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., NOVEMBER 21, 1895. NO. 13.

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 Humble Life.

Three rows diverging, wend their several ways.
Along the first
The glad notes burst
In splendor through the long bright days.
The pathway's name
Is Fame.

Along the second splendid castles rise
Before the wondering eyes.
Wealth in this pathway lies.

Along the third are common flowers,
And bees hum through unchanging hours.
Yet closer seen the flowers have the fairest hue,
The skies above are brightest blue.
This the way
Called "Every day."
—R. B. Shelton in Boston Budget.

A STRANGE WARNING.

Mr. Grosvenor had asked Howard, who was the son of an old friend, and myself, to stay at Cullingham for a few weeks and pursue our literary avocation, in which we collaborated.

He made no favor of it. "Only too glad, to see you," he said. "We are very lonely, and there is little to do; no birds in the covers, for I can't afford a game keeper, but if you wan't to work, the place is quiet enough. I shall not be at home for a day or two, as I am going to town, and shall pick out my daughter from a friend's house on my way back, but William knows the place, and can show you all there is to see."

Howard conducted me to my bedroom the first night.

"I say," he said, "there is a curious point about your room—of course you don't know the rambling old place yet—you can walk around your bedroom."

"Of course I can, you crock," I returned. "I can walk around any room."

"Ah, but I mean on the outside. You see, this room is in the middle of the house, between four intersecting corridors, so that you can walk righ around the four walls."

There was nothing else remarkable about my room. It was comfortably furnished. Against the wall opposite my bed, and nearly under the skylight, stood a large sofa, which seemed an unusual piece of furniture for a bedroom. It was too big to go through the door, and I was inclined to think that it must have been lowered into the room by a derrick before the roof was put on.

I turned into bed, but found it impossible to sleep. A strange bed always means several wakeful hours to me, and I lay with my eyes closed, listening to the old stable clock as it savagely clanged out its quarters, and practised every effort of mechanical repetition that seemed likely to soothe my restless brain.

At length I gave up the attempt to sleep in despair and lay on my back wide awake.

I began to picture to myself the most horrible phantoms I could imagine, to see if I could make myself nervous or frightened. I thought of figures with rolling eyes and gibbering lips, phantoms that carried their heads under their arms, shadowy, formless objects of mist, but all to no purpose. My ghosts were feeble frauds. I could not invest them with the nameless dread, and I laughed at them.

I must have fallen asleep as I was thus meditating, for when I next awoke the moon was high in the heavens and shone brightly through the skylight into my room. My eyes at once fell on the face of a beautiful young woman who was arranging her hair at a mirror that stood on a table which seemed to me to have not been in the room when I retired. I was about to utter an exclamation when a look of terror came into her face, a terror so intense as to freeze me into unspeakable silence. She seemed to be listening to a noise without. In the next strained moment the figure vanished.

As I was turning over to sleep again I heard a light footstep in the corridor at the head of my bed. It passed along the wall and was followed by a heavier yet a stealthy tread. By this time my faculties were fully aroused, and sitting up I listened intently.

Suddenly the first footsteps broke into a rapid pattering as though in flight, and the pursuer's heavier tread was correspondingly accelerated. Twice they sped around my chamber, and as they passed along the corridor nearest to my bed I thought that I could hear their panting breaths.

At the third round my bedroom door flew open, and the young lady I had seen before dashed in and dropped exhausted upon the sofa. She was followed by a man dressed in black, who carried a murderous-looking knife in his hand. She looked at him imploringly as he stood over her for a instant, but spoke never a word.

In that moment of time I could see their faces with great clearness in the moonlight, and have never forgotten them. The girl was fair, with long hair streaming down her shoulders, and her lovely face was contracted with mortal terror. The man was of medium height, with a low forehead, a dark mustache and an expression that reminded me grotesquely enough of the trademark upon the "Demon" tennis rackets.

I was summoning up courage to spring out of bed when the man raised the hand that grasped the knife. I saw the weapon uplifted above his head. I saw the girl throw up her hands in despair, and then a thick cloud passed over the moon and placed my chamber in total darkness.

