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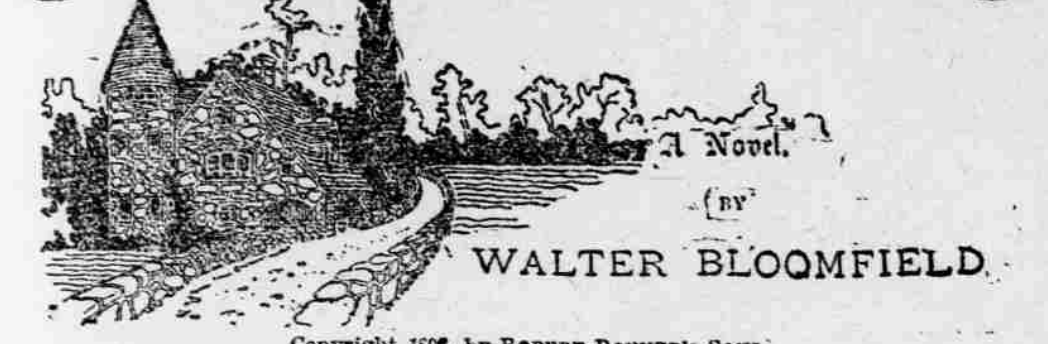
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Holdenhurst Hall



WALTER BLOOMFIELD.

CHAPTER XXV.

The old man offered no resistance to my violence, nor did he utter a word. A ghastly paleness overspread his face, his head fell a little to one side, and he looked as if he would have fallen but for the support I afforded him.

"What is the matter?" asked my father, stooping to look at the old man as he lay on the floor. "What has happened?"

"I was talking to Adams, when he suddenly reeled and fell down unconscious," I explained.

"He would be better on the couch," said Mr. Walsey; and adopting the suggestion we lifted the old man into that position.

By this time a servant had returned with some water; and while I bathed the face of the patient, Mr. Walsey and my father felt his left side and watched intently for signs of respiration, which could with difficulty be discerned.

"I am afraid he is going," said my father quietly.

Mr. Walsey, to whom these ominous words were addressed, signified his assent by lightly inclining his head.

"No, no," I explained; "they have not been unheated for years. Look; you will find it so."

nevertheless thought it proper to satisfy himself of the truth of my statement by making a careful examination of the daggers.

"I can't say until I have investigated the case more particularly," replied Dr. Thurlow; "but appearances seem to indicate syncope. His heart has been weak for a long time, and it is not an unusual termination for him; but at the same time I should not have expected it unless precipitated by some sudden excitement or passion."

While Dr. Thurlow was speaking, Mr. Walsey opened the door, and revealed our servants standing in a group just without. He informed them of the melancholy event which had occurred within, and they returned sorrowfully to the kitchen, whispering together as they went; while Mr. Walsey, my father and I, and Dr. Thurlow, crossed the hall to the dining room, the latter carrying which he had taken from the table, and a large rusted iron key which he had found on the floor close to where Adams had fallen.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"No, Ernest, I am not hard on you; my fault lies on the other side. I have been weak, and am justly punished for my weakness; but I am not too old to reform. Henceforward I will rule in my own house; and anyone, not excepting even yourself, who is indisposed to submit to that rule, may betake himself elsewhere. Consider well my words; they are not lightly spoken."

"I protest that my conduct towards you has never been anything but that of an affectionate son. Why has all this trouble fallen upon me? Because I have sought to make peace between you and your brother. Was that a bad task to set myself? I have always believed, and do now believe more strongly than ever, that your brother had no hand in the robbery of the sequins."

"Very sound," echoed my father bitterly. "And nearly all the property found in the old man's room, including the red Turkish chest, was placed there with my consent when all the rest of the house was being overhauled by your uncle's workmen?"

"How about the key which Adams was about to give me the moment before his final seizure?"

