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RATES OF ADVERTISING

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.

When Stars Shine:
Look! Daylight's faintest glimmer
Pales out of sea and sky.
The serene cliffs were grimmer,
Then into darkness fly.

NAN'S CONQUEST.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

Mr. Edward Carpenter was described by the gossips of Snowville as a "crusty old bachelor, too hateful to live," having refused for some 25 or 30 years to yield to the fascinations of maid or widow.

Therefore, May Carroll, being a widow, though not yet twenty-four, and mother of Nan, who was but four, bestowed upon Mr. Carpenter her most scornful glances and withering frowns.

Nan was a tiny creature—blue-eyed, fair-haired; and to see her draw up her childish stature to its full height and flash contempt from her baby face was really something wonderful.

Who first called Mr. Carpenter "Old Snap-em-up," from the short, cross speech he bestowed upon children, was never clearly proved. But everybody in Snowville knew the name.

Mrs. Carroll knew that just such baby blue eyes as hers had desolated his life, just such a wee rosy mouth spoken false vows and broken faith.

It was three weeks after he met her in the woods, that Mr. Carpenter, walking up Main street, felt again a tiny hand in his, and looked down upon Nan's yellow curls and big, brown eyes.

"Good morning," said Nan, politely.
No answer, but a scowl, yet the little hand still nestled closely. Presently, still walking beside her friend by election of one, Nan said:

"I'm pretty well, I thank you," as in reprehensible reminder that her greeting had not been answered. The tone said:

"If you are too rude to inquire how I am, I am polite enough to tell you."
Still no answer, and the heavy hand hid the quivering lips. Then the little hand gave a strong pull, and the baby voice said imperiously:

the sunshine of protecting love. Jonathan guessed, but Jonathan was mute.

It was winter weather, when one morning Mrs. Carroll, who was giving a music-lesson, was startled by a boy who rushed into her pupil's room, crying:

"Oh, Mrs. Carroll, come! come! Old Snap-em-up is a-killin' o' your Nan! You can hear her a-screamin' 'way down the road!"

The mother flew to the rescue. Already there was a crowd around the house, and everybody talked at once. Doors and windows were barred and bolted; but from its fastness came waiting cries!

"Come to Nan! Oh, mamma! Come!" And then wordless screams of childish fear and agony. No mother could long endure them, and in answer to her frenzied appeals, two men forced the door. The first object that greet them was old Jonathan, gagged and bound fast to one of the bed chairs.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

TO THE CHILDREN:
If I drizzle and pour
Is that any reason
That you should be sad?

THE SPARROW'S BATH
Have you ever noticed the pugnacious little English sparrow perform his morning ablution?

PARLOR INSTANCE IN BIRDS.
A Portland (Me.) paper tells the following story: "A woman living on one of Portland's elm-shaded streets noticed a couple of young orioles that had fallen from the nest to the street, where they were in imminent danger of being run over or devoured by the numerous cats and dogs in the vicinity."

REALITY INSTANCE OF MOTHERLY CARE.
A robin's nest was filled with young ones in sight of a friend's window. The mother was away when a violent thunder storm came up.

WHAT WAS IT DO?
Georgie lives with his grandpa and grandma, and he sleeps in the room with them. One night he was very restless, tossing about and kicking anything that came within reach of his small feet.

PROFITABLE CATCH OF A NATURALIST.
G. W. Dunn, the California naturalist, has just returned from a trip through Lower California and Sonora.

AT THE RESTAURANT COUNTER.
Guest—This is the self same sandwich I refused to have last week because it was stale.

A ROMAN DISH.
The Romans were epicures and one of their favorite dishes was made of the large white snails which abound in the Italian woods.

Excusable.
Young Mother—Horror! Here's an account in the paper of a woman who sold her baby for 25 cents.

A CLEVER CONVICT

How a Maryland Prisoner Has Employed Himself.

Making Numerous Ingenious and Useful Articles.

In a little cell on the second tier of one of the dormitories in the Maryland penitentiary, Tobias F. Hudson has passed nearly nine years of his life.

