VOL. XVIII.

and entangling his long ankles in

"I never knowed a gentleman with

such a temper before!" panted Sim-

icons, as he boilted head foremost

Mr. Solomon Jessamy, left alone

ment," danced around about it, in a

frenzy of wrath, uttering mingled

Suddenly a hand was clapped on

"Who are you?" barked out Mr.

Jessamy, turning so abruptly that the

into the grass. "Are you aware, sir,

that you are trespassing on private

property?"-to a second individual.

tall and spare, and apprehensive look-

"Come, now, none of that!" cried

shorter of the two, who was holding

from acut were, in a vise, "No vice

on to him tight, Fish! That's right.

And, before Mr. Jessamy could

raiso his voice to hallon for help, they

were durting down the river as last as

"Solitary confinement-that's the

his own seven-year-old boy, going to

be shut up for getting into a passion.

tail one nod-led oracularly.

hadden in water willows.

"Eh!" he faltered, "Am I mwl?"

"A lucid interval, most probably,"

won't be necessary to bandouff him."

The tall man and the short man

"Whither are you taking me?"

"No; but you be!" said the short

short man, "Frey now, Mr. Par-

"That's not my name," said Mr.

Jessamy. "There's some mistake

"Oh, no, there ain't!" said the

man, "You're Malachi Parrott, and

von've escaped from the Sauitary

Home; but Leaves, you won't ar'in!"

My name is Solomon Jessamy, and

"Gammon!" said the assistant

keeper of the insome asylum. I've

Aml, in spite of his remoustrances,

sity of stairs into a small room, with a

barred window, an iron bed-tend and

a three-legged atool, with the agree-

able prospect of passing the night

As the fron door banged upon him.

with the "cuck! chek" of a spring

lock, and an imbescribable sensation

of louliness crept over him, he thought

of poor little Tommer, in the dark

bed-room, supperless, and sorely in

"If I ever get out of this alive,

thought he. I'll adopt a new system of

discipling toward the boy-hangel if

But just as the dismit shadows of

dusk were beginning to gather in the

angies of the cell, the spring lock

elicked again, and the moon-like

countenance of the keeper beamed in,

"It's all a mistake," said the; "and

therein as a recaptured lunatic.

fear of ghouls and goblins.

heerd such stories afore."

I won't be made a madman in spite of

breathlessly demanded our nero,

Into the boat with him!"

ours could propol them.

utrage?" he panted.

confinement!"

ing, who kept at a safe distance,

his shoulder, and a hoarse, chuckling

lamentations and maledictions.

voice rumbled into his ear;

"I've got you now!"

mats of sweat polato vines.

is worth to live with him!"

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., JUNE 25, 1896.

NO. 41.

RATES

Chatham Record.

ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion-

One square, two insertions One square, one month -

For larger advertisements liberal con-acts will be made.

A Song of Sweet Days.

Sweet are the days of the pastime,



Solitary Confinement.

BY BELEN PORREST GRAVES.

The brief, decisive battle was over. The seven-year-old enemy routed, though not subdued, was carried off, kicking, in his nurse's arms, scream ing at the very pitch of his infantile lungs, "I won't! I won't! I wo-o-o-n't be a good boy!" while the last glimpso his mother caught was a scarlet countenance where the heels should be, and the two be-slippered feet oscillating like human pendulums,

Mrs. Jessamy looked after little Tommy in maternal tribulation.

"Do let me go to him, Solomon!" she pleaded, "I am sure I could quiet

But Mr. Jesamny-a bald-headed sage of five-and-fifty, with round goggles that gave a preternaturally wise expression to his countenance, and a spotless white waistcost, festooned with scale and chains laid a detaining hand on her arm.

"Sursh," quoth he, ornenlarly, "I um astonished at thus very culpuble weakness on your part. The boy has committed a great fault in thus giving way to an uncontrolled temper, and be must be purched accordingly.