The next point in my memory following that awful scene was a loud hammering upon my door and William Howard's cheerful voice demanding to know if I intended to sleep all day. It was 9 o'clock upon a clear October morning, and my bedroom looked as commonplace in the daylight as though it had been situated in a London hotel. I must confess that I examined the sofa, but found no traces of disturbance, and I dressed feeling ashamed of myself for being frightened at an ordinary nightmare. A trashy ghost story of Howard's, a walk around the corner by candle light and an uncomfortable bed were materials enough to furnish twenty similar dreams, and I went down to breakfast resolved to say nothing of my experience.

During the morning we attempted to work at our novel, but Howard was fidgety and restless, with the result that we accomplished very little. After lunch we ordered a trap from the village inn to fetch Mr. Grosvenor's luggage from the station and went there to meet the train.

Mr. Grosvenor was too poor to keep a carriage, his income being limited to the revenue from one or two farms and his large garden. The station, however, was but half a mile distant, and the day being fine we should have preferred to walk, had we been able to ride.

The train came in, and Mr. Grosvenor shook hands with us and introduced me to his daughter. Upon looking her in the face, I was astonished to see the exact counterpart of the dream girl who had rushed into my bedroom.

Miss Grosvenor, who was very pretty and vivacious, rallied me during the evening upon my low spirits. I was wondering if there has been anything more than coincidence in my vision, to which her appearance had given a strong air of reality. At all event the murderer did not seem to have a place in this little drama, and I determined for the present to hold my tongue.

Of our stay I need say nothing except that Howard fell deeply in love with our host's daughter, but feared to speak.

"Too poor," he said, hopelessly. "Grosvenor will want a son-in-law able to lift the old house up a bit."

* * * * *

Two years later I came home on leave from India, in which country I had obtained an important post, and remained for a few days in town to replenish my wardrobe before paying a few rounds of visits.

As I was walking down Piccadilly one morning I felt a slap on my shoulder, and turning found myself face to face with Howard.

"How go things with you?" I said after mutual greetings had been exchanged. "Have you married Miss Grosvenor yet?"

"No," he replied; "I have had no luck whatever in that quarter. She is now engaged to French Johnny. Her father is pretty well off now. The railway was extended through his land and he made shekels over the transaction. They are staying in town at present. You had better call."

"Will you come with me?"

"No thanks. I don't look well as the rejected suitor. But here is their address and mine."

I called upon Grosvenor in due course and was introduced to his daughter's fiance, one Mr. Dubois. His face seemed familiar to me, and after some moments' thought it burst upon me that he was the dream murderer of two years before. There was not a doubt about it, and I could have sworn to him in the witness-box. He was a man of wealth, had lived many years in England and was thought to be an excellent match. He was by no means young, but had a polished and agreeable manner, with a very rapid and sharp mode of speaking, which was not, I thought, wholly due to his French nationality.

Though I attempted to dismiss my prejudice, he gave me the impression that there was something underhand about him. He also seemed to think himself suspected, for I caught him watching me furtively as I was talking to Mr. Grosvenor.

I walked home in great perplexity. Here was my dream exactly reproduced, and I had no possible doubt as to the identity of the persons concerned. Yet I could not tell Mr. Grosvenor the story without incurring his ridicule if not his anger, and probably getting into bad odor with his future son-in-law, though for that contingency I cared very little.

At length I resolved to impart the whole matter to Howard. He had found permanent employment in London, and could remain on the watch, whereas I was obliged to return to India in a few weeks. The marriage was not to take place for at least six months. This would give him time to examine Dubois' antecedents.

Howard was much surprised at my story, and declared that he thought Dubois to be a scoundrel from the first. This was likely enough in a rejected suitor, but at the same time his instincts corresponded with mine, and at his earnest request I determined to tell the whole to Mr. Grosvenor.

Howard undertook to keep strict watch on Dubois' movements and to let me hear of any new developments the case might present.

The next day I called upon Mr. Grosvenor, and requesting a private interview, put the whole matter before him.

