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How to Grow Old.

Far from the storms that lash the ocean,
 Never each day to the pleasant Homestead;
 Far from the waves that tire big with commotion;
 Under full sail and the harbor in sight—
 Growing old cheerfully,
 Cheerful and bright.

But all the winds that are adverse and chilling,
 Past all the islands that lured them to rest,
 Past all the currents that tired them unwilling,
 Far from thy course to the Land of the Blest—
 Growing old peacefully,
 Peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy nor sorrow
 When the bright faces of children are seen;
 Never a year from the young wist them
 —borrow—

Growing old willingly,
 Thirstful, serene.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened,
 Ready and willing thy hand to relieve;

Many a face at thy kind word has brightened—
 "It is more blest-ed to give than receive!"

Growing old happily,
 Cessing to grieve.

Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its glory,
 Have a sweet recompence youth cannot know;

Ears that grow dull to the earth and its story
 Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow.

Growing old wisely,
 Christian-like growth.

TWO IMPOSTORS.

"Pinkton's boy, again?" said Hannah Digby. "Now what does Pinkton's boy want this time? Didn't I give him half a mince pie and all the rest of that cold boiled ham not two hours ago? Thumping away at the door loud enough to wake the Seven Sleepers, when uncle has just laid down for his nap? I declare, I've no patience with that child!"

"It's on an errand he's come this time, Miss Hannah," said Thyra, the help. "At least that's what he says. There ain't no believin' Pinkton's boy, though."

Outside, in the angry red twilight, the March wind was howling like some infuriate demon, rocking the bare tree-tops to and fro, and rattling the loose window shutters against the side of the house, while under the hill the breakers of Long Bay dung themselves like miniature packs of artillery along the rock-bound shore.

Hannah shuddered when she stepped out on the porch, and confronted a dirty, red-haired little varlet.

"What is it, Hezekiah?" said she sharply. "Now you can't be hungry; and I know you are not cold, for you are wearing uncle's old overcoat! I should like to know what sends you here now?"

"Please, miss," said Hezekiah, "it isn't I; it's old Mrs. Kesley!"

"Mrs. Kesley, again?" said Hannah, with a gesture of despair. "Why, it was only yesterday that uncle was there!"

"It's on an errand he's come this time, Miss Hannah," said Thyra, the help. "At least that's what he says. There ain't no believin' Pinkton's boy, though."

"Ishaw?" said Hannah, more to herself than to Hezekiah, who added:

"Her told I to run! Then I runned. I did—an the wind 'most blow'd I off the hill!"

"Poor child!" said Hannah. "Thyra, give him a bowl of tea and a slice of gingerbread. But, all the same, I am not going to disturb uncle! He was out all night, and this morning he had to drive over to Castle Peak, and he has only just laid himself down for a nap. I'll take a bag of hops and a little quinine and some aconite, and drive over myself, with old Blackie in the gig."

"But how will Mrs. Kesley like it?" said Thyra, with a broad smile.

"Oh, she won't care," said Hannah; "and besides, she can't help herself. I shall tell her that Uncle sent me."

And with haste and speed, the doctor's niece bundled herself into a black-and-green shepherd's plaid shawl, and a hood from which her plump, dimpled face looked out like a pink-trailing arbutus from a snow-drift.

"Come, Thyra—come, Hezekiah!" she said. "Light the lantern and come along. We'll harness up ourselves. Uncle must not be disturbed."

Hannah Digby was one of those bright, spirited girls who understand a little of everything. She led out old Blackie and skilfully harnessed him while Thyra held the lantern, and the half-witted boy lent ready assistance with girths and buckles, and was soon on her way to Mrs. Kesley's house, in the face of the howling March wind.

"I suppose all doctors have such patients," she said to herself. "But what a blessing it would be if Mrs. Kesley would either die or get well."

It was a long and dreary drive. Hannah was thoroughly out of patience, besides being chilled through, before she sprang out on the door-stone of Mrs. Kesley's old brick house.

"I'll give her a piece of my mind," said Hannah.

The Chatham Record.

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Why Is It So?

Some find work where some find rest,
 And so the weary world goes on;

I sometimes wonder which is best;

The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,

And so the dreary night-guards go;

Some hearts beat where some hearts break,

I often wonder why 'tis so;

Some hands hold, where other hands

Are lifted bravely in the strife;

And so third ages and third hands

Move on the two extremes of life;

Some feet halt while some feet tread,

To trudge on a thorny way;

Some strug on where some have fled;

Some seek, when others shun the fray;

Some sleep on where others keep

The vigil of the true and brave;

They will not rest till roses creep

Around their mace above a grace.

