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When We Grow Old. There's much to cheer in well spent lives--and yet, When we grow old, Somehow 'round sunset scenes will cling regret.

STORY OF A POTATO.

Mlle. Aglae, a milliner by trade, was sitting one fine Sunday morning by the open window peeling potatoes. The window was on the fifth floor and looked out on the Rue Leprieu.

He glanced up at the house, and, seeing a window on the fifth story shut down hurriedly with a bang, he forgot everything in his rage and made a rush for the front door, opened it, tore through it and ran precipitately upstairs, with no other intention than making the guilty person suffer for his clamorous.

It took him but two seconds to reach the landing on the second floor, when a door suddenly opened and a person rushed out in a great hurry and fell heavily into his arms.

The two men eyed each other for a moment with angry and astonished looks, ready to abuse each other, when both simultaneously uttered an exclamation of surprise.

Anatole Baudruche and Edgar Bricheton were two old college chums. They had not met since the day when they took their bachelor of arts degrees together twelve years before.

"Say your hat looks very pretty," he said. "Do not speak of it. It has just served as a target for a potato that fell from the fifth story."

"And now you are going upstairs to restore the potato to its owner? That's very nice of you."

"Not by any means. I'm going to charge the clumsy chap with his crime--try to make him pay for a new hat."

"Well, so far as that is concerned you might as well tackle a corpse."

"Because old Bidoche is an old hedgehog who will kick you down stairs, even if he opens the door for you at all."

"Yes, the man you are after, for it can be no other than he. All the tenants in the building are always having trouble with him. One might think that he made a point of being as disagreeable to every one as he possibly can."

"What's that? What's that?" cried Edgar. "Are you trying to deceive me?" "Not at all," answered the old man quietly. "There must be a mistake somewhere. My name is Molequin, I am the solo bassoon in the orchestra of the Theatre des Gobelins, and I moved in this morning."

"Just our luck," cried Edgar. "Bidoche must have moved out." "Then," continued Anatole, "you are not the man who threw this potato on my hat!"

"I only eat green vegetables," answered Molequin. "Nevertheless, if the gentlemen will come in for a short while I will play them my part in the 'Four de Nidos.' There are some interesting passages in it."

Anatole and Edgar did not like to refuse, and went into the old musician's room. Molequin gave them a seat and then going up to his music stand he played through, for their benefit, the whole of the first bassoon part in the 'Four de Nidos.'

Edgar made a brave face over it, while Anatole sat at the window with his potato in his hand and scarcely able to contain his impatience.

Suddenly the musician struck a false note. It increased Anatole's impatience so much that he gave a jump, and in doing so allowed the potato to slip from his fingers. It rolled over the window sill and with a hop disappeared into the street below.

When Mlle. Aglae dropped her potato into the street she was overcome with fear. She hurriedly shut her window so that in case there had been an accident no one would suspect her. Then she sat down and quietly waited the turn of events. What, then, was her terror when she heard steps coming up the stairs--the steps of men; of two men, heavy and loud.

"They're policemen," she thought and at the thought her little heart began to beat more quickly, while cold perspiration broke out on her pretty white shoulders.

But just when she expected to hear the men's cruel fists knocking at the door of her little room her face suddenly resumed its calm and peaceful expression.

The steps had stopped at the door of the neighboring room, and she heard the bell ring, the door open and the strange visitors pass into the room behind.

Still she was afraid to move for, some time, fearing with logical mind that when the police found the tenants next door were innocent they would come in and accuse her. After some moments, however, she gained enough courage to conceal the basket and potatoes, which must otherwise have appeared so much against her, and forced herself to put on an innocent expression with which to meet the police.

After waiting a little longer and hearing no noise of steps, but only the bassoon, she became completely reassured.

