

The Chatham Record.  
H. A. LONDON,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,  
\$1.50 PER YEAR  
Strictly in Advance.

# The Chatham Record.

VOL. XIX. PITTSBORO, CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C. THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1897. NO. 10.

The Chatham Record  
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## A Good Story



### A Wonderful Photograph.

In a certain secluded little village in Brittany there lived, some years ago, an honest peasant woman, known as "La Veuve Yvonne." She happened one day to hear some of her neighbors speaking of the wonderful powers of photography. With absorbed attention she listened as they told her how that by means of this wonderful art were produced on paper, in the space of a minute, not only stars and trees, landscapes and buildings, but the expressions of the soul, the phenomena of the sky and the most transient expressions on the human face.

"Wonderful indeed!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands; and after a moment's pause, she demanded eagerly: "Where are the best of these marvelous pictures to be seen?"

"In Paris," was the reply. "Why, do you ask, Mrs. Yvonne?"

"Never mind," said she, nodding her head thoughtfully. "I have an idea. You will see."

The widow's mind was strong and simple; it did not take long to "make up." Without slaying to deliberate, without listening to the advice and warnings that belonged her on every side, and without consulting to any one the object of her journey, she packed up a few necessities, and one fine morning, rich with the savings of many industrious years, and armed with a written character from the farmer by whom she had been employed, she set off alone for Paris.

She arrived in the great capital, with her scarlet petticoat, her white neckerchief, her large cap and her honest face. It was a big place she saw, much larger than she had expected; very brilliant, and busy, and bewildering, but, though astonished, she was not a bit dismayed. She traversed the interminable boulevards with the nonchalance of a born Parisian, giving no sort of attention to the city's "nois," paying no heed to its monuments and museums, its parks and gardens, its gayeties and fetes, having in her honest head but a single idea, namely, the power of photography.

Directly she arrived she inquired: "Who is the best photographer?"

Opinions differed; some told her Lwin, others Salomon, others Frank, Gastave Levy, Bertall.

"But which of all these," asked the dame, "is most successful in portraits of children?"

In reply she was furnished with the address of a certain clever artist, whose name she is not at liberty to record, and to whose studio she at once hastened.

"Everybody says, monsieur," she began, "that your likenesses of children are admirable."

"Everybody is very kind," replied the photographer smiling.

"That you take them in the most graceful and natural attitudes," resumed the dame, "and that they are so lifelike that they almost seem to speak."

"If I have attained any unusual skill in this branch of my art, madame," he replied, "it is probably because I have worked so much."

He opened the door, called, and the next moment half a dozen merry children, of ages varying from three to twelve, rushed into the room and crowded round his knees.

"You may imagine," he continued, smiling, "that it is not always an easy matter to reduce these fidgety little customers to the necessary immobility; it requires a little tact and a good deal of patience. It is a child, I presume, madame, whose portrait you wish taken?"

"Yes, monsieur, it is a child; but he will not trouble you with restlessness," replied Dame Yvonne, shaking her head; "he will be neither petulant nor rebellious, the poor little fellow. Good reason why—he is—"

"Yes?" said the artist, interrogatively, stroking the forehead of his youngest child as she pouted.

"He is dead!" said Dame Yvonne, gravely.

At these startling words, uttered in a voice in which approaching sobbings betrayed themselves, the photographer felt distressed and ashamed of his own egotism. He felt he must have bitterly renewed the mother's grief in exhibiting to her these fair children and caressing them before her eyes.

"Go and play on the balcony," he whispered hastily; and, as they passed through the door, he kissed them tenderly, but softly, lest his visitor should hear. Then, returning to his seat near her, he said, with great gentleness:

"As the little child of whom you speak is dead, it is, I conclude, a posthumous portrait you wish to have taken—the picture of the little creature whose soul has fled, lying in his white bed, a crown of white roses on his colorless forehead. It will be a painful task to me; but to oblige you, madame, I shall be happy, if you will give me your address, to proceed as soon as possible to your residence."

Dame Yvonne drew from her pocket a large red and blue handkerchief, with which, quite simply, she wiped her tearful eyes.

"Thank you, monsieur," she said; "but I need not give you so much trouble. My child has been dead six years."

The photographer looked stupefied.

"You have then, already, a portrait of your son?" he said, after a pause— "a painting, perhaps, that you wish photographed?"

