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., OCTOBER 17, 1895. NO. 8.

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.

The Burden.

I writhed beneath my burden, fumed and groaned.
My burden, that had felt and heard me, moaned:
"You do not know what misery is, nor what
The bitterest part is of our common lot.
The strength I load in you with my loath weight,
My weakness would so gladly own its fate.
Think, once, how much more dreadful it must be
To be the burden than bear it, and pity me."
—WM. D. HOWELLS, in Harper's.

The Survival of the Fittest.

BY WILLIAM A. TAAFE.

Dragging itself westward across the dreary plains of Utah, the overland train, from a vantage point in the sky, looked like a small horse-hair snake crawling over the earth's surface. The earth—almost the air—was white with the heat of the summer sun. All was vastness, immensity, silence, loneliness; above, the flawless blue; below, those seemingly illimitable plains of reddish yellow, streaked with alkali white, that swam back and forth before the eyes in parallel lines until far off they melted into a long, low stretch of shivering light, the mocking water mirage at the base of the mountain range hundreds of miles away. Encompassed within that horizon there was no thing of life except within that desultory moving train.

Stocked in the emigrant or third-class car of the train was a crowd of tired, miserable and dirty people. They looked out listlessly at the passing landscape, or stupidly at each other, or twisted themselves into all sorts of uncomfortable positions on the hard wooden seats in vain efforts to secure a little sleep. Perhaps the most unprepossessing of them all was a dark-featured, roughly dressed man. Beside him was a very little girl in a blue dress. His lowering, repellent face had a scowl upon it which suggested the convict or the desperado, but he was neither. The scowl and the unconscious sneer about his ugly mouth were born simply of a long and thoroughly fruitless struggle with misfortune.

Although pretty, it was easily to be seen that the little girl was his child. She was the solitary ray of sunshine in that railway steerage. Even the dull faces of the people in the car took on an expression of tenderness when they looked at her, for she had cheered them during the last three weary days with her joyous laughter and merry play. Just now she was lying asleep on the breast of the ill-favored looking man, one chubby hand pressed against his rough, unshaven cheek. It was unnecessary to ask if the child had a mother.

She was a momentous factor in a mighty problem to the man whose arm was about her and whose knit brows and troubled face showed how hard it was he studied it. A crazy letter had come to him across the continent, and he had left the tenements of New York to try and reach the golden land of California. He had started with hardly sufficient money to take himself and child more than half the distance, but he had a confused sort of an idea that he would in some way reach his destination. Better it was, at all events, than to remain in the noisome Hester street den, where, without work or the prospect of any, his little sum of money would soon be gone.

The station to which his scanty purse had enabled him to buy a ticket for himself and child had been passed hours before and he was wondering how soon the conductor of the train would discover the shameless imposition he was practicing upon the railway company. He had not much longer to wait, for presently the autocrat of the train, in a hurried passage through the car, stopped suddenly before him and glanced at the check in his hat:

"Hello! Where are you going?"

The man looked up in what was intended as an humble, respectful and piteous appeal, but his lip curled up over his teeth, like that of a harried dog. He could not help it. His voice was mild enough, though, as he said:

"I am going to California, sir, with my little girl."

"The man's looks seemed to irritate the not too even temper of the railway official:

"You are, eh? Well, where's your ticket for the rest of the way?"

"If you would please let me go through the train with my little girl," replied the unfortunate one, faltering, "I think I could raise the money."

The baby girl was now wide awake, her big, round dark eyes fixed wonderingly on the conductor.

"Go through the train? Not much. Third class passengers stay in this car. You get off at the next station," said the conductor in a voice of fierce warning as he passed on.

The man looked despairingly around at his fellow passengers. There was a glimmering of sympathy and pity for him in some of their woe-begone faces, but there was little money in their pockets even if they desired to help him.

In about an hour the conductor came into the car again and gave the bell-rope a vicious pull. The engine responded with two short whistles, and gradually the train slackened its speed and stopped.

"Come, now, you get off here," said the conductor, roughly: "we're behind time already, and you want to hurry up about it."