In order to make assurance doubly sure she opened her cupboard and, taking out the milk jar, opened the door quietly and crept down the stairs and into the street to get four sours' worth of milk from the dairy at the corner. In this way she hoped to make an alibi, and her case would be too strong for the slightest suspicion. Besides, she wanted some milk to boil her potatoes in, and it was her intention to put in a cauliflower as well.

So she bought her four sours' worth of milk, and started on the return journey with her spirit at rest and her milk jar carefully held in front of her. Suddenly she felt a violent blow on her fingers, and at the same moment her hands, her bare arms, her orange face, eyes, hair and mouth were covered with milk.

They stopped. They looked at each other, and they understood it all. "Monsieur," cried Aglae, "you are a fool."

"And you, mademoiselle, your fingers are made of blotting paper," replied Anatole. "You are a rude man, sir."

"And you are ill-bred."

"A man who cannot hold a potato in his hand should not undertake to give lessons to anybody."

"I advise you to say as little as possible, mademoiselle. When a girl cannot peel a potato without letting it drop she should not meddle with cooking. She should take her meals at a restaurant."

"I shall take no instructions from you, monsieur."

"None the less, mademoiselle, I repeat you should take your meals at a restaurant. I know a very nice one on la Place Pigalle I do, indeed, mademoiselle."

"Well, go there yourself, monsieur."

"Oh! So you think that I would go to a restaurant with my hat smashed in this fashion!"

"Et bien, monsieur, if your hat is injured you have only to go to a hatter's and get it blocked."

"I shall take no instructions from you, mademoiselle."

"None the less, monsieur, I repeat you should go to a hatter. There is my brother, who is in the hatter business on Rue des Martyrs."

"Would you like me very much to go and have my hat pressed at your brother's, mademoiselle?"

"Would you very much like me to go to breakfast in a restaurant with you?"

"Et bien, mademoiselle, I shall go to your brother's with my hat only on the condition that you come to me to a restaurant for breakfast."

ADOBE HOUSES.

Simple Architecture of the Mud Residences in New Mexico.

Most Are Inexpensive, but Some Cost Thirty Thousand Dollars.

Architectural engineering is a branch of the gentle art of making mud pies in the land where the adobe houses grow. In the land of sunshine, where a rainy day is so rare that it is marked with a red cross, the native contractor and builder wastes no time figuring on the strength of material, the crushing weight of tubular columns, and the wind pressure per square foot of elevation. He simply rolls his trowels up above his knees, digs down in a favored ditch or pond until he strikes the 'dobe mud,' and in a short time he is ready to begin constructive operations.

Adobe houses are brick houses, but the brick is sun-dried and made with straw. The clay or mud of which the brick is made is a natural cement, peculiar to the arid plains of New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, and that belt of States and Territories. It is turned out in the most primitive manner, and the fine Island brickmaker who might happen upon a half-breed or Mexican 'dobe-brick maker, would view the operation with amusement or disgust. Kid-burned brick, made of blue clay, however, would not meet the requirements imposed by the climatic conditions of those countries where adobe brick is used.

In summer an adobe house is cool; in winter it is warm. Its thick walls absorb the occasional rain, and although the sun-dried brick is soft compared with the kiln-dried article, it does not crumble, and it stands for ages.

A man who recently traveled through New Mexico was much interested in the 'dobe houses. For weeks he inquired and searched for a 'dobe house in the hands of the builders. At length in Santa Fe he stumbled upon a couple of men stamping with their bare feet upon clay in a wooden frame. He inquired and found that he was looking upon two Mexicans making adobe brick. In describing the process he said:

"The men actually dug up the 'dobe mud from the bottom of the ditch which skirted the road. They mixed it, or, as we say, 'tempered' it with water until it was of a stiff, clayey consistency. Then they chopped alfalfa hay into short pieces and mixed it with the clay and their material was ready to make into brick. A wood frame lay on the ground. This frame was filled with the 'dobe mud mixed with hay, and one of the men got into the frame and stamped the mud down with his bare feet, at the same time tamping it with a stick. After the frame was packed hard he scraped the surplus mud off with a stick, so that the top surface was level with the upper edges of the frame, and then lifting the frame from the clay he carried the brick to one side of the road and stood it on its edge. The next brick he made he leaned against the first one, and soon he had a dozen large bricks--each twice as wide and long and thick as an ordinary brick--drying in the sun. One of the men told me that the bricks would be ready to lay in three or four days, and that they used the mud which the bricks are made of for the plaster."

