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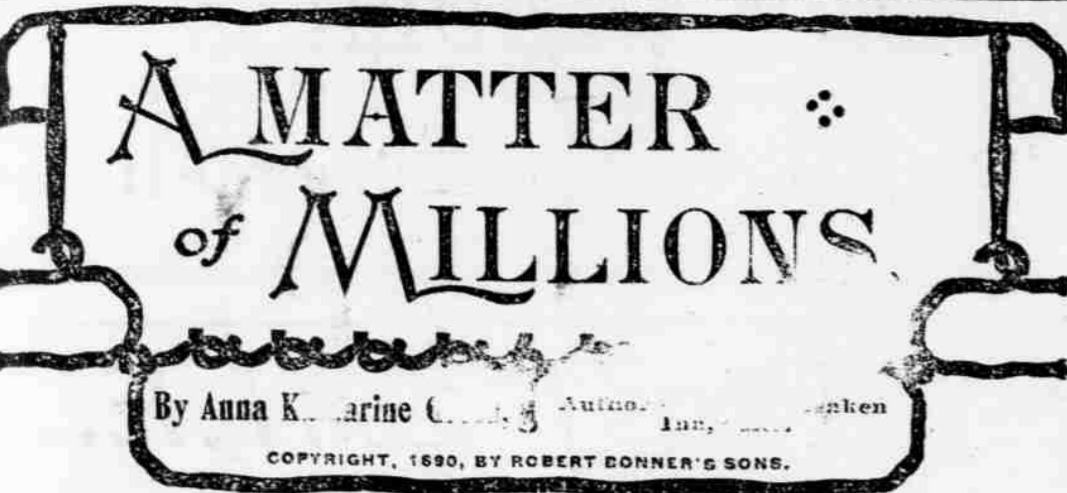
VOL. XXVI. PITTSBORO, CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1904.

NO. 39.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion	\$1.00
One square, two insertions	1.50
One square, one month	2.50

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CHAPTER XLII.

Continued.

"There you mistake. Could I have brought myself to consider so hurried and unlooked-for nuptials? I should have come to you to stand by her at the altar. As it is, I come for your advice as to the best way to release her request without shocking her feelings too deeply. I have a mother whom I love. I cannot bring myself to marry without her presence. Shall I tell Jenny so? I only want three days in which to bring her. Jenny can easily wait that long. But how to propose it when her heart is so torn and lacerated?"

"Mr. Degraw, let us go to her. You will have words given you. If she sees that you love her and only wish to wait a suitable time that she may be married with honor and you with satisfaction she cannot be so unreasonable as to feel hurt. She shall stay with me as she did before, until she is married."

When they drove up to Jenny's house Hilary remained in the carriage.

"Ah, you have come!"

The exclamation sprang from lips that had turned suddenly rosy at his step. He looked up as he heard it and saw Jenny before him in a dress suggestive of a modest bride, and carrying in her hand a bonnet and a pair of gloves. His heart for the moment stood still.

"My darling!" he murmured, taking her in his arms, and as he did so gently withdrawing the hat and gloves from her grasp and laying them on a table near by, "you are mine, then—all mine! No one competes with me for this small hand, and I may hope, in a few days—indeed, before the week has closed—to call you by my name before the world, as I now do in the innermost recesses of my heart!"

He had spoken without thought, and he had spoken well, if his delicacy only was to be considered. But there was another passion lying hid within that beating heart, and she started back wounded and frightened at his words, saying, wildly:

"I was mistaken, then, in thinking you would wish me to be beholden to no man but you. I must stay in this house for days, eating Mr. Degraw's bread and giving orders to Mr. Degraw's servants! I—I wonder you can wish it. But if you say so—"

"I do not wish it, and it must not be. Hilary stands ready to open her house to you. She is outside now in the carriage which stands in front of your house. She wants, and I want, that you should have every honor surrounding your marriage; and this could not be if we rushed off inconsequently to a minister's house to-night."

"Hilary!" Jenny's voice sounded strangely.

"I had much rather not marry you from Hilary's house."

"And why, my beautiful? Had ever a girl a kinder friend than she has been to you?"

