

One copy, one month, \$1.00; one copy, six months, \$5.00; one copy, three months, \$2.50.

W. E. ANDERSON, P. A. WILEY, President, Cashier.

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK, OF RALEIGH, N. C.

J. D. WILLIAMS & CO., Grocers, Commission Merchants and Produce Buyers, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

JOHN M. MORING, Attorney at Law, WASHINGTON, CHATHAM CO., N. C.

MORING & MORING, Attorneys at Law, DURHAM, N. C.

THOMAS M. CROSS, Attorney at Law, PITTSMORO, N. C.

J. J. JACKSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, PITTSMORO, N. C.

100 Buggies, Rockaways, Spring Wagons, &c.

H. A. LONDON, Jr., Attorney at Law, PITTSMORO, N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF RALEIGH, N. CAR.

THE ONLY HOME LIFE INSURANCE CO. IN THE STATE.

JACOB S. ALLEN & CO, Building Contractors, and manufacturers of Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Brackets, and all kinds of Ornamental, Scroll and Turned Work, Window and Door Frames made to Order.

STEAMBOAT NOTICE!

THE BOATS OF THE EXPRESS STEAMBOAT COMPANY will run as follows from the first of October until further notice:

STEAMER D. MURCHISON, Capt. Alonzo Garrison, will leave Fayetteville every Tuesday and Friday at 8 o'clock A. M., and Wilmington every Wednesday and Saturday at 2 o'clock P. M.

STEAMER WAVE, Capt. W. A. Robeson, will leave Fayetteville on Mondays and Thursdays at 8 o'clock A. M., and Wilmington on Tuesdays and Fridays at 1 o'clock P. M., connecting with the Western Railroad at Fayetteville on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

J. D. WILLIAMS & CO., Agents at Fayetteville, N. C.

READ THIS, North Carolinians and Others!

THE CELEBRATED LIQUID ENAMEL PAINT!

MANUFACTURED BY NEW JERSEY ENAMEL PAINT COMPANY

Has been sold in your State EIGHT YEARS—Thousands of Gallons having been disposed of. It is one of the most successful companies of its kind in the United States.

THE CARROLLTON HOTEL, THE NEW AMERICAN OFFICE, THE ARMSBROUGH, GAY & CO.'S BUILDING, THE HUBBARD, PERRELL & CO.'S BUILDING, THE TRINITY M. E. CHURCH, (SOOTHY), and elegant PRIVATE RESIDENCES all over the country.

Mixed Ready for Use. Any One Can Apply It.

C. P. KNIGHT, Sole General Agent, AND MANUFACTURERS OF

WRITING PAPER, BUILDING PAPER, AND ROOFING CEMENT.

93 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. II.

PITTSBORO, CHATHAM CO., N. C., MARCH 18, 1880.

NO. 27.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion, \$1.00; one square, one month, \$10.00; one square, three months, \$25.00; one square, six months, \$40.00; one square, one year, \$60.00.

WILL YOU SELL THE FARM?

Chapin's Farm Agency, RALEIGH, N. C.

Dr. A. B. CHAPIN, Manager.

NORTH CAROLINA BRANCH OF GEORGE H. CHAPIN'S FARM AGENCY, BOSTON, MASS.

Special attention given to the sale of South Carolina Real Estate. No charge made until a sale is effected.

The New England Farmer says: "Geo. H. Chapin is the best advertiser in the paper."

The Charleston News and Courier says: "Everybody has heard of Geo. H. Chapin's farm agency, and few are unacquainted with the success which has attended its operations."

The New York Tribune, the Boston Herald, the Journal, the Farmer, the Advertiser speak in the highest terms of Chapin's Farm Agency.

N. B.—SMALL FARMS (particularly) are wanted at once.

Office—Fisher Building, RALEIGH, N. C.

T. H. BRIGGS & SONS, Hardware, WAGON & BUGGY MATERIAL.

Blinds, Paints, Oils, Colors, Putty, Window Glass, Steam Engines, Belting, Lime, Cement, Plaster, and Mill Supplies.

