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The Difference.
When we would number the brief years
Of some sweet laughing child.

UNDER A CLOUD.

Morris Tucker and his uncle sat at their cozy breakfast table one winter morning, each with a copy of the morning's paper in his hand.

There was a dreary amount of hard, distasteful work to be done after the failure was an established fact.

"I can spare you, but are you wise to hurry an interview that, I fear, will be very painful?"

"Better to understand my position at once, sir. If—" he mentioned the dry lips here, as if the words choked him.

"I think it is a good time to look up these old claims," said Mr. Tucker, sliding easily over the first part of his nephew's speech.

"Nervous for the worst Morris Tucker sought his betrothed bride. From the time he had come from his Western home, an orphaned lad of nineteen, to accept his uncle's offer of a home he had met Meta Cresswell constantly.

"Did you write to Morris, Meta?" she asked, languidly stirring her coffee.

shipped your aunt, and he never spoke of any relatives of his own till this nephew appeared.

"Yes! Love in a cottage is not in my style!" And while she spoke the bell rang, and she knew her lover was waiting to test her cold, worldly heart.

She had given John Tucker true love since she was a mere baby and sat upon his knee, playing with his watch-chain.

"Good evening, Mr. Tucker. You have my best wishes for your future success."

"Thank you. I have the honor to wish you good evening."

"I will carry your message. And will you wish me God-speed, too, Charlie? I shall sail for California in a few days."

"Here is strange news, Meta. Mr. Jarvis has asked permission to bring a friend, and who do you suppose it is?"

"No; it is Morris Tucker! Oh, Meta, I am so glad you have not positively accepted young Cooke!"

"I thought you were very anxious to be mother-in-law to his \$200,000?"

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AN ARMLESS LADY'S WAY.

Deprived of Arms, but Not a Helpless Woman.

How She Threads a Needle, Writes and Fats by the Aid of her Toes.

"Now, let me show you what I can do; dinner'll be here in just a moment. Thread a needle? Of course I can; see?"

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12. Never let a match go out of your hand after lighting it, until you are sure the fire is out, and then it is better to put in a stove or earthen dish.

13. It is far better to use the safety matches which can only be lighted upon the box which contains them.

14. Have your furnaces examined carefully in the fall, and at least once during the winter by a competent person.

15. If there are any closets in the house near chimneys or flues, which there ought not to be, put nothing of a combustible nature into them.

16. Never leave any wool near a furnace, range or stove to dry.

17. Have your stove looked to frequently to see that there are no holes for coals to drop out.

18. Never put any hot ashes or coals in a wooden receptacle.

19. Be sure there are no curtains or shades that can be blown into a gas light.

A LEPER BURIED ALIVE.

The Horrible Fate of a Sick Old Chinaman.

Getting into a Coffin and Lowered into a Grave While Still Conscious.

The Hong Kong (China) Mail says that in the village of Chinking, near Lihing, where the Basil Mission has a station, the following sad event lately took place:

A man of 60 years of age was afflicted with leprosy, and lived in a hut within the village.

The villagers, almost all relations of his, often urged the old man to remove his hut outside the village and live on the hills, to prevent contamination.

But the dreadful sickness developed more and more, and the dread of contamination increased thereby, so that the relatives actually proposed to the unfortunate man to put an end to his miserable existence.

Lately it happened that the leper was lying asleep in his hut. His son came and wanted to bring him something to eat, but calling into the hut he received no answer from the father.

Things that Never Die.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful, that started out here in youth, the sparkle of a soulless prayer, the dream of love and truth, the longing after something lost, the spirit's yearning cry, the striving for a better hope—these things shall never die.

The world has striven hard to find a brother in his need, the kindly word in grief's dark hour, the plea for mercy, softly breathed, when justice threatens nigh, the sorrowings of a contrite heart—these things shall never die.

Let nothing pass for every hand, Most had some work to do, Give not a chance to waken love, Be firm and just and true, So shall a light that cannot fade Beam on those from on high, And angel voices say to thee, These things shall never die.

HUMOROUS.

Net gains—fish. A great wage—a dog's tail. The Esquimaux think their snow shoe like home.

The flower of the family doesn't always make good bread. The chief of the U. S. Signal service has purchased a sheep ranch. Look out for "wether profits."

If the gymnast is a good, moral player, why do they keep so many bars, and have young men hanging on to them all the time?

Says an epigrammatic writer: "Waste in feeding is criminal." And he might have added; the more feeding, the more waste.

The grandson of a celebrated poet has been arrested for stealing chickens. The old man took to poetry, while the grandson takes to poultry.

"You have owed me that bill for board for six months. You ought to pay me now." "Precisely. I intend to stay with you a year longer, and will settle as I go."

The old lady who asked for a gold ring six years ago, was probably related to the elderly gentleman who said his daughter was attending the conservatory of music.

Trium Purple.

In a communication by M. Berthelot to a French scientific journal on the magnificent purple of Tyre, so highly prized by the ancients, it is said that according to tradition the color was discovered by accident.

A shepherd's dog found a shell-fish on the sea shore. In crushing the shell he cut his mouth, and the blood, mingling with the juice of the mollusk, gave the splendid purple, which was subsequently applied to the dyeing of stuffs.

No other color has been held in such high esteem. The King of Phoenicia was so charmed with its beauty, that he forbade his subjects to use it, reserving it for kings and heirs presumptive to the crown.

Messrs. adopted it for ecclesiastical purposes, the vestments of the high priests and the ornaments of the tabernacle. At that early period the art of dyeing must have attained a great degree of perfection.

Among the Romans the right to wear the purple belonged only to great conquerors; afterwards it was assumed by emperors. In more modern times the purple robe has been reserved for the highest dignitaries of the church, whence the expression "Roman purple" to express the dignity of "Cardinal."

M. Lacaze-Duthiers, of the French Institute, regards the ancient legend as probably true history, at least so far as this: that the bleeding mouth of the dog led to the discovery of the shell-fish from which the ancients extracted their color.

For a long time much uncertainty existed as to the species of mollusk employed, and many regarded the secret as lost. But shell-fish possessing all the characteristics by which the ancients designated the animal have been found on the sea-coasts of England and France, and if they are not now made to serve the purpose it is because means have been found to produce the color from cochineal at less cost.—Chittenden.

Her Soul's Yearnings.

"Aunt Polly," said a poetic young lady, who was visiting in the country.

"What is it, child?"

"Do you never feel as though you wanted to leave the milk and butter?"

"If I did, child, it would be sure to spill."

"But your mind; how can you keep it chained to these common things?"

"Poor child! Why, bless you, my butter ain't common. It runs brings an extra price in market, and is spoke for 'way ahead.'"

"But does your soul never yearn for the beautiful, Aunt Polly?"

"No, child; I never yearn for nothin but baked potatoes. But I do hanker for them dreadful sometimes, when they're skereed an' high."—Chicago Laborer.

Cats Without Tails.

We noticed in a recent issue that a London scientist was trying to produce cats without tails.

The Philadelphia Cats suggests that the experimenter will be a greater benefactor by producing the tails without the cat.

The writer had evidently heard a discussion on his back yard fence, the night before.—Scientific American.

Chicago Laborer.

Remember that you will be firm, Meta. Remember that you have been in the injured party throughout.

From the time your poor papa died I have had every reason to believe Mr. Tucker would make you and your sister the heirs of his property. He wor-