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The Chatham Record.

VOL. IX.

PITTSBORO, CHATHAM CO., N. C., NOVEMBER 25, 1886.

NO. 12.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

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.

Shine and Shade.
Some walk in the sunshine ever,
Some walk in the shade away,
Some are witty, bright and clever,
Some are sly, and some are gray.

THE OLD SLEIGH.

"Elizabeth!"
"Coming."
"Those mother, old Speckle has returned thanks at last," holding up a plump, white egg that would do credit to any queen of the poultry yard.

"I didn't know but the news about Will might affect her some. You know they used to think so much of each other."
"Ma'sy, father! That was years and years ago, when they were children, 'Lizabeth's too sensible a girl to let a fellow like Will Marston to disturb her. When he stopped writing to her she gave him up. She's worked hard to-day, and a good night's rest will bring her round."

ly to keep out the puffs of wind that tried to find entrance at all corners. While tucking the robe between the cushion and the side of the sleigh, her fingers touched something smooth like paper.
"Of one father's old receipts; he's so careless," she thought, with a fond smile, as she drew it forth for inspection. But a glance was needed to show her mistake.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN
What I Know
I know
Where the prettiest flowers grow,
Where the best of a cold wind blows,
That live in pots on our window sills,
The blossoms that bloom of their own free wills.

PUBLIC DEBTS.
Vast sums that the World's Lending Nations owe.
The D. H. Barlow Emment Upon the United States and Germany.
The writer of a letter in which we were asked to publish an article on public debts expresses the belief that in proportion to ability to pay, the public debt of the United States is smaller than that of any of the great nations of the world.

A Pea for the Grassy Road.
I would say a few earnest words in interest for a patient, venerable neighbor of ours and yours, who has few champions, who suffers in silence, who is fast becoming disesteemed at the treatment of his thankless posterity, and who this year by year, is yielding up his life among us. Country people everywhere among the hills, let me introduce to you the "old grassy road," the "mountain turnpike," the old "wood road," the "trace" - thus to bespeak the aid of the best of ability in fixing the identity I would bring to your mind - for there is an "old Marlborough road" in every town; if not, then most of the pity.

Between the Lights.
Between the lights the soul has time to think,
To view its progress, the vanished hours,
To call to mind those unassuming hours,
To expiate the fault of life and drink.
Between the lights - no need of spoken word -
Our language is too poor when we are near
The ideal life - when other times we're far,
Then some divine than mortal our faith leads.