becoming more and more deadly every day, Imogene (posthumously) - Let us die together.

Young lady (on the grand stand) - The napier calls a fool, but I don't even own a feather. Her Esort - But you must remember that this is a pickled ton.

"Green or black tea, miss?" inquired the shopman in a sort of meditative, bedside manner. "I don't think it matters," said the girl; "tea-sau is color blind."

"There are only two important epochs in a woman's life," said the observant bachelor. "Name them," replied Miss Giddy. "Before she is married and after."

Yahzee - Did you carry out your threat of telling Sammelson what you thought of him? Midge - No. The telephone girl said she positively could not stand one's luncheon.

"Is this where you vote?" asked an Ohio voter in an election office. "Yes, mamma." "Then please out of compliance with all the tickets, and I'll take 'em home, and see which I like best."

Mistress (to her scandalous) - Is it possible, Giddy, you are looking broad without having washed your head? New Girl - Yes, what's the difference, mamma? It's brown bread.

Mr. Hullo! Where's that "Bag of Etiquette and Complete Letter Writer"? Mrs. H. - What do you want for? Mr. H. - I want to write to the grocer to tell him I can't pay him.