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PITTSBORO', N. CAR.

The Chatham Record

VOL. I.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., NOVEMBER 14, 1878.

NO. 9.

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.

Varieties.

The cotton compress at Montgomery, Ala., has been rebuilt, using 1,000,000 bricks and 600,000 feet of lumber. New presses are being looked up.

The city of Zurich, Switzerland, has appropriated the sum of 600,000 francs for the purpose of erecting a magnificent new chemical laboratory for Prof. Victor Meyer.

England has produced about 11,500,000 quarters of wheat this year, and will have to buy about 13,000,000 quarters. France, it is expected, will have none to sell.

A captain of a volunteer corps, being doubtful whether he had distributed muskets to all the men, cried: "All you that are without arms, hold up your hands."

At Bayonne a gentleman lost in a railroad carriage a considerable sum of money and some jewelry and other valuables. Three railroad porters were arrested on suspicion, when the money was returned by a priest. The thief had confessed his crime, and the confessor had refused him absolution till he had made restitution.

The cotton mills of Columbus, S. C., consumed during the season of 1877-78, 12,792 bales of staple, a gain in five years, of 5,364 bales. They expect to consume 15,000 bales the coming season, which will make the cotton worth \$750,000. This value, however, in passing through their mills will be increased to some \$2,200,000.

Queen Victoria travels in a railway carriage which cost \$30,000. A correspondent of the Chicago Times says that its windows are shaded with green silk curtains, trimmed with costly white lace. Its ottomans are covered with cream colored silk, embroidered with the royal arms and monogram in purple and gold, and a carpet which cost over \$300 covers the floor.

Lady Georgiana Seymour, widow of the late Admiral Sir George Seymour, died recently at Hampton Court. She was in her eighty-sixth year, and had lived at least one hundred years. The palace is a beautiful residence, and is exclusively a free residence for widows of persons who have distinguished themselves in the public service of England, but who have been left with small pecuniary means.

Of cotton cloth, the United States exported last year 125,000,000 yards, while the amount in 1874 was but 18,000,000. Employers claim that the earnings of mill operatives are higher now than in 1860, in proportion to the cost of living, and mills are supplying goods at less cost than in that year. Although supplies cost more in the same, greater skill and economy with improved machinery, produce these results.

Mrs. Van Cott, the preacher, was born in New York city, and is nearly fifty years of age. Her father, Major Newton, manager of John Jacob Astor's estate. He became insane. Marrying and soon becoming a widow, she attended to her husband's business of drug broker. She was converted on a Fulton ferry-boat while thinking about religion. Through the influence of a traveling preacher, she counts more than 27,000 conversions as the result of her labors. She weighs 225 pounds.

"A bird in the hand," etc. An inveterate chaffer in Providence, who invariably throws away an old quid whenever he sees a neighbor take out a tobacco pipe, waited in vain one morning for an extension of hospitalities. "Aren't you going to give me a chew?" he inquired. "Didn't you have one in your mouth?" "Yes," said the other. "Well," replied the market-man, "you must learn never to throw away a certainty for an uncertainty."—New York Tribune.

The claims of the Muscovites or Great Russians to be pure Slavs have been studied by a German writer, who arrives at the conclusion that they are a mixed race, differing more essentially from the almost pure Slav, Little and White Russians than the Provençals from the Northern French or the Southern from the Northern Germans. There are in European Russia, 3,881,871 Muscovites or Great Russians, 1,433,965 Khokhols or Little Russians, and 3,552,057 White Russians.

The Duke of Devonshire's estate at Chatsworth contains 2,000 acres, which he retains for his private park and flower garden. The park is bounded on all sides by hills, which cut it off from the rest of the world, and no other house than his own can be seen from the windows of his grand mansion. His flower garden alone comprises 102 acres, wherein sixty laborers are constantly employed to keep it in order. The remainder of the 2,000 acres is all in grass and woodland, and stocked with deer. This is said to be the finest private residence in Europe.