"You do not understand," was the quick reply. "I appreciate Hilary, but—"

Jenny stole a look at him. Should she utter the words that were trembling on her tongue? Would it gain her wish and lead him to solve all her difficulties by marrying her before the fatal letter could reach him? He did not give her the opportunity for testing this possibility. Seeing her hesitate, he took her by the hand and passionately declared:

"My heart and life are yours, Jenny. You must know it from my look and clasp. I have no doubts. Yet with all this love and all this hope, I recognize that there is such a fact as duty. I have friends, I have my good name, I have something like a career to consider. But I do not consider these; I consider only my aged mother, who lives in a little country home among the Connecticut hills, and who would be heart-broken if her only son married without her knowledge and blessing."

"Oh!"

Jenny dropped her face in the hollow of her two hands. She knew that her cause was lost.

"Do you not see," he went on, his voice sounding with richer cadence as he dwelt upon the two deep loves of life, "that I could not be a good husband if I did not start right by being a good son? And she has been such a devoted mother to me. My heart warms as I think of her ceaseless care and patient love. If I have any good in me it came from her; and if I have any gratitude I must show it to her. Am I not right, Jenny?"

She pressed his hand. Fatal as this delay was likely to be to her, she could not deny the mother's claims.

"Go to her," she murmured, faintly. "I dare not ask you to remember my wishes in preference to hers."

He stooped to kiss her.

"And I dare not do so, Jenny. I idolize you. I love every hair of your head; every glance of your eye. Indeed, indeed, my love, I have no life without you; but the more I feel for you the more I must feel for my mother, since you two are the only beings in the world that have ever made me forget my art. Some day you will be the only one to consider; till that day comes let me pay my duty to both."

She sobbed, but attempted no further remonstrance.

"Why do you weep, Jenny? I shall come back very soon. You surely can wait in patience for three days."

"Not if you go back to the studio! I have a most unreasoning fear of the studio!" she cried. "Ever since you have been here I have had a premonition of danger connected with that place. What does it mean? That some fearful peril menaces you or our love?"

"No! no! my darling. You are tired and start at every shadow. I can forgive you for it. You have had a wretched week."

"But if you would only go to your mother without returning to the studio! It may be only a whim, but is it one that you can humor? I may be only nervous, but—" Her attitude and gesture finished her appeal. Both were irresistible, and he smiled indulgently.

"It is a child's notion," said he; "but the child is very dear to me and shall be listened to. I can take the midnight train as well as any other. I have money with me, and though I shall have to go without my usual conveniences, I will make it a flying trip or buy in Waterbury what I think I need. Does that relieve your fears, my darling, or persuade you that I am willing to do any reasonable or unreasonable thing that I conscientiously can to please you?"

She kissed his hand.

"Was ever a woman more beautiful?" he cried, and showered his tenderness upon her. A thought of Hilary soon came, however, to cut these demonstrations short. He gave his betrothal a final embrace, and urged her to complete her preparations for returning with Miss Aspinwall. Jenny listened to his bidding, and ere long both found themselves in the carriage with Hilary, who was much gratified at the success of Mr. Degraw's undertaking.

As Mr. Degraw had promised not to return to his studio, he remained with the ladies till eleven o'clock. Then he left for the depot, but before he said "Good-bye," Jenny drew him aside, and whispered:

"You will think I do not trust you, but for all that I am going to ask you for the loan of your studio key till your return. I will keep it like a talisman under my pillow, and when I feel it there, I shall know that our love is safe, and our wedding-day at hand. Can you understand such nonsense?"

And he, thinking that she meditated some surprise for him, gave her the key, and never suspected that in the trembling of the small white hand which took it, he saw the evidences of a relief, such as the prisoner experiences when he receives the communication of a sentence which had hitherto doomed him to death.

CHAPTER XLIII.

FATE TRIUMPHANT.

It had been decided during the hour Mr. Degraw had spent with these ladies that if he found his mother well and submissive to his wishes, that the marriage should take place immediately upon his return. As he expected to be back by Thursday noon, this would leave them little over two days in which to prepare the minds of their friends for the event, and to make such arrangements for the quiet ceremony they contemplated, as would prevent undue gossip, and insure comfort to the dainty and sensitive bride.

