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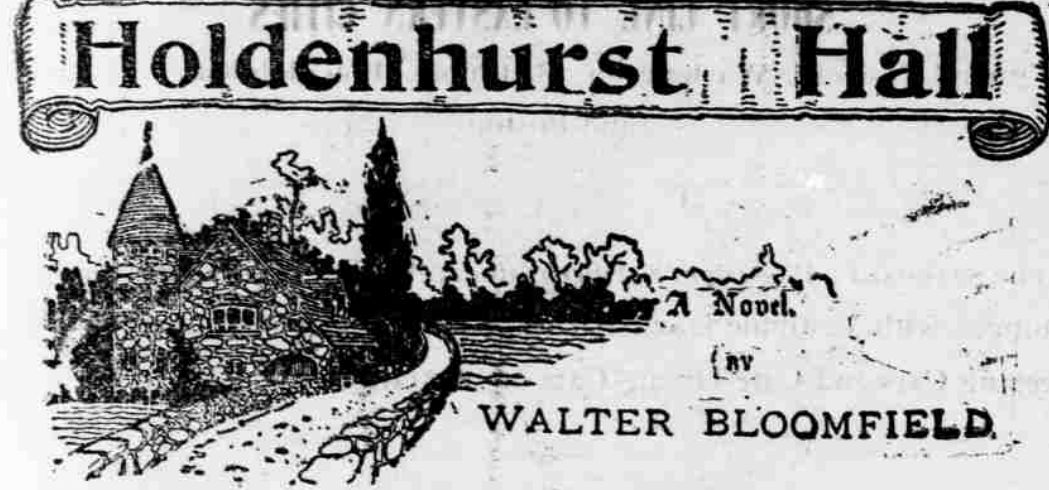
The Chatham Record

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WALTER BLOOMFIELD

CHAPTER XVIII. Continued.

Utterly depressed in spirit, and with aching heart, I limped back to the Gilsey House, wondering whether the dear girl whom I loved was already the wife of the dippant English cleric I had despised.

After I had lain there about an hour a waiter came to my door and informed me there was a gentleman below who desired to see me.

"So I have found you at last," said Uncle Sam, seizing my hand and shaking it vigorously. "I protest, you are the only man I would spend half a day in searching for."

"No, uncle, you were not wrong; but I was dilated of facing you and my aunt, and I added after some hesitation—'Miss Marsh, after that wretched business, still, I should have called on you to-morrow if I could have screwed up my courage sufficiently for it.'"

"I wasn't aware that Mr. Price had any literary ability."
"Indeed, he hasn't much, I believe; but if he had, he couldn't employ it to any appreciable extent on a financial paper."

"Does Mr. Price find his new duties congenial?" I inquired.
"Of course you did not expect to find so many people here," remarked Uncle Sam, as he introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Wollaston, of Boston.

"I had forgotten that in New York there is only a brief twilight, and was surprised by sudden darkness. My uncle rose to leave, and I accompanied him as far as the street. It had been arranged between us that I was to call at his office in the Mills Building at 10 o'clock the next day, when I was to accompany him to his house in Thirty-fourth street."

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. SAMUEL TRUMAN "AT HOME."

"Of course you did not expect to find so many people here," remarked Uncle Sam, as he introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Wollaston, of Boston.

"No, indeed I did not, uncle."
"I had forgotten that to-day was Mrs. Truman's first 'At Home' since her return from Saratoga. This is Mr. Increase Mather; and these are his partners, Mr. Union Voorhees and Mr. Austin Gilmer."

"I bowed, and the next instant there entered Miss Ely Kennedy, Miss Bertha Kallimann, and Mr. Dennis O'Connor, to all of whom I was introduced by my uncle."
"This is Mr. Ellis Thomas; and these ladies, Miss Paulina Jackson and Miss Suez Juarez—the last a superb beauty of the Spanish type, with jet black hair and dark flashing eyes."