"Ay, how about it? Have you not spent two days ineffectually trying to fit it to every lock within these walls? Ernest, you have entirely exhausted my patience. I must absolutely decline to discuss with you again the robbery of the sequins; and I repeat, for the last time, my determination. You may remain here as long as you will, and all I have is yours, provided that you cease to correspond with my brother, his wife, and Miss Marsh. Unless you are prepared to adopt that course you must no longer consider this your home. I daresay it pains you to be told this so bluntly; but you must reflect that a man does not talk in this way to his only son without pain to himself, and surely never without great cause. I, at least, do not."

finally quit that sequestered spot where I was born, whose every nook recalled me pleasant incidents of my childhood's happy days when my father and watched over me with a tender and anxious solicitude such as a man only bestows on a motherless child. I was prepared to abandon it at once and for ever rather than renounce the dear girl whose love I had won. It was hard for me to leave my home and live estranged from my lifelong companion and friend, the one to whom I owed everything; but even that, hard as it was, would be easier than the alternative offered to me. These considerations brought tears to my eyes, but my purpose was never for a moment weakened. Suddenly I roused myself from the reverie into which I had fallen, and turning to go to my own room, encountered Mr. Walsey at the door.

"What is all this trouble between you and your father, Ernest?" asked the old gentleman.

"You had better inquire for the particulars where you learned the fact," I answered testily; for I could not help thinking that Mr. Walsey was in some measure responsible for the present resolute attitude of my father; that he had been exerting his influence to annul the friendship which he knew existed between my uncle and me. Without waiting to hear any further remark from him, I passed my interrogator abruptly and continued my way to my room.

No sooner was I in assured solitude than I sat down, and resting my aching head on my hands, endeavored to impartially review the whole course of my life, which consisted, I found, of two periods—nearly twenty years of happy, careless indifference, and six months of high hopes, grave anxieties and bitter disappointments, the division being marked by my introduction to Uncle Sam. The shorter of the two periods seemed the longer for the importance rather than the number of its events. For two hours did I wrestle with myself and suffer indescribable anguish of spirit, vainly desiring the light and guidance which I knew not where and how to seek. The purest, most loving, most disinterested, most generous being I had ever known was Constance Marsh, and to her would I go to claim the promise she had made to become my wife. Would that I had accepted her advice, and abandoned all hope or thought of the cursed sequins! But the mischief was past and irreparable, and I could only resolve that never again—no, not even though the clearest conceivable indications of success were placed before me—would I so much as lift my hand for the recovery of a treasure the very name of which must ever be associated in my mind with misery.

My resolution was taken: I would certainly leave home. Indeed, there was nothing else for me to do, my father's terms being precise, and such as I could not bring myself to accept; yet did I love my father as well as I had ever done, and the thought that I was now going away from Holdenhurst, perhaps never to return—that possibly I had looked upon my father's face for the last time—came to me to the heart. I sat down at a table and wrote upon a sheet of paper, which I could only dimly see, a few lines addressed to my father, regretting that my conduct during the past few months had been such as he could not approve, especially as that conduct had been based upon a sincere belief in its righteousness, a belief which I still entertained; and therefore, by his own ruling, Holdenhurst was no longer my home. I closed with many endearing expressions, not forgetting to state that should he ever desire to see me, it would be my pleasure no less than my duty to come to him.

My painful task completed, I folded the note, and rose to pack a handbag. As I did so the looking-glass revealed my face and startled me, so pallid and haggard had I become. I observed my appearance for but a moment, and then hurried forward my scanty preparations for departure. Yet a few minutes later, and I had left the house with no more than I could conveniently carry, coming away unobserved through a door which led from the garden into an orchard, and thence along the footpath which served us as a convenient short cut into the Bury road.