But Hilary was a power when her faculties were fully aroused. She did all, managed all, with consummate tact and judgment, and though she could not hope to save Jenny or the two Degraws from criticism, she at least managed to make it perfectly understood in their own circle, that it was the artist whom Miss Rogers was to marry, and not his namesake from Cleveland, to whom she had been reported to be engaged.

Jenny, meanwhile, kept herself secluded. There was one task before her, but that she kept for the last moment.

At noon on Thursday a telegram came from her absent lover, telling her to expect him by three o'clock. Hilary was out, but leaving the telegram with Miss Aspinwall's maid, she dressed herself and went out, leaving no word behind her, save that she expected to be home before three.

She went direct to the building which contained her lover's studio. When she opened the door, three letters were lying on the floor before her. Lifting them with a trembling hand, she glanced at their several post-marks. They were all city letters. Tearing them open one after the other, she looked at their contents. One only interested her. If you read these words as she read them, you will see to what a degree:

"37 East—Street.

"Mr. Hamilton Degraw—Sir: This afternoon, it was my fortune to pick up, at the corner of Fourth avenue and Sixteenth street, an unsealed letter addressed simply to Mr. Hamilton Degraw. As it is a name well known in this city, I was about to venture upon taking it at once to your studio, when a friend suggested that I should write first and inquire if you had lost such a letter. It is signed 'Jenny,' and seems to be of importance. If it is your prop-

erty, you can easily regain it by calling at the above address.

"Respectfully yours,
"GEORGE VANDECKER.
"To Mr. Hamilton Degraw, Artist."

Al! what a narrow escape! Thrusting the three letters into her pocket, she hurried out, locking the studio door behind her. Going at once to street, she rang the bell of 37, and inquired if Mrs. Vandecker was in. Happily she was, and after a few torturing minutes of waiting in the parlor, a good-looking woman entered, and quietly greeted her.

"I have come," she said, gently, and with her first conscious effort at acting a part she did not feel, "for a letter addressed to Mr. Degraw which your husband is said to have found. I am his intended wife, and wrote the letter."

"I am sorry," Mrs. Vandecker began, "but Mr. Degraw has just called for his property."

"Mr. Degraw?"

"My husband went out of town this morning. He met Mr. Degraw at the depot, and told him of this letter, and where it could be found. Mr. Degraw came for it immediately, and it is not ten minutes since he left here with it in his hand."

Jenny gave her one look—the woman never forgot it—then she staggered out of the house, and wandered dizzily away to Hilary's house. Al! if the ground would only open in mercy and take her in! She was not worthy of cumbering it longer. And her steps grew very languid and her heart very faint as she drew up at Hilary's steps, and with difficulty mounted to the door.

"Oh! if I could fall asleep," she thought, "and know no more for weeks!"

But she had to ring the bell, she had to enter the door, she had to confront Hilary, and, in another moment, her waiting lover.

He was standing in a little reception-room of the parlor, and she felt his presence before Hilary spoke his name. But she did not have to nerve herself to meet him, for he was at her side before she could shake herself free from the torpor that was gradually benumbing all her faculties.

"You see I have come back," he cried. "My mother sends her blessing, and waits to welcome you to her heart. Is that not good news, dearest, and was it not worth the waiting, to feel that you have made two happy hearts, hers and mine?"

She nodded mechanically. She was not deceived by his words. Had he read all the letter or only a part? She dared not lift up her eyes to see.

He divined her trouble, and sought at once to allay it.

"Jenny," said he, "there is a little matter on my mind which it may be for our happiness to clear away before we turn our attention to the arrangements for our wedding. It is about a letter—"

"What letter?" she faintly articulated.

"One written by you—at least it is signed 'Jenny,' and is addressed to 'Hamilton Degraw.' It was found lying, unopened, in the street, and was picked up by a gentleman who knew my name, and evidently my face, for he picked me out in a crowd to-day, and told me of the occurrence. I have not read it—"

"You have not read it?"

