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Longing. The hills slope down to the valley, the streams run down to the sea. And my heart, my heart, Oh, far one! sets and strains toward thee.

pare to receive him. Julie knew her father too well to complain or remonstrate; she relied rather on the expedient of love, and having sought her dear Eckerlin, communicated all to him.

The Electric Snaker. In an article in Ueber Land und Meer on "Electrical Phenomena in the Animal World," Dr. Frolich tells a bona snaker first found in the Nile and its tributaries by modern scientific men in 1881.

Children's Column



THE SNOBBOY MAN.

I walked one day, a long, long way, Down to Topsy-Turvy Town, Where it'd stay all night, and it's night all day.

On my way to the cornfield after dinner, therefore, I went across lots to see what Sport was about, and to help him a bit, if need be, by removing a stone or two from the wall in which the quarry had taken refuge.

"A chorus of excited yelps and barks guided me to the spot, and as I drew near I saw that Sport had plenty of help. Zip, a neighbor's dog, was on one side of the wall with him, and on the other side was Rover, a large hound.

"All three dogs had their noses under the stones, and they were digging and making the dirt fly with their paws, and barking and yelping as dogs will when game is almost won.

"Just as I approached, Sport jumped back and dragged forth the woodchuck. At almost the same instant Zip withdrew his head from the wall and fixed his teeth in the game; and then began a struggle for supremacy, each dog evidently setting up a claim for the woodchuck.

"Rover, on the other side, with his head in the wall, was so eagerly engaged that he did not at once comprehend what had occurred; then it flashed upon him, and he sprang upon the wall and for a moment looked down upon the struggling dogs.

"Like a whirlwind he leaped himself from the stones upon the woodchuck, tore it from the mouth of the other dogs and bore it off in his teeth.

"It happened so suddenly that Sport and Zip didn't know what to make of it. They seemed dazed, and looked this way and that as if to ascertain what had become of their prey. As for Rover, he disappeared over the brow of a hill, and I do not think the two dogs left behind ever fairly realized what became of that woodchuck.

"When I hear my children talk so much about the wonders of the kinetoscope, the harness carriage and the X rays," remarked a certain great-grandmother the other day, "I can't help but think of the many years ago when I was a little girl and news came to us one day that somebody had invented a new sort of wagon that instead of being drawn by horses or mules or even run all by itself, of course it would be like a fairy story, just as if they had told me that the magic carpet in the Arabian Nights had been suddenly discovered rolled away in somebody's attic, but we were assured that it was really true. There was something about steam connected with the mysterious carriage; if either ran by it, or under it or with it, or something, we weren't quite sure which. When they explained it to us children, people always added 'It's upon the same principle as the tea kettle, you know,' and although we didn't know in the least what the 'principle' was, we did know what a tea kettle was and we accordingly pictured to ourselves a freakish vehicle shaped like a tea kettle, spout, handle and all, from which issued a white banner of steam, and which 'sang' upon occasion.

In what part of this new wagon people were to ride we didn't understand, but supposed that they were stowed away inside somewhere, like the Greek soldiers in the wooden horse that our history book had made so familiar to us. Just how the strange carriage upon the same principle as the tea kettle was able to move we were totally unaware. Tea kettles never moved; they stood still in one place upon the stove where they were put. It took a good stretch of the imagination to fancy them or anything like them galloping along much faster than anybody could walk. Indeed, I was said, than a horse could go. The grown-ups said that there were narrow rails upon which the strange carriage ran, whereas upon we pictured all our country roads and lanes ornamented with these things. It all sounded very impractical to us, however, as it did to many of the grown-ups for that matter. I remember my father saying with much emphasis: 'Well, there's one thing, this new-fangled locomotive, or whatever they call it, can never supersede the stage coach.' "Locomotive!" cried one of the little listeners. "Why, great-grandmother, do you mean to say that you're talking about railway trains?" "Yes," replied great-grandmother, "when I was a little girl the locomotive was just as much of a novelty to me as the X rays are to you today." -New York Sun.

A POWDER DEPOT.

Uncle Sam's Gunpowder Stored in New Jersey.

Five Capacious Magazines Filled With Explosives.

In these days of wars and rumors of wars, when the periodicals of the country are filled with descriptive articles and illustrations concerning our fleets, forts and other military equipment, it seems strange that the one thing absolutely essential to their practical use, the gunpowder, has been lost sight of.

Let it not be supposed that Uncle Sam buys his gunpowder as occasion requires. On the contrary, he has enough of it constantly in reserve to blow a good sized chunk out of the world, and it is stored within easy distance of New York city.

The reason for this comparative nearness to our metropolis is that, when wanted at all, gunpowder is something that is usually wanted in a hurry, and furthermore, New York is a convenient shipping point.

It is in New Jersey, way up in the northern part of Morris county, in the Berkshire valley of the Green Pond range of mountains, some four or five miles from Dover that one must go to find this deadly hoard of powder.