Again the man's lips curled in an ugly way, but he made no answer, except to gather up the few paper bundles of bread and meat on the seat before him. Then taking his child in his arms, he followed the conductor to the platform and stepped off the train. Before it was under way again, however, a humane brakeman on the last step called out to him:

"Say, partner, ther ain't nothin' here. This is only a flag station. The East-bound I'll be along in a few hours. Stop her and board her. The conductor on that train'll let you on. It's a shame to put that kid off in such a place!"

In truth, little about the place indicated a railway station. There was a little closed sentry-box looking affair beside the track, and fifty yards behind it the remains of an old dugout. Not even a trail showed where it was that any human being had visited the spot. And around was the dreary waste of billowy plains and the burning sun overhead.

In the rear of the sentry-box its projecting roof had cast a little shade, and here the man sat down upon the ground with his child still in his arms. Strange things, for him, came to his eyes—tears. The little one looked up at him in a puzzled way, and he hastily brushed his hand across his face and left a broad smudge of railway soot upon his cheek. She clasped her hands, and laughed with glee at his funny face.

Then thirst came to them—that awful, torturing, unreasoning thirst which the desert alone can give. The child cried for water, and the father left her in the scanty shade and stepped out into the glaring sun. Neither in the sky nor in the parched ground was there a drop of moisture, and he knew it. He returned and tried to comfort her, and then he sat down again, buried his face in his hands and tried to think. The evening was coming on when he rose to his feet with a new resolve.

Away far off in the west a thin almost imperceptible streak of smoke told him that the east-bound train was approaching. Near the track he found a dirty sheet of a flag hanging to a stick, and he placed it in the socket of the upright post standing in front of the house. Nervously his fingers fambled in his pockets until he produced the stump of a lead pencil. Picking up a piece of pasteboard he wrote upon it in great rough letters:

SOME ONE TAKE THIS CHILD.
SHE HAS NO PARENTS.

With a string he placed the placard around the neck of the little girl. This done, he took her in his arms, kissed her again and again, pointed to the smoke that was becoming blacker and longer, and told her that water was coming. When the rails began to sing of the approach of the coming train, he placed her near the track and then ran and hid himself in the dugout. From his hiding-place he looked out and eagerly watched the child, while the rattle and clamor, and thunder of the train grew louder in his ears. On it came with a rush and roar, and flew past the station in a gale of wind and dust. The man's heart died within him, and then it beat wildly again. The train had stopped several hundred yards past the station and was coming back to the sentry-box. The engineer had seen the tattered flag.

As the long train rolled slowly backward, curious and inquiring heads protruded through the car windows. The gold-embazoned conductor stepped off and looked about him in wonder. Not for several moments did he discover the child. Immediately there was a crowd about it, and the placard was passed from hand to hand. A white-jacketed porter came out of a Pullman car and placed a wooden step on the ground before it. He was followed by a lady in black, who descended from the car and joined the throng. A pair of yearning, eager, beseeching eyes watched it all from the dug-out. To the man it seemed that the determination of the child's fate would never be reached. Finally he saw the lady in black take the child in her arms, kiss it, and re-enter the car with it. The passengers scrambled back into the cars, the conductor waved his hand, and the train moved on.

Then the father came forth and gazed longingly at the departing train—gazed at it until it became smaller and smaller until it became a dot in the plains—until it vanished—and he knew he was alone.

He stretched himself on the baked ground that night to sleep, but could not. Two little stars in the firmament—modest little stars very near together—reminded him of the eyes of his child, and he tried to fix his thoughts on them and of her, but it was vain—he could not forget his thirst.

The terrible sun rose the next day and looked down upon him as its victim. He endeavored to eat some of the bread he had saved, but the dry crumbs were torture to his throat. One thing only was there to do—to follow the track until an inhabited station was reached. It might be fifty miles—it might be more—but there was no salvation away from the railroad.

