

H. A. LONDON,  
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,  
\$1.50 Per Year.

Strictly in Advance.

# The Chatham Record.

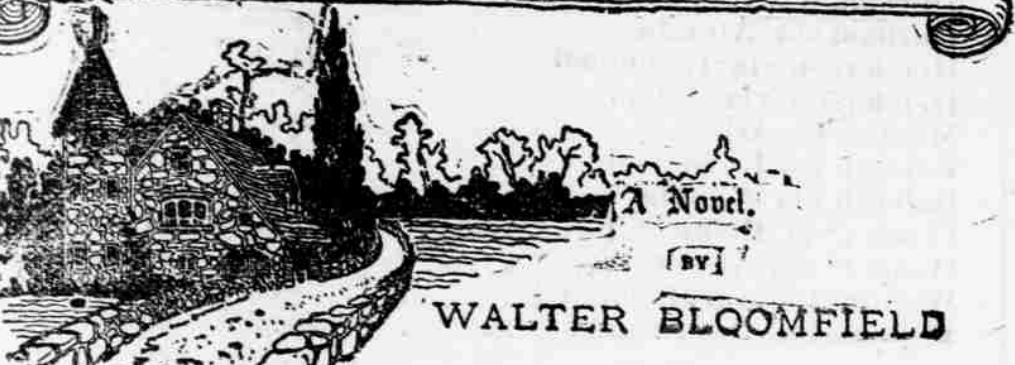
VOL. XXVI, PITTSBORO, CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C. THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1904. NO. 51.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

For Larger Advertisements Liberal Contracts will be made.

## Holdenhurst Hall



WALTER BLOOMFIELD

Copyright 1896, by BENNET BRYNER'S SONS.

### CHAPTER X.

Continued.

When in a confidential mood (which was frequent with him), Signor Simona had informed me that he was owner of only half the vast business he conducted, his equal partner being one Mario Battista, a Venetian merchant who had been for many years located at Constantinople, where he was busied with affairs such as he was himself engaged with at Venice. It was the wish of Signor Simona to transmit a great treasure of money to his partner, and he was in doubt how to do so with assurance of his safety. On two previous occasions when he had essayed to send much smaller sums to his partner his captains and sailors had treacherously betrayed their trust, and gone off with the money to some small island in the Mediterranean, or to the northwest coast of Africa, and there become pirates, but goods, however valuable, he had never lost in this way. The occasion, I thought, afforded an excellent opportunity for me to serve the interests of my host, and in so doing to reach Constantinople without expense to myself, and I was besides anxious to be gone from Venice that I might be rid of the amorous attentions of Anita, which I found much difficulty in resisting. Nevertheless, for her father's sake, and for no other reason, I spared her. It was in these circumstances that I acquainted Signor Simona with my intention to visit Constantinople, at the same time showing him my passport and my letter of introduction to Sir Thomas Roe, English Ambassador to the Porte, signed by King James's own hand. If it would fit out and man a frigate for Constantinople I would, I said, gladly make the voyage therein, the money being packed and sealed as my baggage, but none the less faithfully delivered by me to Signor Mario Battista immediately on my arrival in that city. My host was delighted with my offer, and that same day gave orders for a frigate to be made ready for sea, as I had suggested. He also caused ten chests to be made of stout ebony, lined with sheet lead and bound on the outside with bands of copper. Each chest was of about one cubic foot content, and into each Signor Simona packed with his own hands 25,000 gold sequins. When all the chests were filled they were fastened with screws, the copper bands made fast with metal studs, and the whole coated with a resinous black paint, to which later was added my name, in white characters, upon each.

