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RATES OF ADVERTISING

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The Night is Still.
The night is still, the moon looks kind,
The dew hangs on the leafy wreath.

THE WHITE PHANTOM.

Major Hill, a "bold dragon"
in the service of his Majesty George III, found himself, one dark and blustering night in autumn, riding toward London on the old York road.

Though not raining, the air was damp, and the heavy, surcharged clouds threatened every moment to pour down their contents.

The Major's horse began to give unmistakable evidence of distress, stumbling once or twice, and recovering himself with difficulty.

"My good friend," said the Major, "can you tell me how far it is to the next inn?"

"Eh? It be about seven mile, zur," was the answer, in the broad Yorkshire dialect of the district.

"Seven miles!" exclaimed the Major, in a tone of deep disappointment, "and my horse is already blown! My good fellow, can't you put him somewhere, and give me a bed? I will pay you liberally for your trouble."

"Eh! goodness sakes!" said the rustic, "I be nought but a ditcher. There be no place to put the nag in, and there be only one room, and one bed in the cot."

"What shall I do?" cried the Major, at his wit's end.

"I'll tell 'er, zur," said the rustic. "There be a voine large house on the road, about a mile further on. It's no an inn, but the Colonel sees company vor the vin of the thing 'cause he likes to see company about 'em. You must a heard 'em him—Colonel Lawrence—as used to be a sager once."

"I cannot promise you a bed, sir," said the host, "for I have but one spare bed in the house, and that happens to be in a room that does not enjoy a very pleasing reputation. In short, sir, one room of my house is haunted, and that is the only one, unfortunately, that I can place at your disposal to-night."

Colonel Lawrence showed his guest into a comfortable parlor, where a sea-coal fire was burning cheerfully in a grate, and refreshments most welcome to a weary traveler stood upon a table.

The Major's attention was drawn toward a charming girl of twenty, the daughter of the Colonel, who graced the table with her presence.

A comfortable bed invited to repose; a cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth, and everything was cozy and quiet.

"I am deeply indebted to you, Colonel," said he, "for affording me such comfortable quarters. I shall sleep like a top."

"I am afraid not," answered the Colonel, with a grave shake of the head. "I never knew a guest of mine to pass a quiet night in this chamber."

"I shall prove an exception," said the Major, smiling. "But I must make one remark," he added, seriously. "It is ill sporting with the feelings of a soldier, and should any of your servants attempt to play tricks upon me, they shall have occasion to repent it."

And he laid his heavy pistols on the light-stand by his bedside.

"My servants, Major Hill," said the old gentleman, with an air of offended dignity, "are too well drilled to dare attempt any tricks upon my guests. Good night, Major."

"Good night, Colonel,"

The door closed. Major Hill looked it.

Beside the door opening into the entry, there was another leading to some other room. There was no lock upon the second door, but a heavy table placed across completely barricaded it.

"Yes, my friends, and here it is." And the Major handed the ring to the old gentleman.

"What's the meaning of this, Laura?" exclaimed the Colonel. "This ring I gave you last week."

The major's business was not pressing, and he readily yielded to the colonel's urgent request to pass a few days with him.

A farmer was once told that his turnip field had been robbed, and that the robbery had been committed by a poor, inoffensive man, by the name of Palmer.

The farmer, hearing this, went to Dame Hudson, who said that Molly Saunders was always making things out worse than they really were.

"Wondering where this would end, Farmer Brown next questioned Tom Slack, who, in his turn, declared he had never said a word about seeing Palmer pull up several turnips; he only said that he had heard say that Palmer had pulled up a turnip, and Barnes barber, was the person who had told him about it."

He is a man.

Foolish spending is the father of poverty. Do not be ashamed of hard work. Work for the best salaries or wages you can get, but work for half price rather than be idle.

Life Without a Newspaper.

Once upon a time a certain man got mad with the editor and stopped his paper. The next week he sold his corn at four cents below the market price.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Playing School.
The school for a boy is a school, with a teacher and scholars.

The cat by the cupboard.
A cat is a little animal,
that can't be afraid of a mouse.

"Nonsense!" said Will, and he walked boldly into the kitchen followed by Arthur and the girls.

A boy who became famous.
A boy, only six years old, was sitting with his father down the Dumbie.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard it, and dropped knife and fork in astonishment.

"Father," said the boy, "let me play." Well pleased, the father complied.

"It is a miracle," said another. But when the boldest of them mounted the stairs to the organ-loft, he stood as if petrified with amazement.

"What for?" replied the warden.

"To draw a plan of a lock that is to be the best lock ever fitted into a prison door."

A fine lion was worth \$2,000, and a like lioness brings from \$1,000 to \$1,500.

A REMARKABLE BURGLAR.

The Career of a Talented Safe Opener in America.

Picking the Lock of Every Cell in the Prison Where He was Confined.

"There are black sheep in every business," was the reply, "but if there are any they are very few indeed."

"Do I know him? I should say I do, as well as any burglar in this country, and far better than many."

A close search was made, but nothing was discovered, until one of the detectives in leaping on a window sill missed his footing, and in trying to save himself from falling grabbed hold of the sill, the top of which gave way.

"Kindt was arrested, but subsequently succeeded in escaping to Montreal. There he disguised himself, changed his name and went to work in a machine shop, and might have done well. In a few months, however, he was concerned in a burglary on Notre Dame street.

"He sets his wits to work and soon attracted the attention of the prison officials by his remarkable indication of talent."

"I'll give you a chance," a time was agreed upon, and sure enough Kindt picked every cell lock as easily as though it had been made of paper.

"I'll give you a chance," said the warden, "this prison is unsafe."

Little Girl—"Please, ma, may I have a egg?"
Ma—"Don't say a egg, say an egg."

cells on a single tier could be opened or closed simultaneously. His plan was adopted, and in a short time he made an improvement on it by which any one lock could be operated at will without affecting the essential features of the invention.

It was only a week or ten days ago this expert burglar was again sentenced to imprisonment for theft.

A good many years ago a man who had recently arrived from the Bermuda Island was sent to York county (Penn.) jail for some offense committed against the laws of the commonwealth.

Why is a thief in the garret like an honest man? Because he is above being wrong.

"If man wants to own the earth, what does woman want?" inquired Mr. Gray of his betrothed, after a little family matinee a few days ago.

A poetess writes: "I love to sing when I laugh, song is the echo of my gladness, I love to sing when I am sad, for song makes sweet my very sadness."

Workmen's Wages in 1880.

A Fishline from Seaweed.

A Money Making Scheme.

A Lesson in Language.

The Dream of the Aimless.
I dreamt I was in the morning,
When the sunbeams were in the air.

A great hardship. An iron steam-breeches of contract. Those that drink.

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