He started off bravely enough, his longing eyes fixed on the ever-receding point where the glistening rails met in the far perspective. But sometimes his gaze wandered even further on to where it surely seemed that blue-green trees were bathing their feet in cool, still waters.

At noon, when resting for awhile, he heard the rattle of an approaching freight-train. Hope welled up within him as he stood on the track and made frantic motions to stop the train. The trainmen merely laughed at him. He did not know he had employed the favorite ruse of tramps. Freight-trains were not for the accommodation of such gentry. Nor was it a supposable case that a wayfarer in the desert was unprovided with food or drink, else why would he be there?

After this his progress was very slow. On the third day, he came to the end of his journey. He may have been delirious or he may have been quite sane. A train stopped for him and took him on board. This they always do when they kill a man.—Argonaut.

A Lawyer From Boyhood.

There is a story told of the late Judge Strong's boyhood, which shows that from the beginning his mind had a legal bent. Young Strong, it seems purloined a piece of cake from the table spread for some festival occasion. No one discovered it until the family and guests were seated at the table, and then nothing was said. When everyone had gone and the father was alone with the youthful epicure he said to him, "Don't you know, my son, that in taking that cake, you broke one of God's commandments?" "Question 82," responded the boy, who had his catechism at his tongue's end. "Is any man able perfectly to keep the commandments of God? Answer 82. No mere man since the fall is able in this life perfectly to keep the commandments of God, but doth daily break them in thought, word, and deed." It is not recorded what the reverend father said, but it must be admitted that the boy won his first case.—Boston Transcript.

To Signal From the Grave.

"The grave signal" is what the inventor calls a patented affair just offered in the mortuary market. It is designed to enable a man or woman buried alive, as in a state of catalepsy, to notify people above ground. The signal is in a tube fitted with air valves. The slightest revival of life in the grave, it is claimed, will be instantly indicated. The stage indications work very well, but undertakers are obtrusively skeptical. The contrivance has never been vindicated in the case of any actual burial of a live person.

The inventor accounts for the opposition of undertakers by saying that his signal will revolutionize inhumation and will put an end to the practice of embalming. A new cemetery, to be located up the Hudson and to be called the Valley of Jehoshaphat, may be established in order to give the grave signal a fair test.—New York Advertiser.

An Ancient Temple.

Arab papers announce that at the little town of Urfah, north of Aleppo, the ruins of an old temple have been discovered, of which it is believed that it existed in the time of the Chaldeans. Urfah, which the Romans called Castellum Ur, is the "Ur of the Chaldees" of the Bible, the birthplace of Abraham, and a house declared to be that of the patriarch is still shown there.—New York World.

A HERO'S SIRE

Burial Place of Washington's Father Sadly Neglected.

Proposed Monument to Mark His Great Son's Birthplace.

The recent steps taken by the government toward the erection of a monument to mark the birthplace of George Washington and the proposal to place a memorial over the grave of the mother of the first president of the United States, bring to mind the fact that nothing has been said or done toward placing a memorial over the body of the father of the man who will always be "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

There has been a great deal heard of Mary, the mother of Washington, and this appears to have thrown the father into oblivion. No one doubts that Mary Washington was a good woman, but it is more than likely that George inherited some part of his character from his father, perhaps the streak of obstinacy that stood him in good stead when temptations surrounded him.

It seems only fair that the paternal progenitor of the immortal George should be remembered. If the Daughters of the Revolution erect a monument to Washington's mother, why don't the Sons of the Revolution bestir themselves and place a memorial over the grave of Washington's father. It has long been a standing disgrace to this nation that it has so long neglected the graves of both.

There was a monument erected over Mary Washington's grave as far back as the year 1815. The corner stone was laid by Andrew Jackson, who was at that time president of the United States. But as time passed on the monument, a small one at best, was sadly neglected. Recently a move to replace the old and dilapidated memorial has been started, and with success; but nothing has been done to mark the resting place of Augustine Washington, whose body rests in a vault in Wakefield, near Bridges Creek, Westmoreland county, Va.