When the design of my journey to Constantinople became known to Anita, she opposed it with all her wit, and exhibited a great wealth of artifice in her efforts to prevent it. She represented to her father how essential was a change of scene to one who, like himself, had lived long and worked hard in one place, and who was besides suffering from recent bereavement, from which she argued that he would do well in going to Constantinople, more especially as she was capable, with my protection, of taking charge of his house and affairs. But finding that the old man could not be persuaded to undertake so perilous a voyage, she changed her tactics, and after some honeyed compliments concerning my honor and probity endeavored to show that it was unfair to Signor Battista to entrust a great treasure in which he had a half interest to the custody of one who was entirely unknown to him, and whom he (Simona) himself had known but little more than a hundred days, and that his merchant wisdom would be more apparent in devising some other and more regular means of getting the money to Constantinople. This advice being also rejected, she feigned illness, kept to her bed and inflicted upon her aged father such fears for her life that he dispatched a special courier to Padua to fetch a learned leech of that city. Several days passed before the leech reached Venice, and when he came he made but a hasty and superficial examination of the patient. "Your daughter," said the leech to Signor Simona, "is suffering from an indeterminate languishment and may die at any time; the best thing for her is a prolonged cruise in the Mediterranean; by such means her life may be spared for many years." When Signor Simona acquainted me with what the leech had prescribed for his daughter I perceived at once what his courier had sped faster than her father's, and this was a prescription which had been first dictated by the patient to the prescriber. Matters fell out as I expected they would. A week before the frigate was ready to put to sea Signor Simona took me aside, and after profuse expressions of his affection for me, said he had resolved to entrust me not only with his money but his daughter also, and straightway unfolded his desire that Signorina Anita should accompany me to Constantinople for the benefit of her health. I had expected as much, and was not surprised, though I heartily wished the Italian girl at the bottom of the sea. To have raised any objection to the proposal would have savored of an intent on my part to feloniously make

and other places, and sundry merchandise delivered to divers traders in those places who dealt in Venetian commodities. It was on the sixteenth day after our departure from Venice when we put off from Lennos, and all had gone well with us in that time. Our journey being almost accomplished I sat in my cabin cogitating how I might with the least harshness return Anita to her father, for I had gathered from her discourse that she entertained the hope of my returning with her to Venice in the Orlo Mallipietro, and that, if disappointed in that expectation, she was prepared to accompany me for so long as I chose to travel in the dominions of the Great Turk. Now I was fully determined neither to do the one nor permit the other, but concerning the manner of acquainting Anita with my resolve I stood in pause. Weakness is a fatal thing, and I cursed my folly in leaving Venice in circumstances such as to involve me in this dilemma, and saw clearly, now that it was too late, that my proper course was to have plainly told Signor Simona that I had no feeling for his daughter other than that of common friendship, and to have left Venice as I had entered it—alone.

### CHAPTER XI.

ROBERT TRUMAN: HIS RECORD CONTINUED.

November 14.—The frigate Orlo Mallipietro was a noble craft, well found and in all respects fit. I went with my worthy host to see her while she lay in the arsenal where three centuries before the fumes of boiling pitch had assailed the nostrils of the immortal Florentine. A swarm of workmen were busy about her, and the arrangements for the comfort of her two passengers surpassed anything of the kind I had seen or supposed possible. Two stately cabins had been specially constructed, one fore and one aft; they were divided by a spacious general cabin, and both richly furnished with all things needful for comfort. The crew consisted of seventeen men; that is to say, of Captain Jacopo Perugia—a fine man of sixty or thereabouts, who had served Signor Simona for forty years—and sixteen sailors. The fore cabin was assigned to me, the after cabin to Signorina Simona and her maid. In all there was accommodation for a score of souls. Signor Simona introduced Captain Perugia to me as a man of whose fidelity and good seamanship he had had frequent proofs, and assured me that he had voyaged so many times between Venice and Constantinople that he could safely navigate the Grecian archipelago without a chart; whereat I scrutinized narrowly the face and head of the captain thus appraised, and was satisfied that he deserved his master's testimonial.

Notwithstanding that his owner spared no expense in fitting out the Orlo Mallipietro proceeded slower than I could have wished, and three weeks passed before she was ready for sea. And here again I perceived the hand of Signorina Anita, who had divers women at work making clothes which she desired not to depart without, but could not sooner get completed. Signor Simona was a shrewd man, well versed in the ways of his kind, yet in dealing with his daughter he was but as clay in the hands of the potter, so great is the blindness of a fond parent.

