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True or False.

Underneath the lattice porch Site she of the diamond eyes; Firely has in his torch, Starry glory fills the skies; At her feet the moonlight lies, Checked bars of dark and bright, All the summer night.

all I can here; books do not grow like wild flowers—would to Heaven they did! I have tried to forget my dreams, and resign myself to the inevitable; but oh, I want to get away from this and be something. Tell me what to do, little girl," he concluded, in a softer tone, his white face showing the intensity of his fierce struggle with his dearest wish.

this once—though that is forbidden me—dearer with every hour of life, garnered with my heart and treasured as the grandest, purest memory it ever knew, don't send me from you! May I not hope some day to win your priceless heart?" For answer she only covered her face and wept piteously.

FASHION'S FOIBLES. Fringes of great beauty are now seen in importers' sample books. Buds on bonnets are about to be superseded by full-blown flowers.

A Gondola Procession. W. E. Croft thus describes, in the St. Paul Pioneer Press, his experiences in a gondola at Venice: At eight o'clock we started in three gondolas for the rendezvous half a mile off.

CRIME IN VIRGINIA. The two Williams who killed their father, a Horrible Story. The two Williams who killed their father near Williams, Pittsylvania county, Virginia, recently are in custody.

ITEMS OF INTEREST. The one wife of the present Khedive is a woman of European education. The business men of Baltimore are taking steps to make the Oriole a permanent local institution in that city every year.

DOUGLAS HALSTEAD'S WIFE.

"Am I going to die?" The doctor's keen gray eyes dimmed suddenly as he looked down into the wan, girlish face, so thin and pale from the wasting disease that baffled his skill, at the white, nervous hands that lay crossed in her lap, then he tried to clear his throat, but answered, his lips,—

"Dear child, no, we hope not. You have been very ill, and I must talk up a change with you. Be hopeful, Eva; and be smiling cheerily as he turned to Mrs. Campion while he stood buttoning his glove.

Eva only lifted great, solemn eyes in a sad, questioning way that haunted the honest old man as he went, perturbedly thinking, to obey the various callings of disease and distress. Once he bravely shook his head and sighed. He was thinking of his dear little patient, so gentle and so fondly loved, only sixteen, yet so womanly for her years; she had been the light of the house before she was stricken by this mysterious illness.

It was peculiar; every one admitted that; but Uncle Jessie Worden had always admired the poor, struggling, student-cousin, Douglas Halstead, who loved Eva so dearly. Hidden under the crusty exterior there was a warm heart, and a tender little romance he would have blushed to own twined about the lives of these two.

Douglas Halstead, only nineteen, pale from intense application to the few books he owned, pursued the torturing, useless, ever fleeing ambition of his life, and cursed the grinding poverty that debarred him from the hope of years. Restlessly ambitious, life became a burden by reason of the never-satisfied longing that possessed him.

"No one but Eva understands me," he told himself as he went toward her house that afternoon; "she always helps me." He echoed the doctor's sigh; there was an undefined fear in his heart as with his wadded freedom he opened the heavy outer door, hung his hat in the hall and went in softly to the bright room where, in her cushioned chair, Eva leaned back, white as the pillow beneath her head. She started a little as he stood by her chair and said, softly,—

Douglas looked at her dumfounded for a moment. As he realized her goodness, the depth and beauty of this innocent act of childlike devotion, he buried his face and groaned aloud.

"Don't! Oh, Eva darling, I can't let you go! I could not accept your dear sacrifice." "I want you to have it," she pleaded; "not because ours would be like other marriages, or that we love one another as men and women do, but only to help you when I am gone."

"Little girl," he said tenderly, "you are an angel! I cannot take your money in that way; it would be a consuming fire to devour my whole future life; the touch of it would burn me. Eva, you shall not do this. You deserve the best gifts of earth and heaven. You shall not die, and I you shall be mine, when you can be proud of me."

"Oh, no, no," she cried, shrinking timidly. "Not unless I die. I did not mean because you loved me." The first feeling that she had done wrong touched her pure mind. "Of course I would not marry you in any other way. You will take it and use it for me? Please, Douglas, let me do some good before I die! I shall never enjoy it."