Augustine Washington, the father of the immortal George, died on April 12, 1743, in Stafford county, Virginia. He was a son of Lawrence Washington, who was a son of John Washington. And here the genealogy of the Washington family ends, or rather begins. The attempts to trace the ancestry of Washington back to old and noble English families, and to prove that a Washington coat of arms existed are as un-American as they are ridiculous. The only real fact—although there have been many fanciful theories advanced—regarding the Washington family is that John Washington, the great-grandfather of George Washington, settled in Virginia in the year 1657.

The Washington homestead in Wakefield is situated on the Potomac River, seventy miles below the city of Washington, and four miles from the town of Colonial Beach, Va. All that remains of the house in which the immortal George Washington was born is a ruined chimney. It is proposed to erect a monument here to mark the spot where Washington first saw the light of day.

The burial ground, in which the members of the Washington family were laid to rest for generations occupies a space sixty feet square. The arch of the vault in which Augustine Washington's body was placed fell in many years ago, and the excavation is filled with debris.—New York Herald.

New York's River Tunnel.

There is a big hole under North River. Some day it will be a tunnel connecting New York city and Hoboken. No work has been done for four years, but the owners of the hole are now trying to raise money in London to complete their tunnel before a bridge can be built over North River. Only 1,230 feet remain to connect the two holes bored from either shore, each of which is now full of water. This water has simply soaked through since work was abandoned on the death of the principal backer. So far $3,000,000 has been poured into the hole and only $500,000 will be required to complete it.

One Person is Its Population.

Deserted villages are common enough in the east, but from other causes than burst booms commonly. Damariscove, Me., has now no inhabitants but a lighthouse-keeper, though some summer-houses are this year to be built. Two hundred years ago in arranging for the Indian campaign Damariscove could furnish a company of men.

The Cat Was Disgusted.

An interesting experiment in the rearing of animals is recorded by a German journal. A country gentleman having captured a young hare a few days old, conceived the idea of giving it as foster mother a cat which had just had a litter of kittens. The cat showed no objections to this curious addition to her family, and the herbivorous nursling seemed to take very well to the regime to which it was so unexpectedly subjected. The hare throve and grew, and the cat soon thought it time to begin the education of her foster child. For the catching of mice, however, the hare showed not the slightest disposition, and at each fault committed the adoptive mother administered vigorous corrections with her paws. This produced but little improvement, and the relations between the two animals were becoming somewhat strained, when one day they were placed together on the lawn in front of the house. The hare at once proceeded to nibble at the vegetation with remarkable avidity, to the evident astonishment and indignation of the cat, who could make nothing of such conduct. Finally, persuaded that she had nourished anything but a kitten, the disappointed nurse withdrew with an expression of unmistakable disdain.—Westminster Gazette.

A Costly Book Binding.

The only gold and silver bound diamond incrusted book in the world was lately enshrined in the holy Mohammedan city of Isaun Raza, Persia. The book is of course a copy of the Alkoran, and is a gift from Abdur-Rahman, Ameer of Afghanistan. The covers of this unique volume, the sides of which are nine and one-half by four inches, are of solid gold plates one-eighth of an inch in thickness, lined with silver sheets of the same thickness.

The centerpiece, as well as the corners are symbolic designs, wrought in diamonds, rubies and pearls. The center figure is a crescent, with a star between its points, the whole design being composed of 109 small diamonds, 167 pearls and 122 rubies. The diamonds on each corner, which are almost hidden in the golden setting and the orange-colored lacquer with which they are fastened, are each worth about $5,000. The book itself is on parchment, entirely written by hand. It is valued at $125,000. There are said to have been over 100,000 visitors present in Isaun Raza the day the holy relic was enshrined.—Philadelphia Record.

Sleeping on the Left Side.

There is little doubt that an immense number of persons habitually sleep on the left side, and those who do so can never, it is said, be strictly healthy. It is the most prolific cause of nightmare and also of the unpleasant taste in the mouth on arising in the morning. All food enters and leaves the stomach on the right side, and hence sleeping on the left side soon after eating involves a sort of pumping operation, which is anything but conducive to sound repose. The action of the heart is also seriously interfered with and the lungs unduly compressed. Hence it is best to cultivate the habit of always sleeping on the right side.