JACOB S. ALLEN & CO, Building Contractors, and manufacturers of Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Brackets, and all kinds of Ornamental, Scroll and Turned Work, Window and Door Frames made to Order.

STEAMBOAT NOTICE!

THE BOATS OF THE EXPRESS STEAMBOAT COMPANY will run as follows from the first of October until further notice:

STEAMER D. MURCHISON, Capt. Alonzo Garrison, will leave Fayetteville every Tuesday and Friday at 8 o'clock A. M., and Wilmington every Wednesday and Saturday at 2 o'clock P. M.

STEAMER WAVE, Capt. W. A. Robeson, will leave Fayetteville on Mondays and Thursdays at 8 o'clock A. M., and Wilmington on Tuesdays and Fridays at 1 o'clock P. M., connecting with the Western Railroad at Fayetteville on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

J. D. WILLIAMS & CO., Agents at Fayetteville, N. C.

In the Water.

In the winter, clearest water. Over the lonely valley smiling; In the winter, birds with music; Never tread the wooden aisles.

In the winter, down the hillside Gaily comes the gaudy sex; In the winter, over the sidewalk Hangs the alder for an X.

In the winter, sunset sky-down All the cedar pinnacles; In the winter, the pedestrian On the coal-hole cover slips.

In the winter, on the window Keenly shines each frosty gem; In the winter, toll! Lumber! Leave his girl at 2 r. n.

In the winter, to the opera C. Augustus Minnie takes; In the winter, Georgians Blush over the lockless cakes.

In the winter, silver slough-bells Jingle sweetly, note on note; In the winter, dash the snow ball Elevate the silken tie.

In the winter, beggars-sparrows Round the golden chip and prank; In the winter, dash the plunger Put some shakels in the bank.

In the winter, shrill wind whistle Through the lover's summer coat; In the winter, there are other Things enough to fill a boat.

—H. J. Croft.

THAT BROWN DRESS.

"I think it's about time I had a new dress," said Mrs. Torrey to her husband one day, when he was counting over the money he had just brought from town, where he had sold a load of wheat.

"Suppose you give me one of those new bills, John, next time you go to town, and let me go with you. The coaxing smile she gave him failed to have its desired effect, however.

"A new dress!" exclaimed Mr. Torrey, evidently as much surprised as he had ever been in his life. "Why, Sarah, I thought you had plenty of good clothes. I don't see what you can be thinking of when you plan to spend money these hard times, on new dresses, when you have more now than you know what to do with."

"I don't know what you're thinking of when you say that," answered Mrs. Torrey. "I have had just two calico dresses in a year. I have the enormous number of six dresses, at present, in different stages of wear. One calico is quite good. Two calicos are half worn out. That old brown dress has done duty for two years as my good dress, and this one—holding up a frayed sleeve for his inspection—"allows for itself. I've mended it until there's nothing left to mend it with, and it won't hold together much longer."

"Well, that's only five," said Mr. Torrey.

"The sixth happens to be a lawn, which would scarcely be appropriate for winter wear," answered Mrs. Torrey. "I've worn that brown dress so long that I hate the sight of it. No matter where I go, that has to go, too. I don't believe the neighbors would know me if they saw me away from home with anything else on."

"I'm sure I shouldn't care for the opinion of the neighbors," answered her husband, loftily. "I always thought you looked extremely well with that dress on. It's warm and comfortable, isn't it?"

"Yes, and so is a blanket," answered Mrs. Torrey.

"I don't approve of the practice so prevalent among some of the farmers' wives, nowadays, of buying a new dress every time they take a notion into their heads that they'd like one," said Mr. Torrey, very impressively. "We've got to economize if we ever expect to get out of the present financial difficulties, if we all bought new things, the country'd soon be bankrupt. I don't suppose you understand it Sarah; but it's extravagance that has made the land lame."

