

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., AUGUST 26, 1886.

NO. 51.

One square, one insertion \$1.00
One square, two insertions 1.50
One square, one month 5.00

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

The Rose Over the Door.
A cottage, all fitted and furnished,
Stands daintily over the way.
And here a young pair to love-keeping
Came promptly the first day of May.

THE ORPHANS.

"Marian, dear, how is the morning;
fair or cloudy?" inquired Ethel Ray,
turning on the invalid couch, where she
lay during the day as well as at night.

"Dark and cloudy," she replied,
the cold clearness of the new day striking
a chill to her sensitive, heavily-burdened
heart.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

"A poor beggar crept feebly along,
his rag fluttering in the bitter wind,
and in pity for a lot sadder than her own,
the girl had some of her discontent.

"Marian, have you no welcome for me?"
A chilling remembrance of all his
silliness and neglect swept over her,
and pride rose in arms.

"Certainly, I-I welcome you, Mr.
Turner," she said, stiffly, stepping back
a little.

that she could not withhold the promise
to be his wife.
"You shall never regret it! You
shall be happy!" he cried with a lover's
confidence.

"I am happy now!" she whispered,
flushed and shy, but radiant.
They wandered along among the flowers,
feeling that heaven lay about them;

She returned home to find their guardian
dead, and their fortune gone—
except away in some ill-considered speculation.
The maiden lady sought a home
with relatives, and Marian Ray found
herself among the world's workers,

"I wonder you have the assurance
to be so close to me!" said the dainty wax,
smilingly; "a great, common lump of
clay!"

"My individual employment is not
laborious, for it is constant. Our usual
hours of work are from six o'clock in the
morning till eight o'clock in the evening.

"Marian, have you no welcome for me?"
A chilling remembrance of all his
silliness and neglect swept over her,
and pride rose in arms.

"Certainly, I-I welcome you, Mr.
Turner," she said, stiffly, stepping back
a little.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

Facts About Life Preservers.
"Is it not strange that with so many
new inventions constantly being made,
the old-fashioned cork life preserver still
remains in vogue?" said a captain of a
steamer to a New York Mail and Express
reporter.

She had grown so pale and thin that
the Doctor said she must be taken away
into the country or she would not get
well. So her mamma had some pretty
pink print frocks and a sun-bonnet
made, and took her to large farmhouses.

"I wish it was a little warmer," said
the clay to himself.
Presently, the sun grew hotter and
hotter, and the pieces of wax could
gradually melt away.

"My individual employment is not
laborious, for it is constant. Our usual
hours of work are from six o'clock in the
morning till eight o'clock in the evening.

"Marian, have you no welcome for me?"
A chilling remembrance of all his
silliness and neglect swept over her,
and pride rose in arms.

"Certainly, I-I welcome you, Mr.
Turner," she said, stiffly, stepping back
a little.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Silent Preachers.

Are you weary of your school?
Does your work seem hard to-day?
"Let me tell you how my neighbors'
troubled longer than you say!"

Learn of God's most humble creatures;
Make the less and answer teachers—
Bare tables, silent preachers—
And, glad hearts, work away!

What the Fowls Did.

Little Mary Dole, who lived in London,
had been very ill. She was nine
years old, but so small of her age, you
would scarcely have taken her to be seven.

"I wonder you have the assurance
to be so close to me!" said the dainty wax,
smilingly; "a great, common lump of
clay!"

"My individual employment is not
laborious, for it is constant. Our usual
hours of work are from six o'clock in the
morning till eight o'clock in the evening.

"Marian, have you no welcome for me?"
A chilling remembrance of all his
silliness and neglect swept over her,
and pride rose in arms.

"Certainly, I-I welcome you, Mr.
Turner," she said, stiffly, stepping back
a little.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

WITH THE ALABAMA.

A New Story of the Confederate
Private Citizen.

One of Her Crew Tells How She Came
Lost a Rich Yacht Prize.

"Master's Mate" tells the following
story of his vessel, the Confederate
cruiser Alabama, in the Detroit Free
Press.

"I wish it was a little warmer," said
the clay to himself.
Presently, the sun grew hotter and
hotter, and the pieces of wax could
gradually melt away.