New Use for the Postoffice.

The postoffice in India not only collects and delivers letters, parcels and other articles, but acts to a certain extent as a banker to the general public, sells quinine and salt, pays military pensions and collects the revenue accruing to the government from land and other sources. But to the fertile brain of one of the oldest officers in the department is due the latest development in the work of the postoffice. The Punjab postoffice has come forward as an elementary teacher. It not only collects letters and delivers them, but teaches boys in elementary schools how to write them and address the covers.

A Pavement Made of Molasses.

A pavement has been laid at Chino, Cal., which is made mostly of molasses. It is in front of a sugar factory and is 1,000 feet long. The molasses used was a refuse product. It was mixed with sand to the consistency of asphalt, and laid like an asphalt pavement. The composition dries quickly and is unaffected by heat or cold. A hot sun makes it dry and hard instead of softening it as might be expected. If the pavement proves to be all that is claimed it will open a market for millions of gallons of refuse molasses that are wasted every year.—Pathfinder.

Miss Eliza Works, who has been visiting friends in Rochester, is 101 years old.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Every coward is somebody's hero.

Eternity is the infinite expansion of time.

The world cannot frown away a soul smile.

Death is the open hand to large opportunities.

A lazy man loses heart every time he looks at the clock.

Remember that the top side of a cloud is always bright.

Love is the only thing that more than pays for all it gets.

If we knew how to aim, the bigger the giant the better the mark.

The world owes no man a living who is not willing to work for it.

The man who looks through cobwebs will see spiders everywhere.

The man gains nothing who loses his character and saves his money.

For every fault we see in others we have two of our own which we overlook.

Some shepherds seem to forget that sheep never stand on their hind legs to eat.

Give some people the power to move mountains, and how quick they would spoil the country for everybody else.

Cold hands are said to be the sign of a warm heart. We do not think that way about frost bitten branches. The blood that does not reach the finger tips is congealed at its source. The warmer the blood the more rapid is the flow.—Ram's Horn.

Among the Charcoal-Burners.

Charcoal-burners in the pine woods of southern Jersey, Delaware, and other points south, follow a romantic and monotonous life. At the best the business is a dirty, smutty one, and it is difficult to distinguish a white man from an African. Both work in the camps, watching the fires by night, and hunting game in the daytime. The work is carried on in summer and winter, and during the latter season the bright fires are rather pleasant sights. They illuminate the dark forests, and keep the cold out by their intense heat. The burners cook their sweet potatoes and wild game and fish on the hot coals, and dine sumptuously every day. Half a dozen or more may belong to one camp, and they while away the time in hunting, singing, and card-playing. The colored men invariably have their banjos in camp, and to stumble upon one of the companies on a dark night impresses one strangely. The flickering light, rollicking, dancing crowds around it, and the twang of the banjo, are not calculated to quiet your apprehensions unless the true character of the camp is known beforehand.

In this business of burning charcoal the capitalist has not yet entered. There are no trusts or corporations. The work is conducted chiefly by individuals, many of them poor. The woods are free, and with an ax and a box of matches any one can start a charcoal camp in the South. Most of them can get their living in hunting and fishing, and the actual cost of board is reduced to tobacco, and a suit of old clothes occasionally. Every week or two a traveling Methodist preacher appears in the woods, and conducts service in the camp. This is a day when all of the members of the camp wash and spruce up as much as possible, for they welcome all strangers and give a hearty reception to the minister. It is doubtful if the preacher receives more attention in any part of his long route. Strangers visiting the woods are always invited to the rude feasts of the charcoal-burners and despite their black-looking faces, they have white hearts and accommodating ways. They visit the town or city only when the stock of tobacco is exhausted, or when they drive to the railroad station to dispose of their finished product.—Country Gentleman.

To Quiet a Horse.