"The pleading eyes were dim with tears, there was a faint flush in the pallid face. Pride melted, and Douglas Halstead said in unsteady tones,—

"As a sacred debt of honor I will take it. Heaven bless you! You are my good angel. On you rests the crown of my future success." And he went away thinking of her words "Of course I would not marry you in any other way," with a pained feeling in his heart that he could not fathom.

"The pride in her face made him smile fondly, and Eva, won at last, was silent from pure joy.

The world calls Mrs. Halstead an invalid, so delicate she is, so fragile, and it wonders as usual if she be not a burden to the grand man of such superb physical and mental mould that she calls husband. It does not see the fond care and tenderness which never fails her, nor yet does it know that its idol, its king, will carry to death, embraced in his heart of hearts, his wife.

Inconvenience of Being a Humorist. Bret Harte's peculiar horror is the poem that made his reputation—"The Heathen Chinese." To a friend who once made a quotation from it in his hearing he said: "If you love me never mention 'Heathen Chinese' in my hearing. If I die young it will be of that miserable washerman. He is my nightmare and my daymare. I cannot get rid of him, go where I will, and he springs up like a jack-in-a-box. With some people I have to be polite and listen to all they have to say on the subject; but I feel that I know you well enough to cry out 'spare me!' I am willing and pleased to talk of any of my stories, and even any other poems are not unpleasant to my ear; but the Mongolian will kill me yet. Why, do you know, they have actually set it to music—a frightful dirge! A young lady insisted upon chanting it to me, the other night, and I had to listen patiently instead of following my inclination, which was to tear the music into a thousand pieces, and dance up and down on the key-board of the piano. It was enough to drive me mad. My friends think that they are paying me a huge compliment by making constant quotations from the different verses. They will poke me in the ribs and say, 'That for ways that are dark, and wink at me as they say, 'His smile it was childlike and bland.' I thought I would get away from it all by coming east, but the piteous nightmare pursues me."

WORDS OF WISDOM. Modesty is the conscience of the body. Nothing makes men shier than want. Fly the pleasure that bites to-morrow. The man who knows the most is not an owning man. Worried faces never look so worldly as at a funeral. Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always barren. A man may suffer without sinning, he cannot sin without suffering. Ragged clothing cannot debase a man as much as a frayed reputation. We shall be free from evil desires only when we are pure in heart. He who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent a day of sorrow. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. The faculty of reasoning seldom or never deceives those who trust to it. When a friend corrects a fault in you, he does you the greatest act of friendship.

One of the richest novelties promised for the fall is sealskin cloth, a material embroidered with gold or silver, and designed for carriage or promenade wear.

Satin finished beaver hats, with crests that may be either broad and low or high and pointed, but of which the brims are in all cases immense, are among the stunning novelties.

A Fiery Grave. The Westphalia papers give an account of a terrible catastrophe which occurred in the northwestern part of that province on the 18th ult. There has been for some time in operation in the neighborhood of Solingen, not far from Barmen, a strange phenomenon. A part of the soil of a hilly heath became excessively hot, so much so that some people living close by availed themselves of the heat for domestic purposes. The explanation suggested was that some inflammable subterranean gas, or perhaps petroleum, had been accidentally set on fire. Some water had been brought to the spot by an artificial channel; but its contact with the burning soil had only produced violent explosions, which seemed to shatter all the ground around. Recently some persons drove out in a carriage from Remscheid to inspect the spot. When arrived at a distance of about a quarter of an English mile, they heard a strange rumbling noise, which so terrified the horses that they had to alight and send the carriage back some distance. They walked on, discussing the likelihood of any danger, when suddenly a space of the hillside, about 100 metres square, opened, disclosing a gulf of liquid fire and throwing up flames. The house where the family mentioned above lived was at once surrounded by the flames and was, before their eyes, swallowed up in the liquid fiery caldron at their feet, apparently feeding the flames. It is known that several persons were in the house; none were saved, but it has not been ascertained how many perished.—London Times.

The story goes that Mrs. Cornwallis West, the far-famed "professional beauty," is coming over with the new British Minister, a kinsman of her husband, to grace the legation establishment.

Bill Arp's View of Life. We had a good, old-fashioned country dance last night, and don't feel any worse this morning for it. We had young people and middle aged people, and old people, and those of us who didn't trip on the light fantastic toe sat in the broad piazza and talked and looked on and enjoyed ourselves all the same as we used to do when the gush and vigor of youth were upon us. What a blessed thing it is that kind nature takes away our desire for frolic as we grow older, and begin to wear the serene and yellow leaf. I don't care to dance now that the spring in my extremities is gone and there's lead in my shoes, and I don't lament that old age is creeping on me, for I have many new pleasures, and one of these is to look on and see other people happy. Enjoy your day, whether it be in youth or old age; enjoy every day, make most of it; get all out of life you can. It won't pay to always be hankering after something or grieving over troubles that haven't come, and may never come. I know people who let the dark side of life cheat 'em out of every day's happiness, who ponder and fret over little troubles until they swell up like dried apples and get to be big ones, and they can't eat or sleep in any peace.

Life to them is a grindstone, and the grit of it is always cutting away little by little until there's nothing left. Enjoy the day; get some good out of it even if it's nothing but contentment for good health and being out of jail. An old gentleman of three score years and ten was here last night—came five miles just to see the young people baggy—and he was bright as the full moon, and it was a pleasure to see him and listen to him discourse upon life and how to live and how to farm, and so on. He's seen trouble enough, goodness knows, but he never took it to heart or sorrowed his manhood. —Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

The Considerate Tenant. Uncle Nace owns several shanties on Austin Avenue, that are rented out to colored tenants, among them Sam Johnson. Night before last Sam knocked at Uncle Nace's door, and woke him out of a sound sleep.

"What's de matter?" said the old man sticking his head out of the window. "I jes come ter tell yer dat I can't get a wink ob sleep. I has ter pay yer de rent ob de house next Saturday."

"Dar's no need ob yer staying awake at nights, and worrying on dat account. Dars no hurry about de rent."

Short Words. We must not only think in words, but we must also try to use the best words, and those which in speech will put what is in our minds into the minds of others. This is the great art which those must gain who wish to teach in the school, the church, at the bar, or through the press. To do this in the right way they should use the short words which we learn in early life, and which have the same sense to all classes of men. The English of our Bible is good. Now and then some long words are found, and they always hurt the verses in which you find them. Take that which says: "O ye generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" There is one long word which ought not to be in it—namely, "generation." In the old version the old word "brood" is used. Read the verse again with this term, and you will feel its full force: "O ye viper's brood, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" Crime sometimes does not look like crime when it is set before us in the many folds of a long word. When a man steals, and we call it a "defalcation," we are at a loss to know if it is a blunder or a crime. If he does not tell the truth, and we are told that it is a case of "prevarication," it takes us some time to know just what we should think of it. No man will ever cheat himself into wrong-doing, nor will he be at a loss to judge of others, if he thinks and speaks of acts in clear, crisp terms. It is a good rule, if one is at a loss to know if an act is right or wrong to write it down in a short, straight-out English. —Horatio Seymour.

Dayruple, the great Northwestern farmer, is said to be more used to the open than he is to the plow. His hands are soft as those of a girl. There is none of the "horny-fisted" about him.

A Well-Filled Postal Card. A month or so ago, a gentleman in California received a postal card from his brother in Iowa, containing over five thousand words. It was written to him as a letter, and the writing upon it so dense that it required a magnifying glass to read a portion of it. He made up his mind that he would not be outdone, and four weeks ago he made preparations to reply in the same style. He wrote during his leisure moments an answer, which he finally brought to a close, the space on his card having been entirely consumed. When his task was completed he counted the number of words, and found that he had six thousand four hundred and seventy-one, a number exceeding the one he had received by over one thousand. It was written with a steel pen, and can be read without the aid of a glass.

Chicago and New Orleans are the only American cities that license gambling houses. St. Louis is about to follow their example.

A Toad Fight. I always keep a number of toads in my orchard houses for the purpose of destroying vermin. The other morning, while watching two males, I was highly amused at seeing them have a regular set-to fight. They went at each other in a regular scientific manner, sparring and boxing with their fore paws and butting with their heads. After a while they seemed to get tired, coolly sat down and viewed each other with great complacency. From my earliest days I have been in the habit of watching the ways of toads, and never saw them fight before.