"This is very extraordinary," he said, when I had finished. "Curiously enough, the young couple are to live at Cullingham and occupy that very room when the honeymoon is over. But what can I do? His antecedents seem unquestionable. He is the son of a French count, his parents are dead, and he has dropped his title. I have verified all the statements he has made, and, though I do not profess to like the man, I really have nothing against him, and my daughter is devoted to him."

"Well," I returned, "perhaps it is no affair of mine. I thought I ought to tell you what I saw before I returned to India. At the same time I hope that you understand my motives are wholly disinterested."

"I owe you many thanks for performing what might be thought a purely imaginary duty and an unpleasant one as well. Have you told anyone else?"

"No one but Howard."

"Then I will make fresh inquiries. I do not anticipate any result, but it is as well to be sure."

His daughter came in at that moment, and it was distressing to see the wistful look in his eyes as he lifted her hand for a moment and gazed into her face.

Six months later, when I was staying at Simla, I received a letter from Howard. He wrote:

"We have settled Dubois's hash. He will not be seen any more. I put on a private detective, who found out that Dubois had been kept in a French asylum for some years as a homicidal maniac. The hypnotic school of physicians professed to have cured him, and I think had really done so for a time, but he was getting strange in his manner, and when asked about the asylum, though the question was put in the most delicate way he flew at Grosvenor like a tiger and attempted to strangle him. Help was fortunately at hand, and he was put under lock and key. We cannot account for your dream by any theory. Dubois had never even seen Cullingham. I can only suppose it was meant as a warning, and, in fact it has been the means of avoiding what might have been an awful tragedy, and of bringing about, I hope, what will be the greatest happiness of my life."—Good Company.

Butter and Wheat.

Some one having a bent for statistics has figured out that the people of this country eat about four pounds of butter for each bushel of wheat, consumed. It is not to be supposed that this amount is all eaten in the form of "bread and butter," but the ratio between these two articles is not disturbed by any variation in the way they are used. Taking the four pounds of butter as a proper balance for a bushel of wheat, our farmers are, at the present prices of the two articles, getting more for the former than the latter; and if we look back over the market reports for the past fifty years we find that the four-to-one rule has not deviated to any considerable extent during any one entire decade. As consumers of butter we probably lead all other nations, and if we could only say that we led in quality as well as quantity it would be something to be proud of, but, unfortunately, we must forego that honor.—New York Sun.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

AN ANCIENT TABLE.

"I have a table,"
Said Arthur to Mabel,
"Three thousand years old;
And though it has stood
So long, 'tis as good
As the finest of gold."

"Oh Arthur, your table,
I fear is a fable,
And you are its knight.
Of course it is round,
But where was it found?
Now tell,—honor bright!"

"Twas found, they say, Mabel,
In the great tower of Babel;
And learned folks say
That wise old Hindoos
This table could use
Before Egypt's day!"

"Why Arthur," said Mabel,
"Do show us the table
That's older than Egypt—as old as creation."

"My table is square
Not round; to be fair,
But why should I show
What all the girls know,—
This very old table, called Multiplication."
—Zitella Cocke in St. Nicholas.

HOW LIONS ARE TAMED.

According to Herr Hagenbeck, the famous showman, the tamers of wild beasts use no secret methods, and in taming a lion they proceed very much as a boy would with a dog.

If a lion is to be taught to ride on horseback, it is necessary to be very patient at first, and take a great deal of time. If possible, it is best to begin when he is young—less than a year old.

If he was born in captivity, he is already accustomed to see persons outside his cage, but not inside. All his instincts are still fierce.

When the tamer first opens the cage door, and steps inside, the youngster at once displays fear. He will probably jump at the trainer, snarling savagely; for that is his way of showing alarm. The only course that can be pursued is to beat him off with a light club. The first lesson he learns is that it is not safe for him to attack man. Sometimes in his excitement and fear he will make several attacks, one after the other. The trainer merely beats him off, and in the end the lion retires, snarling to the far corner of the cage.

The trainer does not follow him, but sits down quietly on a box or a chair, paying no particular attention to him.

He sits there for an hour or two hours at a stretch. This is done to accustom the lion to the presence of a man in his cage, and to wear out his natural fear and fierceness.