At last the day came when Captain Perugia reported to Signor Simona that his frigate lay ready to sail with the first favorable wind, that her cargo of merchandise was well and safely stored, and all his daughter's baggage aboard. It was then that Signor Simona ordered the ten chests of sequins to be placed upon the floor of my cabin, where I should have them constantly in sight, and gave me a sealed letter for delivery with the chests to Signor Mario Battista of Constantinople. He commended his daughter to my care, and both our lives and fortunes to the protection of God in a manner so natural and affecting that but few persons could have witnessed the scene unmoved. As for Anita she wept abundantly, and showed either great filial devotion or consummate skill in acting. And the wind now serving, the Orlo Mallipietro stood out to sea. It was with strange emotions, not unminged with sadness, that I watched the spires and campaniles of Venice wax dimmer and yet more dim as the swelling sails of the Orlo Mallipietro bore us southeastward along the Adriatic, and I could not repress thoughts of all which had happened to me since I first set foot in that marvelous city, so appropriately called the bride of the sea. Anita noticed my abstraction, and with the admirable tact which seems to pertain only to feminine natures sought to dispel it by engaging me in conversation. Poor Anita! I pitied her greatly, for she had fixed her affections on one who had determined not to reciprocate them—on a man who had never so much as spoken to her of love, and for him she had abandoned her aged father (for whom I am sure she had a real affection), and had embarked on a perilous journey under circumstances the most damaging to her reputation. Had I never suffered such treatment as befel me at the hands of a woman in England I should probably have been content with this brave young Venetian lady for a wife, for I doubted not she was as faithful as she was persistent, but my English affair still rankled in my heart, and my oath never to regard any woman other than as one in whom no faith should be put was too recently registered to be lightly broken.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE



### Pudding Sauce.

One pound of sugar, four ounces of butter, one-half cup of water; boil, flavor with cinnamon or vanilla, and just before serving stir in the stiffly-beaten whites of two or three eggs.

### Pieplant Dessert.

Trim off the crust of stale bread, cut it in fingers two-thirds of an inch thick, dip each piece in melted butter and line the bottom and sides of small buttered molds. Fill the centre with stewed and sweetened rhubarb and cover the top with buttered fingers. Bake in moderate oven thirty minutes and serve with whipped cream.

### Seed Patty Cakes.

Cream together one cup of sugar and one-third cupful of butter. Add alternately one cupful of sour milk and two cupfuls of sifted flour. Add the beaten yolks of three eggs, one teaspoonful each of caraway seed and vanilla extract. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, and lastly, stir in well one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of warm water. If the batter runs from spoon, add one-quarter cupful of flour; it should drop nicely from spoon. Fill pattypans scant half full and bake in oven suitable for bread. These cakes are very tender, and it is a nice way to use the sour milk.

### Peaches For Shortcake.

Cover one-half pound best dried peaches with hot water and let stand an hour. Wash peaches and cut out hard and imperfect parts and strip off skins. If peaches are a good quality the skins will come off easily. Wash again, cover with warm water and let stand over night. In the morning put on to cook in the water already over them and simmer two hours, or until perfectly tender. Add one and one-half cups sugar and cook one-half hour longer. This makes a rich sauce. When the shortcake is made put the peaches back on the stove to reheat, mash them and add one-half cup more of sugar. Shortcake, to be good, should be served as soon as baked. Spread with the hot mashed peaches. Serve with or without cream.

### Dressed Chicken.

Use the meat from half a boiled chicken; chop very fine and mix it with four skinned sausages; this should be chopped to a paste. Grate enough bread crumbs to make equal bulk with the chicken meat and have the sausage about equal also; that is, a third of each. Mix well and add pepper, salt and lemon juice to taste, with a pinch of grated nutmeg. Cover the chicken bones with boiling water, add three cloves, half a dozen allspice and a bit of garlic, boil about half an hour, take some of it to moisten the paste, then add three well-beaten eggs. A square tin mold with straight sides should be used; line the sides and bottom with strips of salt pork, covering every inch; pour in the paste, put more pork slices on top, tie a buttered paper on top and bake about an hour in a moderate oven. Set aside to cool, turn out, remove the slices of pork and serve the loaf on a bed of jelly. It may also, after cooling and cool, be molded in jelly and turned out, or it may be served plain.

## HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Cretaines and damasks are much liked for bedrooms, the latter being of more general usefulness. Lettuce and green peas cooked together make a dainty spring dish. Few people know that lettuce is as good when cooked as spinach. Boiled with young peas the flavor is delicious. Also it is very wholesome. There are magnificent Japanese embroideries on satin for those who can afford them. These are used on ceilings especially. Paneled with hard wood they are splendid. They are charming, too, in panels for side walls. The secret of success in whipping cream lies mainly in the coldness of everything employed in the process. Chill the cream on ice, and if you have a syllabub churn—an upright glass egg beater will do the business—it should be chilled before the cream is put into it, and in warm weather, set in a bowl of ice while being operated. Beat steadily, but not fast. Rapid beating makes the cream greasy. One cup of cream will make a pint of whipped cream. Palms will not do well unless they are kept free from dust; they should be washed as often as once a week during the winter, and a sprinkling with a hose every day in summer will do them no harm. Set the pots containing palms in a deep dish and water them from the bottom, placing the water in the under dish; this should be supplied with water every day for plants kept in the house during the winter. The palm will drink a great deal of water if it can get it and will thrive on a cold water diet.

## LITTLE THINGS Worth Knowing

Cuba grows nearly one-third of the world's sugar cane.

The Siberian sable, unless protected by law, will soon be extinct.

Every square mile of sea is estimated to contain some 120,000,000 fish.

Passengers on the Teutonic recently played in a golf tournament at sea.

On the east coast of Scotland 1,000,000 barrels of herring are cured every year.

In the course of a century an acre of constantly cultivated land loses no less than 12,000 pounds of alkalies.

Last year some fishermen on the Azores caught a whale from which \$3475 worth of ambergris was taken.

A Monett (Mo.) man has written 40,053 cards on a postal card and is now one of the principal personages in the town.

A Parisian barber, to win a wager, entered a cage containing a lion and a man and composedly shaved the man while the lion interestingly viewed the operation.

Mountain climbing is taught systematically at Moedling, near Vienna, where the low but abrupt mountains present many of the most difficult Alpine problems.

The winnings of the bank at Monte Carlo, Sir Hiram Maxim says, amount to about \$6,250,000 a year—not far from \$25 a minute. The bank gets ninety per cent. of all the money the gamblers place on its tables.

### PASSING OF MEDICINAL PLANTS.

The approaching extermination of our chief medicinal plants, unless measures are taken for protecting and cultivating them, is predicted in the Journal of Pharmacy, by Dr. Kraemer. Says the British Medical Journal, in a notice of this article: "Some well-known plants as spigella, serpentina, and senega, which in the time of Linnæus were found in abundance in Maryland and other Atlantic States, are already becoming scarce. It is well known that some plants have been improved by cultivation, and it may be reasonable to suppose that all can be when the peculiar requirements of each have been ascertained. Dr. Kraemer urges a study of these plants in their natural surroundings in order that they may be successfully cultivated and conserved. Many of the medicinal plants now in use are being cultivated in the United States. It is stated that 40,000,000 pounds of peppermint are produced annually near Kalamazoo, Mich. Castor beans, from which castor oil is obtained, are grown in the Western and Middle States. Valerian is produced in Vermont. Digitalis purpurea, atropa belladonna, sanguinaria canadensis, cimicifuga racemosa and many equally valuable plants have been raised experimentally in America, and in Dr. Kraemer's opinion, could be grown successfully with the proper cultivation. He urges the further cultivation of certain plants, such as senega, colocyth, gentian, poppy, etc., which have been introduced into the United States and grown there to some extent. He believes that three-fourths of all medicinal plants are grown either wild or in cultivation in the United States, and that fully one-fourth of the remaining fourth could be successfully raised there. He points out that Americans must realize the necessity of protecting their forests and plants, and must consider their care and preservation a duty both to themselves and to future generations."