"She had forgotten herself, and there was no mistaking her tone of absolute and overwhelming relief. He dropped his arms from about her, and a strange look of doubt began, for the first time, to infuse itself into his expression.

"No," he declared, "for I was by no means sure that it was meant for me. Was it, Jenny?"

"No," was her well-nigh inaudible answer.

"Then, take it, dearest, but—" he did not say this till it was in her hand. "I should like—I should be happier if you would give me the privilege of reading it. I do not know why I desire to; perhaps I am getting whimsical, too, but ever since it has been in my hands I have felt restless and uneasy. You had the right to address Mr. Degraw, and I knew, of course, that you had done so; but—call it jealousy or call it love—I long to hear you say: 'Read it, Hamilton, and see how true my heart was to you, if false to him.'"

"You—shall—read—it." The words came slowly, each freighted with a vanished hope. She knew, whether by intuition or instinct, that suspicion had at last been aroused in his heart, and by her own act. "You shall see it," she repeated, more rapidly; "but not till I am dressed for the ceremony. Will you wait till then?"

There was such a depth of entreaty in her voice, such an unearthly gleam in her eye, that he sought for what-ever word would calm her.

"Yes," said he, "I will wait till you see fit to show it to me. I do not ask to see it now or ever; I only hope that you will be willing that I should. A wife is so sacred to her husband! He wants to feel that she holds no secrets from him—that all is clear between her soul and his. Do you understand, my darling?"

Ah, yes, she understood. She showed it by the wistful gleam of her eyes—the passion of her embrace.

To be continued.

Government Wants to Know.

The controversy that has waged about Koch's assertion that bovine tuberculosis is not communicable to man is about as undecided as ever. The consensus of opinion appears to be that, while man is not absolutely immune from animal tuberculosis, he is far less susceptible than has generally been held. To throw some additional light on the matter the German Government has appropriated \$1500 for research for the study of the relation between tuberculosis in man and cattle.

AGRICULTURAL.

Good Staple Pallet.

To make a good tool to pull barbed wire staples with, take a piece of iron or steel one inch wide and about fifteen inches long. Heat it and bend

One end and make it picked as here shown. To pull staples take a hammer and drive the picked end in side of staple. You can pull them fast and easy.

That Barnyard.

When I moved on our farm I found places in the barnyard that were soft and miry. I at once laid a tile drain through this barnyard, which of itself did much to relieve it. After this I drew stones into the soft places and covered them with gravel. Then I placed eave troughs all around the barn to carry the water away from the barnyard that fell from the roofs. Few farmers are aware of the amount of water that is shed from the roofs of barns into the barnyards to wash out the manure and makes the barnyard soft and miry.

Overfed and Underfed Hens.

It is not possible to lay down hard and fast rules for feeding, because of the fact that different breeds require different quantities. The best plan is to watch the flock carefully when feeding to see that every hen gets her share. The man who raises the feed for his fowls is the one who is likely to overfeed them, while the one who buys his feed is likely to err in the opposite direction. The only way one can manage with any degree of certainty is to try different quantities of food on the flock for a period long enough to note results. It will pay to weigh the hens in order to get accurate results. When the proper allowance seems to have been reached, feed accordingly and do not change unless necessary.

Building Up a Flock of Sheep.

In starting out to raise sheep, a breeder should have clearly in mind what breed and type he wishes to raise, then stick to it, come what may, writes W. F. Renk, in Orange Judd Farmer. Cross breeding and changing from one breed to another gives no definite results. With pure bred sheep, type may sometimes change a little.

Now, suppose we have a good bunch of ewes of the breed we want; we will mate them to a ram with a masculine eye and head, with a short, thick neck, wide and deep chest, back and loins, wide and straight and well covered with lean meat, rump wide and long, twist plump and fleece of good quality and dense. Too much pains cannot be given in selecting a ram, as on him depends by far the greater part of the improvement of the flock.

A common flock of ewes can in a short time be graded up to first-class sheep by always using the very best of sires and selecting and culling with judgment.

Teaching a Dog.