The natives all call the place by its old Indian name of Picatinny, and the government reservation the Picatinny powder magazines; but it is spoken of officially as the United States government powder depot. The tract of land comprises some 2,000 acres, 333 of which are set apart for the use of the navy. It was acquired in 1883. A large sum of money has been spent upon it, but the improvements planned will not be fully carried out for years to come, if ever.

The entrance to the grounds is through a massive iron gateway, the posts of which were constructed from old cannon. From the gateway one traverses a rounded, well-kept roadway, with rows of shade trees upon either side for some little distance.

The buildings are without exception painted in a dull grayish blue, in order to prevent the almost infinitesimal possibility of undue warmth from the sun. They present a most cheerless appearance to the artistic eye.

But it is the long, low-lying structures dotted here and there about the valley that appeal most strongly to our imagination. They are at some distance apart, as a precaution against the chance of blowing one another up in the event of an explosion, and are built entirely of iron, steel and brick, and are considered to be fire, water and lightning proof. They are fitted with drenching-out, lightning, fire and other appliances, and in all of the fifty years of their continuous use no serious accident has been recorded there.

There are five of these magazines, and they vary from 200 to 250 feet in length by about fifty feet in breadth. As they are sunk into the ground to some depth their height inside is considerably greater than a casual observer would imagine.

Queen of Her Heart.

The little rag doll is queen, Her realm is a maiden's heart, And there she will reign serene And play her important part.

The doll that I thought a prize I gave to the little maid, That opened and shut its eyes And beauty of face displayed, But somehow it seemed to me She never received the care I daily and hourly gave.

Chicago Post.

HUMOURS.

Necessity is the mother of all inventions, except the folding bed.

"Is your overcoat comfortable, Mac?" "I don't know. I haven't heard from it since I hung it up."

"Does position affect sleep?" asked a medical writer. It does when the man holds the position of night watchman.

"Papa, George says he is very much worried about his income." "I should not think he would worry about a little thing like that."

"She—Darling do you love me? He (kissing her rapturously and repeatedly)—Do? I wish you were a two-headed girl. That's all I can say."

"Talking about the jaws of death!" exclaimed a man who is living with his third-seedling wife. "I tell you they are nothing with the 'jaws' of life!"

"Please to give me something, sir?" says an old woman. "I had a blind child—he was my only means of subsistence—and the poor boy has recovered his sight."

Lonny Duggs, whenever he sings, (so much does he deserve), 'Tis not his voice makes me rejoice—Lonny him his nerve.

"Been married seven times, has he? Is he a man of leisure otherwise?" "Oh, no, he's a hard working tailor." "What a remarkable instance of the survival of the fittest!"

"Are you," she finally faltered, "really a doll?" "Can you doubt me?" he asked intensely. She shivered. "Almost everything is adulterated nowadays," she muttered.

"Why do you look so gloomy, Tompkins?" "You know my best girl is one of those new women? Well, I'm puzzled to decide whether I ought to ask her to marry me, or wait for her to propose."

"John is a mighty man," said Biggs. "He sold me a tub of butter that was strong enough to go alone; but I got rid of it. I sold it to my brother; and the best of it is I got more than I paid John for it."

Mr. Green—Does your baby recognize you when you come home? You are away so much, you know. Mr. Black—Know me? I should say so. He always begins to cry the moment I get inside the door.

"I want to pay this bill," he said to the hotel clerk. "But I think you have made a slight error here in my favor. I've been reading over the extras, and I cannot find that you have charged me anything for telling me you thought it might rain."

Crailled by a Buzzard. As the mail train on the Pensacola and Atlantic division of the Louisville & Nashville railway was bowling along between Bonifay and Caryville, Fla., some heavy object struck the headlight, smashing the glass and knocking the burner of the lamp. The oil caught fire, and in an instant the front of the engine was in flames.

The engineer was alarmed, and recovered the lever so suddenly that the cars bumped together with great force, jarring several passengers and derailing the engine.

By hard work the flames were extinguished and then the engine was examined. It was found that a buzzard had struck the headlight and caused the trouble. The bird was found wedged in the headlight, with its feathers burned off and thoroughly cooked. The accident cost the railroad several hundred dollars and traffic was delayed for five hours. -Philadelphia Times.

WON BY A NOSE.

One autumn I made a flying tour through Germany, that is, I got as rapidly over the ground as wheels could carry me, and, on the afternoon of a day more than commonly clear and beautiful, I arrived at Wildbad just as the sun was over the Schwartzwald mountains. Thoughts of good cheer, made the more desirable by reason of a two-fold appetite, occupied me while rattling along the suburbs, but, on turning into the street, near the König Platz, my senses were completely dazzled by a matchless piece of humanity as ever bore the name of woman.

She partly rested on the stone balcony of an antique mansion—was about nineteen years of age, tall, finely rounded, with dark auburn hair, shadowing features deliciously chesed, and glowing with love and happiness. Within the room stood, with his arms folded, and in a military costume, a young man of noble bearing, whose eyes were directed toward her, and to whom she occasionally addressed herself. I gazed entranced upon that divine object, until the envious turning of another corner shut her abruptly from my sight.