"You observe other things besides prices current, Mr. Truman," remarked Mr. Rosenberg.

"Too exclusive devotion to art is not conducive to success in it. I consider all that passes before me," rejoined Uncle Sam.

"If that is so, your protegee, Price, will never become an American," said Mr. Austin Gilmer, who had been attentively listening to this conference.

"You observe other things besides prices current, Mr. Truman," remarked Mr. Rosenberg.

"I should know Mr. Price for an Englishman, if I met him in the moon," remarked Mr. Mather. "As for his efforts to Americanize himself, they are worth a little to him that they have altogether escaped my notice."

"Dear Ernest," said aunt Gertrude, laying her hand gently upon my shoulder. "I am so sorry that I have all of these people here to-day; but I had no thought of seeing you until it was too late to postpone my 'At Home.' Where have you been all day? Your uncle told me that you were to meet him down town at 10 o'clock."

attend to another guest who manifested a disposition to speak with her. I crossed the room to where the Rev. Mr. Price stood talking with Miss Marsh—with whom I had not had more than two or three minutes' conversation, and that of a formal sort, immediately on my arrival—but he adroitly placed his tall, broad figure so as to exclude her from my view, at the same time showing her with much apparent interest some jewel he held in his hand, so that my purpose was for the present defeated.

"Come here, Ernest," my uncle called out; and I at once went to where he was sitting with Mr. Rosenberg and Mr. Dennis O'Connor, the three apparently being engaged in some close argument. "What do you think we were talking about?"

"Can't say," I replied; "some matter of business, no doubt."
"Now then you are wrong. It is only on rare occasions we speak of business out of the street—I mean Wall street. No; we were discussing Shakespeare—whether any one of his plays is so much better than the rest as to entitle it to be considered his masterpiece; and if so, what particular play deserves such distinction."

"You must remember," said Mr. Rosenberg, "that I know Shakespeare only in Schlegel's translation."

"And that I have not read a line of Shakespeare for about twenty-one years," added Uncle Sam.

"Hamlet is his finest play," I ventured to observe.

"Good; that is what I said," quoth Mr. Rosenberg triumphantly.

"Well, I don't think so," said Uncle Sam energetically, "and am inclined to accept Hamlet's definition of himself, that he was a dull, muddy-headed rascal who didn't know his own mind, or who had very little mind to know."

"How horrible!" I exclaimed, with undisguised disgust. "It would positively make me ill to see the finest production of human genius presented in such a fashion."

"Do you regard 'Hamlet' as the finest production of human genius?" asked Uncle Sam.

"Undoubtedly. And for the second best production of human genius I should turn to another play by the same hand."

"Well, I'm glad to find you've the courage of your opinions; sometimes I've felt disposed to kick you for your invariable agreement with my remarks. Now I think 'Timon of Athens' Shakespeare's greatest play."

"Timon of Athens? why, it is not much read, and seldom or never performed. Surely you are jesting, uncle. Why do you prefer it?"

"Because it teaches a lesson which many men spend the greater part of their lives in learning, and not a few fail to learn at all."

"What lesson is that, Mr. Truman?" inquired Mr. Dennis O'Connor.

"That no matter how great have been the services of a man to his country, no matter how exceptional and varied his ability, if he be without money the world is either actively against him or, what is worse, ignores him utterly. In 'Timon of Athens' Shakespeare shows that notwithstanding the multiplicity of credits professed by men the world over, money is the idol worshipped by the vast majority of mankind; and that, too, with a devotion unknown in the tabernacles of the hyperrites. Let him who doubts my assertion study the faces of the people in an audience and the traders in a bourse, and having compared them, note which set betrays most earnestness of purpose."

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"Have you noticed, Truman, how desoperately hard that fellows labors to imitate the accent and expressions of New Yorkers?"

"Oh, yes, I have observed him," replied Uncle Sam. "His efforts to Americanize himself fail as ridiculously as the efforts of some Americans to English themselves. The transformation, if it comes at all, must come unsought, and is always of slow growth."