You will want kindness, forbearance, patience. Make the dog fond of you—do not strike him with stick or slipper; use scolding sparingly and only as a punishment. If the dog does well, tell him so. Pat him and say, "Good dog." Teach one thing at a lesson. Do not rush his education. Teach him to jump by placing a stick across a doorway, where he cannot crawl around it, but very low, so that he can walk over it. Raise it gradually, until he must jump to get over it. Say "Jump!" and if he does not understand, jump over the stick yourself to show him how. He will soon learn. Hold a morsel above a dog's head and say "Bog!"

If he jumps and snaps, give him a slight slap on the nose. He will soon learn to balance on his hind legs. Then by walking with the morsel, saying, "Walk, walk," you can make him follow. Get him to stand, take a paw in each of your hands, gently press him into a sitting posture, and say "Steady! Sit up!" and he will quickly learn to obey.—F. H. Sweet, in The Epitomist.

Why Horses Crib.

Every one who has owned a horse which is constantly gnawing at the manger and at any bit of wood into which it can get its teeth knows how troublesome the habit is. It can be broken up, but it will require considerable time and effort. The cause of this habit is, in the majority of cases, due to indigestion or to bad teeth, so when a horse has the habit it should be turned over to the veterinary surgeon to have its teeth put in order. If this does not break up the habit, then treat the animal for indigestion.

Give the animal a dose consisting of a mixture of two ounces of turpentine and one pint of linseed oil, and repeat in a week. See that the animal has plenty of exercise, and keep a lump of rock salt in its manger all the time. For a while let the ration consist of bran and cornmeal night and morning, with cut hay as roughage; at noon let the ration be of whole oats, with a small allowance of hay. Under this treatment the animal will show a marked improvement in a short time, and if it is persisted in the treatment eventually will break up the habit of cribbing.

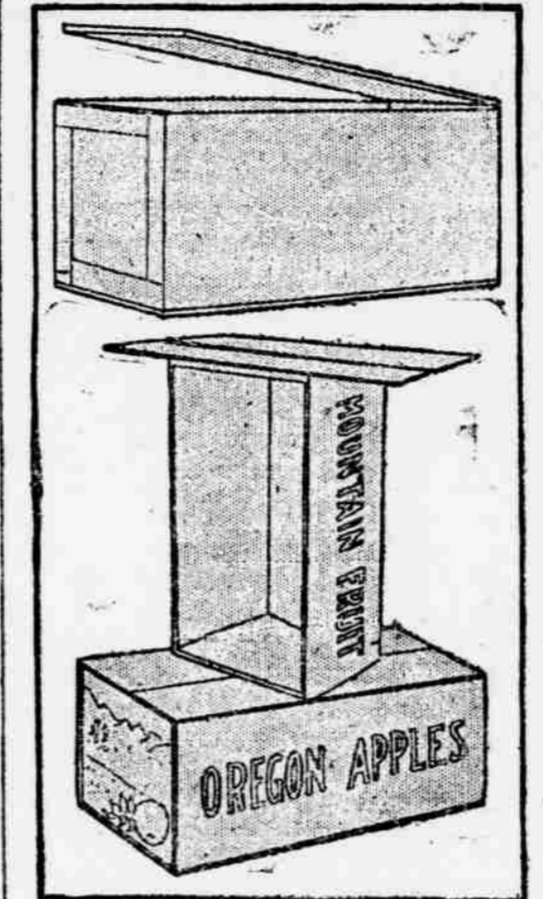
Apple Packages.

A number of apple boxes of various sizes and shapes are on the market. The Oregon box is twenty and a half by eleven by nine and three-quarters

inches inside. The ends are three-fourths inch and the sides one-fourth inch material. A box in which apples come from Colorado and New Mexico is a little shorter and deeper, but of about the same capacity.

A new box shown in the figure holds a little more than a bushel. A special feature is the panel ends. These make the package lighter and stronger than if the ends were of one solid thick piece, the panels acting as braces and making handles. The best way to get these boxes is in the form of shoos. They are easily put together by any one who can handle hammer and nails.