"A painting of him—?" exclaimed Dame Yvonne. "Mon dieu, no! or why should I have come all the way from Brittany? I have no sort of relic or remembrance of my sweet angel's face; it is the hope of obtaining one that has induced me to take this long journey."

The photographer started to his feet in utter amazement.

"What madame!" he exclaimed; "and do you imagine that without the original, without another portrait, without any sort of indication or guide, I can produce a likeness of a child who died six years ago?"

"What, monsieur?" cried Dame Yvonne, in her turn, "do you mean to say that it is impossible? People want on every side the prodigious, the marvellous of photography; boast that it surpasses the sea in the mysterious movements of its waves, and the sky in the rapid flight of its clouds, and render accurately the most intricate tereory of the highest buildings and monuments; and cannot it—cannot the art that accomplishes these marvels reproduce a vestige, a souvenir, a shadow of my son? Cannot it give ever so imperfect a resemblance of her child to a desolate mother, who—"

Sobs broke the sentence. Dame Yvonne could say no more.

Now here was a great grief to console and the honor of a great invention to defend. The kind-hearted photographer did not wish the simple peasant to return to her Breton village disappointed, so he reflected a while.

"Madame," he said thoughtfully, "nothing is absolutely impossible."

"Ah," she cried quickly, "then you can give me a portrait of my darling?"

"Perhaps," said he.

"Though he has been dead six years?" she asked.

"Who knows?" he said. "I will try at any rate."

"God bless you, monsieur—you and your family—if you accomplish this good action," exclaimed Dame Yvonne, tremulously. "What can I do to help you? Is there anything necessary for—"

"You have preserved the clothes of the child you have lost?" he asked.

"Preserved them?" she echoed; "I would no more part with them than a church would relinquish its sacred relics. I have the very little garments, still as good as new, in which I dressed him the last time he ran chasing the butterflies in the green fields."

"Send them to me directly," said the artist.

"You shall have them in an hour, monsieur," she replied.

"Good," said he. "Only three more questions. What was the color of his hair?"

"Golden," she replied.

"How old was he?" continued the photographer.

"Five years," was the reply.

"Was he sufficiently advanced in intelligence to have any sense of religion—to be pious?" he asked.

"Pious! Ah, cieux the poor little angel—he was always at prayers," replied the widow; "at night, before he went to rest, at the foot of his little bed; in the morning, when he rose, before the image of our blessed Lord that hung on his bedroom wall!"

"That is enough," said the photographer, rising. "When science and poetry work hand in hand in a common cause we may hope for success. I have so strong a wish to aid you, madame, that I do not doubt that I shall find a way. Adieu! Au revoir!"

The clothes were sent, the work was begun, and two days afterward Dame Yvonne received the first proof of the portrait. She uttered a cry of joy.

"It is he!" she exclaimed. "I know him again! It is my son! See! There is the little vest with the silver buttons—the little trousers I made with my own hands; there are his little arms, his tiny fingers, his long golden hair falling over his shoulders. Oh, yes, it is—it is my little child! Oh, monsieur, how much I owe you!"

"Madame," said the photographer, "in presenting to you an image which you recognize as your son, who died six years ago, I have accomplished a miracle. Miracles are not paid for."

For us the miracle is not difficult to explain. Nothing is so like, in figure, air and attitude, to a child of five years old than another child of the same age. The photographer had merely placed before the camera one of his own children, dressed in the pretty Breton costume of the dead boy. He was represented kneeling on a cushion, his head bent, his face hidden by his hands, which were raised and clasped together in the noble attitude of prayer.

Dame Yvonne returned to Brittany. She showed the portrait to every one she knew, and to all who would listen she enlarged in terms of reverence and wonder on the marvellous power of photography, which had produced the likeness of a boy who had been dead six years. If any one indiscreetly asked: "Dame Yvonne, why does your son hide his face thus in his hands?" she answered, much affected: "You must be a bad Christian not to guess that. The poor angel, who is in heaven, prays for his mother, left in this world, bereaved and desolate."

—New York News.

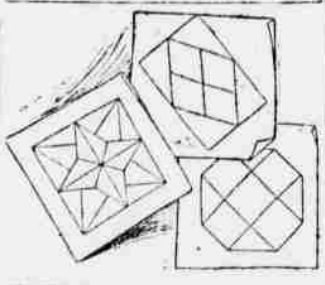
## A PRISON STUDIO.