"I should know Mr. Price for an Englishman, if I met him in the moon," remarked Mr. Mather. "As for his efforts to Americanize himself, they are worth a little to him that they have altogether escaped my notice."

"You are as heavy and dull as your Puritan ancestor," said Mr. Gilmer to Mr. Mather.

To be continued.



GOOD ROADS

Canada Ahead of Us: I am subject for frequent comment on the part of travelers that the roads of Europe are far superior to those of the United States;

and this result is generally attributed to the system of government aid and supervision which prevails in nearly all European nations. But it is not so generally known that our nearest neighbor, Canada, is also ahead of us, not only in the character of the roads, but in the matter of road legislation.

Hon. A. W. Campbell, Highway Commissioner of Ontario, is an enthusiast on the subject of good roads, and at the same time a very able and practical public official. He is quite well known to the good roads people of the United States, as he has attended and addressed a number of important conventions in this country. In a recent report he says:

"Good roads are essential to the full development of agriculture. In a country such as Ontario, dependent upon agriculture, this means that good roads are not a benefit to any one class of the community. They are of universal value. This is a matter of which too narrow a view has been taken in Ontario. If we must have canals and railroads, then we must have good country roads. It has been taken for granted that if the country as a whole constructed canals and subsidized railroads, the common roads could take care of themselves. But this has not been the case."

"The broader aspect of the question has recently been given prominence by the decision of the Provincial Government to appropriate \$1,000,000 for road improvement. This, for lack of a better name, has been termed government 'aid' or 'assistance.' It is a recognition of the value of good roads to every citizen of the country, and a just effort on the part of the Government to co-operate in procuring them."

"The object of the present measure is not so much to aid by the gratuitous distribution of money, but has for its aim a nobler purpose. While it aims to encourage the doing of a work which is acknowledged by all as being an important and necessary service, its prime object is to equalize and lighten the cost. The unfairness and injustice of the present system of taxation for highway construction is so noticeable as to be a matter of wonderment that some step of this kind has not been ere this devised by Government, or compelled by the people."

"The Government is only exercising its rightful function as a part of the administrative system in providing a portion of the cost of making roads and distributing the money among the different municipalities entitled to it. This function can be performed by the Provincial Government only."

In Nova Scotia, nearly fifteen years ago, the Provincial Government began the appropriation of funds to improve the roads and the plan has proven entirely successful where the old system of depending on the local communities was a complete failure.

Even away out in British Columbia there are many fine roads which are said to be "the delight of tourists." All these are built and kept up by the Government.

Road Maintenance.

Without proper care the most expensive road may go to ruin in two or three years, and the initial expense of constructing it be nearly lost. It is of greatest importance, therefore, that all good roads should have daily care. They not only wear out, but wash out and freeze out. Water is the greatest road destroyer.

It is necessary to the proper maintenance of a road that it should "crown" or be higher in the middle than at the sides. If it is flat in the centre it soon becomes concave, and its middle soon becomes a pool or a mudhole if on a level, or a water course if on an incline.

A hollow, rut, or puddle should never be allowed to remain, but should be evenly filled and tamped with the same material of which the surface was originally constructed. A rake should be used freely, especially in removing stones, lumps, or ridges. Ruts may be avoided by using wide tires on all wagons which carry heavy loads. If this is not always possible, the horses should be hitched so that they will walk directly in front of the wheels. This can be accomplished by making the double, or whiffle, tree of the length that the ends may be in line with the wagon wheels. A horse will not walk in a rut unless compelled to do so, and, consequently, if all horses were hitched in this way ruts would eventually disappear from stone roads.

If stones are cracked on a road with a hammer a smooth surface is out of the question. Use stone chips for repaving stone roads, and remember that all foreign material and rubbish will ruin the best road, and that dust and mud will double the cost of maintenance.