And Mr. Torrey tried to look as wise as a professor of political economy.

"Not extravagance on my part," responded his wife, who was not much impressed with his arguments. "I want a new dress because I need one, and there is no extravagance about it. I have earned one, I think; but if you don't think so, you had better keep the money."

Mrs. Torrey's temper was up. Whenever her husband was in one of his extra-economic moods, he never failed to rouse her spirit. She knew that she was a careful, prudent woman, and she felt that a new dress—and had a dozen new dresses, for that matter—had been fully paid for by her economy in little things during the year.

But if she begrudged her the money, why, she'd go without, if she had to stay at home all winter. She wouldn't coax him for what, richly belonged to her. If his sense of justice wasn't strong enough to prompt him to do the fair thing, she'd fall back on the old brown dress, and make that do for another season.

"I don't see much force in your argument," said Mr. Torrey. "If I had six more of those, or even three, I'd be more than satisfied."

He folded up the money as if that decided the matter, and put it back in the pocketbook.

"You poor old brown thing!" Mrs. Torrey said, next day when she was airing the closet where she kept her clothes. "You've got to be 'Sunday best' for another winter, and she held up the dress to the light and inspected it closely.

The folds were folded a good deal, the trimming was out of date, and it had a

A Curious Historical Error.

Probably ninety-nine persons in a hundred believe that Sir Walter Raleigh visited America for the first time in 1482.

"I know what I'll do," she said, with a twinkle in her eyes. "I'll wear it everywhere, and I'll go out every time I can, and I'll make him as sick of it as I am. Last winter I wore that old gray delaine part of the time, but since that departed this life I'll have to make this do double duty."

Next Sunday she came down arrayed for church in the brown dress.

"I'm sure that looks well enough for anybody," her husband said. "If you always have as good clothes you won't have any cause for complaint."

Mrs. Torrey frowned, and then she smiled.

Half the farmers' wives at church had on neat new dresses, and her brown one looked more dingy than ever beside them. Somehow, the contrast between her appearance and that of her neighbors struck Mr. Torrey quite forcibly, but he was sure it wasn't on account of her dress. That was "good enough for anybody."

Mrs. Perkins had a quilting Wednesday afternoon, and the men were invited to tea. Chat in her brown dress, Mrs. Torrey made herself very conspicuous among the other ladies during the evening. The contrast between their pretty garments and her own was considerably to her disadvantage, and her husband did not fail to notice it; but—

"I'll warrant their dresses cost five or ten dollars apiece, and I can't afford that," he thought, and tried to forget that there were such things as dresses in the world.

The next Sunday the brown dress went to church again, and twice during the week it was on duty.

Mrs. Torrey began to get tired of brown, but she wouldn't say so.

She stood it for a month. During that time the inevitable garment was worn no less than ten times. It was at Mrs. Baxter's soiree that Mr. Torrey capitulated, and that was the last time the brown dress made its appearance in public. He was sitting in a corner, behind two ladies, when one of them made this remark to the other:

"Mrs. Torrey is a nice-looking woman, I think."

"Yes," was the reply; "and she'd look ever so much better if she could dress as other folks do. To my certain knowledge, this is the third season she's worn that brown dress."

Mr. Torrey felt very uncomfortable. "What makes her stick to it as she does?" asked the other lady. "You know I've only been in the neighborhood six weeks, but I've never seen her in any other dress, and I've met her a good many times, too."

"It's the only dress she has that fits to wear away from home in the winter," was the reply.

"Is her husband poor?" asked the other.

"Oh, no; only economical," was the answer, with a little laugh that made Mr. Torrey tingle to the tip of his nose.

"I suppose he's worth as much as most of the farmers in the neighborhood."

"And she hasn't anything better to wear than that?" exclaimed the other lady, indignantly. "If Mr. Torrey were my husband, and obliged me to wear one dress three years, I'd—"

Mr. Torrey didn't stop to hear the sentence finished. He never knew whether the ladies knew who the man was that made such an undignified dash for the sidewalk or not, but he has never met them since without getting uncomfortably warm.