It was early morning, and the autumnal mist which obscured the fields was slowly disappearing before the rising sun. When I reached the bend of the road I turned to take a last look at my old home, but it was enveloped in the mist and could not be seen. Resuming my journey at a great pace, I endeavored by rapid walking and clear thinking to emerge from the mental depression which had resulted, as I did not even then doubt, from my errors of judgment no less than my peculiar circumstances. Clear thinking! Alas! that was a power which had never been mine; and it seemed there was no way for me to attain it but through the cruel discipline afforded by a succession of blunders and consequent disasters.

To be continued.

Hungary's Big Towns. Hungary has eleven towns of 50,000 inhabitants or more, according to the recent census. Budapest has 732,000, Szeged 103,000, Maria Theresopol 82,000, Debreczin 75,000, Presburg 66,000, Hodmervasarhely 61,000, Kiskun 57,000, Arad 56,000, Temesvar 53,000, Groswardin and Klausenburg 50,000 each. Agram, in Croatia, has 61,000 inhabitants.

GOOD ROADS



National Aid Coming Soon.

COLONEL BROWNLOW, of Tennessee, the pioneer advocate of National Aid to Road Improvement, has given to the press an interview in which he discusses the progress and prospects of the good roads movement. He says: "The movement is making gigantic strides. Judging from the letters I receive, nearly everybody in the United States wants the Government to aid in improving the roads. I know from the comments of the press, and the resolutions adopted by State Legislatures and conventions in all parts of the country that National aid is making enormous headway among the people. In a recent communication from W. H. Moore, President of the National Good Roads Association, he says: 'Everywhere I go Governors and officials and the great mass of common people want the Government to assist them in building roads—not as a question of charity, but governmental duty. I have a letter from Prof. J. H. Bruner, President of Hixson College, Tennessee, in which he says: 'Millions have gone for the improvement of harbors and rivers, and millions more will go for canals. But the good roads should not stop there. Good roads are needed to get the products of the country to the railroads, the rivers, the cities, the outside world. Rural routes for the postal department need improvement. I am entering my eightieth year. No enterprise of equal importance to this good roads movement has come before the American people in my day. There is a blessing in it for everybody, in town and country. 'But don't you think, Colonel, that the proposal to spend such a large sum along an entirely new line of National expenditure will prove startling when the people take a sober second thought?'"

"That the proposition is new in one sense, I concede. The idea of appropriating Government funds to be spent in the rural districts for the direct benefit of the country people is decidedly new. Heretofore, the principal relation which the farmers have sustained toward the Government is that of taxpayers. But I think it is about time for that to come to an end, and if I am not mistaken, the farmers are coming to the same conclusion. 'As to the size of the appropriation, I want to say that I think it is very small when compared with the sums we are appropriating for other purposes. This is a period of 'profound peace,' yet we are proposing to vote \$7,000,000 for the army and \$98,000,000 for the navy to be expended in a single year. My bill proposes an appropriation of only \$24,000,000 to be spent in three years, or \$8,000,000 a year, just one-twelfth of what we proposed to spend on our navy. Nobody was particularly startled last year when we appropriated over \$70,000,000 for river and harbor improvement. I don't think the taxpaying farmers will be very badly scared at an appropriation of \$8,000,000 to help them build good roads. Besides, they know they will have to pay just as much tax whether they get any of it back or not. 'You can't say that, on the whole, I am well satisfied with the progress we have made, and that I firmly believe Federal co-operation with the States in building roads is coming, and coming soon.'"

Object-Lesson Roads. More recently the educational work of the general government has taken the form of object lessons. Short pieces of road have been constructed on scientific principles to illustrate the best methods of road building and the use of available local materials. It should be stated, however, that these roads have not been built at the expense of the Government. It has merely furnished plans and expert supervision. Such work is only to be taken on receipt of a request from some educational institution, or some voluntary organization of enterprising citizens, or the public officials of some local community which is willing to bear the expense of furnishing the materials and labor needed. Object lesson work of this kind has been done in twenty States, and so great has been the demand for such work that not nearly all the requests can be complied with. This object lesson work has in nearly every case proven of great value. The people have not only been shown how to build good roads as cheaply as possible, but they have been given a taste of the pleasure and benefit of using such roads. The popular interest in this work of the Government has been so great that Congress has five times increased its appropriations for the Office of Public Road Inquiries. During the year \$50,000 is available to pay for the Government's educational and experimental work along this line.

