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For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Prophecies.

Sometimes you will look back to these bright days
With fearful eyes,
And think of all our quiet, happy ways
With sob and sigh,
You will remember how we read, or talked
In this dear room;

Humorous.

Spot on the sun. A boy's treckles
Sensors, grinders generally drive
Sharp bargain.
The talow dip swallows of Russia
Are what might be called light eaters.

Scientific Scraps.

A flash of lightning has been photographed by W. C. Gurley of the Marietta Observatory.
Telegraphic signals have now been sent through 7,000 miles of wire and at a speed of twelve words a minute.

A Chapter in Nicknames.

The President's Son Called "Precious Thing."
A Humourist Who Struggles With the Appellation of "Birdie."
It is wonderful how college boys grasp at the least thing to make it uncomfortable for one of their number.

The Seven Bibles of the World.

The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Tri Pitakas of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the three Vedas of the Hindus, the Zendavesta, and the Scriptures of the Christians.

Canals.

The Imperial Canal of China is over 1000 miles long. In the year 1881 was completed the greatest undertaking of the kind in Europe, the canal of Languedoc, or the Canal du Midi.

Children's Column.

Who Patted the King's Feet?
Let's take this Saturday to go fishing. If we fish from a wharf or log or boat we may sing and talk as loud as we will, but we must keep feet and hands as quiet as possible.

Down on Dust.

Dust destroys as much property every year as any other natural agency except fire. In Denver this is especially true, as there dust is of a peculiarly penetrating quality. It can get into houses through crevices that would bar out even those angels.

have you been for this week past? she said with a friendly smile.
"Good evening, Jean." She had picked up her book again, and was apparently much interested in it, for all it was wrong end up.
"Good evening, Jean," in a calmly patronizing tone.

Match-making.
Yes, I am sure that would be the best plan," noted Jean Scott aloud, clasping her hands around her knees, and looking up through the trees at a little patch of clear sky shining down between the leaves.
"Mr. Stuart is rich and handsome," here she sighed without any known reason.

His Riches.
"Did you call me?
My wants are but few,
And generous Nature
Gives me more than my due.