"My individual employment is not
laborious, for it is constant. Our usual
hours of work are from six o'clock in the
morning till eight o'clock in the evening.

"Marian, have you no welcome for me?"
A chilling remembrance of all his
silliness and neglect swept over her,
and pride rose in arms.

"Certainly, I-I welcome you, Mr.
Turner," she said, stiffly, stepping back
a little.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

A Prince of Coachmen.

The following is from a Long Branch
letter to the New York Herald:
The American coachman, whatever the phase
of his activity, is the best paid man of
his class in the world.

"I wish it was a little warmer," said
the clay to himself.
Presently, the sun grew hotter and
hotter, and the pieces of wax could
gradually melt away.

"My individual employment is not
laborious, for it is constant. Our usual
hours of work are from six o'clock in the
morning till eight o'clock in the evening.

"Marian, have you no welcome for me?"
A chilling remembrance of all his
silliness and neglect swept over her,
and pride rose in arms.

"Certainly, I-I welcome you, Mr.
Turner," she said, stiffly, stepping back
a little.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

A Simple Song.

"If I could stand," the poet said,
"Upon your mountain's distant peak,
And catch the songs from overhead,
My soul no more would sigh for rest."

"I wish it was a little warmer," said
the clay to himself.
Presently, the sun grew hotter and
hotter, and the pieces of wax could
gradually melt away.

"My individual employment is not
laborious, for it is constant. Our usual
hours of work are from six o'clock in the
morning till eight o'clock in the evening.

"Marian, have you no welcome for me?"
A chilling remembrance of all his
silliness and neglect swept over her,
and pride rose in arms.

"Certainly, I-I welcome you, Mr.
Turner," she said, stiffly, stepping back
a little.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

HUMOURS.

The great motto of the day—the mar-
riage knot.
"Show the breadth of the man!" he
cried—Berkeley's Epic Poem.

"I wish it was a little warmer," said
the clay to himself.
Presently, the sun grew hotter and
hotter, and the pieces of wax could
gradually melt away.

"My individual employment is not
laborious, for it is constant. Our usual
hours of work are from six o'clock in the
morning till eight o'clock in the evening.

"Marian, have you no welcome for me?"
A chilling remembrance of all his
silliness and neglect swept over her,
and pride rose in arms.

"Certainly, I-I welcome you, Mr.
Turner," she said, stiffly, stepping back
a little.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

Big Ear.

Much of my observation is, of course,
as yet before me, and uncertain. But of
the content I may truly say that I am
convinced in every one of many long
interviews that the man whose upper
lip projects and looks forward in a
staring way is either a fool, a liar, or
a villain.

"I wish it was a little warmer," said
the clay to himself.
Presently, the sun grew hotter and
hotter, and the pieces of wax could
gradually melt away.

"My individual employment is not
laborious, for it is constant. Our usual
hours of work are from six o'clock in the
morning till eight o'clock in the evening.

"Marian, have you no welcome for me?"
A chilling remembrance of all his
silliness and neglect swept over her,
and pride rose in arms.

"Certainly, I-I welcome you, Mr.
Turner," she said, stiffly, stepping back
a little.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

"I am glad you have such faith, pet,"
said Marian, still looking out on the
street.

Wholesale Poisonings.

The frequency with which people
partake of poisons is a fact that
should be pointed out. The theory that
poisoning is a rare occurrence is a
dangerous error. It is a very common
occurrence, and it is a very serious
one.

"I wish it was a little warmer," said
the clay to himself.
Presently, the sun grew hotter and
hotter, and the pieces of wax could
gradually melt away.

"My individual employment is not
laborious, for it is constant. Our usual
hours of work are from six o'clock in the
morning till eight o'clock in the evening.

It Matters How It Spelled.

Office Boy—Hello, Boss; you
missed me dreadfully, I'm sure.
Boss—Hello, my boy.
"Did you get home from a little trip to the
Yosemite?"
"Ah, indeed! Well, I'm glad to see
you're back."

Proverb vs. Proverb.

Father—"I wish, John, you could be
contented to settle down and live like
other people, and not go poking all over
the country. You must remember that
a rolling stone gathers no moss."