"The walls of an adobe house are very thick, sometimes two or three feet, and in the ordinary one-story adobe house, which is characteristic of that region, they are built up perfectly plain until they reach the roof. The roof is supported on wooden beams, laid edgewise on the walls, and the bricks are built up level with the top of the beams between the timbers, leaving the edge of the rafters exposed. The roof has a slight slant, and is made of adobe bricks. When it rains the water soaks into the roof bricks, but does not begin to drip down into the rooms below until the rain is over. Then the family moves out until the water is through with its dripping. I saw an adobe house in Santa Fe which was built in the sixteenth century, and so far as I could see, the walls were as strong and good as any house around there."

"Walls are built of stone, plastered with adobe cement, if I may so call it, and such walls are strong and solid. I suppose if that country had half as much rain as falls in Chicago the 'dobe houses would after a time crumble away, but the average year in New Mexico is made up of 187 days of unclouded sky, 139 days when sunshine predominates, and only 39 days of cloud, so that the rainfall does not amount to much more than a good sized fall of dew."

It is estimated that an adobe home costs about \$100 a room, but there are mansions built of this material which cost not less than \$30,000 to construct. When the 'Americans' settled in New Mexico, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, and the lower part of California, they accepted the treeless condition of the country and built their houses of 'dobe mud.'--Chicago Record.

Rose Trees a Reality. Every winter there come to southern California tourists, who are surprised to find that the rose tree is not a fancy of the poets, that there are tens of thousands of literal rose trees in this semi-tropic land. The rose tree is an achievement of the florist. It is made by budding a rosebud on the stock of a dogwood bush. The stock becomes the trunk of the rose tree. Any rose bud may be easily grafted or budded on dogwood, and in regions where there is no freezing weather a plant so budded thrives with very little care. Dogwood bushes are natives of the island of Jamaica, and their wood is very hard. There are a few rose trees in the old Spanish villages of southern California, as Cucamonga, San Fernando, and San Bernardino, that have trunks nine and ten inches in diameter and ten feet high. Mrs. Moolook says she knows of nothing in floriculture more gorgeous than one of those large rose trees when in full bloom. She has several large ones at her home in Santiago canyon, for which she paid \$30 each, and then had transported there, earth and all about the roots, from localities miles away. It is a frequent thing for tourists in this region to sit grouped in picnic fashion under these large rose trees in full blossom, and to be photographed. The very largest rose tree is one near the famous old Franciscan mission at San Diego. It is fully thirty years old, and has a trunk twelve inches in diameter, and a head as large as a big head of hay, for it has been pruned many times to keep it from tearing away at the trunk. It looks, when in bloom, like an enormous bouquet of thousands of pink roses amid a mass of green. The Princess Louise sent a branch from the old monarch of the rose world to a royal friend in Spain, when she was in California in 1884.--New York Sun.