"See here, Sarah, I want to make a bargain with you," he said, next morning, looking very foolish and red in the face. "I'll give you fifteen dollars if you'll promise never to wear that brown dress away from home again."

"Why?" exclaimed Mrs. Torrey, with a twinkle of triumph in her eye. "I hope you haven't got tired of it? I'm sure it's good enough for anybody."

"Is it a bargain?" asked her husband, holding up the money.

"Yes," answered she; and then her lord and master beat a hasty retreat to the barn, where he happened to remember some work needed doing very much.

The next Sunday when Mrs. Torrey walked up the aisle at church, her husband was really proud of her. Her new black dress fitted beautifully, and the svelte she wore was as neat as any in the house. And the pretty bonnet, with scarlet roses, that she had fashioned at home to wear with her new garments, made her look five years younger than she had done in the old hat she had worn with the brown dress.

"You don't say you got that dress and this svelte arrangement, and that bonnet, for that money?" he asked, when they were going home.

"Yes, I did," she answered. "I saved considerably by making them myself out of part of the ribbons and fringe I had before. I do believe I like this svelte better than the brown dress."

"Hang the brown dress!" exclaimed Mr. Torrey; "I hope you'll never mention it again."

The mysteries of a baby's toilet were altogether new to a little four-year-old, and he carefully watched the bathing and dressing of his little cousin. When the little powder box was open and the fluffy brush was about to be used underneath the baby's chin, he exclaimed: "Oh, auntie, let me see you sail her!"

—Ola Haven Register.

Somebody is always making trouble for mankind. Now an epicure says that oysters are not fit to be eaten until they are at least three years old, and we suppose we'll have to look into every oyster's mouth before we swallow him to see if he has arrived at the proper edible age. —Baltimore Transcript.

The Venerable Doorkeeper of the Navy Department.

At the close of the day, the room of the secretary of the navy, there stands an old colored man, tall, straight and dignified. The capillary covering of his venerable head is getting gray with age. His name is Lindsey Muse. For fifty-two years, without intermission, he has swung to and fro the door of the secretary's office, and every one of the 365 days of the year, rain or shine, finds him at his post. Lindsey Muse has known almost every officer of the navy and army, from general and admiral, down to lieutenant and ensign, who have had business with the navy department for half a century. He was born in Northumberland county, Virginia, in the year 1828. Being more fortunate than some of his colored brethren, he made his way to Washington when quite a young man, and, having worked about the navy department at different times, his fidelity and industry made him many friends, who had him appointed assistant messenger under Secretary Samuel L. Southard in 1851. Since that time he has been on continual duty, and has served under the following secretaries: John Branch, Levi Woodbury Dickerson, James K. Polk, George E. Badger, Abel P. Fisher, David Henshaw, Thomas W. Gilmer, John Y. Mason, George Bancroft, William Richard Poyson, William A. Graham, John J. Kennedy, James C. Dobbin, Isaac Touney, Gideon Wells, Abner E. Barb, George M. Robeson, on the present secretary, Richard W. Thompson, of Illinois. The colored man has outlived all of these gentlemen, except two, viz., George Bancroft, the eminent historian, and George M. Robeson, a member of Congress from New Jersey.

At the time this old servant first appeared on duty, John Quincy Adams was President, and he says that when the industrial revolution was in progress, or anything else, he never voted in 1856, and in 1860, and in 1864, and in 1868, and in 1872, and in 1876, and in 1880, and in 1884, and in 1888, and in 1892, and in 1896, and in 1900, and in 1904, and in 1908, and in 1912, and in 1916, and in 1920, and in 1924, and in 1928, and in 1932, and in 1936, and in 1940, and in 1944, and in 1948, and in 1952, and in 1956, and in 1960, and in 1964, and in 1968, and in 1972, and in 1976, and in 1980, and in 1984, and in 1988, and in 1992, and in 1996, and in 2000, and in 2004, and in 2008, and in 2012, and in 2016, and in 2020, and in 2024, and in 2028, and in 2032, and in 2036, and in 2040, and in 2044, and in 2048, and in 2052, and in 2056, and in 2060, and in 2064, and in 2068, and in 2072, and in 2076, and in 2080, and in 2084, and in 2088, and in 2092, and in 2096, and in 2100.