"But, Solomon, he is such a mite of a thing!" plead of the mother, pitcons-

"That makes no difference, my dear, Solitary confinement, Sarah -solitary confinement, on bread and water, is what will break his spirit." "But he may come out to supper, Solomon?"

Mr. Jessamy settled the goggles on the bridge of his nose, with an autoeratic dignity of movement.

"He will remain in the back store room until tomorrow morning, Sarah," "Alone ?" graped the nervous mother

"Alone I" pronounced the domestic grand mogul. "Believe me there is nothing like solitary continement. It has been proved, my dear, more than a score of times. That boy of yours" -Mr. Jassamy spoke as it he himself had nothing whatever to do with the proprietorship of Master Tommyhas a temper, and that temper got to be broken. Pray, Mrs. Jessamy, do not annoy me with any further misjudged intercessions."

And thus pronouncing his ultimus tum, Mr. Jessumy stalked out into the garden, to view the rinening globes of roses, for Mr. Jessamy was a man of hobbies, and the latest buildy was horticulture; the more satisfactorily to wide which he had wanted they lottle villa on the banks of the Schuvikill, with an abradance of gables, honeysuckle lenfage and water fronts.

"Simmons!" said Mr. Jessamy, sharply, as he stood with both bands in his pockets surveying his domain

"Sir!" grunted Simmons-a lank specimen of the genus general g r dener, who appeared to exist with . spade over his shoulder and a measuring-line half-way out of his pocket.

"How are the egg-plants?

"Getting along nicely, sir," "And the cherry tomatoes?"

"Well, sir, the dry weather helps 'em along amazin',

"And, Summons ..." Mr. Jesemny bent down, settled his goggles and then to ettled them.

"Where is the log melon that I had here—a watermalin, Simmons, on a slate, just g'o e to this stake?"

"Well, sir, I up and throwed it gway," owned Simmous; "for what a watermillion, sir, was doin' amount

"You scounded! You rescal!" roured Mr. Jessamy, "How dated you do such a thing? Po you know, sir, that you have frustrated one of the finest scientific experiments of the age-a watermeles grafted on the atem of the contrious vice-grafter by my own hands? And you to go and throw it away as it it were a blighted pumpkin or a half-rip aquish! How dired you, I say Villam f wretch f get out of my

We've found Parrott down fishing in the woods. And Mr. Ellys, he hopes you ain't been seriously discommoded, sir, while he's ready to make all apologies. Anything we can do for you,

Mr. Jessamy grew scarlet. "I shall lay this matter before the proper authorities, you may rest assured?" said he, "This -this atrocious assault shall not go unpunished!"

And he stalked dignifiedly out of the "Sanitary Home," followed by the profuse apologies and protestations of the whole staff and faculty thereof.

"But we never should have surpected you," said the tall man, courtcously, "if we had not seen you dance ing and jumping around in such a peculiar fashion, sir."

When Mr. Jessamy reached home. into his tool-shed, among a grove of his first act was to release little Tomdahlia poles and flower pots. "It's my from the durance vile of the back as much as a poor workin' man's life store room.

"I'll be a good boy now, pa," whened Tommy, with swollen cyclids with his blighted "scientific experiand tear-b sprinkled countenant

"So will I, my son," said the philasopher. "It's very wicked to get angry,

am't it, pa?" "Very wicked, indeed, my son,"

and Mr. Jessuny. And they had their supper together -a lobster, with plenty of cream tonst, and peaches sheed in sugar as amigoggles fell off his nose and tumbled cably as possible,

How One Book Was Written,

Dr. Hoffman of Frankfort, Germany, whose "Shock-headed Peter" is one of the most famous child's books in the world, tells as a good joke how he, as Mr. Jessemy tried to wriggle he happened to make it, for he is a out of the grasp of the stouter and quant bld German scientist, though good humored. One Christmas he had been searching high and low for lence-it will do no good. Solitary a suitable picture book for his twoconfinement -that is the through Hold year-old son, but in value. At last he purchased a blank copy book and told his wife he was going to make a picture book for the boy-"one he can and istand, and in which the tedious murals 'be obedient,' 'be clean,' 'be strong some and a pair of broad-bladed | industrious, are brought home in a manner which impresses a young "What is the meaning of this -this | child."

Dr. Hoffman was the head physieinn of the Frankfort lunatic asylum, thing!" said the tall man-solitary and knew nothing of drawing, but he set to work and produced the Mr. Jossamy stared; a curious sen- grucsome picture of all the naughty boys and girls which everybody sation came over him, as if he were knows. His child was delighted, and when some of his circle of literary friends saw it, they neged him to have The short, atout man grinned; the it published before the boy spoiled it, and Dr. Loning the publisher, said

he would bring it out, said he. "All the better, Simpson; it "Well," and Dr. Hoffman, "give me eighty guiden (about twenty-five Mr. Jessomy jumped up in the dodars), and try your fortune. Don't make it expensive, and don't make it too strong. Children like to tear fell on him with one accord, and books as well as to read them, and forced him back into his seat; and al- nursery books ought not to be heir-They ought to last only a most at the same moment, the boat looms, drew up at a little pier or landing, half time." An edition of 1,500 was quickly sold, and now 175 editions have up, peared in Germany and forty in England, and it has been translated into "Solitary confinement - solitary Rassian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch, confinement-that's the only thing," French, Towns, Portoguese, and it margared the tall man, taking smaff. has penetrated India, Africa and Aus"Sir, are you mad?" cried Mr. Jes. | tralia - Paper Warld.

Why The Colonel Was There,

Senator Waltimil teils a story on himself, which is none the less good by reason of the fact that the scene is laid during the late Civil War. At that time the senator was a colonel in community of a Confederate regiment and had brought his men into posttion, occupying a sunken road. A Federal battery was pouring shot and shell all around the adjacent territory. This fire, however, passed over the regiment hadden in the readway, and they were to all intents and purposes out of dancer.

On the high bank in front of the place where Colonel Walthall stood Mr. Jessamy was harried off to a was a giant gine tree about a dozen dreary stone lond, nr., up an immen- feet in circumference. Acting on the spar of the moment, the colonel thought a fine opportunity was presented to give his men an object lesson in personal bravery without any risk to himself. Accordingly he climbed up the bank and stood behind the pine tree. The next minute wshell struck the tree and sent a shower of bark and splinters flying in all directions, when Walthall overheard the following dialogue between two of his

> men lying in the readway beneath: "I teil you, Jim, it was a mighty good thing for the colonel that that

pine tree was there," "Yes, Tom," replied the other, "but if it hadn't been for the big tree the colonel would never have been there in the first place."-Memphis Commercial Appeal.

A watch which is in good running it never would have happened if me order to one year's time ticks 157,680. oot Mr. Edys hadn't been new hands. | 000 tichs.





She's coming in a little while, She can't come now I can but smile For Dolly's had a fall; And Dolly can't be left, you know,

Because she's apt to cry. Which wouldn't do, of course, and so She's coming by and by, She's very, very busy now,

And I will have to wait, She says with pretty, wrinkled brow, Because it's getting late, And realls she will have no time She shakes her early head

With such solemnity sublim Till Dolly goes to bed; Another time I call to her, But still she's not impressed, And pouringly she does demar, For Dolly must be dressed.

Sweet Dolly is her f-remost thought, And there is little doubt The Dolly that I blindly bought Has really "out me out.

ESSAY ON THE ANT.

Ants are very small insects, they car carry a lead ten or twelve times their own weight. They live in societies often very large. There is another kind of ants known

as the winged aut, they appear is autuma and die before cold weather begins, with the exception of a few who live to start a new colony. They are divided into two classes

called workers and soldiers, the workers doing all the hard work while the sobliers do most all the fighting, but if the enemies are too many in num ber or rush in on their fee the work ers have to fight too. The eggs of the ant are so small that

you can scarcely see them with the naked eye. The mother drops then wherever she happens to be, and the workers pick them up and muisten them with their tongues and lay them in the rooms.