Feeders of Steel Highways. The principal reason why the policy of national road building was abandoned early in the last century was the invention of the steam railroads. For three-quarters of a century we have gone on developing our steam roads until we have the greatest system in the world. Now that this development approaches completion, attention is reverting to the importance of the common roads. And it is especially gratifying to find railroad men working enthusiastically and devoting their

means to the improvement of the public roads. They recognize that such roads are not competitors, but feeders of the steel highways. Hence, they organize "Good Roads Clubs," load them with road-building machinery and run from place to place on their systems, getting up conventions and building object lesson roads. The work of this kind which has been done in the South is bearing fruit, as is shown by the widespread interest in the national aid plan.

COME NEW DEVICES.

Novel Inventions That Make Life a Bit Easier For Us. An umbrella is generally regarded as an awkward thing to carry at its best. Any one can think of a dozen reasons why it is in the way, and a confusion of mind to deal with under ordinary circumstances. In a town called Gibsland, I. A., a man has invented an umbrella that is supported over the owner by a system of rods and which leaves both of his hands free to be used as occasion demands. It is hardly necessary to attempt an elaboration upon the merits of this device.

It will be gratifying to timid young women to learn that a boat has been invented which is said to be absolute proof against the fool who insists on rocking the craft. This is done by the simple attachment of a piece of metal to the keel of the boat, which the inventor says does not in the least interfere with the progress of the boat through the water, but makes it impossible to interfere with its stability in the water. The device, which is the patent of William M. Young, of Troy, N. Y., consists of a piece of metal extending the length of the boat and fastened to the keel and extending at right angles with the keel for a short distance, and then curved upward to meet the framework of the boat at the waterline. Under ordinary circumstances this is not visible and does not alter the lines of the craft, and, being open at each end, does not impede its progress through the water, but any attempt being made to rock the boat is rendered exceedingly difficult because of the weight of water held in the space between the boat's side and the attachment.

It has been discovered that a modification of the telephone can be made use of for the purpose of improving the hearing of persons afflicted with deafness. While this scheme is not always beneficial, it has been found to afford great relief to a large number of persons afflicted with deafness. Of recent years inventors have devoted themselves to the construction of instruments of this character in the most convenient form and of such shape that they can be used without attracting unnecessary attention. There has been recently patented in this country, the work of an Australian inventor, an installation of this character which can be stowed away in an ordinary Derby hat, the only portion of the apparatus exposed to view being two ear tubes which depend from the sides of the hat and repose in the ears. The sound collecting bells are adroitly concealed in the sides of the hat crown.—Chicago Chronicle.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Fainting the pump doesn't purify the product. Good cheer puts love's gifts into baskets of gold. God's designs promise us more than our desires. Only the home can found a State.—Joseph Cook.

Gingerbread on the stepple cannot feed the people. A coxcomb is ugly all over with the affection of the fine gentleman.—Johnston.

Unhappy is the man to whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable.—Richter. A beautiful woman is a practical poem, planting tenderness, hope and eloquence in all whom she approaches.—Emerson.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both by the beauty of the covering.—Dr. Johnson.

Hobson as a Hummelist. Captain R. P. Hobson was a student, after his graduation from Annapolis, at the noted Ecole d'Application du Genie Maritime, of Paris. A friend said of him the other day: "Hobson made a brief walking tour through England with me. One cold night on this tour we put up at a small hotel in Bakewell. We nearly froze here, for there was not a fire anywhere. We had to go to bed immediately after dinner to keep warm, and even then we were not comfortable, for our blankets were thin and scanty. Toward midnight Hobson entered my room. 'I can't sleep,' he said, 'I am too cold. What do you think of a handkerchief that keeps his house like this?'" "Think of him?" said I. "I think he ought to be rewarded."