Irving's residence, "Sunnyside," is frequently visited by that class which is commonly termed "pilgrims to the shrine of genius," and most of these carry away some memorial of the spot. The property still remains in the possession of his niece, who keeps up the condition of the grounds, the latter being in the charge of one who has been in this service for thirty years. The "Cottage," like its builder, is entirely without pretension. When the latter came from Europe, after seventeen years' absence, he desired a home near the river, and this led to the purchase of the Acker house and sixteen acres of land. The house gave place to a picturesque cottage of the English style, where the author passed his last days, surrounded by an affectionate and devoted circle. The place remains such as he left it when removed by death nineteen years ago. His writing desk is in the library, and his hat stands on the hall table as though waiting for use.

GRANDPA'S SOLILOQUY.

It wasn't so when I was young,
We used plain language then;
We didn't speak of "them gaboots,"
When meaning boys and men.
When speaking of the nice hand-write
Of Joe, or Tom, or Bill,
We didn't say "we didn't say,"
"His things a nasty quilt."
Then when we met a good, old friend
We hadn't lately seen,
We greeted him—but didn't say,
"Hello, you old sardine."

MY LUCK.

She had come to visit Nat's sister,
And there I met her on a night;
A cousin, I think, of the family,
And a girl rather handsome and bright.
I remember we looked at an album;
And I told her how much I could guess
Of our characters just from a picture;
"See my photograph of a young maiden,
Both pretty and modest and true,"
She fairly glowed with pleasure;
"Who that is?" she exclaimed, "sister
"Ernie?"
"Ernie Swartz," I said, "is my name;
I'm the youngest of the family;
I'm a farmer's boy, and my father's name
Is Ernie Swartz, and my mother's name
Is Mary Jane."

ERIC SWARTZ'S SACRIFICE.

ERIC SWARTZ and I were lovers. His father's farm adjoined ours—at some fit time the two estates were to be united. Eric's father and mine often talked it all over, and laid plans, and built castles—and made all to their liking. But Eric's father and mine are in their graves, their castles have dissolved in air, their plans are void and useless!

ERIC SWARTZ'S SACRIFICE.

It was a glorious evening in October. I had finished my twelve cuts of warp yarn and had set back the great wheel and reel, as I saw my father driving home with the plow. He had just finished the day's work, but it was not the sight of my father that caused me to linger at the window; I heard Eric's voice, rich and deep and clear, and I listened to his words. They were of trifling import, and yet they caused my heart to leap wildly as I thought of a disheveled rider over the prairie with Eric in pursuit of a flying herd of cattle, and with a merry laugh, I bounded down to meet him.

darkness was falling fast around us,

and close before us, only separated by a dark and deep ravine, lay the wild, black forest.
"Now you will surely stop," cried Eric, as we checked our foaming steeds upon the very verge of the precipice. We had seen nothing of the missing herd.
"I tell you what it is," said I, impatiently, "you are a perfect coward; you are afraid to cross this chasm; you are afraid of the woods. Come, Star," I said, coaxingly, to my pony, "you and I for it—we shall find nothing worse than ourselves yonder—over, sir, over!"

A MISSOURI RIVAL OF DR. CARVER.

SIX SUCCESSIVE BULL'S EYES AT A THOUSAND YARDS.
Adam Goldie is a man in the prime of life, about five feet eleven inches in height, and with a most wonderful physique. He has a frank, open countenance, with eyes of a clear blue, which have a peculiar appearance. They are restless and ever in motion, and there is a peculiar sort of twitching action perceptible, which almost conveys the impression that his vision must be defective. His light brown hair hangs in long, flowing locks, and a long, flowing beard covers his chest. His face is a taking one, and affable and free—and when he talks his voice has a ringing, chery tone about it that is pleasant to the ear.

ERIC SWARTZ'S SACRIFICE.