When first convicted he was shamed, and continually brooded over his condition, but he gradually realized that occupation was the best means of diverting his thoughts.

He found he could not work all the time and he commenced to purchase books, which he eagerly read. He was careful in his selections, and one corner of his cell is filled with nearly 200 volumes.

A short time ago, when electric light wires were being placed in the prison he became interested in electricity and purchased a few standard works upon that subject.

The man is constantly seeking diversion in new and untried fields of work, and when a prisoner escaped from a cell in the prison yard by hammering on the pollock which fastened his cell door until the bolt is dropped back and the lock opened.

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Hudson has always been an exemplary prisoner, and is entitled to twenty-six months' commutation of time. He will, therefore, be released April 5, 1894.

If men were half as wise in their actions as they are in their minds the word "fool" would be out of use.

Dogs and Their Affections.

It has often been mooted as a vexed question, writes Ouida, why all men of genius or greatness are so fond of dogs.

There is something shocking to our high opinion of him in the caustious with which he will sniff at the stiff body of a brother dog; he will follow his master to the grave, and sometimes die on it; but the loss of his own kind leaves him unmoved.

I had two puppies of the Maltese, commonly called the Maltese breed; large, white, very beautiful dogs with long hair; varying in size between a Newfoundland and a collie; the old Greek race of water-dogs, to which, quite certainly, Argus belonged.

These puppies, named Pan and Paris, lived together, fed, played and slept together, and were never separated for a moment for seven months.

Now, by my own observation, I can declare that Pan nursed his brother as assiduously as any boy could have nursed another; ficked him, cleaned him, brought him out into the sun; did all that he could think of, and when his brother at last lay there cold and unresponsive to his efforts, his grief and astonishment were painful to see.

When the birds are savage, or, as the Dutch call it, they become very aggressive, and it is impossible to walk about the camp unless armed with a weapon of defense called a ruck.

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It Makes a Difference.

A boy will stand and hold a kite From early morn till late at night. But, oh! it gives him bitter pain To stand and hold his mother's skin.

A woman will not never mind My wife is standing close behind. And resting over my shoulder. Some other time, perhaps, I may Take up the theme of woman's way. When I am feeling better.

HUMOROUS.

A howling swell—An ulcerated tooth.
A borrower of books is generally a thorough book-keeper.

If we may judge by his feathers the peacock is a well-trained bird.
I'm dumb!—as the poor fellow said when he opened the business letter.

Justice is made blind so that she can't see what is going on in the courtroom.
The dentist, like the rest of us, is in the race for wealth, but he always appears to be pulling out.

Man always flatters himself. He talks of his "resignation," when fortune has simply given him the grand bonnet.
Whenever you see a man handling a young woman as if he were afraid he would break her, you may make up your mind that she is a bride.

Water—What kind of soup will you have?
Beenthere—Just plain.
Water—What do you mean by that?
Beenthere—Without any thum in it.

He—Young Dandies says he had a hard pull to detach himself from Miss Fair's fascinations. She (contemptuously)—It must have been a monkey wrench then.
Mr. Brown—So you won't my daughter's hand in marriage? What have you got to support yourself on?
Mr. Frank—Nothing, sir. I have tried my hand at everything; now I would like to try your daughter's.

The Coming Plant.
The coming plant is a matter of speculation as the coming man. Professor George L. Goodale of Harvard says the first development is in the direction of the seedles. There is no good reason, he thinks, why there should not be seedless raspberries, seedless strawberries and seedless blackberries.

No Forelegs and No Tail.
The oddest cat in Connecticut belongs to A. C. Wood, a barber in Hartford. It is a pretty little brown and white fellow, three months old, and very playful, although it has no forelegs and no tail.

The Arab's Test of a Good Horse.
The Arab's test of a good horse is that he must stand erect upon his legs when drinking from a shallow pool. Observation will disclose the fact that but comparatively few horses, either from defective conformation or through strains and injuries, reach the Arabian standard.