### TEACHING CRIMINALS TO DRAW AT SING SING.

#### Trying to Keep Prisoners Employed Since the Law Abolishing Convict Labor Went into Effect—Methods of Instruction.

SING SING'S art school is firmly established. It has passed the experimental stage, says the New York World. There is no longer any doubt of its success. Its object is not that of any other school of art, being chief: to keep its convict pupils out of mischief. Warden O. V. Sage, one of the kindest disciplinarians in the State prison service, invented the school when the law abolishing convict labor went into effect. He is surprised as well as pleased at the progress the pupils have made.

cell—something every convict dreads. The instructor stands at an elevated blackboard. He draws a simple triangle or square or a more complex geometrical figure.



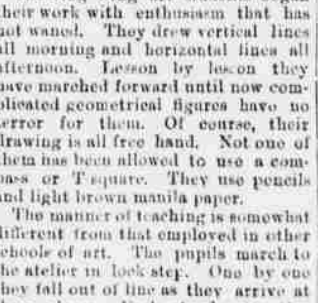
As he draws he explains what he is doing so every pupil may understand. He repeats the instruction once or twice. Then he walks up and down along the rows of pupils, if any of them finds it difficult to understand



Imagine a great, long, bare, gray room, its thick brick walls pierced on three sides by many narrow windows. That is the atelier in which these humble followers of Raphael bend over their drawing boards. There are fifty students in course, striped suits. They stand at their work, resting their drawing boards on high tables on which brush fibre used to be worked. The atelier is a pleasant place, especially by contrast with the rest of the prison. Its walls have been newly painted in a dark gray tone. There is plenty of light and fresh air.

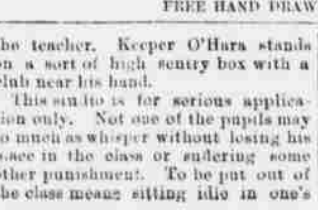


There are over 2,000 miles of railways in operation in Japan. The British Mint coined in 1896 23,000,000 more pieces than during 1895. Bulgaria has only seven high schools for girls, with 5,146 pupils and 185 teachers. St. Louis, Mo., is the largest street car manufacturing city in the world. The output last year was about 3,000 cars.



The aggregate weight of a family living in Van Buren County, Michigan, is one ton. It consists of a father and mother and four children, and when they go to church together they all sit in one pew.

The oldest tree of which there is authentic record is the *Sonchus oleraceus* of Lombardy. It is known to have been in existence in 42 B. C. There are, however, many trees for which a vastly greater antiquity is claimed. Some of the Senegal baobabs are said to be 5,000 years old.



FREE HAND DRAWINGS BY CONVICTS.

the teacher, Keeper O'Hara stands on a sort of high center box with a club near his hand.

This studio is for serious application only. Not one of the pupils may so much as whisper without losing his place in the class or undergoing some other punishment. To be put out of the class means sitting idle in one's

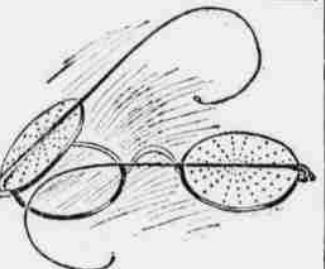
he asks the teacher, who promptly stops and explains everything to him.

Some of the pupils have begun to decorate their drawing boards. One young fellow who is serving two years and a half for grand larceny has drawn a lighthouse and an attractive bit of the shore. A merry burglar, twenty-four years old, who is serving six years, has relieved the monotony of waiting for lessons by portraying a duke, not forgetting the necessary cigarette and the monocle. A young New York burglar illuminates his drawings with a motto he has borrowed from the American Volunteers— "Look Up and Hope."

### FOR THE NEAR-SIGHTED.

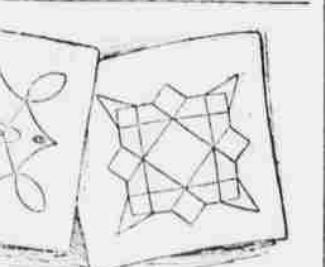
#### New Working Spectacles That Will Improve the Vision.