Some of the feats which he has performed seem impossible. He has broken 239 glass balls out of 300 in 12 minutes, with a forty-four calibre Winchester rifle. He can break 100 glass balls out of 100 in six minutes, with a miss, in three minutes. The feats are unparalleled, and surpass Dr. Carver's wonderful shooting. A seemingly incredible feat that he performs is as follows: A soda water bottle is thrown into the air in a certain manner, and before it falls Goldie will send a bullet down the neck of the bottle and break it in two. There are other feats that he performs with the bottles. At fifty yards distance a bottle is placed on a forked tong, and Goldie will send bullets in rapid succession down the neck and through the bottom, only perforating the latter in one place. At long distances this amazing feat is performed with a miss, in three minutes. The feats are unparalleled, and surpass Dr. Carver's wonderful shooting. A seemingly incredible feat that he performs is as follows: A soda water bottle is thrown into the air in a certain manner, and before it falls Goldie will send a bullet down the neck of the bottle and break it in two. There are other feats that he performs with the bottles. At fifty yards distance a bottle is placed on a forked tong, and Goldie will send bullets in rapid succession down the neck and through the bottom, only perforating the latter in one place. At long distances this amazing feat is performed with a miss, in three minutes. The feats are unparalleled, and surpass Dr. Carver's wonderful shooting.

swered with a shriek of joy. The next moment I was clasped in his arms, and his voice cried out:

"Cling to me, Clara. I have been all this time reaching you—going round—in a tree, quick!"
"And you?" questioned, hurriedly, as he tried to assist me in my trembling and awkward attempts to ascend a small tree, scarcely large enough to bear my weight.
I never heard his voice again, save in a shriek of mortal agony, as he was borne down by his terrible foes. My worthless life was saved at the expense of his. I would faint sometimes have shared his fate that long, desolate, terrible night; but life is sweet, and I was so young, so full of life, to die such a death.

ERIC SWARTZ'S SACRIFICE.

Just then I heard a shout. Only a few feet behind me were the foremost of the wolves; but that shout seemed to startle even them for an instant. It was Eric's voice; I knew it in an instant and answered with a shriek of joy. The next moment I was clasped in his arms, and his voice cried out: "Cling to me, Clara. I have been all this time reaching you—going round—in a tree, quick!"

quence of the extraordinary skill of

the parties, at a long distance. On the open prairie, about two miles distant, four hundred and twenty yards apart, and were the only trees on that spot. All around was open, timberless prairie. It was decided that Goldie and Bill should both take their rifles and take up position behind the respective trees and then blaze away at each other. The Texans hoped by this means to prevent bloodshed, or at least to prevent a fatal termination to the duel. The preliminaries being settled, the whole party mounted their horses and rode out on the prairie to the selected spot. Goldie took up his position behind one of the trees, and Bill ensconced himself behind the other. The remaining undulating eminence to the right, where they were to remain spectators. One of them was to give the signal for the beginning of the combat by firing the rifle in the air, and the report was to be the signal to the duellists to begin with their bloody work. Goldie awaited anxiously the discharge of the rifle, which suddenly sounded in the air. This was a strong record. Goldie advanced from behind the tree in a kneeling posture, when, whizz! his sombrero was perforated by a ball from Bloody Bill's rifle. Quick as lightning he dropped full length on the ground in time to escape the other bullets which came in rapid succession. He lay stretched full length upon the ground, and then remained immovable. Presently he saw a diminutive figure which he knew to be Bill (who was nearly one inch taller than Goldie) advancing cautiously from the shelter of the tree. Quickly taking aim he fired twice in succession, and then retired behind the sheltering trunk. One of the bullets he advanced discovered had passed through the lobe of Bill's left ear. There was a cessation now of firing for some time, when Goldie espied his opponent's head and shoulders exposed. Quick as lightning his rifle was raised, and the detonating report was heard. The bullet which was carried away by the bullet. Goldie now rather incautiously advanced from his shelter and became the target for six bullets in rapid rotation, one of which made a hole in his coat-sleeve and another through his pantaloons. He beat a hasty retreat. The duellists remained gazing at the distant trees, each watching for the instant when each represented his adversary. Each peered cautiously from behind the tree, endeavoring to gain sight of the other. Goldie at last saw Bill again advance, and the former stopped rapidly to the front and quickly brought his rifle into position. Almost simultaneously the sharp report of two rifles rang on the air, and both men fell. Goldie managed to raise himself and crawl behind the trunk of the tree. He had been wounded in the left shoulder. Presently he was joined by the Texans, who had been witnesses of this most exciting duel. They had already ridden over to Bloody Bill and found him dead—a bullet had penetrated his temple.—St. Louis Post.

