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LUKE HAMMOND, THE MISER.

By Prof. Wm. Henry Peck,
Author of the "The Stone-Cutter
of Lisbon," Etc.

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CHAPTER XIV. Continued.

He extended his hand as if to touch her wrist. She raised it quickly with an expression of disgust, and a knife gleamed in her sleeve. Hammond started back. He glanced toward the dishes on the little table, and saw that Kate had secreted the knife brought for use. "I ordered you, old fool," said he to Fan, "not to bring knives to the prisoners! I said carve the meat before you take it to them. And now she has a knife."

"I forgot—my head is all a-peces," said Fan, shaking her head sadly. "I am of no use to anybody any more—you see I can't think of anything but—"

"Silence!" roared Luke, stamping his heavy heel fiercely. "Old Fan drew herself closer together, and closed mouth and eyes in a spasm of fear. Fear of the thing in the well—fear of the man that put it there. "Miss Elgin," said he, "you have not tasted food. Why?"

"The wretch that dares to imprison me would not hesitate to poison me," said Kate. "You have secreted a knife. I see it in your sleeve," said Hammond. "Why is that?"

"To defend myself." "Defend yourself! You dread violence?" "Everything dreadful and barbarous from you," replied Kate. "You are still untaught, Miss Elgin. You will eat ere long. I have known starving men eat rank poison, rather than endure the pangs of hunger. But do not fear poison from me. Your life is as valuable to me as my own. Your heart is strong, your will that of a heroine. I might torture you if I wished. What hinders me? But to bend such natures as yours we must assail the soul. There is one thought that sustains your courage. You think James Greene will seek for you."

"I know he will," cried Kate, proudly, as she thought of him she loved. "Catharine Elgin," said Hammond, taking a seat near her, "I am going to knock away one of the props of your courage."

"Strike them all to the earth," said Kate, "and yet one will remain that Luke Hammond and all his assistant demons cannot strike down—the God of heaven."

"The days of miracles have fled forever," said Hammond, coldly. "I fear mortal foes alone. I am here to tell you that James Greene has been here to-night."

"Yes," said Kate, "he came, you led to him, and he was deceived. But he will come again and again. You cannot deceive him forever."

Luke Hammond?" said Fan, rolling her bloodshot eyes fearfully. "I command you to tell her." "I will," said Fan. "It will do me good."

"No names, Fan." "Oh, no—names are dangerous, or sacred things," replied Fan. "I will tell you, young lady. An old and wicked woman—not so old by a thousand years as she was wicked, Miss—led a young and handsome man—I wonder if he ever robbed his parents—"

"Go on! and no wonder about it!" thundered Hammond, while Nancy grew pale and dizzy. "Yes," said Fan, "the old and wicked woman led the young and handsome man into an old store-room—dark, chilly place—my flesh creeps to think of it. And the old woman knew there was a man, a desperate man, watching her to shoot her if she paused. Then the old woman left him in the store-room, left the young man—left him standing on a trap-door, right over a deep, dark pit. Agh! so deep and dark."

She shuddered, and Kate Elgin's face grew terrible in his ghastly attention. Kate's eyes were fixed upon Fan's livid face, but her body was slowly leaning more and more towards Hammond, who expected to see her swoon and fall every instant. Fan continued: "The old woman left the young man there and fled. Suddenly it grew as light as day, and looking back, the old woman saw the desperate man she knew had followed in the dark. He had a pistol in one hand, a rope in the other. He said something—the old woman did not know—she was all fear—she pulled the rope, the trap-door fell, the young man vanished—he is in the well now!"

"His name—his name!" gasped Kate, her eyes wide open, her lips all white. "Was James Greene?" said Hammond, opening his arms to receive her if she should swoon. Like a tigress from her lair, like an arrow from a bow-string, Kate Elgin darted in between Hammond's arms, and shrieking: "Die, assassin! die, Satan! if death is in you!" and plunged the secreted knife twice into his breast with all her strength.

Hammond staggered back, clear to then wall, and his own dagger was in his hand in an instant. Kate Elgin glanced at the knife in her hand. The miserable blade, a mere table-knife, blunt and weak, was bent as if of lead, and save Hammond's sudden fright and surprise, he was unharmed.

"O Heaven!" groaned Kate, dashing the useless, faithless knife away, "does thy justice, thy mercy sleep! Oh, James! James, my lover, my darling! James! dead! murdered!"