In a few days the young ones are hatched and then the workers are busy feeding the buby ants. Their whole supplies of food are brought in and put in the store rooms by the workers.

The food of some auta consists of animals, and of others vegetables. Aut- are very foul of sugar, and they seem to be drawn to it by an acute sense of smell. If we bury an anima in an ant-hill we will find only the skeleton of it in a few days .- Trenton (N. J.) American.

LITTLE MAGGIE.

Little Maggie was brought up ut the poorhouse. She had nothing to give any one but kindness, but she uch of that the loved her-the matron and the five old ladies who were obliged to live to the desolate old house on the bill, which had neither porch nor shule-

things they had lost-spectacles and handkeretitels, for instance. She buttoned their shoes and put up their hair and whenever she could do novthems nice for them she did it.

Poorhouse fare is very day, and when blackberries were ripe Magain used to beg the matron to let her ge into the woods and pick some for the poor old ladies' tea. The matrix is said she might. And when Mr. Smith. the grocer, saw her filling her pail, he asked her what she was doing with semany and she told him.

"Oh," said he, "I guess I'll have to give you sugar for them. They won't taste good without socse, and I know what poorhouse providing is. When ever you pick a mess of fruit, come to me for sugar." And when winter came he sent some bags of dried fruit and a box of sugar.

The poor old people could have told you how much better it made their broad and butter taste, and who Mr. Smith's good deed became known the people at the dry-goods store remembered that they had some woolen goods, not very handsome or sa able, but very comfortable for all time, and set the old belies up in hoodshawls, stockings and mittens for the

It was summer again, and Maggre was pushing the matron's bally about in the wagers, where who were it had - she stopped and looked about her a her pretty garden. The milk-man was

just passing and he said ; "Good afternoon, Miss Billings Going away?"

"Yes, Mr. Brown" she answered, "I'm going for a month, and when I come back a v flowers will be dead. Um sorry, for I do love my garden. If I had near neighbors, I could pay some of their boys to water them that I'm too far off to do that. So goodlive to my postes."

When she was gone, Maggie went up to the fence and looked at the flow ers.
"What a shame," she thought, "that

they should be allowed to die. Then she remembered that after the old Indies had had ten and the matron't buby was noteep, she never, had much to do, and that she could ran over be fore bedtime came and water the garden. There was a well and a cistern, and a pail stood handy. It seemed to Maggie that it would be very pleasant work, but when the next evening sho really set herself at it, she found it very tiresome. There was a prest many beds, and a great deal of water was needed. However, she did not give up her plan for that. Every evening found her at the place, and ifter a while she found that the task

The very first night she had heard a reat minouling, and find seen a poor little cut running about the porch; evidently it was hungry. She had nothing to give it, however, but the next evening she asked the matron for some crusts, which she scake in water and put into a little tin can. Pass was glad to get it, and every night Maggie took something for the

This went on for a month, until one norning a lady welked up to the poorhouse door and asked if there was a sittle girl there mimed Maggies Magric was sent for. The lady was Miss Billings. Miss Billings gave her a kind smile, and said.

"My dear child, Mr. Brown, my milkman, tells me that all the while I've been gone you have watered my flowers. Is that so?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Maggie. "H heard you say they would die for want of it, and that seemed a shame; so 1

"And my ear!" said Mess Billings. her to a friend, but she tan away home again, as eats will, and she'd the smallest letter is ever boarred or have staryed but for you. I am so men obliged to you, and I want to pre you something for it."

"Ob, I don't want anything ma'um," Maugio sant.