ERIC SWARTZ'S SACRIFICE.

ERIC SWARTZ'S SACRIFICE.
The Beaver (Uta) Square Dealer says: "An instance of what an Apache Indian will do in the way of cool daring when the prize is worth the risk, once occurred on a rancho in Arizona. The owner of the rancho was an American. To guard against the Apaches he had built a block-house, and, adjoining it, a court-yard and corral, surrounded by an adobe wall 8 feet high and 2 feet thick. In the corral the herd were nightly secured. He had a contract to feed and guard 400 head of beef cattle belonging to the United States fort, some thirty miles away. More than one attempt had been made by the Apaches to capture the herd, while feeding two or three miles from the block-house. But the vigilant herdsmen had driven the cattle at a gallop into the corral, before the Indians could "stampede" them. One night there came a fearful storm. A solitary Apache, unarmed, and with nothing to protect him from the cold rain, climbed over the corral wall, crouching in the corner, he waited for day. Early in the morning, the storm having passed away, eight herdsmen, mounted and armed, waited at the corral's gate for the herd to be turned out. The gate was opened. The stock poured out. Suddenly up sprang the Apache; vaulting on the nearest horse, he clutched his mane with one hand, while with the other he waved his red blanket and yelled like a demon. In an instant every hoof made a rush and the stampede began. The horse, frightened, darted into the midst of the flying cattle. As in a frenzy they went through the gateway, the Apache clasped his arms around the horse's neck, and, throwing his body on one side of the headless animal, disappeared from view. A thousand men ranged in column could not stop that rush of the herd down the valley. The herdsmen fired a volley which wounded and killed some of the cattle. Two bands of Apaches, darting out from opposite sides of the valley, closed up from behind the herd. Four hundred head of cattle were thus captured and run off by the daring and cunning of one Apache.

the highest classes that the bridal

costumes are entirely white, and that a wreath of orange-flower blossoms is worn.
DURATION OF LIFE.
The average duration of life in civilized society is about thirty-three and a half years. This is called a generation—making three in a century. But there are certain localities, and certain communities of people where this average is considerably extended. The mountaineer lives longer than the lowlander; the farmer than the artisan; the traveler than the sedentary; the temperate than the self-indulgent; the just than the dishonest. "The wicked shall not live out half his days," is the announcement of Divinity. The philosophy of this is found in the fact that the moral character has a strong power over the physical—a power much more controlling than is generally imagined. The true man conducts himself in the light of Bible precepts—is "temperate in all things," is "slow to anger"—and on his grave is defaced with the words "well lived." In these three things are the great elements of human health: the restraint of the appetites, the control of the passions, and that highest type of physical exercise, "going about doing good." It is said of the eminent Quaker philanthropist, Joseph J. Gurley, that the labor and pains he took to go and see personally the objects of his contemplated charities, so that none of them should be unworthily bestowed, was of itself almost the labor of one man; and he attended to his immense banking business besides. In fact he did too much, and died at the age of sixty years.

ERIC SWARTZ'S SACRIFICE.

ERIC SWARTZ'S SACRIFICE.
The average length of human life in all countries, at this age of the world, is about twenty-eight years. One-quarter of all who die do not reach the age of seven years; one-half die before reaching seventeen years; and yet the average of life of Friends in Great Britain and Ireland in 1850 was nearly fifty-six years. Surely this is a strong inducement for all to practice for themselves, and to inculcate upon their children day by day, that simplicity of habit, that quietness of demeanor, that restraint of temper, that control of appetites and propensities, and that orderly, systematic mode of life which Friends' discipline inculcates.

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