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In Innocence.
Dwell in dreaming days
In a palace dim and quiet.

HUGH EVANS' ADVENTURE.

BY LUCY SHENKINS.

Hugh Evans was growing angry; he walked one step forward and then was blown two feet backward by the raging blast.
'It seems to me,' he grumbled, 'that whichever way I go, from that direction the wind begins to blow. Thank Heaven, here's home at last!'

'Oh, Earnest!' said the weeping female, and forthwith fainting completely, and would have fallen but for the protecting arms of Hugh, which gallantly received the sinking form.
'Doctor,' exclaimed Earnest, addressing Hugh, 'my wife, my child! Doctor, tell me the worst!'

THE ROBBERS' CAVE.

Discoveries of the House of the James Brothers. Valuable Plunder Recovered.

The Gallatin Tennessee gives currency to a story about the discovery of a cave on the farm of Colonel James Alexander, on the Tennessee boundary line, which had for years past been the haunt of the James brothers. The farm upon which the cave was situated was rented by a man giving his name as F. J. Roward, who was scarcely ever at home, and the only person to be seen about the house was an old colored woman and her husband, who appeared to manage the farm and the few head of cattle that grazed in the pasture field.

'Well, Earnest, I'll start once more for home,' said Hugh.
'Not until you promise to come again. I want to talk over our merry college days once more. Come to-morrow night, and you will not have such a chilling reception as you received to-day.'

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

The new blue is called blue-de-mor. Embroidered net fichus are dazzling with jet.
The newest dresses have numerous bows of ribbon on them.
Laces in all the fashionable colors are used in trimming hats and bonnets.

Spanish Beauties.
I was asked by one of the dark-eyed, fascinating, graceful and stately dear ones of Madrid if I would ride out to see her friends, who were arranging costumes for the coming fete. I readily assented. How far do you think was the ride or drive? Merely round the corner. But to walk it with that flowing robe, graceful mantilla and tiny feet of the deep and dark eyed beauty would be a painful piece of pedestrianism. What she lacks in walking she makes up in talking. Whew! Steam and electric conversation is nothing to a Madrid belle's tongue—on topics of costume, at least. The brilliant way in which she criticised Senor Americano and Senor Juan Ingles, as she styled her previous John Bull guest, was, in the spasmodic language of Walt Whitman, 'a caution to snakes.'

THE SONG OF POVERTY.

A jolly old fellow and I, some.

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Very long stocking mitts, in tan, hoken, green, flesh and almond tints, and also in black and white, will be much worn when the weather becomes warm enough.
Velvet and satin, spotted grenadines and gauzes will be very elegant at the summer resorts, and even cloth and woolen material have three spots in velvet raised on them.
A very pretty suit is of pale gray cashmere, with copper-colored velvet for the collar, cuffs and facing, or even for the petticoat front; or with cream-white camel's hair, electric blue velvet that is almost green.

THE REASON WHY.

A boy returned from school one day with a report showing that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

'Well,' said his father, 'you've fallen below this month, have you?'
'Yes, sir.'
'How did it happen?'
'Don't know, sir.'
The father knew, this son did not. He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house, but he had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said:
'Empty those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips. And now,' he continued, 'put those apples back into the basket. When half the apples were replaced in the basket, the son said:
'F.ther, they roll off—I can't put in any more.'
'Put them in, I tell you.'
'Put them in? No; of course you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips, and then fill it with apples? You said you didn't know how you fell behind at school, and I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket; it will not hold but about so much; and here you have been the past month filling it up with something worse than chips—worthless cheap novels.'

An Electrical Lady.
A Nevada City lady of high social standing presents a singular case for the consideration of scientists. For many years she has been afflicted with acute neuralgia pains in various parts of the body, and, some time since, hoping to find relief, resorted to the use of an electric battery. She used the apparatus for six months, but found no relief. At this time nothing was noted of an unusual character as the result, although several months have since elapsed, it was only when the recent cold weather commenced that any extraordinary symptoms followed. One night a short time ago the lady had occasion to enter a dark room and pick up a woolen coat which was lying there. As she did so she was both surprised and frightened to observe a bright light surrounding the hand that held the garment. At the same time the electric current passed along the arm shocking her quite severely. When her husband was told of the fact he discredited its reality, thinking there was more imagination than anything else in it. So the next evening, to convince the incredulous better half, she turned the gas out in the room where they were sitting, and letting her hair down, began combing it. A remarkable display of light was the result. The sparks flew around in every direction, and there was a sharp, crackling sound as the teeth of the comb passed between the hair. In laying her hands upon iron the lady does not observe the peculiarities referred to, but the fire begins to fly and the shocks follow one another in rapid succession.

BROTHER GARDNER ON CHECK.

'Will check trees?' mused the president, as he stroked the back of his neck.

'I think not. But an some things in this world which neither sorrow, pain nor cold weather kin get the best of, and one of 'em an check. It an lively in de hottest days of a hot summer, and de worst blizzard of winter don't trouble it at all. It an part an' parcel of our government. It an gallop an' roam in high places as well as low. It an seen in de State Department as well as at de doah of de theater. De man dat hasn't got any soon pines away an' dies. De man who has de pines of it soon builds him a brick house with a mansard roof. It kin be shot, drowned an' hung, but when run over by an ice-wagon, tumbled from a building, or squeezed between two freight kyars, it walks an' roams 'er day as if nuffin had happened.—[Free Press.

At the gate of the cemetery of Avignon, in France, the parents of a child certified to have died of crump insisted on having the coffin opened to take a last look. The child was found breathing, and was expected to be saved.
The next transit of Venus takes place December 6, 1882.
David Crockett was born at Limestone, Tenn., August 17, 1786. He was put to death by order of Santa Anna, of Mexico, March 6, 1836.
When a homestead settler dies before he completes his claim the widow, or in case of her death, the heirs, may continue settlement or cultivation and obtain title. If both parents die, leaving infant children, the homestead may be sold for cash for the benefit of such children; or the children may continue settlement and receive title.
Sally West, who plundered Mr. Alexander Swift of Cincinnati, in New York, was tried, convicted and sentenced with-in three months. The trial was hurriedly held through in order that Mr. Swift could start for Europe, and he gave his evidence, recovered his property, including his passage tickets, and was on board the steamship before the verdict of guilty was rendered.
A Louisville merchant took a traveler off the road and tried advertising. While a traveler cost him \$1,000 a year, \$1,000 worth of advertising brought him one-fourth more trade. But it didn't help the pretty girls in the country towns to kill time nearly so pleasantly.
A virtuous enterprise is being conducted in New Jersey of grinding worn-out India rubber over-shoes to make what is called 'sticker.' This material is freight in barrels and is pressed by the manufacturers into new India rubber goods. A thin coating of fresh rubber varnish makes them look quite equal to articles of the best quality, but they are said to have an outrageous lack of durability.

HUMOROUS.

A cooking club—the rolling pin.

Sleep may 'scint up the rooled dove of care,' but it won't darn the torn stockings of poverty worth a cent.
'A Lady Subscriber' asks why Paris papers are so wicked. We do not know, but an exchange informs us that there are one hundred women journalists in Paris.
The Cambridge Tribune asks: 'When day broke, did any one pick in the pieces? That's what I never could find out, but knew there was considerable mist.'
Elephants, it is believed, can be taught to play billiards. If so, it will be a great relief to young men who are now obliged to give up so much of their valuable time to this work.
A man with a red nose doesn't need a placard hung around his neck to tell the world what caused it. You're right he don't. The little joker starts off as soon as he begins to smile.
There might have been a time when servant girls had a penchant for wearing their mistress' clothes, but that was in the days of low wages. Nowadays the average girl would not be seen in such 'babby dresses as the mistress is obliged to appear in.
'How beautiful is Shakspeare, Adolphus!' Ijessed Anthonia, as she turned the pages of the immortal bard. 'Nature's sweet restorer,' isn't that fine?' 'Beautiful,' said Adolphus. 'How appropriate a motto for a hair restorative!'