

One copy, one year, \$1.00
One copy, six months, .75
One copy, three months, .50

The Chatham Record.

VOL. 2.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., SEPTEMBER 2, 1880.

NO. 51.

One square, one insertion, .10
One square, two insertions, .15
One square, one month, .25

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Poetry.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a time from the better land,
If the weary heart would wait it.

BLUE AND GRAY.

"Oh, mother, what do they mean by blue?
And what do they mean by gray?
Was heard from the lips of a little child
As she bounded in from play.

Selected Story.

WAS SHE A COWARD.

Mrs. Christine put her gold eye glasses on and looked long and critically at Josie Warren, walking leisurely along on the bluff, with little Lacy Grosvenor beside her, and Flossie trotting on ahead, nearly obscured by her wide leghorn hat, and her sand-pail and shovel.

qualities condemn her." Mrs. Grosvenor puckered up her pretty little forehead, then suddenly relaxed into a merry little laugh. "Judge for yourself. The last day Claude ran down from his patients for a day with us, he happened to leave the key of that walnut case you have seen in the hall by his room in the lock, and Lacy unfastened it, not knowing it contained some rather ghastly specimens of the human structure—things Claude had sent down to oblige one of his professional friends in the village; and Josie shrieked and fainted, and Claude was some time in restoring her."

wave that boiled and foamed higher each minute. Josie touched her on the shoulder. "Please lose no time, Mrs. Grosvenor. It is true, the tide is coming in with terrible force and speed—there is not a minute to lose, I will assist you in the boat."

A Checkered Career. A writer in the Philadelphia Times thus describes the career and downfall of ex-Senator Sawyer, a carpet-bagger who helped to plunder South Carolina: "In 1844 there graduated from Harvard University a young man of wonderful promise. He was twenty-two years old, and the world opened bright and promising before him."

and the other was bound to one of the legs of the nude man. He was violent. His long confinement had made him as vicious and as wily as a bulldog. He was savage. The officials tried to coax him, but they might as well have endeavored to make peace with an angry hyena. The ferocious being shrieked out a series of outlandish and unintelligible words and beat his prison house with his black and bony fists. It was a terrible moment. Quick as thought the poor lunatic was overpowered and ironed. The heavy chain had become so rusty that a blow from a heavy sledge was necessary to break it. The iron band about his ankle had to be filed off by the blacksmith of the Alms-house when they arrived with the unfortunate at that institution. When the officials took the poor man out of his dungeon he looked about him as if he had been suddenly transformed into another world. For twenty-seven years the sun had not shone upon him. In all that time he had been neither washed, clothed nor shaved. His brother stated that he had always given him plenty of food. This was shovelled into his cell like animal food. The officials say that the floor of the dungeon was covered in some places by excrement a foot in depth. The sides were black with filth, and from the roof dangled cobwebs and the nests of bats. There was little or no ventilation, and the stench was unbearable. The officers tried to get the poor man to tell his story, but his reason was gone. He was a mental wreck—more brute than human. Filth had been so completely rubbed into his skin that the body was like that of the most filthy animal. He made violent efforts to free himself, but could not.

"I reckon ye see a great deal of the best society yer," sez Bill Parker, stornin' at the hat and gloves, w'arin' at the boys. "A few Injuns occasionally, sez he. "Injuns," sez he. "Yes. Very quiet good fellows in their way. They have once or twice brought me game, which I refused, as the poor fellows have had a pretty hard time of it thimselves."

STATE NEWS. Threshing Wheat. Messrs. M. A. McCauley, Henry Loyal and A. J. Durham, threshed in 31 days 7,100 bushels of wheat, composing 78 crops. The wheat crop this year, where these gentlemen went along, is said to be a better than last year.—Chapel Hill Ledger. Careless Shooting. Jack Brasley col., a workman of Mr. Gaston's, had the misfortune to put out one of his eyes with a boom shooter. He was practising with the elastic and, having it reversed, sent the shot with great force into the ball of his eye.—Charlotte Press. Cruelty. An old colored woman, helpless and sick, was sent to the poor-house yesterday and one of the city dray drivers employed to carry her out. When out of the city he put his horse to a trot and kept that gait all the way to Parish Grove, the old woman lying on some bed clothes in the wagon. Since her arrival there she has not been able to speak and the superintendent fears she will die.—Raleigh News. Belligerent Beggar. A discharged convict in Caswell went to Mr. Hunt's kitchen and asked for some bread. The cook refused when he jerked a pistol from his breast and began firing at her. She ran screaming from the kitchen and he in pursuit at every shot. He fired three times, and doubtless would have killed her, but Mr. Hunt ran out and seized him. A warrant was sent for to Milton, and he was handcuffed and imprisoned. The woman was badly shot in the arm—so badly that it may have to be amputated.—Reidsville Times. A Convict Recaptured. On Friday morning last, about 3 or 4 o'clock, a negro convict from the State Penitentiary, and who had escaped from the gang of convicts working on the Western North Carolina Railroad some days previously, was arrested at the depot in Greensboro. The man had made his way there, and in endeavoring to steal a ride under one of the freight cars on the Piedmont Air Line, was discovered by Mr. Holt, an employee of the Railroad Company, who was aided by Mr. Watson, the conductor of the train, in making the arrest—the man resisting the attempt of Mr. Holt to secure him. The convict gives his name as Lewis Miller, and states that he was sentenced for 15 years, from one of the Eastern counties, to which he was making his way when arrested. He was committed to jail.—Greensboro North State. The W. N. C. R. R. Having recently passed over the road, we are glad to say that it is in comparatively fine order, the road bed having been much improved by the placing of many new cross-ties. The mountain section is firm, solid and safe, heavy trains making the run from Henry to the tunnel in about half an hour—a rate of fifteen miles an hour. Mud Cut gives no trouble, and the engineers seem to be as easy as on the more level sections. The terminals are still four miles from Asheville but a meeting of the Directors at Salisbury on Saturday, ordered 500 tons new iron which will be laid immediately in extending the road to Asheville and in changing the track by Newton. A force has been put to work on both the Paint Rock and Ducktown branches. Everything is now assured; and the Paint Rock branch will be finished within the time stipulated for, and fair progress made on the other. Those who hold to their faith are rewarded for their sagacity, trust and hopefulness.—Durham Recorder. A Rat-Killing Snake. For some time past there has been a marked scarcity of rats in the grist and flouring mill of Messrs. W. Turner & Son, in Turnersburg township. They had been so numerous and so voracious up to a certain time as to have necessitated the removal of the smutter, more than once, and to have otherwise caused much annoyance, and their disappearance was at once a source of satisfaction and surprise. One day last week the miller found a solution of the mystery, when he discovered a large black snake stretching across several of the rafters of the mill, evidently taking a rest. The reptile was judged to be nine feet in length and was as fat as a seal. The miller knows that to its presence is to be attributed the disappearance of the rats, for once before he knew a black snake to make its home in a mill and rid it of these pests. He has seen the snake creep across the rafters, suddenly seize a rat, kill it and drop it to the floor below; then pass cautiously around, down the wall of the building, and when it thought it was unobserved, sneak across the floor, pick up its prey and make way with it. The miller is delighted with the discovery of the presence of his black boarder, and wouldn't have it killed for money.—Statesville Landmark.