Circulation of the Bible. A reader of the New York Commercial Advertiser recently asked for some figures regarding the circulation of the Bible. Of course, it is unnecessary to say that no reliable figures can be obtained which will give the total number of Bibles ever printed and circulated. There are some figures, however, which will give some idea of the enormous circulation of the book, and these are certainly amazing enough. For example, the British and Foreign Bible Society of London has distributed since its organization, ninety-two years ago, 269,000,000 copies of the Bible. One firm alone, the celebrated Oxford Press of England, manufactures and sells each week 23,000 Bibles or over one million copies each year. And this press has sustained this output for years. For this immense output the skins of 73,000 animals are used for the covers, while over 400,000 sheets of gold leaf are used to letter the backs of the volumes each year. Last year, in London, there were 2,185,618 Bibles actually sold and distributed. In America over 1,400,000 copies were sold. During these twelve months the Bible was printed in forty-seven different languages. There is at present no tongue in the world into which the Bible has not been translated. While a large percentage of the Bibles printed go to the heathen lands the home market is not neglected. As proof of this, 950,000 Bibles were sold in America last year. Over 20,000 copies of the edition printed especially for the blind in raised letters were also sold. The total circulation of the Bible, should the figures be arrived at, would reach far into the billions and trillions. They would be sufficient to shag, at least, that no book ever published has in any way approached the circulation of the greatest of all books.

Too Good a Subject. "Gentlemen," said a professor of hypnotism in an oratorical manner, "you will observe that the subject before you has been in a deep hypnotic sleep for seven days, but with a few simple passes I will now restore him to full activity."

But, despite the professor's efforts, the subject slumbered on; nor did he awaken until the rush of spring trade had selected a dry goods merchant who never advertised.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

CUCUMBER FARCEE.

Peel and cut in two large cucumbers, take out the pulp, make a farcee and fill the hollows with it. Have a pan ready, place the cucumbers in it with the farcee upward; put a small piece of butter on each, and a little beef soup stock, and simmer two hours. A farcee may be made in this fashion--of any meal you may happen to have, either raw or roasted meat, chopped fine, with butter, egg and crumbs carefully beaten together, and well seasoned.

Tomato farcee makes a good luncheon dish; large tomatoes are peeled. The top of each one cut off to form a lid and a farcee put in after part of the tomato has been removed.

PLAIN ICING. Whites of two eggs, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, one-half pound of powdered sugar. Place the eggs in a refrigerator or some very cold place one hour before using. Break them carefully and beat the whites until frothy, then sift the sugar in gradually, beating all the while; add the lemon juice and continue the beating until the icing is fine and white and stiff enough to stand alone. Keep in a cool place until wanted. Spread with a knife dipped in ice water. If ornaments are used they must be placed on the cake while the icing is still moist. This may be varied by adding different flavorings, such as strawberry, pineapple, rose, vanilla, etc. Strawberry icing should always be colored with a few drops of cochineal.

A BOTTOMLESS MEAT PIE. Mrs. Rorer, the lecturer, does not approve of pie, but nevertheless she tells us how to make some good ones. In a recent lecture she said, "What people want with pies I can't understand. America is the only country where pies are made. The Germans even have no word for pie, and no other nation except the American could eat pie and live."

"However, we will make a regular English meat pie, with no bottom crust. Cut one joint of cold meat into one-inch blocks and two large potatoes into dice. Have measured a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a tablespoonful of salt, a quarter teaspoonful of pepper, the same of celery seed, and a teaspoonful of onion juice. Put a layer of meat into a rather deep piepan, then one of potatoes, and distribute some of the parsley, pepper, salt and celery seed through the layers. Build the pie up in this way until all the ingredients are used.

"Put a teaspoonful of butter over the top, add a half pint of stock, water a poor substitute, and put on your top crust, which must be rolled out rather thin and have an opening in the top so that the steam can escape. Glaze this with egg, to which a teaspoonful of warm water has been added, and it will give your pie that rich brown color which all meat pies should have. This is a delicious dish for luncheon."

NOT GOULD BIVTS. To curl ostrich feathers a smooth piece of whalebone is better than a knife.

Half a cantelope filled with ice cream is a dish fit to set before a queen.

No matter how beautiful the carpet, it has not the appealing loveliness of the matting in summer.

A glimpse at the windows of decorators reveals a very decided use of large-fringed cretonne in summer furniture.

No matter whether your duty lies in dusting a room or washing a poodle, do either one the very best you know how.