She clasped her hands in agony, and fell lifeless into Nancy Harker's arms. "Place her on the bed," said Luke. "She has fainted—nothing more. Fan, there's a gold dollar for your story. You told it well. Nancy, when she shall have recovered, use your influence to bend her to my will. We have no time to lose. My purpose accomplished, we will fly to South America. This news of James Greene will weaken her greatly. She would not have believed it true if I had told it; but as old Fan related it, Kate Elgin cannot doubt. If you want anything, let Fan get it. I am going to the crimson chamber."

He departed, exulting in his villainy, and old Fan muttered, as she secured the coin he had tossed: "A brave man! A dreadful man! My son must have grown up just like him! Luke Hammond and Nancy Harker! Two gay imps—gay imps—they ought to be brother and sister, yes, and begun by robbing their parents. But I feel better—better now after that easing of my mind."

Unfortunate Kate recovered soon, and found some sad relief in a torrent of tears, a tempest of sobs, a whirlwind of woe. And then, weeping, she fell asleep, with Nancy Harker glaring hate and triumph by the bedside. Old Fan, not wanted there, crept away to hide her "yellow birdie," and silence reigned in the white and gold chamber at midnight.

Growing stronger and stronger, and feeling the blood gathering in his neck and head, until the pain was terrible, he ventured to stretch forth his hands. His left found nothing, but his right touched cold and slimy stone. Sweeping his hand as far around as possible, he suddenly paused, and said: "Heavens! I am in a well! I feel the curving of the stones. I must have fallen here when the trap was sprung by Hammond."

Reaching up with immense difficulty, for he hung face downward, he at last succeeded in grasping the iron bar above. "I have lodged in falling," said he. "My head is bruised and bleeding. It must have struck the edge of the floor as it fell. But for the strength of Hammond's overcoat, I were now dead. I must get out."

He heard a great noise above him, as he swung himself up, so as to support his body by swinging upright, with the iron bar under his right arm. "Hammond is not satisfied," said he. "He comes to make sure of his murder. And though brave and noble as a man could be, James Greene felt an horror gripping at his heart. "He is nailing fast the trap!" he said. "I am to be entombed alive in this horrible grave."

"Twas not Luke, but old Fan nailing and securing the trap-door. The noise at length ceased, and James Greene thought: "By the sound I judge that I am not many feet below the trap-door. There must be some small interval between the door and the edge of the wall. The area of the door, as well as I can remember it when it fell, must be at least four feet square."

He swung his feet out boldly, and he touched the other side of the well. "Good," said he, "quick and true in measuring. The well is less than five feet in diameter. The trap-door must have swung downward to its full length—say four feet at least. Therefore there must be a space of four feet at least between the level of the floor and the mouth of the well, for otherwise the door would have struck the combing of the well, and so shot me aside; whereas, from the sound I have just heard, the door is right over my head. As near as I can judge from that hammering, I am only ten or twelve feet from the level of the trap. Take the swing of the door from that, and I am six or eight feet only from the edge of the well! I must try to stand up!"

This cost him much time and labor, for the well wall was slimy and smooth. At length he found an iron bar, or spike, a few inches long, sticking out of the stones immediately at his left. This was once a part of the same bar he was swinging on. James Greene we know was a carpenter, and as a general rule carpenters can climb like cats. Give a spry carpenter three strong nails and a hammer, and he can go anywhere.

Greene was bold and active, and in spite of his slippery footing he finally stood erect, but with one foot on the first bar that had saved him, and the other on the last found iron fragment. He was clear six feet in stature; but as he now stood, his feet wide apart, and bracing his body with his outstretched hands against the wall line, a line drawn from his toe to the level of his head would not have measured four feet.

"I must try to stand on one foot," said he, "if but for a second." At an imminent risk of falling to the bottom of the well—and of its depth he had no idea—he arose on one foot, and at the same time threw his arm upward to its full length. To his great joy the first joints of his fingers clung to the brink of the well.

"Next it bear my weight!" was his next thought. "I have hold enough to lift me until my left hand can take a firmer grasp. But the stone seems crumbling, or 'tis mortar under my finger tips." He paused awhile in great doubt; the peril was terrific. If the stone should crumble his fall would be certain. Something splashed in the slimy ooze far below him. He listened. Another splash, and a squeak. "Rats!" said he. "They have discovered my presence, and will doubtless attack me. I must trust in God and act."

And commending his soul to his Creator, he swung his body out from the well and threw up his left arm. The stone did not crumble; it was firm in its place. Drawing himself up as high as his breast, then throwing up his knee and gaining additional brace, he was soon seated upon the brink of the horrible grave from which he had escaped. "Thank Heaven," he murmured, as he took breath after his labor. "So far I am safe."

