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VOL. VIII.

PITTSBORO, CHATHAM CO., N. C., AUGUST 19, 1886.

NO. 50.

One square, one insertion - \$1.00
One square, two insertions - 1.50
One square, one month - 3.50

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Judge Not.
To my measure by our measure,
We may judge our fellow dust,
We can see as near as we see.

THE HIRED GIRL.

"She makes a perfect picture, out there in that tropical sunshine," said Mr. Villars. "Look at her, with that scarlet ribbon at her neck and those coils of hair waving blue-dream in the intense light! It is like a dream of Italy!"

own nephew; but in my mind Eliza is good enough for any man. My sister won't Abby Jane Clark be mad? If ever a girl wanted to be a parson's wife, Abby Jane does!"

never liked it. But one cannot easily step out of the path where one's feet have been placed, especially if one is a woman.
"However, the turning point came at last. Our leading lady fell sick of a contagious fever, in a lonely village where we had stopped to play one night. The manager picked up everything in a panic, and bade us all to be ready to go. I told him I could not leave Mrs. Montague alone. He said that if I left the company thus, I should never return to it."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.
What the Flowers Say.
The red rose says, "Be sweet."
And the lily bids, "Be pure."
The daisy, brave and common,
"Be patient and endure."

LOBSTER LORE.
A King's Private Circus.
Among the follies of Bavaria's late king not generally known was the creation of a circus on the first floor of the royal palace at Munich. The ceiling was made to imitate the skies at night time, with the moon and stars lit up from behind by electric lights. On the walls were a series of colored frescoes, representing various country scenes, including an Italian capann, a French village and a Swiss chalet. The monarch and his guests, twenty in number, first went to the theatre; they then returned to the palace and supper. About 2 in the morning the king ordered his favorite charger, and mounting, invited his friends to follow him. Their horses were brought up, and as soon as they were all in the saddle, his majesty rode off into the circus. The royal party galloped round the ring several times; the king stopped, descended, and tapped at the door of the capanna. Suddenly the door opened as if by magic, and a crowd of persons emerged from it. They were dressed in the different country costumes of Italy, and wore baskets of fruit, cake and wine, of which the guests partook. During the report an invisible choir sang Italian airs, accompanied by a brass band. His majesty again mounted his charger, and followed by his friends, rode round the circus once more. He now knocked at the door of the village, and French peasants came out with moss wine and candles, which the poor guests, already satisfied, were bound to consume rather than offend their sovereign host. The musicians then executed favorite French songs. The same performance was gone through at the chalet, and then the king, at 1.30 in the morning, abruptly withdrew, leaving his companions more dead than alive. - Pall Mall Budget.

Patriotism and Ram.
A gentleman who has been looking up the early history of Albany seems to find that patriotism and ram were about the same those days as at the present time. At the time of Washington's prospective visit to Albany, he was to be entertained at a hotel standing on the corner of Beaver and Green streets. Great preparations were made for the occasion, and a gentleman was delegated to deliver the welcome address. How long he labored in writing out his remarks, history does not state. It is estimated, however, that the orator "sweated" from a considerable extent, and when the distinguished guest arrived was in a condition that enabled him to perform his delegated office. In modern parlance he was "knocked out," and his essay, burning with eloquence and patriotism, was read by a substitute, and Washington never knew the difference. "These were great days," continues our historical friend. "Why, the policy of a beer at the present time would buy enough ram to keep a man drunk for a week." - Albany Advertiser.

Life's Bitterness.
This is the bitterness of life, to know that love has no life, but far behind; That not for violent searching shall we find A sweet-faced road of hope beneath time's snow.
Nor any flower of now joy below - The furrows swept by the autumnal wind, Nor any corn stalk where the matrons hand The golden ears in a long, laughing row.
This is the bitterness of life, to feel - The slow, slow, slow minutes crawl away - But not to mark by my happy peal - Of what he is the passing of a day, Tarrying till our now consciousness doth steal Into death's pine wood, damp, obscure and grey. - George Bartlow.

HEMORRHOUS.

A genuine ham-bag - the least.
No man would hang a picture frame because of its gilt.
A friend in need is a friend - who generally strikes you for a quarter.
An over-hot steamer - the tea-kettle that failed to boil with its usual rapidity.
Why are good resolutions like fainting bellies? Because they want "carrying out."
Speaking of wages, it is when the harvest comes that the farmers go for a general cut down.
"Pa," said a 3 year old son, "can a rope walk?" "I think not my son," answered the father, "but it might if it were rain."

Rather an Old Game for Fast Riders.
"We don't have much time for play out on the road," said a railway mail clerk, "but we have a little stack on base ball, and we manage to carry a whole nine with us. There's the catcher there - the iron thing that catches the bags from the crane as we go by at the rate of fifty miles an hour - and it has to stop some hot ones, too. The man that throws the bags off we call the pitcher, and he is upon all of the curves, drops and twists. The mail carriers who pick up the bags on the fly and hustle them to the post-office are our fielders. The man who takes care of the bags and gets them ready for the foundation is called the short stop in every railway mail car in this country. Our letter case clerks are called the basemen, because they are continually passing letters from one to the other. Whenever one baseman drops a ball address he is given credit for an assist, and if a man fails to handle one of the tough ones, and somebody else can do it for him we give the second man credit for a 'put out.' Our basemen are deadly throwers, let me tell you. Our line are nine important positions, and we call each one an inning. We are always in dread of our 'sweat column,' for all of our errors are carefully scored against us in the superintendent's office. If we make too many errors we go into the captain's office some fine day and find that our names have been 'struck out' from the pay roll. That's a part of the game that isn't funny." - Chicago Herald.

Beautiful Australian Caves.
A number of large and beautiful stalactite caverns have been discovered near Queensland, Australia. In one, the walls, according to an exploring party, were beautifully white while the stalactites and stalagmites joined in exquisite tracery, reminding them of Chinese carved ivory. Another, fifty feet by thirty feet, with plain walls formed only by niches, and meeting in a vaulted roof of immense height, they called the cathedral. In some of the dark passages their candles were extinguished by the heat of bats. From others they descended sixty feet into lower caverns, but everywhere the ground sounded hollow beneath their feet, so that the whole mountain appears to be traversed by subterranean passages and caves in every direction excavated in the limestone rock by the action of hot springs.

A Touching Tale.
Said Fogg, "I just met a poor fellow who told me a awful tale of distress, and wound up by asking me for a quarter."
Brown - "And of course you gave it to him?"
Fogg - "No; I wanted to; but his tale was so pitiful that I burst into tears, and in my emotion I quite forgot the poor fellow and hastened away to hide my grief." - Boston Transcript.

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