When a horse becomes frightened, demoralized or otherwise rattled about something he encounters, a good way to quiet him down is simply to talk to him in a good tone of voice. If a horse gets frightened at something he sees in the road, stop him at once and give him a formal introduction to it, telling him in the meantime how very foolish he is to let such a little thing disturb him. Nothing can be worse than to whip a horse when he is frightened. He doesn't get frightened because he wants to. It is only because he has seen or heard something that he is not familiar with. After he once gets thoroughly acquainted with the object of his uneasiness, it will never frighten him again.—Minnesota Horseman.

Growing Brighter.

This old world's growing brighter as it rolls and rolls around:
White daisies blossom whiter, bluer violets strew the ground;
And we're thankful that we're living, since no blessing heaven denies,
And the soul's divine thanksgiving drifts in glory to the skies.
—Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOROUS.

Binx calls his doctor his biographer, for the reason that he is at work upon his life.

Not in Trade—She—A penny for your thoughts. He—I have none for sale. I am a free thinker.

"Wasn't he put out when you told him he couldn't have a kiss?" "Oh, no! He just took it as a matter of course."

"Where was Magna Charta signed?" asked a teacher in a South of London board school. "Please, Sir, at the bottom."

"Sorry met him, but you will have to get somebody to identify you." "The idea! Don't you see my name right there on the check?"

"Do you love me well enough, Lawrence, to walk with me on the avenue when I wear my bloomers out?" "Too well, my love; far too well."

"You say the hen is not a song bird do you?" "That's what I say, sir." "Then tell me what bird is more noted for hoarding it you can?"

Waiter—Will you have spinach to-day, sir? Guest—Yes, but I don't want it so spunky as it was yesterday. Bring me some with no sand in it.

Street Car Conductor—I can't take this Canadian money; the company won't take it from us. Mrs. Z.—Dear me, if that's the case, I should think you'd be glad to take it.

"War," said the philanthropist, "is a horrible evil. The warrior is a survivor of barbarism—What's that! A drum! Soldiers coming! Open the window. I want to see them."

A.—There is a most remarkable cave in Kentucky. B. What is there remarkable about it? A.—If you call out, Hello, Smith, the echo says, What Smith is it? no less than fourteen distinct times.

"I don't see any use in getting blue or red, old man. She is not the only girl in the world." "That's just what I'm blue about. Think of the chances I have of making the same kind of a fool of myself again.

Blobbs—What nonsense it is for the newspapers in their accounts of weddings to describe the bride being led to the altar, Slobbs. How so? Blobbs—Well, most girls could find their way there in the dark.

The Burgomaster of A—was invited to attend a centenary celebration. He declined with thanks, adding that it was impossible for him to take part in the proceedings on this occasion, but that he would be most happy to come next time.

A French Provincial newspaper, which boasts of its large circulation, publishes the following naive announcement on the subject of a charity concert: "We advise all our readers to secure their seats in advance, on account of the smallness of the hall, which only holds about fifty persons.

Uncle—Well, Bobby, what did you learn at school today? Bobby—I learned that the world is round and turns on hinges, like that globe in the library. Uncle—Well what do you think of that? Bobby—I think, uncle, they are asking me to believe a good deal for a small boy.

Wayside Philosophy.—"What time do you have, please?" "My friend, you ask me too early." "How's that?" "Well, I have a watch that won't keep time, so I finally set it at six o'clock and quit winding it. Twice in twenty-four hours now it is right to a T, where otherwise it would be wrong all the time."

A Convict of Experience.

John Zimmerman, who has been in the Western Penitentiary since 1893 for horse stealing, was released recently and was immediately turned over to an officer from Preston, W. Va., who has requisition papers to take him there to be tried for the same offence. Zimmerman is about 70 years of age, and, according to his own statement, has not been a free man more than six months at a time since he was 25. He has a mania for horse stealing. He said he never stole anything in his life but horses. He has been in several penitentiaries in the country, but thinks Riverside is the best place he has yet seen. When he was told where he was to be taken this time he said: "Moundsville? Oh, I don't like that place."—Pittsburg Dispatch.