—Father Ryan.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Comic Chimpanzees.

The keeper of the chimpanzees at the Zoological Garden placed a doll-baby in their cage the other day. It was clothed in a red dress that attracted the attention of the animals in a moment. At first they stood at a respectful distance and hooted at it to show that they had not fallen in love with it at first sight. Then they began to stamp on the floor to scare it away. Finding this unavailing, the big one dashed up to within a foot of the passive baby, stamping and chattering; but finding that the strange thing did not budge, she turned tail and fled. The little one was not to be outdone, although she was evidently greatly in fear of it, so she held her blanket up in front of her while she approached, but she did not go far.

After a while the big one was brave enough to go quite near, so that with a straw she could tickle the newcomer under the chin. The doll never stirred. The end of the straw was examined and smelt by the two animals, and nothing harmful being found, they ventured to touch it. They then scampered to the top of the cage. After a while curiosity got the better of fear, and they returned to the inspection which was mostly confined to sitting in front of it and making faces at it. The keeper tied the figure to a swinging-rope. The big one dragged it by the hem of its garment to the box in which they sleep. They placed it inside and at once executives a war-song on the top. The little one stopped her noisy sister with a vicious cuff and drew out the unfortunate. Then, sitting on the floor, she held it in her arms as if it had been a real baby of her own. After making evident fun of this soft-heartedness, the other pulled the doll away and deliberately sat on it-head, striking the body with the palm of her hand. While she was endeavoring to regain the plaything the dress did not long remain intact. After this they hauled the body about the cage, up the trees and on to the cross-beams, and then threw it to the ground. One piece of the dress they used for a necklace, and another was turned into a head-dress, with which one of them adorned herself before the mirror in the corner.—*Philadelphia Call*.

Terror's Knive.

Harry never tired of looking at his new pocketknife. He thought his big cousin Jack a very nice young man because he chose him so fine a birthday present. And then all at once he blushed.

No wonder Harry blushed. Here it was 3 o'clock, and cousin Jack's rabbits had not been shut up and fed yet!

And such mischief as the little brown hungry rogues had made in the garden!

And cousin Jack had asked him to feed them, give them a run on the lawn, and then shut them in their pen.

And there was cousin Jack just driving up from town, where he had been all day. He looked surprised, for he saw the rabbits leaping up the terrace and down again. Without a word he helped Harry catch the rogues and shut them up. "Now, jump in the carriage," said he, "and I'll take you where your knife was made." Harry was surprised when they stopped at the grim old iron foundry. Cousin Jack picked up a piece of iron mixed with clay. "Here's stuff for a dozen bright knife-blades," said he.

Then Harry saw the men put the rough iron into a stove with limestone and charcoal and burn it. Then he saw the melted iron pour like a stream of fire from a hole in the bottom of the stove into beds of sand.

"When this iron is cold," said cousin Jack, "they call it pig iron. It is not nice enough yet for birthday knife-blades. Besides, it would break and crumble if they tried to shape it now."

They put the pig iron into the fire again and heated it gently, so that it was softer. "Now," continued cousin Jack, smiling, "it is malleable iron. It can be pounded flat and shaped without breaking."

Next it was pounded flat, then heated hot and cut into knife-blades, then plunged into cold water several times, then polished, then sharpened, and at last it was ready to be set into the handle.

"Knife-blades," said cousin Jack, "are made from elephant tusks, ox and buffalo horns, cocoanut wood, and shells of pearl oysters."

"Mine is a pearl one," said Harry, "and I wish I had fed your rabbits and shut them up."—*Little Men and Women*.

Dangerous.

It is not generally known, but it appears to be true, that the sweet spirits of nitre when kept for a long while is converted from a harmless

remedy into a deadly poison. Drug-

ists should print on their labels, "Use

it only when newly made."

He Was There.

"Were you at the police ball?" said one citizen to another, as two met in Union Square, the other day.

"I was."

"You were not mentioned among the notables."

"Yes, I was."

"I didn't see your name."

"That doesn't matter; I was mentioned. The report, after giving the names of a number of gentlemen who were present, added 'and others.' I was among the others."

"Oh, I see."