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Experience.

Don't lose your temper or your time,
Or fret your soul a minute,
Because this good old world
Has foolish people in it.

If all began by being wise,
Each one his sphere adorning,
From wisdom's way we might stray
For lack of proper warning.

"NERVOUS DAY."

Mrs. Stanhope was one of those nervous, irritable women that about half the time make themselves and every one around them miserable.

Little Freddy, only four years old and their only child, had been banished from the sitting-room, although he had pleaded hard to stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope were not wealthy, so Freddy did not have a nurse to look after him, no one but old Towser, the faithful Newfoundland watch dog.

Mrs. Stanhope had just settled herself on the lounge and taken up the last magazine, which she thought might quiet her nerves a little.

"Oh, Freddy, what a naughty boy you are! why can't you stay out and play when mamma feels so?"

"Mamma! mamma!" exclaimed Freddy, who had by this time regained his equilibrium, and who did not in the least mind the tumble or his mother's fretful speech.

ing-room door, which was ajar. She heard the other voice say, and which she recognized as Mary Calhoun's, Mrs. Graham's kitchen maid.

When she again opened her eyes it was night; the curtains were down, a lamp burned on the table, but was turned down, and the figure of a strange woman was moving about the room.

"Who are you? What has happened?" asked Mrs. Stanhope, in a scarcely audible voice and with difficulty arising to a sitting posture.

"O, have you waked up!" said the woman, coming over to the lounge where she sat. "And you don't know? deary me! how can I tell you!"

"Never-see-Freddy-alive! What do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Stanhope, starting up and groping blindly across the room to the door.

"O, why cannot I die too!" she wailed, wringing her hands distractedly. "My Freddy! my precious boy! my darling baby! I have murdered you by my thoughtless selfishness! O, let me die!"

After a while she became more calm; a sort of numb despair seized her heart; she could not weep, and when they led her to look at the little waxen form arrayed for burial, she could only look at the white, set face of her darling as he lay there, with roses strewn about him.

"No, no, Freddy," interrupted his mother; "I don't want to hear: run out again and play. You may do anything you choose, only let me have a little quiet."

her lips to Freddy's and felt his soft breath upon her cheek. It was a long time before she could tell her husband her terrible dream.

"Mugging" Criminals. In my business we learn to detect the foibles and weakness of men and women, says a police photographer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How to Bear Burdens. Mental burdens will be far more easily borne if they are placed, as much as practicable, out of sight.

A Horse's Costly Tombstone. Frank W. Harper, the well-known turfman, has ordered at Versailles, Ky., the costliest monument probably ever placed over the grave of any being below the estate of man.

A Happy Thought. "I don't see why your friend Miss Smith referred to my moustache as 'down,' Maude," said young Sissy to his pretty cousin.

Cwt. Many of my readers know that "cwt" stands for "hundredweight," for have they not used it themselves when doing their sums?

The Passing Bell. In olden times they used to ring the bell when the hour had arrived for the court to come in and hold its sessions.

Proof of Devotion. "And do you really love me George?" she asked. "Love you!" repeated George fervently.

A Land of Onions. It is to be noted that Egypt is again becoming a land of onion culture. Large quantities are yearly shipped to Europe from Alexandria and other ports.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Joking Grandma. "May I go to Miss Lilywhite's party?" But grandmaanna shook her head.

The Story of a Pebble. Sir Francis Doyle tells an interesting story about a pebble, which I think you will like to hear.

The Whistler. Do you know why this duck is called the Whistler? It flies so fast that it makes its wings fairly whistle through the air!

The Indians gave it the name, because it allows the hunter to come very near it, and then before he can twang his bow, the duck has vanished below the water.

Legend says that the mother bird carries her babies herself, holding them by the bill, and supporting them by her strong neck until she places them safely in the water.

When these birds are alarmed, they make a strange note, which sounds like the constantly recurring good note of an old worn-out hurdy-gurdy.

Outside the walls of Jerusalem a new town has sprung up, a building club having been established a few years ago, under the operation of which 130 houses were erected in four years by the Jews.

Politeness. It is said that Louis XIV., the most haughty and magnificent monarch of modern times, used to lift his hat even to the female servants of his court.

What Made Her Nervous. Old lady-Conductor, I hope there isn't going to be a collision.

ARABIAN WOMEN.

A Housewife's Duties in Modern Bible Land. Syrian Dames Work Hard While Their Husbands Loaf.

There are grand women in Arabia; women of ability, keen in insight, and wonderful capabilities, writes Florence M. Jones in the Swiss Cross.

The rain comes, and, as a natural consequence, the roof leaks. This is something of which the fastidious inhabitant of the Bible Land does not approve.

The Most Famous Oysters. The Blue Points are the most famous in the world. They were first discovered a little over a hundred years ago in Long Island waters.

The Ceylonese. The Ceylonese, or Singhalese, as they are called, from the native name of their lovely island, are a mild and inoffensive race of people.

A Magnificent Lemon. Our friend Thomas C. Dixon, showed us a magnificent lemon which he had gathered from a tree of his own raising.

The Business for the Boy. Fond Mother—Pa, what business do you think we ought to start Willard?

Left His Address at Home. An old farmer named Kent was a well known character some years ago in Mount Vernon and Vienna.

A Spanish Bull-Ring.

The bull-ring of Granada, like most of those in the larger cities of Spain, is a vast amphitheatre, built of wood, and capable of seating perhaps 20,000 persons.

Electricity is a very serious matter, and yet Edison makes light of it. A bald-headed book-keeper should never try to wipe his pen on his hair.

In the bright lexicon of speculation there is nothing so uncertain as a sure thing. Hardly anybody would care to change places with the turtle, and yet he has a great snap.

English statesmen live longer than American statesmen, but they don't have so much fun. "I aim to tell the truth," "Yes," interrupted an acquaintance, "but you are a very bad shot."

"Can you recommend for me a good home course of botany?" asks a correspondent. Yes, the flour barrel. Cally—Miss Peterson has remarkably small eyes. Dally—Yes, they look small, but she has had a young man in 'em for a long time.

A girl who was told by an old boatman to be sure and have her boat well-trimmed went to work and sewed two silk flources around the gunwale. "Ain't you in, Maria?" he queried, as he fumbled around with the latchkey.

A doctor who had been attending a dairymaid's hired girl called at the house the other day. "How's your milkmaid?" he asked of the farmer when he came to the door.

Sealing a letter is nowadays the work of an instant, but how was it accomplished before the invention of gummed envelopes? A correspondent of Le Livre describes the methods of sealing which have been employed from the remotest antiquity.