Feeling about, he found a large stone lying loose. This he dashed in the well, and the splash of its fall roused the squadron of ferocious rats beginning to move upward for assault. "And now to explore; for my work is but begun," said he, groping about with extreme caution. After about ten minutes spent in this manner, he paused and reflected: "I am in a square prison—fifteen feet from wall to wall. The well is in the centre, and the floor of the trap about five feet from the ground. I am here, walled up as it were. Ah, Katy, if you knew your love's situation, how your dear heart would bleed! To what horrors are you exposed in the power of that outrageous villain, Luke Hammond!"



Vogue in Linen.

The vogue of linen is one that shows no sign of wane or diminution, and the colored linens are right on the crest of fashion's wave. A neat mode has a pale shade of salmon-pink linen, slightly bouretted with a deeper tint. The blouse has a pointed yoke of bias bands fagotted together with a stout white linen thread, and defined with a border of square button gupure. The sleeve is an especially good model on the double-cape design, these ending below the elbow and displaying the fitted cuff beneath. The fastening is effected invisibly in the back, and slightly circular volants over the shoulder add to the broad line. The skirt is one of the circular patterns, closely fitted at the band, and flaring gracefully to the feet. Three deep bias bands form the whole skirt trimming, these spaced above the hem some eight or ten inches apart.—Scranton Tribune.

The Pursuit of Knowledge.

It is not well to be without knowledge; and to have a well-stored mind is a source of great enjoyment to its possessor. When knowledge is to be acquired from books much depends upon reading one book well rather than from the number or variety of books from which information is sought. Much may be learned from observation. Not so much from trying to remember everything that is passing, but by carefully selecting a few of the most important facts. "It is not the man who has seen the most of the world who knows most of it, but he who has seen what is best worth seeing and has well considered what he has seen."

Sometimes an intimate acquaintance with what is happening in the world is missed through unwillingness to ask questions. This unwillingness may arise from a fear of being troublesome, or, again, it may be occasioned by a proper desire to find out for one's self rather than to be dependent on another, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Most commonly it is the result of false pride. To ask for information implies ignorance, and some persons, rather than confess their ignorance of a subject and learn something by a reasonable amount of questioning, conceal their ignorance and learn nothing.

Wearing Old Clothes.

"Now, why is this?" said a pretty girl who likes nice things, but hasn't money enough to buy as many as she would like. "My gloves are all worn out, so there are holes in all the finger tips, and I'm positively ashamed to wear them, but I can't buy a new pair. But when I've got the new pair I keep on wearing the old ones, and I wear them then without being ashamed of them at all."

"Now, why is this? Well, I suppose it's on account of the moral support I get from the new gloves that I'm saving my money at home. The people I meet may think just as they did before, that the old gloves are the best I've got, but I know better. I could wear just as good as anybody now, if I wanted to, and so I trot right along without worrying, wearing the old."

"And it's just the same about anything else. If you've got good things, you're not ashamed to wear old ones. "I've worn a skirt until it was so shabby that it was a disgrace to appear on the street in it, and then bought a new one and hung it up in the closet and kept on wearing the old one and feeling just as chipper as could be in it; and the laundress and other girls to do just the same thing."

"If you haven't got the things, you're miserable; but if you have got them, you can wear what you like."—New York Sun.

Think Healthy Thoughts.

There is undoubtedly such a thing as being healthy in one's mind and thinking healthy thoughts. A healthy woman does right on assuming that she is well, having faith in her own strength and ignoring little aches or pains. She can act constantly on the assumption that she is healthy. There are people who for some reason have lost faith in themselves and consequently do not believe in their own health. They are distrustful of their own strength, and are always suspicious that some disease is fastening itself upon them.

An unhealthy mind as a rule results from some long continued sickness. Nervous prostration very often produces such a state of mind, or any disease that affects the nervous system. Such a woman is accustomed to being sick, for she has totally lost her self-confidence. She goes to bed with the expectation of passing a restless night. A healthy woman goes to bed expecting to sleep, and she does. There are thousands of women in the world who have lost their health of mind. They think sick thoughts, and they are afraid to eat, afraid of the light, afraid of the heat and afraid of the cold. From morning until night they are invalids, and not only a burden to themselves, but also to their relatives. Such people can never hope to get well, for the mind must be made healthy first, and the only cure for such people is to persuade them that they are well. There are people who have been given medicine by physicians simply to make them believe that the medicine is curing them. In reality they are not getting anything that would act on their system. The phy-

NOMAD BERBERS OF MOROCCO.