"Well," said Hobson, "I am going to punish him a bit. It won't make us warmer, but it will be a pleasant thing to tell our friends about."

"Then he threw open the door, and at the top of his lungs he shouted: 'Fire! Fire! Fire!' "Walters, maids and finally the landlord, all in white night attire, came scampering toward Hobson through the hall. They surrounded him. "Where is the fire?" the landlord cried. "What is it?" "That is what I want to ask you," said Hobson. "I'm nearly frozen."

Humor of Today

Two Men. One man by making both ends meet believes himself a clever merchant. Another's joy is not complete unless the ends fall over.—Philadelphia Press.

The Improperity. Horseowner—"Did you feed the horse his oats?" Stable Boy—"Yes, but he wouldn't eat; I wonder what's the matter?" Foisler—"Probably objected to eating breakfast food for supper."—Detroit Free Press.

No Use For It. The Czar—"Viskyvlitch." The Orderly—"Your Highness." The Czar—"Go and take down that sign in the front parlor window." The Orderly—"Which sign, Your Highness?" The Czar—"Boy wanted!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Very True. "If Washington was alive to-day, do you think he would be elected President?" "I do not." "Not enough of a politician, eh?" "That isn't the reason." "What then?" "He'd be too old."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

As It Should Be. "No," said the dentist, "it would simply be a waste of good money for me to advertise in the newspapers." "Why do you think so?" queried the persistent solicitor. "Because," explained the tooth carter, "my work speaks for itself through the mouths of others."—Chicago News.

Modern Necess. "Have you practiced on the piano?" "Yes, mother." "And read Professor Simson's lecture on Greek art?" "Yes, mother." "And studied your calculus?" "Yes, mother." "Then you may go out and play for ten minutes."—Life.

Their Specialty. "The Americans ran away from their foreign competitors in the athletic games at St. Louis." "So I saw. But if a certain European country had been represented, the result would have been different." "To what country do you refer?" "To Russia. Her representatives would run away from anything."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

After a Few Washings. Mrs. Gee—"How many pieces are in that set of dishes your husband gave you on your birthday?" Mrs. Whiz—"About a thousand now."—Chicago Daily News.



Willie. Dasha-way—"You say your sister will be down in a minute, Willie? That's good news. I thought perhaps she wanted to be excused, as she did the other day."

Willie—"Not this time. I played a trick on her." Dasha-way—"What did you do?" Willie—"I said you were another fellow!"—London Tit-Bits.

An Arifful One. "I am very much bothered. I can marry a rich widow whom I don't love, or a poor girl that I do love. What shall I do?" "Listen to your heart and marry the one you love."

"You are right, my friend. I shall marry the girl." "Then you can give me the widow's address?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Nothing But the Truth. "Yes," said Mr. Stormington Barns, "we did well in the West. At a one-night stand in Arizona we played to a \$10,000 house."

"Say, what are you giving me?" queried Mr. Walker Ties. "Facts," answered the great footsore tragedian. "The one man who comprised the audience was said to be worth fully that amount."—Chicago News.

Little Willie's Trick. Dasha-way—"You say your sister will be down in a minute, Willie? That's good news. I thought perhaps she wanted to be excused, as she did the other day."

Willie—"Not this time. I played a trick on her." Dasha-way—"What did you do?" Willie—"I said you were another fellow!"—London Tit-Bits.

The Fatalities. Mr. Rooter—"The Giants were too much for the Pirates, seven of the latter dying at first, four were struck out and the only man that reached third was doubled up when trying to reach home."

Mr. Rooter—"Oh, don't read any more of that terrible war news, John. Read the baseball news instead."—Chicago Journal.