Almost everything for the table but hot biscuit and a few other dishes is better for being served in cracked ice these days.

Japanned trays may be cleaned by rubbing with clear olive oil. After the oil has been applied the trays should be vigorously rubbed with a flannel cloth.

Stone dates and eat them small; place in a bowl, pour over hot oatmeal, and by the time the dish is ready to serve it will be flavored with the dates and the dates mustered.

1796.

A drowsy drone; A golden sweet; And all alone, In kirtle and no-don and jennet, To guide the reel, With sunbeam in her starlike eyes, The maid from Linn daily plies. Her wheel.

1896. A noisy street, In line of part, Where o'er the coast, By day or star, And tall-robed, From head to heel, With resolution in her eyes, The modern maiden dilly plies. Her wheel.

HUMOROUS.

Post--How do you know the editor isn't in? Office Boy--From your looks.

Visitor--Johnny, do you get any good marks at school? Johnny--Yes, ma'am, but I can't show 'em.

He--Your father fought through several lively engagements in this fort, didn't he? She--Yes, but not so many as I have.

When a doctor advises a patient to go away, it's a pretty good sign that he is prosperous and has lots of others to fall back on.

Fanny--I know she was saying something mean about me, Grace. What was it you overheard? Fanny--She said I meant well.

Mr. Bason--That Mr. Crossley, who called just evening, is a self-made man. Mrs. Bason--Too bad he couldn't have made himself a little more agreeable.

Husband--(contemplating a purchase)--I like those "Gladstone" bags. Wife--So do I. Isn't that a wonderful man to find time to invent anything like that?

George--I wouldn't be discouraged by one refusal. There is no reason on earth why she shouldn't marry you. Edwin--That is why I feel sure she never will.

Mrs. Fiske--Three minutes after the fire broke out in the hotel, thousands of people were on the scene. Mr. Fiske--I suppose they wanted to see the fire escape.

The merchant to his daughter's suitor--Now how are you fixed financially? The suitor--Well, I have no debts. The merchant--What a pity! Then I cannot give you my daughter.

"What did the stranger say when you gave him the bill?" Waiter--Such monstrous prices he never saw; we were an abominable gang of thieves. Hotel-keeper--Good! So he didn't become abusive, then?

Wardrobe--I believe it would be a good thing to nominate Blackyakt. He's a mighty good man. Hele--Oh, he's a good man all right, but how could we ever get up a campaign yell on such a name as that?

He--And did you call at Monte Carlo while you were at Nice? She--No; papa called on him, Ebenezer, but from his disappointed appearance when he returned to the hotel, I think Mr. Carlo must have been out.

Customer (tightly)--I've--suppose you have some--or--suitable books for a manuscript to--or--be marketed? Head Clerk (promptly)--Yes sir. Here, Shingle, show this gentleman your line of largest-size pocket-books.

He knew Seeds if Not Latin. Every lover of art knows of the celebrated works of Messinger, the painter. Now Messinger not only could paint, but he could also tell a good story, and he was especially fond of relating the little incidents of his garden, when he treated his condition was remarkable.

A matter of fact is that a dancer thought and Messinger's garden or had a little knowledge of the Latin tongue, which he was fond of using to name his different plants. Messinger for a long time was skeptical of his garden's Latin, so one day he set a trap for him by giving him the name of a bird and asking him what seed it was.

Without hesitating the gardener gave it a long Latin name and promised that it would bloom in about three weeks. Messinger declined to himself agreed to respect the bloom in three weeks or more. When the time came the painter questioned his learned horticulturist about it, and the party led him into the hothouse to see enormous flower pot. There, sure enough, were the blooms in the nature of the heads of six red herrings, just emerging from the dirt in the pot. Messinger breathed a deep sigh and shook his gardener's hand, exclaiming:

"What a wonderful man you are!" --Harper's Round Table.