Making boxes is entirely different from putting barrels together. We never recommend any one to attempt this unless he has had some experience at cooperage business, as barrel staves are as contrary things as one can imagine. Box shoos may be



APPLE BOXES.

stored in some clean place and take but little room. Now that Eastern manufacturers are getting into the apple box business we expect to see the odd size mongrel boxes displaced by something neater and uniform, though it may take several seasons to learn just what size and form are best adapted to our needs. The form must be governed by convenience in storage, raising, then sticking to it, come what may, writes W. F. Renk, in Orange Judd Farmer. Cross breeding and changing from one breed to another gives no definite results. With pure bred sheep, type may sometimes change a little.

Now, suppose we have a good bunch of ewes of the breed we want; we will mate them to a ram with a masculine eye and head, with a short, thick neck, wide and deep chest, back and loins, wide and straight and well covered with lean meat, rump wide and long, twist plump and fleece of good quality and dense. Too much pains cannot be given in selecting a ram, as on him depends by far the greater part of the improvement of the flock.

A common flock of ewes can in a short time be graded up to first-class sheep by always using the very best of sires and selecting and culling with judgment.

Poultry Notes.

Prevention is better than physics, especially in the poultry yard.

Keep plenty of grit where the fowls can eat what they want at any time.

The small poultry yards and houses need more attention than the larger ones.

Many of the poultry diseases are the result of crowding and unclean surroundings.

Lazy men make bad poultry men. Only hustling, busy, wide-awake men ever succeed.

All fowls that you do not intend to winter should be sold before cold weather sets in.

Theory works very poorly in the poultry yard. You need good, sound sense, coupled with experience.

Do not imagine that you know all about the poultry business. It takes years of experience to insure success.

Be kind to the poultry and teach every hen to love and know you. Results will tell of every little favor shown.

Dark skin fowls are just as sweet and juicy as the yellow. 'Tis not the color that makes the favorite fowl for the table.

Charcoal is very beneficial to the fowls, and you never see a case of indigestion where the fowls are given access to it.

A Culinary Problem.

In a co-educational college, near Chicago, the senior class recently decided to give an old-fashioned "sociable" for which the girls of the class should provide the supper. To two of them was assigned the task of bringing doughnuts of their own manufacture.

For several days they went about with puffed foreheads, evidently wrestling with some mighty problem. Their study, which had been a haven of peace, resounded through long evenings with arguments and expositions.

At last, when their relations were somewhat strained, they applied to a court of arbitration to settle their differences. Mrs. Smith, wife of one of the professors, was taken into their confidence.

"Mrs. Smith," begged one of them, "won't you settle a dispute for us? It's about doughnuts, and I can't convince Anna that I'm right. She thinks they ought to be fried in milk."

"And what would you do with them?"

"Why, I know just what to do. I've been in the kitchen and seen Inogene cook them. You fry them in water, of course, in a whole kettleful."



Amend the Road Law.

The decision of the Grand Jurors to recommend that the Legislature change the present road laws, inasmuch as they affect Fulton County, appears to us to be a step in the right direction.

Under the present law all males over the age of sixteen years in the State of Georgia, who do not live within the boundaries of an incorporated town or village, must pay the sum of \$2.50 annual road tax, or accept the alternative of working the roads for a period of five days. This is an antiquated system, and one which does not work out well. The Road and Bridges Committee of the Grand Jury, which recently made an inspection of the thoroughfares of the county, found many of the highways and bridges to be in a very poor condition. With the view of finding some method by which they may be improved the Grand Jury called all the County Commissioners together, and the result of the meeting was the decision that the present laws should be changed.

Under the plan proposed the Board of County Commissioners would have direct supervision of the entire road system of the county. All persons of a legal age would be compelled to pay an annual tax of \$2 for the improvement of the roads, and the portion of the act now in force which allows the alternative of working five days on the roads would be repealed. The tax of \$2 paid would be applied directly by the County Commissioners to the road improvement.

