

One copy, one year \$2.00
One copy, six months \$1.00
One copy, three months .50

The Chatham Record.

VOL. VIII.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., SEPTEMBER 10, 1885.

NO. 1

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.

To-day,
General Taylor's army...
The sky is blue, the earth is fair...

THE LINEN CLOSET.

"For my part," said Aunt Sylvia, "I don't admire the young man."
Minnie Dartford's pretty head drooped slightly, and she thought within herself how little of the sympathetic element existed between old mad aunts and 17-year-old nieces...

to sure that Herbert Arundel was unworthy to wear a jewel like Minnie Dartford's love upon his heart.
"An empty, leather-brained fool, with no more heart than a stone image?" was Aunt Sylvia's inward verdict...

"She'd jump out again quick enough, if she knew you half as well as I do!" jeered the other.
"Her name is Minnie," said Arundel. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise—you know the old saying. And the best of it is that I've somehow contrived to cut out another lover, who has been hanging round after her ever since she was a child in bib-aprons—a man whom any girl ought to be proud to attract..."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.
Crow-Warnings.
No, it won't rain to-morrow! Well what if the crowd?
From that withered old counsellor by the sea-side, who sits on a bench, and looks at the sky...

A TALE FOR THE MARINES.
The Yarn that a Gentle and Old Sea Captain Spins.
A flag with perpendicular bars of red and white floats over the roof of a large building in town, says a Nantucket (Mass.) letter to the New York Sun. The building is the Custom House, so called through tradition...

by, and then the whale had two boats in tow. The men in the other boat were worse off than we had been, as they had pulled longer. They had given up hope when we came along, but that whale kept straight ahead all that night and the next day, and in the afternoon we sighted land. I thought the critter would run right up on the shore, but he came about when not more than a mile away, and would have taken us out to sea again only I cut the line.
"Then harpoon in the corner which I spoke of before is the very one he carried away with him. You can see my name on it, if you don't believe me. The ship Anna Rogers of New Bedford killed the whale two years after, and finding the harpoon in its back sent it to me. I was sorry that whale was dead, because it had been a good friend to us. I never used the harpoon again, but kept it on land as a relic."

Growing Old.
Growing old! The golden meadow keeps its even tone still.
Keeps its hand not full of silver,
And the brain does the will,
Only by the whitening tresses.
And the flowing wrinkles tell,
You'll be past away like grass,
Time is gone, and I grow old.
Foughter looks at my presence,
Can young course whelp lower,
If I dare to linger here.
All the streams of life run slower,
Though I love the sun hot children,
Though I prize young's vigor gold,
What have I done with other?
Time is telling, I grow old.
Not so dead the glowing river,
But I drink from so of youth,
My best of joy and friendship,
Gather on the farther shore.
Were it not the best to you then,
I had not the best run cold?
Are I not the best to you then,
I had not the best run cold?
—All the Year Round.
RUMORS.
I terminal facilities—a pair of good stout boots.
A one-legged man will never be troubled with wet feet.
A ship is called "she" because it always has the last word. The ship is bound to answer its helm every time.
Crumblers are said to r-mov frockles. This is not wonderful. They have been known to "rumor" whole families.
The only difference between "going ad-shing" and "been bishing" is the number of sandwiches and self-denial eaten.
"It is not always May" the poet sighs. It is well that it is not. Something in the world ought to be allowed to get ripe.
"Where are the last teeth that come?" asked a Lynn teacher to her class in physiology. "False teeth, mum," replied a boy who had just walked in on the back seat.
A report of a base ball game says "Larkin knocked Fulton, the new pitcher, all over the field." This must have been an agreeable change for the umpire. It is a long line that has not run in it.
It is said that the hair of Salsbury's hair is all on the back of his head. In this respect the marquis differs from most fashionable women. They generally have some one else's hair on the back of their heads.
What Sailors Read.
An old night on South street, New York, which on one side is lined with docks and shipping and on the other is closely packed with shop-keepers' shops, commission brokers' offices, sailors' lodging houses, saloons and cheap restaurants, is a book store. It is a small box like room on the ground floor of a building just below wall street, and occupies half the store with a sailmaker. It is said to be the only place of its kind to be found the entire length of the long street. As a rule, a crowd of idle longshore men is to be found in front of it, while within, looking over the books in a half interested manner, may be seen representatives of the better class of seamen to be found in the neighborhood.
"Is a curious fact," said the proprietor to a reporter for a Metropolitan paper, "that seamen don't care a rap for all the sea stories that other people are crazy about. Why you can't sell one down here. The reason? Because they know all about the sea themselves, and enough about it, too."
"Where do sailors read?" was asked.
"Sailors read? Why, young men sailors don't read. They're too poor to buy books. If you ask me what the captains read perhaps I can tell you. The American captains read novels mostly and light yarns, nothing more than they do solid books. I've been to many selling them books, and I can tell you that the American captains, as a rule are not well read. They don't like solid reading, like the captains of other countries, but prefer light reading. But they don't buy many books of any kind nowadays, because Uncle Sam's navy is too poor. As an example look at that pile of magazines. There are nearly 1,000 in this little room. We used to sell lots of them, but now we sell scarcely any, and it's the same with every thing else."
"Where do you sell them mostly?"
"Sailors, books and charts and some blank books. I always have to have on hand Thom's, Bowditch's and Norie's navigators and Murray's and Finley's sailing directions. Other books that I sell are Warren's Home-hold Physician and Bible. A book that they like is Hobson's Illustrated Family Bible, which contains over 2,000 pictures. I always keep a stock on hand of the old standard English novels and a great many standard books, such as De Quincy, Dickens, the Scottish Chief and the Children of the Abbey."