Ordinarily the chief work done by country people on highways is repairing the damage resulting from neglect. Why this negligence? The slogan, "A stitch in time saves nine," can never be applied more appropriately to anything than to the maintenance or repair of all kinds of roads.

It is no use talking about loving God when your children are afraid of you.



HOUSEHOLD MATTE'S

A New Use For Old Zinc: Save all old zinc and when chimneys are filled with soot put a quantity of the fire. It will carry all soot out of stove pipes and clean the chimneys.—Woman's Home Companion.

Files: Twenty drops of carbolic acid evaporated from a hot shovel will go far to banish flies from a room, while a bit of tannin gum, the size of a walnut, held over the lamp until consumed, will do the same for the mosquito.

A New Use For Rose-Petals: Rose petals make a delightful filling for sofa pillows. Save them from withered bouquets or from fresh flowers and dry them. They may be treated as for potpourri or used with their own delicate perfume only.—

Bread Boards: Some pretty bread boards are now made and ornamented with poker work, and one often sees the loaf of bread with a sharp bread-knife placed on the table near the house-mother's place. Several slices of bread are cut before sitting down to the table, and the loaf placed with the cut side next the bread board, and more slices are cut as needed. This is a sensible fashion, since it saves the bread from becoming hard and dry, and every loaf is fresh until finished.—

For Very Dirty Articles: There must be two rinsing waters; the first warm and slightly soapy, and the second cold and clear. Blue in the ordinary way and hang out in the open. A good plan is to put very dirty clothes in soak the night before, when wringers and collars should be rubbed over with soap. But note—it is essential to the success of this method that the water in the copper be quite boiling when the oil is added, and that the first rinsing water be warm and soapy.—

Household Helps: When storing plated goods, thoroughly wash all the silver and then clean with powder in the usual way. Wrap each piece in silver paper and place in an airtight box with a large piece of camphor. Plated goods will always tarnish if stored in a damp place. Be very careful to dry the inside of both teacup and coffee pots before polishing.—

A Little Borax in the last rinsing water will make handkerchiefs easier to iron and look better when done. A useful thing to remember is that the iron will not stick to the clothes if the starch used has been mixed with soapy water.—

Three ounces of borax and two pounds of sliced white bar soap dissolved in two quarts of hot water will make a splendid lather for washing clothes.—

The Art of Bed Making.

The art of bed making is not any too well understood. In the morning each blanket and sheet should be taken separately from the bed and hung over a chair to air for an hour or so. The mattresses should be turned before the bed is made. Put on the undersheet, tucking it in well at the head; pass the hands over it carefully to take out every wrinkle, and then tuck it in at the sides and foot.—

Next place the bolster in position. Put on the upper sheet, tucking it well under the mattress at the foot. Next put on the blankets, tucking them in at the foot and sides.—

Now turn the sheet back on the blankets, and then turn blankets and sheet both down in one smooth fold. Next put on the spread, letting it come over the bolster; then over the bolster place the pillows that are used during the day.—

All through the work bear in mind that it is important to have the mattress level, and to put on the sheets, blankets and spread without a wrinkle.—

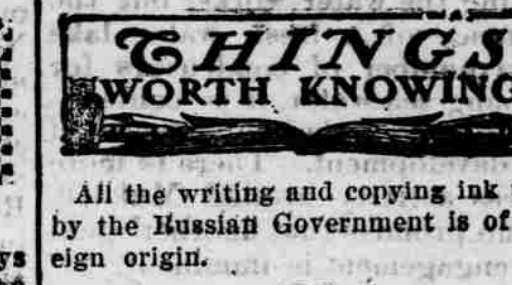
RECIPES

Bread Sauce—A tablespoonful of bread crumbs in the dish, with an onion, pepper and salt, a cupful of milk and half a tablespoonful of butter. Heat up and stir for four minutes. Take out the onion before using.—

Chilled Ham—Cut cold boiled ham in uniform slices a trifle thicker than if to be served cold; season them highly with cayenne and mushroom catsup and broil one minute on each side, just enough to warm through, and serve immediately.—