But Miss Billings made her go with her to the store, and gave her a nice pink freek, a mee stray hat, and other useful and pretty things.

had a talk with the matron. She said she needed a luttle gurl to help about the house, and would take Magno if

"I have had some money left to me, and can afford to do well by her," shu smil. Maggie has been well educated, and

is as healthy and hoppy as a girl can be, and not a week pusses but she comes to the positionse with some mee things that Miss Builings has sent to the old ladies. In fact, they have aind to the poornouse tork that the authorities have resolved to put up a porch for them to sit under in summy weather, and to be one grass plots to fore the house, and a contribution has been taken up in the village for rocking chairs and the poor old souls never had so much comfort before:

"Yell our Mayone started it all with the blackburry means, "the old indies say to each other; which is quite true, for if Mazzne had just gone don't selfi-fily presons as many borries es she could cut, and forgetting that the poor old takes might like some, too, the good grocer would not have thought about them and out the sugar and deted frue, by the grozer had not been nemerous, the dry goods neade might not have remembered, what they could give away, and so on. She sectionly set the ball rolling. As for Maggie's one sell, if she had not been condenstured enough to water the dowers and feed the poor little est, Miss Buildings would never have known that there was a little girl at the poormuse to whom she could be a friend, When an person doesn good deed it generally put: it into another person's neart to do another. And even a kind the artist has brought also at great benewhom she knew by night come out of discloremicial, it some one aftered her house and lock the door. Su is who could no nothing else. Now had a traveling-bag in her hand, and fork Ledger.

MAKING BIBLES.

Oxford Press Turns Out Twenty Thousand Every Week.

Precision With Which The Holy Writ is Prepared.

A single concern, the colclarated Oxford press, in the university town of Oxford, England, actually manufactures and disposes of 20,000 volnines of the scriptures a wiek, or my ward of 1,000,000 n year. A further interesting ract that is worth remem bering is that, in all probability, the name of no living man appears in a many volumes as does that of Mr. Henry Prowde, who has been publisher of the university for more than

twenty years. The making of a Bible has a romanerall its own. And there are us other printing works in the world that can turn out Bodes, or indeed, works of any sort, with the wonderful tystem, completeness and perfection of detail that is employed by tins same Oxford pre-s

Enormany have been the pigitts of this Oxford press, morely been the sale of Bables. Out of the large revennes obtained in this way the estals hishment has been able to undertake the publication of many important and valuable technical works that would not have paid for issuing of themselves. The works where Bibles are made are particularly remarkable. from the fact that in them every detail of the manufacture of a book is carried on upon the premises, with one solitary exception, that of binding and gilt-edging, which is done in Lon

The establishment has its own paper mill, a quaint old building at Wolvercute, two miles from Oxford, and there a variety of different papers are made, some of the fine-t in the world among the number, including the Oxford "India" paper, which for fineness of texture has never been equaled and the secret of whose mantfacture is known to but three people. The Oxford press has its own type founder, the oldest in England.

The frequent use of arbitrary signs and curious characters in the books this establishment usues makes necessary an immense amount of hand easting, all of which is done to perfection. Even the lead for the toundries is p spared on the premises, though the dimony and tin are bench in the state required. In a building near by Some one has fed my eat. I carried the ink is mixed and carefully tested with a degree of success that not even

Typesetting the Oxford Bible is a ungity to action it is a matter of pride that no mistakes shall occur. Not only are Bibles of ar-timary size and form issued from here, but curiosities as well in the way of Belde making -brilliant Bibles, finder and thumb prayer broks, in the very timest of

One curious feature which indicates banks are prepared is that the various pages and the columns thereof have ter what twee is used. In the proof each Bible is read over and over a pure for the detection of errors; a Bible gi in minion type, say, with a nempaveil edition, and then with a brevier

book is read over again. It often hapcons that the sheets are gone over Jozen times before they are sent to e bound. Any employe who detects a printer's error is paid well, and the irst outsular who finds one is rewarded by a guinea. This care bears such so of results that the yearly average of nistaics detected is but live.

