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For larger advertisements, liberal contracts will be made.

Paradoxical.

What was it when I babe I lay?
'Caught on' to me one summer day.
And almost walked with me away?
The measles.
And when I grew to quite a kid,
And down the cellar door I slid,
What made me wince for what I did?
A shiver.
And when I was an infant grown,
And thought I knew no mother's love,
What made me think I'd be a boy?
Green apples.

When my pants 'had grown' quite long,
And I miss'd it had grown quite strong,
What one day made me feel 'quite a strong'?
A cigar.

And when I thought 'my little bed'
Should tempt to rest my face and head,
Who 'dumpled' me till my day was red?
My mother.

And when I was a dandy clerk,
And 'tipped' a girl a 'knowing smile',
Who 'faced' me so I couldn't work?
Her brother.

And when I from my bed arose,
And soon was told to wear my clothes,
Who on 'dressed' me till my 'boots were loose'?
A lawyer.

A SKETCH.

Even if Tom Barne did only get a salary of one hundred dollars a month, that fact alone did not hinder him from mingling in the best society of the town; for he was not a base mechanic, or a retailer's clerk, nor yet a street car driver. Not he was not by any means engrossed in any of the callings I have recited; on the contrary he stood prominently at his desk in the bank-like office of one of the large distilleries (which emit fire and smoke heavenward all day and night, and hearth-ringing lava and ashes to thousands of willing and helpless victims) which lined the murky river's banks—redolizing fully that he, Tom Barne, did indeed rank high in the first row of the office hands.

Miss Agnes quite soon after her coming; only to get the poor satisfaction that he must escort her home, the carriage to be sent on ahead. But Fred had noticed, and so had T. B., with failing heart, that she detached the rose Bayne gave, and wore his humble spray of mignonette. On finishing a waltz and promiscuously gaily over to an alcove, T. B.'s spirits rose, cheered with the exciting dance, and then he began. Why at this juncture should these notes that had been given him drop from his peep, unfolded and open to the keen glance of Miss Agnes? This we cannot divine, and ascribe it like all mysterious willings of the Unknown, to fate—erel fate. One glance sufficed her. "W. W. Fashion & Co. clothes; one hundred and twenty-five dollars." Mrs. Murphy, three months' washing—eighteen dollars.

Mr. Barne's protestations as to his entire independence of the mercenary world amply atoned for her breach of etiquette, and the determined to give him a lasting lesson then and there. A woman quickly decides with an impostor. "What are those, Mr. Barne?" "Ah! letters from friends—invitations, I suppose." "Invitations, yes! To what?" "The dire truth was revealed to T. B.; his game was over; he saw ruin in her stern yet amused face; he was beaten; the floodgates of shame opened, and hastily excusing himself he gained the open air, and vented his excited feelings under the cold and unympathetic light of the stars.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.
Mrs. Dada Fletcher, the gifted authoress of "Kismet," is one of the characters in the American quarter at Rome and enjoys an unenviable position, being liked and pitied at the same time. Since her unfortunate affair with Lord Wentworth, who acted so shamefully, she has grown much older, and the loss of her luxuriant hair changes her appearance greatly. Mrs. Browne, mother of the late "Antony Ward," is a fine-looking old lady of some seventy years, and possesses charming conversational powers. She resides in a pretty cottage in Waterford, Me., where she enjoys the calls of her numerous friends, to whom she exhibits a collection of autographs of hundreds of persons from all the States, and also many foreign lands, who have at some time been her guests.

Cured Easily.
"What's on your mind?" asked the little doctor, cheerfully, as a distressed-looking woman climbed the stairs at the sign of the big foot, on Woodward avenue. "Warts on my nose, doctor," rejoined the woman, laying aside her veil and revealing a protuberance of uncommon dimensions on the very tip of a Roman nose. "That'll come off as easy as an affixed head," said the doctor, "and leave not a trace behind. How long, madam, may I inquire, have you been afflicted with this miserable wart?" "Ten years," said the woman, dejectedly. "I've always been afraid to have it taken off; besides, my friends said it was a sign of good luck."

A SWIM FOR LIFE.
Federal Adventure at the Frontiersmouth of Rapids of the Colorado River.
A correspondent, writing from El Dorado Canyon, Nev., under date of June 18, says: Another of our old-timers has been swallowed up by the treacherous Colorado. Barney Coleman and Benjamin Gough, accompanied by two Indians, started up the river last Friday morning in a skiff for the purpose of catching drift-wood. After reaching a point between twelve and fifteen miles up the river the boat, becoming unmanageable, was drawn into an eddy and disappeared in an instant. The skiff at the time was near a steep cliff of rocks, whose walls were two hundred feet in height, and the Indians, observing that the eddy was about swallowing the boat and crew, jumped out and clung to the rocks and Gough endeavored to do the same thing after them. He secured a slight hold to the perpendicular side of the cliff, clinging to it only for a moment, then fell into the water and was seen no more. Coleman sprang from the stern of the skiff out into the river and got beyond the eddy, where he waited for the appearance of the boat. He had not long to wait, but it seemed to him ages, when he caught a sight of it, bottom upwards, a few yards down the river, when he swam after it, overtaking and clinging to it.

Maid of Modern Athens.
Maid of Modern Athens, ere I return to regions where Beams are not the staple dish. Grant, oh, grant the thing I wish. Hear the words I speak to you: "Boston girls are quite too free!"
By the angels in your name, By your home-made cotton hose, By that highly-cultured mind, Of the true Platonic kind, Hear, I pray, my words to you—"Boston girls are quite too free!"
From your disquisitions on Metaphysics and St. John, From an airing of your views, From your No. 7 shoes, From your searches for the Tone "Boston girls are quite too free!"
From your maxims and your odes, From your lectures on First Causes, From all things, if you'd be blest, Give, oh, give to me a rest, For I've found it all too true—"Boston girls are quite too free!"

VARIETIES.

A woman's bonnet is usually an affair of ocher. But much as she loves her bonnet, lovelier woman rather prefers an affair of liver.