Fried Pineapple—Cut a small pineapple into half-inch slices, paring the skin, of course, and split in half three or four ordinary sponge cakes. Fry these latter in the chaffing dish in a tablespoonful of butter till they are light brown on both sides. Take them out and keep them hot. Fry the pineapple slices in a like amount of butter and their own juice. Pour cream over them and serve on the browned sponge cake.—

Fisherman's Sauce—This is a rather rich mixture, adapted for fresh water fish. Half a pint of cream—or milk, but cream is better—two tablespoonfuls of walnut catchup, home made for choice, and one tablespoonful of anchovy sauce. Boil these up for five minutes, and just before serving add a small walnut of butter, a teaspoonful of flour, a squeeze of lemon and a pinch of cayenne. Stir up together, and serve very hot. It is the best fresh water fish sauce going.—



THINGS WORTH KNOWING

All the writing and copying ink used by the Russian Government is of foreign origin.—

The sponge fishers off the coast of Tunis have begun to use submarine boats in their work.—

A four-legged chick, as lively as a cricket, was hatched by a hen belonging to Wesley Yates, of Marlton, avenue, Camden.—

In the schools of Rhenish Prussia a change of stockings and shoes is provided for the use in school of children who arrive with wet feet.—

A steel-like grass from the volcanic slopes of Oran, Algeria, is so elastic that it can be used instead of springs in the manufacture of furniture.—

Ethnologists are of the opinion that when America was discovered there was not on the continent of North America any more Indians than exist now.—

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 view the operation.—

A school for locomotive engineer apprentices is established in Breslau, Germany. The course occupies three evenings a week and Sunday mornings for one year.—

Artificial eyes were first used by the Egyptians long before the Christian era. Mummies have been found with artificial optics. They were fashioned of gold, silver, copper or ivory.—

A woman of Bethany, Kan., bought and used 2600 soda tickets at one drug store last summer. Her average consumption of the drink during the season must have been fifteen glasses a day.—

Yorkshire, England, has a farm on which moths and butterflies are reared for sale. It is planted with trees and shrubs for the purpose. Forty thousand caterpillars are always on hand, and orders can be filled at any time of the year.—

On the Continent no man seems to be really famous unless his features appear on a pictorial postcard. A Frenchman who has recently come here from a person in Geneva asking for permission to reproduce his photograph in this form and offering ten per cent. of the total takings.—

Poison Sumac.

There are several species of sumac, and most of them are harmless, but if we do not know one from the other we are apt to feel uncomfortable in the presence of any of them. The poison sumac species may be readily distinguished from either the smooth sumac or the stag-horn sumac by reason of the fact that the leaflets of these species are saw-edged, while those of the poison sumac are "entire"; that is, without teeth or lobes. The one other species which may be confused is the mountain sumac; but as in this shrub the leaf stems are widened out into so-called "wings," it need not be mistaken for its dangerous relative, whose stems are wingless. The poison ivy, a near relative of the poison sumac, though usually a creeper, is classed with the shrubs, and sometimes becomes one when it happens to grow in a spot where there are no supports for its aerial rootlets. This plant has compound leaves with three leaflets, a fact which enables us to distinguish it at once from the Virginia creeper, which has five leaflets, and from the bittersweet, which has from seven to nine.—Woman's Home Companion.

"The Wolf's" Philosophy.

"Temptation is temptation, whether the man yield or overcome. Fire is fanned by the wind until it leaps up fiercely. Sog is desire like fire. It is fanned, as by a wind, by sight of the thing desired, or by a new and luring description or comprehension of the thing desired. There lies the temptation. It is the wind that fans the desire until it leaps up to mastery. That's temptation. It may not fan sufficiently to make the desire overmastering, but in so far as it fans at all, that fan is temptation. And, as you say, it may tempt for good as well as for evil."—Century.

If Our Eyes Were in Tune.

Suppose that our eyes were attuned to the vibrations revealed to us by the bolometer. Instead of seeing the stars that we now see we should perceive those whose light has long been extinguished, whose existence the methods of modern physics have enabled us to prove. The sun would appear surrounded by its corona, changing in form and position every instant, and we should no longer be obliged to wait for total eclipses to study this phenomenon. Currents of hot air would become visible like snow squalls and the science of heat would have no more secrets.—

With the Great Masters.

Byron was polishing up "The Prisoner of Chillon." "I'm not sure," he soliloquized, "whether to release him from imprisonment on a writ of habeas corpus or motion for a new trial."

Uncertain of his ground, he finally decided to avoid discussing the legal phase of the matter, and contented himself with unlocking the door.

WIT and HUMOR OF THE DAY

The Pigeon: The eagle is a noble bird, and wings its flight on high. The pigeon is of lower mold, but makes a better pie.—Browning's Magazine.

A Stealer: "Yes," he said, sadly, and there was a tear in his eye. "Yes, my business has driven me to the wall." And he went on posting bills.

Information Free: Backe—"A man is never too old to learn." Behne—"No, he can always find somebody to marry him."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Suburban Arithmetic: Teacher—"Now, Johnny, if your mother engaged two cooks on Monday, three on Tuesday and four on Wednesday, how many would she have?" Johnny—"None."—New York Sun.

Sammy: Teacher—"So I've caught you chewing gum, have I?" Sammy—"No, mum; I wasn't chewing. I was just keepin' it there instead of in my pocket. It's so sticky."—Chicago Daily News.

Modern: "I came to ask you for your daughter." "But she is the only one I have." "Well, I don't want but one. I hope you don't take me for a bigamist."—Springfield Journal.

He Wished He Was Twins: "Oh, dear," sighed six-year-old Harry. "I wish I was twins." "Why?" asked his mother. "So I could send the other half to school while this half went fishing." He replied.—Chicago News.

Sufficient to the Day: "I'm told you play golf on the Sabbath," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman, sternly. "Yes," replied Miss Kute, "but on that day I only use the sticks I won at our church fair."—Philadelphia Press.

The One Thing: "Garden truck in exchange for a subscription? No, sir," said the editor. "There's only one thing we'll be willing to have you take out in trade." "What's that?" "Your pocketbook."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Groundless Fear: Cholly—"I did think of going in for politics, but I was afraid I wouldn't know just how to treat my infernals, don't you know?" Peppery—"Your infernals? Oh, you wouldn't be likely to meet any of them."—Philadelphia News.

Not All of Them: "Does he advertise all the comforts of home?" inquired Mr. Tiredout. "No," replied Mrs. Tiredout, "the advertisement simply says, 'No mother-in-law, cross cooks, or crying babies.'" "Well go," asserted Mr. Tiredout, emphatically.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Net Superstitions: "Can't you read?" "Yes, but I don't believe in signs."—The Moon.

Not Satisfactory: Mrs. Backlot—"So your servant girl has left you again?" Mrs. Subbubs—"Yes." Mrs. Backlot—"What was the matter?" Mrs. Subbubs—"She didn't like the way I did her work."—Philadelphia Press.

Another Fish Story: "So you were out in St. Louis?" said the postmaster. "Did you see the big pike?" "To be sure," drawled the village fabricator; then, after a pause, "but it wasn't one inch bigger than the pike I caught in Hurley's mill pond last summer."—Chicago News.

Cold in His Extremities: Mr. Tye-Phist—"They tried to work me for a campaign contribution this morning, and I answered them with a level-headed 'no'." Mrs. Tye-Phist—"And when I try to work you for a contribution for household expenses you answer me with a flat-footed 'no'."—Chicago Tribune.

Mud Lines: "Goodman in a bad way. He's got such a sore throat he can't talk and I saw him on the street to-day and he seems to have a black eye, too." "That's just it. Not being able to use his voice he can't explain to people that he got the black eye in a perfectly innocent way."—Philadelphia Press.



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