This first lesson is repeated on the following day, and is continued for a week, or perhaps for a month.

Next the trainer takes a piece of meat into the cage, and, waiting until the lion is hungry, offers it on the end of a long stick. Very likely the lion will not touch it at first, perhaps not for many days; or, if he seizes it, his manner will not be such as to indicate thankfulness. But by patience and persistence he will be induced by-and-by to come and take the food from the stick, and eventually from the trainer's hand.

Not infrequently he will try to bite the hand that offers the meat; and generally speaking, it is deemed a signal victory when a young lion will voluntarily approach and take his food from the keeper's hand. Soon after this he will allow the trainer to stroke his head. Toward a stranger he may exhibit quite as much ferocity as at first.

The next step is to put a chain round the lion's neck and lead him about the cage; and most trainers consider it necessary to bind a lion down to the bottom of the cage once or twice, in order to instill into his naturally intractable mind the fact that human bonds are irresistible, and that chains cannot be broken.

The various feats which go to make up a modern performing lion's education are afterward taken up one by one and taught gradually. The only "secrets" that Herr Hagenbeck knows are endless patience and oft-repeated lessons. Needless cruelty is always avoided; nevertheless, it is necessary that lions, as well as tigers, leopards and most other wild beasts, should hold their keepers in fear. Gentleness and kindness alone are not sufficient; these fierce animals must be made to know that their trainer is absolutely master.

It should be added that there is almost or quite as much difference in young lions as in boys. Some are much more docile and intelligent than others. Some develop good and trustworthy traits; others can never be fully trusted.—Golden Days.

Switzerland's railroads cover 1,950 miles.

SHARK HUNTING.

An Established Industry in Long Island Waters.

Every Part of the Fierce Fish is Utilized.

Shark hunting has now become an established industry in the waters of Long Island, and it is found to be profitable in portions of the Great South Bay, says the New York Sun. It is a common thing for a single boat's crew to kill half a dozen sharks in a day. The body of the shark was supposed for years to be worth little as an article of commerce, and for this reason sharks were allowed to live unmolested. Now it is understood that every part of the body of the shark has value. The skin is worked up into an excellent imitation of alligator skin, from which pocketbooks, traveling bags, belts, etc., are made. The flesh and bones of the shark are eagerly sought by the fertilizer factories on account of the amount of phosphorous they contain. One of the best glues yet discovered can be made from the backbone, but owing to the strong odor for which no remedy has yet been found, shark glue is not yet a marketable article.

The manner of capturing the shark is interesting. A day on which the wind is blowing a good stiff breeze is the best for shark hunting. A shark rarely feeds on a day when the surface of the water is smooth. The shark hunter puts out to the deep channels where the man eaters feed. The fishing boat is generally of fifteen tons burden. If the tide is running strong enough to scatter them, several bushels of bunkers are thrown overboard at the stern of the boat. Strange as it may seem, a shark will not touch food that is not in motion or has not a semblance of being alive.

After the fishermen had thrown overboard enough bunkers to attract the sharks to the neighborhood of the smack, long ropes with air-tight kegs are run out over the sides of the vessel. On the under side of each keg is a swivel ring, and to this a four-strand hemp rope, several feet long is attached. A steel hook a foot long and made after the fashion of a regular bluefish hook, is baited with a big bunker. A chain connects the hook and rope, to prevent the shark from biting the line. The keg on the surface of the water sways and gives the bait on the hook a life-like appearance.

The shark hunters watch the keg as a boy watches a bob for a nibble. A shark never nibbles. If he takes the bait it is done with a rush, and the keg disappears beneath the water for some minutes. In the first mad rushes the shark is allowed to have what the sailors term leeway. That is, a little rope is given him gradually, to prevent him from running and splashing so as to scare all other sharks within half a mile. An excited shark rushing here and there and cutting the water with his tail will generally spoil the fishing in that particular place for the rest of the day.