New working spectacles for very near-sighted people have been recently invented by the German army surgeon, Dr. Roth, in Berlin. It was known for a long time that people who suffer from slight cataracts in their eyes, or from dim sight, can see better if a plate which is absolutely opaque and fitted with a very small opening, in the center is placed before the eye. Such an apparatus can be used only in a very limited way, however, for the field of vision through this small aperture is exceedingly small, and therefore it lacks practical use. Dr. Roth's idea was to place a diaphragm containing many apertures instead of one central one over the eye, thus giving it a much larger field of vision. A further improvement on Dr. Roth's idea was recently perfected by Dr. Heilborn, of Breslau, who constructed spectacles fitted with such opaque diaphragms that may be used with or without this attachment, as circumstances demand. A sieve-like opaque plate fits over the glass lenses, and is fastened by means of a little hook, which also does service when the opaque plate is to be fastened out of the way, as shown in the illustration. By means of these opaque plates very near-sighted people can do without the very strong concave glasses, the



### FOR VERY NEAR-SIGHTED PEOPLE.

use of which is rather uncomfortable and even dangerous. The apertures in the new Heilborn plaques are arranged in concentric circles, in order to ease as much as possible the movement of the eye. The size of the apertures is gauged so that the field of vision shows no blanks, and on the other hand no partial covering of the picture shown through them can take place. Since the quantity of light en-



tering the eyes through the sieve plate is very much smaller than that seen ordinarily, work with these spectacles must be done with strong and, if possible, concentrated light.

Eighty-five per cent. of the people who are lame are affected on the left side.

## DRESS NOVELTIES.

### THE BOLERO IS A UNIVERSAL DRESS ACCOMPANIMENT.

#### A Pretty Design, With Full Waist of White Mousseline and French Capote—Stylish Shirt Waist.

THE figure or bolero is universal, and now shapes are not wanting. One of the prettiest of these novelties is here pictured and described by May Mantou, in connection with a full waist of white mousseline that is arranged over satin. The bolero and sleeves are carried out in an exquisite novelty goods of silk and wool, the ground of which is a rich shade of peonia intermingled with the most suggestion of green and gold in metallic effect. The fragrant girdle and crushed collar are of

the collar, finishing with a stylish bow at the center-back. A leather belt closing with metal buckle encircles the waist. Five small box-plats are laid on each side of the box-plate in center-front. These spread, gradually allowing an easy and graceful fullness over the bust which is confined again at the waist line, the lower edge of the waist being concealed under the dress skirt. The back is arranged at the top in box-plats and joined to a yoke lining having a straight lower edge, the yoke of material being laid and stitched down on the lower edge, thus giving a durable finish that will not lose its shape when laundered. The sleeve, of modified dimension, are gathered top and bottom, deep cuffs, that turn backward, finishing the wrists.

This stylish and becoming waist is a pronounced feature of the season's models and can be developed prettily in percale, dimity, cambrie, lawn, gingham, etc., as the variety of those



STYLISH VISITING TOILETTE.

goods to choose from is particularly attractive this season.

To make this waist for a lady in the medium size will require three and one-fourth yards of thirty-six-inch wide material.

LITTLE GIRLS' APRON.

A very attractive little apron is here shown made of mussook and trimmed with embroidered edging and insertion. The upper portion consists of a body lining that is fitted by shoulder and under-arm seams, and the closing is effected in the center-back with



CHILD'S APRON.

small buttons and button-holes. The neck, shaped in low rounding outline, has a full Bertha ruffle of the material falling deeply at the back and front, and over the pretty puffed sleeves that are gathered arranged over one-shoulder linings. The full straight skirt is decorated with embroidery and insertion, and is gathered at the top and joined to the lower edge of the body lining. Among the favorite fabrics for aprons in this style are cambrie, lawn, cross-barred muslin, dimity and gauze, with lace or embroidery a trimming.

To make this apron for a girl of six years will require three and one half yards of thirty-six-inch wide material.

### STYLISH SHIRT WAIST.

#### Fine dimity showing a ground of white with dainty figures in self-blue was the material chosen for this stylish waist which represents one of the



LADIES' SHIRT WAIST.

newest modes. The white linen collar is adjustable, and can be removed to have laundered when necessary, or when made to match the waist, can be permanently secured. A handsome stock collar of ribbon is tied under

### COSTUMES HARMONIOUS.

It is noticeable that new hats and bonnets offered to us are called "selected trade" show few violent contrasts. A tasteful gown combines, perhaps, half a dozen shades of harmonizing brown, with a touch of blue to emphasize the eyes. And a hat to be worn with a black or green frock is of varying greens and a touch of purple pink to lend a healthy hue to the cheeks.

The latest estimate of the Hebrew population of the United States places it at 500,000, of which 140,000 is credited to New York.

It is claimed by Boston papers that there are only seventeen towns in the whole of Massachusetts without public libraries.