Men Are Attractive But the Women Are Ugly and Unpleasant. Let us suppose that the winter rains are over, and that the plains are green with the young rising corn. Flowing and work are finished for the year, and within the circle of brown tents—some two dozen in number—all is life and activity. Men and women are gathered together the few household goods they possess, or pulling up the pegs that hold their tent-dwelling in place. Pots and pans of tinned copper or rough red earthenware are piled about. And strips of matting are being rolled up. The children are chasing the fowls to and fro in their endeavors to capture them; the flocks and herds browse near by tended by sunburnt shepherd boys, and everything speaks of an early move. Then the tents themselves are struck and rolled up, and the loading of the beasts of burden commences. Every animal capable of bearing a load is pressed into service. Cows and bullocks, mares, mules and donkeys—even men and women—share joyfully in the labor, for spring is come and the shade of the giant cedar trees awaits the shepherds and hunters—and cattle thieves. Life for the Berbers commences then, and for a few months, in the impenetrable hills and forests, they can pass their existence unhampered by Arab neighbors and far beyond the reach of grasping officialdom. Then a move is made, and one and all, singing as they go, the procession starts off. Men on horseback—their wily little steeds as mud-stained and ragged as the saddles they bear—lead the way. Fine little creatures they are, with all the grace of movement found only in the savage. Their long, togn-like "hairs" and straight, heavy cloaks add not a little to their picturesque appearance. Nor are their features devoid of beauty, for though the suns of summer and the tempests of winter score and mark their faces at an early age, they fall to obliterate the pleasant smile and glittering eye that are so typical of the race. The women follow on foot, or perhaps on donkey back, strange, under-grown, huddled-up figures, wrapped in long striped shawls, and with their heads tied in handkerchiefs of many colors, and gaiters of knitted wool or leather on their legs. What little beauty nature has bestowed upon them they manage most successfully to conceal under the strange dicta of Berber fashions. Their complexions are stained and striped with red "henna" dye; their noses and chins are tattooed in patterns of dark blue, and even the anatomy with which they encircle their eyes is so carelessly and coarsely put on as to give the appearance of a recent scrimmage. Untidy, unkempt, and none too clean, the Berber women offer few of the attractions apparent in the men, who, though often sadly in want of a wash, are bold, some frank and full of spirit, with a mirth that is infectious. With the women are the children, half-naked little savages, some tied on to the back of a friendly cow, some running races by the roadside, and others, again, still at the breast.—From "The Berber of Morocco," by Walter Harris, in Scribner's.

Girls' Tastes and Professions. To those girls who must look forward to supporting themselves the problem of work is a difficult one. Their efforts must be concentrated on some one thing, says a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal. I do not intend to write out a list of handicrafts or possible occupations for girls. I want rather to write of the spirit in which any one of them should be taken up by the girl who is forced to support herself. Teaching is perhaps the most influential occupation into which a girl can readily go; for this reason it is often selected by those totally unqualified for any success in it. Until a girl has thorough knowledge of her subject, fine self-control and fondness for children, she will probably make a failure of teaching. It should never be entered on except with the greatest sincerity. I can touch on only a few occupations and professions. Those more generally followed are teaching, literature, art, stenography, bookkeeping, clerking, millinery, dressmaking, etc. In preparing one's self for any or all of these the same general course may be recommended. Above all, thoroughness. Teach yourself to do well the one thing you have chosen, devote your best energies to it, and make up your mind to excel in it. If it be no more than working buttonholes, make up your mind to work the greatest sincerity; that button were ever slipped through. Good workers are not often at a loss for work. I would not have this sound harsh or unsympathetic to you. I have known what it is to go seeking work, even when I was doing my very utmost. I know, too, that it is no easy thing to be a really good worker. Look into the subject carefully and you will find that the good and successful workers always (barring cases of extraordinary genius or talent) have certain sterling characteristics which enter into their work and make its success. They have such qualities as diligence, thoroughness, honor, judgment, civility and punctuality. It is chiefly owing to these qualities that their work has such excellence. Such qualities are especially to be striven for, then, in preparing yourself for future work. Study your own nature, find out its faults or weaknesses. If you are naturally careless, thoughtless, preoccupied, inexact, unpunctual, plan out some entirely practical way to cure yourself of these things.

