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## Satisfied.

After the toil and toil,  
 And the anguish of trial held;  
 After the burden of weary care,  
 Battled longings, migrated prayers,  
 After the passion, and fever and heat,  
 After the aching of vain regret,  
 After the aching of strife,  
 After the hurry and heat of strife,  
 The yearning and tossing that men call  
 "life."

Faith that mocks and fair hopes denied,  
 We shall be satisfied.

When the golden bough is broken,  
 At the sunny fountain side;

When the turf lies green and cold above,  
 Wrong, and sorrow, and loss, and love;

When the great dumb walls of silence stand  
 At the doors of the undivided land;

When all we have left in our dear place  
 Is an empty chair, and a picture'd face;

When the prayer is prayed, and the sighs  
 Sighed;

We shall be satisfied.

When does it look to question,  
 When another is less denied?

Better to listen the Psalmist's note,  
 And gather the comfort of his creed;

And in peace and patience possess our souls,

While the wheel of fate in its orbit rolls,

Knowing that sadness and gladness pass

Like morning dews from the summer grass;

And when once we win to the further side,  
 We shall be satisfied.

## AT DAGGERS' POINTS.

"You see, I've had considerable experience in these Ante and Post-war states," said Mr. Leigh, rubbing the bald spot on the crown of his head. "And I advise you to run in for it."

"Thank you," said Richmond Grey, cordially. "I'll look into the matter."

"And of this time I am detaining you from your dinner," cried Mr. Leigh. "Pray excuse me; I never thought of that."

"It's of no consequence," said Grey, modestly. "I don't know but that I shall defer to Debow."

"And Mrs. Grey?"

The younger husband shrank off his shoulders.

"Pardon an old friend's curiosity; but I hope you have not quarreled?" asked Leigh, with a dubious air.

"Quarreled? We never do anything else."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Yes, serious, soberly."

"But—pardonnez, once again—yours was a love match."

"Unfortunately, yes."

"I don't know why," said the young man, with a pensive face. "Now we are not happy. Agnes never meets me with a smile. I have done my best to please her, and in vain; and now I have left off trying."

And Richmond Grey snatched off with his hands in his pockets, and his chin drooping listlessly upon his breast, while old Mr. Leigh looked after him with a sigh.

"There's a screw loose somewhere," said he. "Then he goes into the restaurant with Ascher and Lansdale; then if he sees several bottles of gold-seal dammed and round bell to pay, winding up in an evening at billiards."

And old Leigh sent Mr. Leigh to the hotel that formed his tragic dinner, at a cheap eating-house. For Mr. Leigh belonged to the middle-class of old bachelors.

At the same hour a tall, beautiful woman was pacing to and fro down the floor of a handsomely furnished dining-room in a brownstone house up town, while the rustling of her rich amethyst-colored silk dress made a sound like the waves of the sea.

"It's too bad!" said Agnes Grey, biting her full, pale lip. "The second time he's been ill within a week. And yesterday he forgot all about that box for the theatre. But I'll show him what I think of his behavior when he comes in."

She rang the bell sharply, a servant answered the summons.

"Dinner, please!" said she.

"But, mother, my brother has not—"

"Dinner, please! Don't hear me!"

Mrs. Tilly Haudley, Agnes Grey's matronly single cousin, shrugged her shoulders as Webster left the room.

"Is it worth while to excite yourself about such a trifly, Agnes?" she said.

"A trifly!" cried the indignant young wife. "I don't call it a trifly. If the man had a particle of affection left for me he would not treat me so!"

"If he could see your face just at present, Agnes, he would be pretty certain to absent himself," quietly observed Miss Handley. "Do you know, my dear, I think you scold him too much?"

"Not enough, you mean."

"I mean just what I say. A man don't like the reins held too tight."

But when Richmond Grey himself sauntered in later in the evening, a cloud came over her classically beautiful face.

"Well," said he, "does any one want to go to the opera to-night?"

"To the opera?" echoed Agnes with an expressive glance at the ornate clock, which occupied the place of honor on the mantel. "It is too late."

"Not a bit, too late. Who cares for the overture? Will you go?"

Mrs. Grey coldly shook her head.

"I do not care to go now."

"Very well, then I shall go alone."

"Just as you please," said Mrs. Grey, haughtily. And Richmond Grey went out, closing the door not very gently behind him.

Agnes burst into tears. "He behaves like a brute," said she.

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## Again.

Again, increasing dreariness reigns.  
 My son most sadly needs thine.  
 Again, break my heart with longing.  
 My poor family's loaden.

Again, the sun sinks down to rest.

Again, wrapped in gloomy shadows.

Again they kiss full on my ear.

Again, in the glad old times.

The hand I'm fondly pressing.

Again, rose with rapture sweet.

The sun is so very bright.

Again, ev'rything is bright.

Again, I press the roses sweet.

Again, up there along sweet.

Again into thy hand I press.

The bright sun is thy shadow.

Again, the roses bloom again.

Again, the flowers bloom again.