## Humor of Today

The New Version.

A soldier of the Russians Lay japed at Tschirzkykivitch, There was lack of woman's nursing And other comforts which Might add to his last moments And smooth the final way; But a comrade stood beside him To hear what he might say. The japed Russian faltered, As he took that comrade's hand, And he said: "I never more shall see My own, my native land; Take a message and a token To some distant friends of mine. For I was born at Smulzskgraski, Fair Smulzskgraski on the Irkiztrvkinnow."

—W. J. L., in New York Sun.

### Engagement Time.

He—"At what time in a girl's life should she be engaged?"

She—"Just before she is married."

—Yonkers Statesman.

### The Other Fellows.

Little Willie—"Say, pa, what kind of modesty is false modesty?"

Pa—"False modesty is the kind other people have, my son."

### Satisfied.

Salesman—"Are those shoes large enough for you?"

Pretty Girl—"No, but they match my suit."—Detroit Free Press.

### The Two Kinds.

"The great art of conversation is to tempt other people to talk."

"Yes, but some people need to be headed off."—Cincinnati Tribune.

### Hardly.

"Did you take in the Louisiana Purchase Exposition?"

"Well," said the man, jingling three pennies and a souvenir medal, "I doubt if the exposition was taken in."

### Enough.

"Geewhikkins, what's the matter with Billins? Has he lost his money in speculations?"

"Oh, no. Billins is all right. That is merely his housecleaning time face."

### The Only Hope.

"Of course, she's got a pretty baby now; our only hope is that as she gets older she'll grow handsomer."

"Yes, I guess there's nothing for you to do but believe in 'age before beauty.'"—Philadelphia Press.

### Changed His Boarding House.

"Is your dog trained?" asked the new boarder.

"Oh, my, ye," replied the boarding-house lady; "he goes down to the butcher's every day and brings home the meat for dinner in his mouth."

### His One Accomplishment.

"But," she protested, "you should be ambitious to make a name or a fortune for yourself. You can't make anything by sitting still."

"I can make love," he replied, with a soulful snimper.—Chicago Tribune.

### Lucky.

"There goes the luckiest man in St. Louis," remarked the old resident of the exposition city.

"Lucky! He don't look it."

"Well, he is. He hasn't got a relation in the world outside of St. Louis."

### Next Best.

"Ah!" she sighed, "now that you have rejected my proffered hand, I have nothing more to live for."

"Oh, I don't know," he replied, "there are two full-page bargain advertisements in this evening's paper."

### Easy.

Teacher—"Williams, this is an example in subtraction. Seven boys went down to a pond to bathe, but two of them had been told not to go into the water. Now, can you tell me how many went in?"

Williams—"Yes, sir, seven."

### Went Higher Up.

"He isn't in our social set any more."

"So I understand."

"Yes, he dropped out some time ago."

"Why, he gave me to understand he had climbed out."—Philadelphia Press.

### Fond Memories.

She—"Do you remember the first night you called?"

He—"Oh, yes."

"I had a sort of flower in my hair, didn't I?"

"Yes, and I had some sort of flour on the lapel of my coat when I got home."

### New Occupation.

"I don't see your name in the magazines any more."

"No; all my time is occupied in writing unpublished poems of Burns, Byron, and the rest of them, and humorous novels of a dozen authors who died without permission of their publishers."

### Better Usual.

Fatherfamilias (to unexpected guest)—"Why didn't you send us word you were coming? Pot-luck, you know, my boy! Hope you have managed to make a pretty good dinner."

Unexpected Guest (politely)—"Bless you, old man! I hope I may never have a worse one."

### Limited Guarantee.

Customer—"I think this is what my daughter told me to get. You guarantee it to be one of the popular songs of the day?"