The printed she is are deted in a not room, in which dry air is driven. four to seven tens of printed shoets a has are sent to the bindery.

The skins of upward of 70,000 andagls are used yearly to easir Oxford Bibles. Over 100,000 shorts of gold lest assert quired to enver the backs.

fagued it takes a forfacilit to turn out an edition, but if to desoury the work can be done in an extraordinary about space of time. - New York Morn

Worked Themselves Out.

W. L. Scott, the coal buron of Eric. was a dyspeptic. He once said to meas no sat at the table together in the dinner room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel; "I will give you \$1,000,000 Churies Broadfor your stemach," way House is offering \$1,000,000 for a poir of eyes. What Jesson do we draw from the ? The insane thirst for money, money, money, is at the bottom of it all .- New York Press

That brings my heart to thee!

The time that you and I shall meet!

Sweet are the days of postime, Sweet with the morning's dew But the best time is the last time, When I kissed farewell to you!

To you, my sweet, And may God greet. The time that you and I shall meet! - Frank L. Stanton

HUMOROUS,

The trankle seems to be that when n man has a good scheme, it is not his

First savage-Isn't she just too sweet for anything? Second savage-Yes. I'll trouble you for the salt.

Higgledy-Does Impointed consist in having everything you want? Piggledy. No, it consists entirely in the ability to get more.

"Why, he yawned three times while I was talking to him." "Perhaps he wasn't vaccing. He may have been traine to way something." City May-How for is your house

from the station? Subarbanite (fiesitatingly) - Well; that depends on whether you are running to catch a Mr. Wassiline Passenger (in railroad

station at Poughkeepsie) - Here, you, what time does the next train go to New York? Mike-Be jabers; 'tis just "Oh, dear," said the girl with the X-ray glance, as she looked at her bashful lover, "Here's Jack come

again tonight and not brought his backbone with him." A tramp begged for bread at a cooking-

A girl pave him cake she had made just be-The tramp took a ture, then said he, with a Institut you for trend and you gave me a

"Most extraordinary man," "In what "I think he's the only man in the country who has a manufacturing plant of any description and hasn't beg m to make bieveles."

Judge-Have you anything to say before the judgment of the court is passed upon you? Tough prisoner-Beggin' yer honor's pardon, hev ye heard the score, judge?

Our Bairnies-SChildren, J hope you peeled the apples before cuting them?" "Yes, mother, dear," "What have you done with the peelings?" 2005. We are them afterwards.

vit child," said the oracular young prison, "can ask prestions that a wise miss cannot answer." "There's one satisfaction," said the man of family. "he can't ask very many of 'em without getting sent to bol."

Sanday-school teacher-Don't forget, my children, that you are all called upon to do permier. Of course you know what the word pennice mean r Bright scholar-Yes, sir! the precision with which these sacred | Pennants is what the league fellers piny for

pleasant. "all the children in the insumborhood are repeating that porces of your that appeared in last month's magazine," "Tint is flattering, V-ry, "Yer, They are using When the pages are stereotyped the the for a constinuous obtaine, you know -dear little through

The Scritary Value of Vawning, Remodes reality remaids and

rustly applied are not so often recommendal by our medical monters that we ear afford to everyone the disenery of the "referented Belgian physician," who has just proclaimed and most heneficed of bodily functions. The more we cannot appears, the more our langs and respiratory muscles become "fontiled," betreview are altogether. It is not the least merri of this discovery that, Time increasity in the Shorspotan proverry is made-extresting-core atmay. rat . now leave things processes, Too somety of hores, the preaching or the element's until, the smoothes of paramentars windbags and platform luffoons, the novel of the advertising halden per, and the poetry of the maggot-braned "decident," sume a high scattery value in the light of this notable promouncement, which, among other results ought to have a marked influence arounths demand for places in the strangers' gallery of the House of Commons --London World.

Philosophy of the Heme.

ers requests to create a happy home. One of these is a good cook, and the other five are money."

H. A. LONDON. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,