Hope keeps the heart wholesome. There are always plenty of pilots on a pond. Your goods have little to do with your good. Cupidity easily overcomes the easy conscience. Men must be lifted; they cannot be pushed up. The narrow mind is not essential to the narrow way. The man who depends upon luck is usually a failure. As soon as you cease to grow up you begin to go down. Prosperity may be heaven's way of punishing some people. The silver lining of a cloud is not visible to the naked eye. If you are put in a place of trial count it a mark of trust. There's no virtue in being patient with the pain you do not feel. The more a man preaches to his neighbors the less they practice. The man who doesn't worry is entitled to a lot of credit he never gets. The man who boasts of never minding matters is likely to be chopping up somebody's reputation pretty fine. Be honest with yourself, whatever the temptation; say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your own mind. Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous.—James Anthony Froude.

Mr. Edison's Watch. To Mr. Edison time is so valuable that he does not waste it even by taking account of it. Time to him is only the chance to get things done; and no matter how long it takes, they must be got done. In his office safe there is carefully locked away a \$2700 Swiss watch, given him by a European society. It is never used. He buys a stem-winder costing a dollar and a half, breaks the chain ring off, squirts oil under the cap of the stem, thrusts it into his trousers pocket—and never looks at it. When it gets too clogged with dirt to run, he lays it on a laboratory table, hits it with a hammer and buys another.—World's Work.

A Church in a Tree. One of the oldest churches in this country is found in the red wood forests of California. It is near San Jose, and is maintained by a mining settlement, the minister working as a miner during the week. It is built in one of the hollow trees and accommodates a congregation of twenty-five, with space for a recess chancel, which contains a small organ.

Hospital For Incubables. Fourteen years ago Castienne Garcelon died in Oakland, Cal., leaving \$750,000 for the founding of a hospital for incurables. Litigation delayed the work. Now the trustees have received permission to proceed with the execution of the trust. The buildings are to cost \$250,000, and \$500,000 are to be kept as a fund for the maintenance of the hospital.

With the Funny Fellows.

A Jiu-Jitsu Jest. A young man who practiced jiu-jitsu once offered to wager ten bits. He could lick Bob Fitzsimmons; Well, he got his trimmings! So quick that he simply thru fits!—Cleveland Leader.

Her Legal Aspects. She—"Mamma, you know, is quite a judge of human nature." He—"Judge! Sometimes she's more like a prosecuting attorney."—Puck.

Their Name is Legion. "I used to think the original Florida girl was pretty numerous," said the cigar store philosopher. "Yes, isn't she?" "Yes, but I begin to believe she's outnumbered by the original Mrs. Hoch."—Just So.

Unlike Things on Earth. First Shade—"Well, what do you think of Hades?" Second Shade—"In one respect I was agreeably surprised." First Shade—"As to how?" Second Shade—"I see the brimstone is not adulterated."

An Explanation. "That man," said the proud friend, "went into politics a poor man and came out of it a poor man." "Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "all I can say is that there must have been contributory negligence on his part."—Washington Star.

Inference. Physician—"Yes, sir, my opinion is that one-half of the diseases that afflict humanity are due to overeating." Friend (reflectively)—"It may be—may be. Now, I think of it, it is months since any one was sick at my boarding house."—New York Weekly.

Has Your Baby Sister Got All Her Teeth Yet? Johnnie—"I think she's got 'em, but dey ain't hatched yet."—New York Evening Mail.

Not Fitted For Society. The effort to introduce that educated baboon into New York's upper society circles seems destined to be a failure. He attended a theatrical performance in the big city the other night and actually sat all through it without once interrupting the performance with silly jabbering.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Fully Cultured. "Yes," said little Arthur, "since pa struck it rich, and ma and the girls have got into society, we have a Frenchman to do our cookin', so we eat in French, and sing in Italian, and think mostly in German, but once in a while, when things don't go right and pa gets mad, we still get the good old English right off the bat."—Chicago Journal.

Ungallant Man. Tess—"She was vaccinated the other day, I hear." Jess—"Yes, but she's awfully disappointed about it." Tess—"What's the matter? Didn't it take?" Jess—"Oh, yes, but the stupid doctor neglected to say anything complimentary about her pretty arm."—Philadelphia Press.

Opportunity. "So you got the worst of the transaction, as usual?" "Yes," said the financially ambitious youth. "The trouble is that you don't take advantage of your opportunities." "I can't manage it. The other fellow invariably gets the advantage. I always seem to be the opportunity."—Washington Star.



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