Under the present system a large majority of males over sixteen years of age prefer to give five days' labor to the roads instead of the money. The labor on the roads is therefore conducted in a most haphazard manner without centralized direction, and the results are bound to be inferior. If there was no alternative of road labor those from whom the taxes are due could be required by law to pay their \$2 each year, with the alternative of punishment in the case of failure. The money thus collected could be used by the county board in an intelligent manner. Such a system would bring organization into the matter of highway improvements, and the results would be made manifest in a very short time. With the money collected improved road machinery could be collected—a thing which is impossible under the present haphazard system. In this day and age of the world the old system of labor for a few days of the year, which originated somewhere about the times of King Alfred the Great of England, is very much of an anachronism. One good machine can do the work of a great many people; do it much better and save time and money.

It is reported that a good roads convention is planned to be held in this city in the near future, at which the plan of the Grand Jury will be introduced. Resolutions should be drafted then for presentation to the State Legislature, and everybody in the county should get behind the movement and help push. The plan is distinctly a step for the better, and should receive the endorsement of and assistance of all the public spirited.—Atlanta Journal.

Governor Odell on Good Roads.

The annual message of Governor Odell, of New York, had the following to say on State supervision over State roads:

"Four hundred and eighty-four miles of road have been improved by State aid since the enactment of Chapter 115 of the Laws of 1898. The counties have already contributed their half of the expense for building 619 miles for which plans are now ready. Petitions have been presented for the construction of 3250 miles.

"The total mileage of roads in the State is 74,000. In order to form a perfect system of highways through the State, it is estimated that the improvement of not more than ten per cent. of the total mileage will be necessary. In other words, in order to secure a system of good roads throughout the State, the total ultimate mileage would be about 7500 miles. The counties have provided for their half of the expense for 1103 miles of improved roads, while the State has contributed its proportion for only 484 miles. It is estimated that \$2,801,000 will be required from the State to complete this 1103 miles.

"While it has taken a number of years for this system of road improvement to grow into popular favor, it will be seen that probably within the next six or eight years all necessary roads will be under construction or will have been completed, provided funds are available, which will give a perfect system throughout all portions of the State. This, with the State's contributions for the repair of roads in counties which have adopted the money system, ought to give to New York a magnificent system of highways.

"Some changes are necessary in the good roads laws in order to protect and repair these highways. These necessities can be met by amendment of the existing statute. While it is not contemplated that the repairs to these roads shall be the State's duty, except in so far as provided under the so-called Plank law, yet there should be supervision by the State in order to insure the maintenance of these improved roads.

"With this end in view it might be proper to provide for State supervision over State roads by giving to the State Engineer and Surveyor such jurisdiction as will always secure uniform plans for repairs in all counties in the State."



A Good Bread Pudding.

Cut white bread in slices; butter the slices before cutting; cut in thin slices two ounces of citron; soak in warm water one-half pound of currants; butter your baking dish and lay the slices of bread in; sprinkle over with currants and citron; add just a sprinkling of allspice, then sift sugar over each layer. When your dish is two-thirds full pour over all a custard and bake for half an hour, or longer if necessary.

Soup Maigre.

Put in an agate stewpan six boiled potatoes—those left over—one pint of tomatoes, one-half a small onion, one stalk of celery, two stalks of parsley, one teaspoonful of sugar and three pints of cold water; cover the pan and let simmer three-quarters of an hour; melt two level tablespoonsful of butter, add two level tablespoonsful of flour; add it to the soup, stirring until boiling and thickened; then rub through a strainer, reheat and serve.

Sponge Pudding.

Put one pint of milk in a double boiler; mix one-third cup of sugar and half a cup of flour with a little cold milk; pour this into the scalding milk, stirring until it thickens; when boiling add two tablespoonsful of butter, then add it to the well beaten yolks of four eggs; then add the whites, well beaten; put this mixture into buttered cups or a buttered pudding dish; stand it in a jar of hot water; place it in the oven and bake twenty minutes; serve with creamy sauce.

One pound of sugar, chopped very fine; one pound of sifted flour; mix the sugar and flour thoroughly together; add a teaspoonful of salt and one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder; add enough cold water or milk to make a paste; roll out as thin as pie crust; pare and core as many apples as you require. This quantity of crust will cover twelve. Cover each apple with a square of crust, press the edges well together, butter the bottom of your steamer, lay the dumplings in and steam for one hour. Serve with hard sauce.