After a shark has been hooked the line is hauled in slowly by two or three pair of strong arms. Should the shark show signs of not being completely exhausted, great care is taken not to excite him and start him on another wild plunge. When once he is hauled to the side of the boat he is lanced. Then the carcas is hoisted aboard and skinned. The skin is buried in a salt bath, while the rest of the body is dumped into a pen under the deck. After a catch of several of the big fellows the stuff is unloaded at a fertilizer factory, and the skins are shipped to New York.

The Spanish shark is one of the hardest species of the family to catch. They usually measure from seven to eleven feet in length, and have hides as tough as leather. This quality in the skin of the Spanish shark a larger money value than any other shark. The Spanish shark will seldom bite at bait that has the least semblance of suspicion to them. The varieties mostly taken now are the shovel nose, the hog snout and the dog fish.

The capture of shark is a blessing to the net fishermen, for as the sharks become fewer the damage to nets is lessened. A good-sized shark can do many dollars' damage to a net in a few minutes. Nearly every fisherman in the Great South Bay has two or three nets ruined every season by sharks. A dozen or more shark-fishing boats can be seen on the waters of the Great South Bay every windy or stormy day.

London pawn brokers average twenty-five per cent interest on the money borrowed.

Experiments With Lightning Rods.

"Speaking of lightning rods" said an army officer, "When I was at West Point old Hank Kendrick, our professor of chemistry, electricity, and so forth, used to give us an experiment with lightning rods, which is the only thing I recollect in connection with them. He had a battery rigged up to furnish the lightning, then he had a house of blocks, a nice two-story house painted white, with green shutters. On this house was a lightning rod, a miniature affair, made like the ordinary lightning rod of commerce. He would make a few remarks, explaining that wet earth or water connecting directly with the earth was the very best. Then he would make a ground connection of this kind and proceed to fire a few big electric sparks through the rod. They would go through all right, not doing the slightest injury to the house. Then he would make a few more remarks, this time to the effect that a little learning is a dangerous thing, and tell about a good minister in the neighborhood who wanted to protect his house by a lightning rod, and who had heard that water was a good thing for the rod to end in. So he set up the rod and had it end in his cistern where as it was carefully cemented, there was always certain to be water. The old professor would then put the end of the rod in a glass of water, to represent the cistern, and turn on his lightning. The big spark would leap across to the rod and down would come the house, a heap of blocks.

"One of the most beautiful and at the same time one of the most terrifying sights I ever saw," said another member of the group, a veteran of the war," was down in Arkansas in 1862. I was drilling my regiment one summer afternoon, when a sudden thunder shower came up. The men had bayonets fixed, and as we started for camp were carrying their muskets at a right shoulder shift. Suddenly there began at the tips of those bayonets the most marvellous electrical display I had ever seen. The lightning played about them dancing, rolling, flashing, leaping from one to another as if it hugely enjoyed the frolic. For an instant I thought the whole command would be struck down and the men themselves were badly frightened. No one was hurt or even shocked by the brilliant display. I halted the command and had unfixed bayonets, whereupon the display ceased to every one's relief."—New York Sun.

The Inventor of the Polka.

"The origin of the polka is not generally known, the inventor of the dance having been a young Bohemian girl named Hanezka Selezka. She was a blooming young peasant maiden, and the best dancer in the village of Costelec, on the river Elbe, and used to perform solo dances of her own invention at the various village festivities. It was in the year 1830 at a farmhouse that the assembled guests asked her to dance a solo, and she said: "I will show you something quite new," and to the music of her own singing she danced the polka step, but more elaborately than it is now performed. The dance became so popular that it was later made a national dance, and Hanezka named it polka, as she said it was danced in short steps; from polka came polka, and finally polka, the dance three years later, in 1833, becoming popular in Prague, and in 1839, it was already danced at Vienna balls, and one year later became the most popular dance in Paris. Hanezka Selezka is still alive, surrounded by numerous grandchildren and great grandchildren sprung from her own six sons and daughters."—The Etude.