Little Things Worth Knowing

Lord Walseley owns the costliest sword in Great Britain. It was a gift to him and is valued at \$10,000; but there is many an old bolo which has done more execution in hewing down bushes and men than the diamond-studded blade of the British general.

Mayors appear to have had their troubles two centuries ago. At Bielefeld, Germany, there is a tombstone with this inscription: "Here lies Johannes Burggrave, who considered his election as burgo-master of this city the greatest misfortune of his life."

German newspapers mention among the signs of the times a recent announcement regarding Hugo Zu Hohenlohe-Oehringen, the first German prince who has turned merchant. With a mercantile named Schode he has formed a company with a capital of \$75,000, for using oil to lay the dust in roads.

More than 8000 women are employed in the various Government offices in Washington, 2044 of whom have entered the service after competitive examination. Nine hundred of them are paid salaries ranging from \$1000 to \$1800 a year, the others being paid the compensation of ordinary clerks—\$600 to \$900 a year.

Some merchant in Paris hit upon the novel scheme of advertising hair tonic by painting the names of the tonic on the heads of bald-headed men and having them walk through the street bareheaded. But Paris has a law that all advertisements in public places must have a revenue stamp, and the men kicked against having the stamps pasted on their heads, so the plan has failed.

Professor Kretschmar, of the German Navy, completely rejects the traditional type of ship patterned on the form of fishes and substitutes that of aquatic birds. By minimizing the wave resistance the new form augments the propelling capacity of the screws of a ship of the present type fifty per cent, thus producing a corresponding acceleration of speed without any increase of power.

The English Face. It was an American who, meeting an Englishman in a country hotel in the States, opened conversation sympathetically with the words, "Cheer up! It may not be true, and if it is true, it may be all for the best." And he was surprised to find that the Briton's look of acute gloom was normal, and not the result of any more than ordinarily bad news. The prevailing notion of the American with regard to the Englishman is that he looks "as if his only friend on earth was a yellow dog, and he had lost the dog." For years the inhabitants of the States have been scrutinizing the faces of British visitors to try to ascertain whether their resigned expression is due to a recent bereavement, confirmed misanthropy, or simply superciliousness. According to a weekly paper, some Americans attribute the English face to the English climate. They did not look actually sad," said an American lady to the writer in the above mentioned weekly paper, "or happy, or preoccupied, but they one and all had an expression of resignation—the only state of mind possible with an English climate. This is an ingenious explanation. Centuries of rain and years of fog may have had their effect on our looks. There is, indeed, a certain dignity in the idea, but it is curious that New Yorkers have not a similar expression of resignation. It does not rain a great deal there, but the extremes of heat and cold are enough to make any one look resigned."—London Globe.

Wide Field For Weeklies. The day of the weekly literary home and farm paper has just begun, and in my opinion there never was a better day for the light kind of weekly papers than to-day. In saying this I wish you to remember that the weekly paper that comes to the family filled with able editorials and feature articles, fiction and poetry, and has departments for the women, for the farmer, for the mechanic, and especially for the little ones—a paper that is clean and leans toward a higher ideal in journalism than does the present sensational daily—is the one I refer to. . . . These papers will always be factors in our national growth. No matter how many improvements are made in the mail service, they occupy a place not filled by the average daily, and the better the weekly is made along the lines set forth the more certain it is to maintain a high place.—W. T. Moore of the Indianapolis Sentinel.

Hungry Dogs. "Alaska dogs are getting the worst fare they have had since the early days in this country," said Robert Paschall, who recently returned from Dawson. "They are eating anything and everything they can find now, when a few months ago they were living on the best of dog bacon, an inferior product that was shipped north just for dog feeding."

You see, this packers' strike was beginning to be felt even by the dogs. The dog bacon that was formerly shipped to Alaska for feeding the pups is now in general use, and the dogs have to take the best they can get. I guess those dogs up there are glad it is the end of the strike."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.