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Constancy. To constancy a thousand fancies are reared, To constancy a thousand songs are sung; The virtue honors, cherished and revered, Theme of the old, and goal to tempt the young.

AN UGLY BIRD.

Up in the mountains stood a wooden hut, and there Jacques lived with his father and mother. A prettier spot you never spied, Never was grass so green as hereabouts, and although the mountains showed their snow-clad heads above it, they seemed like great, good-natured giants whose task and care it was to keep the tiny cot safe from harm.

Jacques bowed and blushed, and blushed and bowed again, as he answered that he was quite well, and hoped his honor was the same. 'Pat on your cap, child,' said Mr. Vedal, kindly. 'So father has plenty of toys ready for our villagers yonder, has he?'

The boy had only gone a few steps further, when he suddenly stopped. 'Here's a bird!' he exclaimed. 'And such a bird, too! An uglier specimen of its kind it would have been hard to discover. He had a huge head, set on a gaunt, ungainly body, short wings, and enormous feet and claws. His eyes were bright and piercing, with a curious, far-away gaze in them, his voice a hoarse, defying screech.'

The toymaker began to prepare for his departure, and the packing of his goods was the work of some time. One evening, in the middle of all, a visitor appeared—Mr. Vedal. The goat was in his customary corner; Jacques on his knees helping his father to sort the dolls in their proper sizes; while his mother sat knitting. As for the bird, he had been abroad from an early hour, but was sure to come back.

The toymaker gazed at the bird with a look of intense interest. 'What do you mean, sir?' he asked. 'Three men are on my track to rob, perhaps murder me, and I am defenseless. Listen, my friend. When first your son told me that you intended going to the fair, I thought I would see you and put you on your guard, but I was busy then, and am old, and have delayed till it may be too late. The men I speak of have been lurking in the neighborhood for months past. Returning but now from visiting a client, who has entrusted me with a large sum of money, I found they were in pursuit. I was mounted, and distanced them at first, but my horse fell under me. Hurry, now, and bring the guard, while I do my best to hold the place—they will soon be here.'

THE FASHIONS. Small bonnets and large round hats are announced. The latest and most attractive novelty in children's dress is the Pale cap. Rose colored tulle is worn across the shoulders with black ball costume. Shoulder capes of Gairpure lace are the most stylish black flecons now worn. Gold straw, gold beads, braid and cording trim many of the new imported bonnets.

At the millinery openings last week, muffs were shown to match bonnets. The soft tuft of velvet or plush trimmed with chenille fringe is prettiest with dark bonnets. Cloth costumes are increasing in favor. Tiny checks, such as are seen in gentlemen's business suits, are liked for those toilets, and are shown in dark shades. Castigated edges make a tasteful finish for basques and skirt-front breadths of cloth and cashmere dresses. They are made more effective by being welted with a cord or fold of bias silk. Red woolen goods are lavishly used for little people. Scarlet kilts, with dark blue blouses, scarlet grounds with blue gimpes, or with scarlet, are frequently seen and are usually becoming. New basques are single-breasted. When ornamental bust drapery is added it takes the form of a long gimpes, or a short plastron, either square or oval, and made very full by gathers and folds.

Advice to a Slim Young Man. 'I want to see an editor,' said a slim young man who wore very light pants, a hat about the size and shape of a peanut-shell, and a collar that seemed to be always reaching for his chin without quite getting there, as he opened the door yesterday afternoon. 'If it's anything about a delightful reception was held last Thursday evening at the residence of our well-known fellow-citizen, John Smith, or Miss Beatrice Perkins will spend the autumn at Mukwanago, you'll have to take it into the other room;'' said the horse reporter, 'because the society editor is out editing a chicken fight this afternoon, and the orders are to turn all the social gruel over to the janitor. Tomorrow is window-closing day.'

'I came up to see,' said the young man, 'whether one of the editors would have any objection to giving me some advice on a matter in which I am deeply interested. I may say that—' 'You're in love, aren't you?' asked the horse reporter. 'I know you are, anyhow,' he continued, without giving the visitor a chance to answer. 'There is a sort of nervous, hesitating, cat-in-the-hat look about your eyes that tells me you are in love. What's the trouble? Girl gone back on you?' 'I think not,' replied the young man. 'I cannot believe that any one has usurped my place in her affections.'

A Woman's Nerve. Early on Tuesday morning, Mrs. David Conhain was aroused from sleep by a burglar's stealthy step. She could hear the burglar moving along on his hands and knees from the dining room to the bed room, and at each step something struck the floor which she believed to be either a billy or revolver. But in the meantime the burglar had taken all her husband's clothing, which had been left on a chair, including a gold watch and chain and \$60 in cash, and was stealthily making his way back toward the dining room door, which opens into a yard fronting Eleventh street. Mrs. Conhain concluded that the time for action had arrived. She left her bed, walked to a bureau in one corner of the room wherein a loaded revolver was kept, and in doing so must have passed within a few feet of the crouching burglar. After gaining possession of the revolver, she entered the dining room just as the burglar had passed out to the porch, where he was found standing on the step with most of the stolen clothing under one arm, and the vest held in his right hand. This brought them within about three feet of each other. The brave lady covered the thief with the weapon and exclaimed: 'Drop the clothes or I will fire!'

The response came in the shape of a blow over the head and face with the vest held in the burglar's hand, he evidently intending to either blind her or knock her down with the weight of the heavy gold watch in the pocket. Luckily, however, the watch flew out of the pocket, and as Mrs. Conhain threw her hand up to ward off the blow, the chain struck between her fingers, close to the watch. Instantly she closed her hand over the time-piece, gave a jerk backward, which broke the chain, whereupon the burglar, with a fierce oath, threw the vest at her face, unconscious of the fact that the sum of \$60 in currency had been left undisturbed in one of the pockets. The burglar then started toward Eleventh street, Mrs. Conhain firing two shots at him, without effect probably, and following him as closely as possible. When he reached the sidewalk on the latter street he stopped an instant, threw up both hands and dropped all the clothing on the sidewalk, Mrs. Conhain picking them up and carrying every garment back to the house.—St. Paul Press.

The Crying Evil. Our beer is full of awful things. There's tons of it in our canyons; False notes, too, oft, the tenor sings. Our brandy's anything but brandy; Our tea would make Celestials weep; Our wootens bubble 'er with cotton; Good food is always on the top. While underneath is placed the rotton. The oyster laughs their skill to scorn, They can't adulterate potatoes; But, though we know that 'eggs are eggs,' They often seem half-saladinos. The English ale is far behind! The brew that pleased the chery Dickens, And I'm convinced we buy a kind Of patent light-on-vite chickens!

VARIETIES. A wire 6,000 feet long over the river Kistnah in India is the longest in the world. It is stretched between two hills 1,200 feet high. A New York letter carrier was arrested for stealing money letters, when it was discovered that he had four wives. No wonder he had to steal. 'The proper study of mankind is man,' Pope knew better than to say 'woman.' Woman is too deep a study for anybody to undertake. Judge Allen, of Boston, called up a lawyer in open court and compelled him to refund a fee of \$25 from a poor woman whose case he had utterly neglected. Brown—'Did you say, sir, that I could be as fast as a horse could trot?' Frog—'No, sir, I simply said that few horses could trot as fast as you could lie.' Brown—'Oh!'