She Kills and Skins Horses.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hitchman have launched a peculiar and new industry in Muncie, Ind. It is a horse hide factory, or that is what Mrs. Hitchman desires that it be referred to as being. Henry spends his time buying old horses from all parts of the country, sending them home, where his wife shoots and kills them. She uses the knife with great accuracy, and is assisted only by her two small sons. After the hide is removed the fat is rendered into tallow, and the bones dressed and sold for fertilizing. The horses are purchased for mere songs, and Hitchman seems to be making a good thing out of the business. The woman can remove a hide in less than ten minutes.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A Hunter in Hard Luck.

Hunter—Did you see a rabbit run by here?

Boy—Yep.

Hunter—How long ago?

Boy—It'll be three years nex' Christmas.—Truth.

Priscilla.

Priscilla hath come back to town
A little bandit queen.
Her cheek hath robbed the berry's brown
Her eye the dewdrop's sheen.
Upon her lips their brightly glows
The poppy's crimson hue,
With Autumn roses in her toes
She charms the avenue.

Alas! how wildly hearts will beat
That late kept slowest time!
Alas! how many a snowy sheet
Will meet its fate in rhyme!
Laugh, Cupid laugh, with saucy glee
At all the pangs in store,
But never your shaft can dart at me—
My heart was hit before.
—Samuel Minturn Peck in Life.

HUMOROUS.

Reduced circumstances are the kind that everlastingly alter cases.

He—Do you believe in signs? She—Well, I should think I did—in oyster saloon ones.

"This is tough luck," said the thief, when he sampled the boarding-house steak he had just stolen.

City Child (as she watches the cattle enjoying their cud)—Say, mister, do you have to buy gum for all them cows to chew?

Prisoner—I want to get out of here bad. Jailer—That is the way you came in. What we want is for you to get out of here good.

How to make the new dress: Take the material for two skirts and make the sleeves; then take the material for one sleeve and make the skirt.

She—Women are the salad of life—at once a boon and a blessing. He—In one way they're like salad—they take so much time in their dressing.

Mrs. Sweet—Do you find it economical to do your own cooking? Mrs. Barnes—Oh, yes; my husband doesn't eat half as much as when we had a cook!

It gives a man such a mortifying shock to meet one more intelligent than himself, that most of us give thanks daily that we have not yet met that person.

The man with a vivid imagination may sit down in his bath tub and imagine himself among the foaming breakers and finally find himself washed ashore.

Goodfello—Cheer up, my boy! Remember the sun shines brightly after every storm. Barker—Yes, but that only shows people how shabby and bedraggled the storm has left one.

"Hullo Bronson—howdy? What's this I hear about you and Perley?" "Oh, nothing much. He called me a donkey at the club, that's all. I treated him accordingly." "Indeed?" "Yes; I brayed and gave him a kick he'll never forget.

He—What would you say, darling, if I should tell you that you never can be mine?

She—I should say, pet, that I've got a nice bundle of your letters that would help to make it expensive to you.

"Oh, yes," rejoined the Giraffe, blushing at the compliment, "I know I have a great deal of taste. I am built that way, don't you know? Yes." She explained, in illustration, that it took the ice cream soda she was eating something like 25 seconds to reach it destination, and her relish was consequently indeed extensive.

Whalebone $6,500 a Ton.

Half a century ago a great many ships used to start from Sag Harbor, New Bedford and Boston for long cruises in the Arctic seas in search of whales. Those that returned from their dangerous hunting among the ice floes readily sold their cargoes of oil and bone at what were then considered fair prices.

Whalebone, for example, used to bring about $500 a ton, most of it being used in umbrella-making. Steel, of late years, has been almost entirely substituted for it in this as well as for almost all other manufacturing purposes. Whalers grew discouraged, and the industry declined almost to the disappearing point. Whalebone has been steadily growing scarer and scarcer, and its prices have gone steadily upward. This year it is worth about $6,500 a ton, and there have been years within the last decade when for a time it has brought twice that sum. Unless the whaling business takes a new lease of life, however, there seems to be little prospect of the bone ever bringing less than $6,000 a ton.—New York World.

Charms of Song.

"You can trust a man who sings at his work," said the cheery citizen.

"Yes," replied Smuecker; I wish some one would persuade the man who works around my woodpile two or three nights a week to sing loud enough for me to hear him.—Washington Star.