Music Dealer—"Yes, sir; but of course I can't guarantee its popularity among your neighbors after your daughter has learned to sing it."—Chicago Tribune.

## GOOD ROADS

Gravel Good.

The air is full of talk about good roads, writes T. E. Richey, in The Epitomist. It is "good roads, good roads" everywhere you go. But isn't it about time something practical was coming to pass? All talk with no results amount to nothing, so let us get down to the root of the matter. How are we to really have good roads? Well, I have seen many plans tested, but this is the best of all: Make good, deep ditches on each side of the road to carry off all water. In digging the ditches throw all dirt into the road and add enough from other sources to elevate the roadbed to a good height above the ditches. The roadbed should be eighteen feet wide, and should be highest in the center and sloping slightly each way so as to drain all water into the ditches. Cut down the hill and fill up the hollows. As a railroad company had rather pull a train four miles up a steep grade so it is a vast deal better to observe this rule for wagon roads. And now to make the roads permanently good gravel them good. Better macadamize them if at all practical. But at least gravel, and that with thoroughly good gravel. If parts need filling be sure to fill them and do this properly. Let every hour's work be well done. There is vastly more truth than poetry in the old adage that "what is worth doing at all is worth being well done." Fill in all small ruts when they first appear. It is much easier done then than when a foot deep. Besides, it might save a wagon or buggy wheel from being broken or a horse from being crippled. It might even save a human being's limb or even his life.

### Importance of Rural Districts.

Martin Dodge, Director of Public Road Inquiries in the Federal Department of Agriculture, recently made an address, in which he dwelt upon the importance of roads to the rural districts. He spoke of the concentration of population and wealth in cities, in virtue of an economic law which cannot be resisted. This is hard on the country communities, but something may be done to offset it. Cheap transportation is profitable alike to city and country. But in the country the vehicle propelled by animal power over an ordinary road is about as expensive as it was 100 years ago, costing ten cents a mile for passengers and twenty-five cents a ton for freight. But by the concentration of wealth in the towns the country is deprived of the means of making the roads as good as they should be. New boards of trade and chambers of commerce in the cities are beginning to declare that they are willing to contribute to a general fund for the purpose of improving the highways of the country, no part of it to be used in the cities. Mr. Dodge also spoke with approval of national aid to road building.

### Ancient and Modern Roads.

Among the men whose names will live as long as civilization exists is that of John L. Macadam, the road builder. Not only has his name become a part of the English language, but the kind of road which he built has been adopted by all civilized nations. The ancient Romans built stone roads, but they were different from and vastly more expensive than the macadam roads of modern times. They built a substantial foundation of rock, sometimes several feet in depth, and then covered it with a pavement of large, flat stones of this kind of road will outlast any other. Indeed, some parts of the Appian Way, the building of which was begun three centuries before Christ, are still in use and in good repair. It remained for John L. Macadam, a modern Englishman, to prove that the great expenditure of time and money required in the building of the old Roman roads was largely wasted. He demonstrated that a smooth, hard, enduring road could be built of crushed stone a few inches in depth, properly spread and compacted on a foundation of earth.

### Building Roads Right.

Albert Lewis, of Bear Creek, Pa., who makes his winter home in St. Augustine, Fla., has set an example in road improvement which may be followed advantageously in one degree and another in many parts of the country. Mr. Lewis likes to drive. When he came to St. Augustine, according to a dispatch from that city, he found such poor facilities for his favorite sport that he bought about 1000 acres of land at Moultrie Point, built a fine drive to his property, and is now building public roads in the neighborhood of his own drive. At his own expense and using his own improved road machinery, he is rebuilding the Moultrie road, and has planted along a drive of about five miles cabbage palm trees. He has also shown a disposition to give material aid to the county authorities in their work on the road. One man of that kind is worth a hundred resolutions and is a splendid example of enterprise and vigor.—Southern Farm Magazine.

### A New System.

They are discussing in England a new system of road building, which would save a large percentage in the cost of construction. Instead of the present method of convex surfaces with a gutter at each side it is proposed to build concave roads with a gutter in the middle.