When Mr. Thompson was made secretary of the navy, Mr. Robeson, his personal valet, brought him out to introduce him to Lindsey Muse. Shaking hands with Lindsey, Mr. Thompson said: "Old Lindsey and I don't need an introduction, we have known each other for the last twenty years." Lindsey, who had been in the navy department when removed into the new building, addressed off and several other gentlemen about the department had up a subscription and purchased Lindsey a handsome bank suit of clothes, so that the department and its oldest servant could appear together in a new dress.

Lindsey is now over seventy-four years of age, but he is still strong and active. He says that he expects to be around for many years yet, and that when he is at last compelled to retire he will do so with great regret. —Baltimore Correspondence Chicago Times.

Mr. Ranschnelder's Hat.

Mr. Ranschnelder and his friend August Filtenschneider were out walking, and Mr. Ranschnelder was boasting of the intelligence of his dog. "See here," he said, "I mean my hat here, in this fence corner; I conceal it under the brush and dried leaves. We will no go back on it. We pass down the lane, we get down the corner, we stroll by the woods. I send Ranschnelder for my hat. See, my friend, he comprehends me; he flies through the woods, he spots down the lane, he disappears around the corner, presently he will back accompany me before I have time to catch hold in my hand." But he did not get it all the same. For just as he flew around the corner a wary though not affluent tramp, who had watched the circus from afar, was in the act of appropriating Mr. Ranschnelder's hat that was on his head, and when the dog got up in short range he fired a stray shot, which, as luck would have it, struck the hat, and it fell off, and Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

Mr. Ranschnelder, who was so sure of himself, was left with a very uncomfortable situation.

At Sunset.

Oh! there are golden moments in man's life; Golden, unbroken, for, as the little clouds All gold, which suddenly illumine the gates of the lost sun!

Oh, pray for them! They bring No increase like the gains of sun and showers; Only a moment's brightness to the earth, Only a moment's green in common life, Yet who would change them for wealth worlds?

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The lay of the land—Eggs. An unpalatable dish—Cold shoulder. The State debt of Iowa is only \$500,000.

There are 224 distinct railroad companies in Great Britain.

Virginia has now 4,491 schools, instructing 105,074 pupils.

Jug Corners is the name of a hamlet in Allegany county, Mich.

Gulfport county, N. C., kills and sells 200,000 rabbits annually.

Leap-year is always popular with the ladies.—London Gazette.

A maiden effort—Attempt to catch a bear.—Meriden Intelligencer.

Railroad projects are now heard of everywhere from Maine to California.

It has been estimated that it costs 30,000,000 a day to carry on the world.

The debt of English towns and cities for sanitary improvements amount to \$250,000,000.

Five years have increased the acreage of cereals in the United States from 71,000,000 to 95,000,000.

During the past year there were built in the shops of Altoona, Pa., fifty consolidated locomotives.

The work of building steel bridges in Pittsburg for the West is rapidly becoming a great feature.

You can't make a horse drink; but if he will not eat you can put a bit in his mouth.—Boston Transcript.

Statistics show that every thirty-eight person in the United States has a carriage in which to ride.

The men who advertise all the year around walk off with the lion's share of trade.—Savannah Daily.

The president of the French republic receives \$120,000 a year, with a life sum for household and other expenses.

What's the use of a sea captain telling the truth on shore, when his vessel is lying in the straits?—New York News.

China has an empire containing 400,000,000 food consumers. Nothing that is possible to eat is permitted to be wasted.

The total number of deaths by accidents on the great American lakes during the year was 107, against 124 in 1878.