

One copy, one year - \$ 2.00
One copy, six months - \$ 1.00
One copy, three months - \$.50

The Chatham Record.

VOL. IX.

PITTSBORO, CHATHAM CO., N. C., JANUARY 27, 1887.

NO. 21.

One square one insertion - \$1.00
One square two insertions - 1.50
One square one month - 2.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

A Woman's Portrait.
Blessing she is, God made her so,
And death of week-day life,
Fall from her robes as the snow,
For she is ever charmed to know
That an' he were easier than to be so.

BEHIND THE COUNTER.

"My first day at the store!" said Carry Wallingford, with a curious thrill through her, as if an ice cold stream were trickling down the line of her spinal column.

"Yes, I know," returned Carry, "but I'm very willing that I should be behind the counter this time."

"I wish I could be as brave as you, Uncle Wobsey," said Carry, as she stood in the window with a pair of black eyes and a swollen lip.

"All day long," said Carry, "I've been a customer. Well, a day is time for the old man to shut up his store or to go."

"How could she let the dear old man starve?" And Mr. Pickrell's fancy and dry goods store on South avenue was really a very creditable establishment.

"Not in the least," said Carry, with dignity. So the dark-eyed stranger with the fur-trimmed coat departed, and Mrs. Pickrell praised the young shop-girl for the good sale she had made.

"What can I show you?" she asked, timidly, of the new customer.

"Silk, please," said the young man. And when Carry perceived that he was considerably more embarrassed than herself, she took courage.

"What color?" said she. "I don't know," answered the customer. "That is, I haven't quite made up my mind. Perhaps you could suggest."

"What is it for?" Carry asked, with mild toleration of his evident bewilderment, and at the same time she could not help perceiving that he was very handsome.

"For a dress," said Carry. "A dress? But is it for a young lady, or an old one?"

"I don't know," acknowledged the gentleman. "Young—that is, not old. She can't be over forty. To tell you the truth—and he smiled in spite of himself—'I've never seen the lady. But she is a cousin of mine, and I want to make her a present.'"

"What would you advise?" said the stranger, blandly clatching at Carry's feminine counsel as a shipwrecked mariner may be expected to cling to a floating log.

"I would choose a blue and brown," said Carry, after a second or two of deliberation.

"I should think," said Carry, after a second or two of deliberation, "that it would be better for you to buy a dress that is a little more expensive."

Uncle Wobsey laid down the knife, and carefully dusting his hands on the roller-towel, drew forth from the box a pair of new black silk gloves, striped around the wrist with a red and white pattern.

"What's the matter?" said the old man. "Ain't they pretty? Oughtn't I to have taken 'em?"

"I'm on glad you chose the new black silk," murmured Carry. "What should I have done with a blue or a pink one?"

"I would have looked very well on you," said the customer, meditatively eyeing her. "Blue would have matched your eyes, pink your cheeks."

"I thought that only old ladies wear black silk," said Carry, growing interested. "But they are only suitable for a very few occasions, while black is always appropriate."

"I thought that only old ladies wear black silk," said Carry, growing interested. "But they are only suitable for a very few occasions, while black is always appropriate."

"I thought that only old ladies wear black silk," said Carry, growing interested. "But they are only suitable for a very few occasions, while black is always appropriate."

"I thought that only old ladies wear black silk," said Carry, growing interested. "But they are only suitable for a very few occasions, while black is always appropriate."

A SWORD DUEL.

A Hard Fight for the Richest Heiress in Virginia.

The Young Lady's Laughing Squire Taken Adapted by Her Two Lovers.

An Alexandria (Va.) letter to the New York Sun notes the fact that "Mrs. Henry N. V. Dulaney, the richest heiress in Virginia, has taken up her residence in this metropolitan city."

"I'm on glad you chose the new black silk," murmured Carry. "What should I have done with a blue or a pink one?"

"I would have looked very well on you," said the customer, meditatively eyeing her. "Blue would have matched your eyes, pink your cheeks."

"I thought that only old ladies wear black silk," said Carry, growing interested. "But they are only suitable for a very few occasions, while black is always appropriate."

Protection Against Frost.

The agricultural countries in Europe, France especially, often suffer from late Spring frosts, which destroy the young vegetation and its much incubated.

"I'm on glad you chose the new black silk," murmured Carry. "What should I have done with a blue or a pink one?"

"I would have looked very well on you," said the customer, meditatively eyeing her. "Blue would have matched your eyes, pink your cheeks."

"I thought that only old ladies wear black silk," said Carry, growing interested. "But they are only suitable for a very few occasions, while black is always appropriate."

"I thought that only old ladies wear black silk," said Carry, growing interested. "But they are only suitable for a very few occasions, while black is always appropriate."

DOCTORED DIAMONDS.

Clever Work Accomplished by Dishonest Jewellers.

A Scheme to Deceive a Dealer Which was Nearly Successful.

A watchmaker named Jones, who has become expert in many general branches of precision work, was found taken in a few days ago by a dishonest jewel dealer who had been deceiving him.

"I'm on glad you chose the new black silk," murmured Carry. "What should I have done with a blue or a pink one?"

"I would have looked very well on you," said the customer, meditatively eyeing her. "Blue would have matched your eyes, pink your cheeks."

"I thought that only old ladies wear black silk," said Carry, growing interested. "But they are only suitable for a very few occasions, while black is always appropriate."

Recompense.

Every summer when roses fall, the garden is a scene of desolation.

"I'm on glad you chose the new black silk," murmured Carry. "What should I have done with a blue or a pink one?"

"I would have looked very well on you," said the customer, meditatively eyeing her. "Blue would have matched your eyes, pink your cheeks."

"I thought that only old ladies wear black silk," said Carry, growing interested. "But they are only suitable for a very few occasions, while black is always appropriate."

"I thought that only old ladies wear black silk," said Carry, growing interested. "But they are only suitable for a very few occasions, while black is always appropriate."

The Law and the Profits.

Mrs. Sampson's eldest boy had gone West, and a friend of the family was making some inquiries about him.

Bonful of the Outcome.

A. E. insurance agent riding out applications. Your general health is good, if that's all.

The War of '12.

"You see you were in the war of '12?" "Certainly."

Bessie's Almond.

"Bessie, I hear your sister is sick. What's her name?"