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Life's Mirage.
I would the salt waves be
And cold the singing sea,
And dark the gulls that echo to the sear-

IF THEY HAD KNOWN.

"So you've come back again, Jerome?" said old Mr. Sewell. "Well, we heard you was thinkin' of returnin' to Elm Mountain. Bad pennies always come back—ha! ha! ha!"

ally inclined. To her, love in a cottage possessed no charms.
"I couldn't, Jerome," she answered quickly. "I'm not very strong, and I couldn't assume any responsibility of this arduous nature. Besides, I'm not fond of children. I'm greatly obliged to you, I'm sure, but I'd rather not."

"I will go wherever you wish, Jerome," said the bride-elect in a sort of innocent bewilderment.
Mr. Clay put her into a little carriage at the door, and drove her up the mountain-side, through the huge, stone gateway of White Castle, to the velvet lawns in front of the colonnaded portico, where statues of Ceres and Proserpine stood in dazzling marble on either side, and an antique sun-dial marked the golden footsteps of the God of day.

WHY HEARTS BREAK.
A Physician's Master-of-Fact Solution of the Vealog Problem.
"A healthy man or woman does not die of a broken heart," a well-known physician said. "A healthy heart is only big muscle, and nobody can have grief enough to break it."

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.
The brave man carves out his own fortune.
A life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line—by deeds, not years.

A CHINESE DINNER.
The Picturesque Banquet in a Mandarin's Household.
Our party of five English guests, met in G.'s office, and proceeded in Indian file, each in his sedan chair, threading our way through narrow streets dimly lit with Chinese lanterns, says a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette describing a Chinese dinner.

The Dude.
"Wait the dude, papa?" he said.
With sweet and inquiring eyes;
And to the knowledge-seeking maid
Her dainty thus replied: