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The Chatham Record.

VOL. VII.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., NOVEMBER 20, 1884.

NO. 11.

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.

Our Early Friends.

How sweet to have our early friends
Keep gentle, fond and true;
Better to cling to one old friend
Than find a dozen new.

Our early friends to us express
The happiness they feel,
And only take the bitterness
They tremble to reveal.

—Luther G. Hoop.

A MAN'S MISTAKE.

There were only a few people at the
Dolphin House. It was late in the
season. The maple woods made a low
line of deep red against the autumn
sky.

The heiress, Miss Vale, who had
come late, remained later. She liked
the cold breath which crisped the surf,

Her faultlessly beautiful face, and
the more world-loving eye of her aunt,

She was more often seen abroad in
her carriage, but being an old traveler,

She had gone out that day after the
storm to see the sea dash and roll in
a crashing.

There was no one but Peri to see how
beautiful Laurel Vale was as she sat
against the ragged black rocks,

She loved the sea—thrived upon its
breath—delighted to be quite alone
with it.

"Come here, Sibald!"
A mellow masculine voice came
from among the rocks—too pleasant

She glanced around. A little behind
and just below her stood a gentleman—
a blue-eyed man with a fair beard

He met her startled gaze with one
equally startled—then instinctively
lifted his hat.

"Where?" asked Laurel, bewildered.
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He met her startled gaze with one
equally startled—then instinctively
lifted his hat.

She made a swift involuntary gesture,
as if to keep him off. A quick
sympathetic sadness swept across his face

"I do not know," she gasped.
The great tawny dog snuffed at the
hem of her steel-gray dress,

She seemed to look at him then for
the first time, though only for an instant.

"No excuse could be invented for me,"
he went on. "You were one of the
sweetest, truest women that ever

She had gathered up her gloves and
paraded to descend, but paused.
"Laurel," he continued, "in the old

"Laurel," he continued, "in the old
days you were never unkind or
uncharitable.

Lifting his hat to Laurel, Baron
Alverson turned, went down the rocks
and staid her. A few sharp words

The following winter develops a
strange surprise at Nutwood, Miss
Vale's home.

Her niece was silent, and the
preparations for the wedding commenced.

With great patience Miss Vale
allowed herself to be set on one side in
her own house

"No, indeed! There's nobly so
stylish and high-priced. We must go
—certainly we must, Laurel! But, by

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believe she lost her health—too much
dissipation. I've heard that she's awfully
jealous of her husband, though he does
not give her the least cause and bears
it like a lamb.

Laurel and her aunt were at Mr.
Crabtree's boarding-house—certainly a
quiet and luxurious retreat enough.

She had been restless and could not
sleep. At about 11 o'clock she thought
she would go to her aunt's room,

"Oh," she cried, at sight of Laurel,
"won't you come in a minute? I'm
afraid she is dying!"

With incredible strength, she lifted
the helpless woman in her arms and
laid her upon the bed.

As she turned to escape coming feet
which she heard, she encountered
Baron Alverson.

"It has come as I feared," he cried,
clenching his hand upon his harassed
brow.

The 1st of March Mrs. Pardon
Arley became Mrs. Abel Crabtree.

It was a strange mockery of flowery
symbols and lovers' vows to Laurel
Vale.

Ever since that autumn day by the
rocking sea peace seemed to have
deserted her.

"Go down to the Dolphin House for
a few weeks with my family," Dr.
Stone said.

"Oh, for some one to love me!"
some one whom I could love!" she
cried one day, dropping her face in her

"Oh, tell me the truth!" he prayed.
Perhaps the sea, sounding its grand
thunder in her ears, helped her to rise

"I love you, Baron," she said,
simply, and both were happy.

The legend of the aspen is very old.
It attributes the quivering of the
aspen leaf to its refusal to bow with

Then the body of the bird flew off.
The aspen shook and quivered.
From this time forth till I come again,

The five peers who are members of
the English royal family never vote
on political questions.

CHILDREN'S CHAT.

Be honest and true.
Owe of each hand.
Brown, black, green and blue.

This strange and interesting incident
that follows is related by Bishop
Stanley, who says there is no doubt of
the truth in every particular.

Little Paul went out into the woods
one day bird-hunting. He did not mean
to rob the nests; he only wanted to

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A PRODUCT OF THE WEST.

Bill Nye Discourses Upon Life
in a Dugout.

Peculiarities and Disadvantages of a
Dugout as a Place of Residence.

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in pleasant weather with good company
and a little civilization as possible

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CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The greatest sleight-of-hand performer
was Jews, Hadenoyer, Hariz, Heller,
Jacobus, Philippe, Hertran, Adrian and Blitz.

It is stated that a field ten miles
square will hold the population of the
earth, and that one twenty miles

A French scientist, having placed a
number of hyacinths in glasses in a
circle around the pipe of a stove, found

The Indians of Omaha have always
been accustomed to work on land in
severalty; they do not possess the

Thumb-rings were generally broad
gold rings worn on the thumb, by
imported personsages. A character in

The reported drowning of 70,000
persons by a recent flood in China recalls
the flood caused by the breaking of

De Paris tells us that the physician
of the present day continues to prey
to his prescriptions the letter R,

China is about one-third larger than
the United States, and its territories,
and has eight times the population of

The life of a child was saved in a
curious manner at Louisville. It got
a thimble lodged in its throat, com-

It was not till this century (1819)
that strangers in France were placed
by other than treaty law on an equal

The faces of the Indians by whom
we were surrounded impressed me favorably.

Some few were fair and
most had European blood in their
veins. They were broad-chested,

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Somebody.

Somebody's coming into the world,
somebody's leaving it, somebody's sweeping
somebody's getting up, somebody's going
down, somebody's laughing, somebody's

Somebody's coming into the world,
somebody's leaving it, somebody's sweeping
somebody's getting up, somebody's going

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somebody's getting up, somebody's going

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