"If, Herr Schratteubak, Junior, looked first at the lady's nose, then at the lady, then at Herr Necker, then at him off in the glass, and then observed: 'I am glad of this; for, to tell you the truth, I have a secret penchant for a lady in Silesia, who admires my physiognomy much more, I fancy, than the Fraulein Julie; in fact, the lady I allude to thinks me a handsome likeness of the emperor Trojan.'"

"If you are satisfied," said Herr Necker, "I am sure I am; for I must own that I was somewhat alarmed at the size of Nose the First, but yours (no offense) would frighten a regiment! Come, let us be all friends, and sit down to a dejeuner in the pavilion." I need not add (continued nose host) that the rival noses, strange as it may sound, shook hands in a spirit of the most perfect amity; and I am sure that you will agree with me that colonel Eckerlin (who is spending the honeymoon here) is worthy of Julie!"

Fashionable Dogs. A few days ago a man walking in one of the most fashionable streets of Paris came across a lost dog. It was a small toy terrier, and was clad in an elaborate coat trimmed with costly furs. In this coat was a tiny pocket containing a handkerchief bordered with exquisite lace, a worked monogram, and a coronet. Round the dog's neck was a gold and jeweled bangle, and his coat was fastened by a brooch blazing with rubies and diamonds. It is quite the fashion among the pretty and smart women of Paris to get up their pet dogs in expensive and elaborate costumes, to cover them with jewels, to engrave cards with their names, and to drench their trembling little bodies with the newest and most pungent perfumes. The dogs in this country are scarcely so pampered. Yet there is an Italian greyhound in town which looks like a piece of Dresden china, and wears a fawn-colored coat, tailor-made, trimmed with fur and buttoned down the back with brass buttons. Sappho, as she is poetically named, wears Dresden and Watteau ribbons in delicate hues. Such, in brief, is her regiment that when she goes to take the air she is the envy of all the little dogs in her part of the town. -New York Journal.

Humidity in Dwellings.

It being granted that humidity in dwellings is the cause of many diseases, the following simple method of testing, which has been suggested by the Lyon Medical, is interesting. It directs that doors and windows of the room must be closed to prevent the entrance of exterior air and that a piece of fresh quicklime should be left in the room for twenty-four hours. It claims that in an ordinary room, if three-quarters of an ounce of water is absorbed by the lime, the room may be considered unhealthy. The amount absorbed is determined of course by weighing the lime. Our authority, unfortunately, fails to state the size of the room.

Old Louisiana Monkeys.

The United States government has taken possession of several monkey recently found near Charleston, S. C., which some seem to think were built by De Soto. Recently a farm hand plowing near the moorland turned up Spanish coins bearing dates of 899, 1377 and 1398. -St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HOW JAPANESE APPLY THEIR SHIPS.

The Japanese apply one of their pretty ways to the launching of ships. They hang over the ship's prow a large postboard cage full of birds, and the moment the ship is afloat, a man pulls a string, when the cage opens and the birds fly away, making the air live with music and the whir of wings. The idea is that the birds thus welcome the ships as they begin their career as a thing of life. -Atlanta Constitution.

CROCODILES ARE PECULIAR.

There is little in the animal kingdom that can be so dead and be so much alive as a crocodile. The number of unsuspecting persons who have mistaken him for a log and have failed to discover their mistake until it was too late to be of any benefit to them will never be known. In ancient times, several years prior to the British occupation of Egypt, some of the people of that country worshipped the crocodile as a god, there being nothing else like him. In other parts of Egypt, however, the natives looked upon him as a devil. Having no firearms they did not kill him with lead, but they managed to immolate him with such weapons as were fashionable at the time. The crocodile is not so numerous in the Nile as he was in the days of the Ramesses family, in fact, he rather shuns the river now below the second cataract on account of the annoyances inseparable from tourist traffic. It seems impossible for a tourist to see a crocodile without trying to pierce him with a revolver, and to a reptile that is fond of a quiet life, this sort of thing is simply intolerable. He will not molest a man unless he can take him at a disadvantage, and as long as a man does not unthinkingly step upon him, the crocodile will go his own way and calmly await his opportunity. He feeds on fish but for a course dinner would rather have humanity, which shows that there is no accounting for taste, even among reptiles. His methods of capturing large game are plural as well as singular. Sometimes he will lie on a river bank partly covered with sand or mud until an absent-minded native wanders within reach. Having grabbed his prey he will saddle into the water and there drown the stranger. -Atlanta Journal.

BOSS AND WOODCHUCK.

A correspondent sends to the Youth's Companion from Paris, Me., an entertaining story of three dogs and a woodchuck. "Some years ago," he says, "I owned a dog, Sport, who was a famous woodchuck-hunter. In the course of one season, when woodchucks were unusually numerous and troublesome, Sport caught twenty-five by actual count.

"One day in June, when I was hoeing corn, I heard a good deal of barking in an adjoining field, and knew pretty well what must be going on.