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TRACTS will be made.

## We Ain't A-Goin' to Cry.

It's mighty curious weather—been a pretty ter-a-rain.

When there come a regular deluge on the mountains and the plain:

They opened all the windows in the mountains—sky.

An' desideable complects—but we ain't a-goin' to cry.

It's mighty curious weather in the country for rain near.

For the wind has blown the blossoms on the trees everywhere.

An' they're eatin' all the profits of the crops an' the trees.

An' it makes like trouble—but we ain't a-goin' to cry.

For what's the use in frettin', or in spendin' time in squalor?

One day the sun's gone an' the next he's comin' back again.

Watchin' near the ocean land—sun—on the mountains—high.

An' the happy boys are right on we and we're in cry.

## HUMOROUS.

Humility is to the weather what stupidity is to the mind.

Calico—Is Mr. Brown at home? Yes, sir; you will find him at the office.

Marie—Is that Captain's sister? Louise—No. He hasn't proposed yet.

Fathers are always telling their children stories that make their wives mad.

Judas—What's vengeance anyway? Hyde—It's what the other fellow leaves you.

What a hateful place this would be if it were full of people who would agree with us.

The reward of a man, and the doom of a scoundrel are responsible for a great many miseries.

What becomes of the old fashioned woman who scolds before going to bed at night?

In case of a war, to get the word of it at this war she will be very she can invent a grape-vine.

I used to sing, because I did sing: When I come to you, you will be

The result will be taxes.

"Yes," said Mrs. Newrich. "Pido not very sick yesterday and I had to call in a vegetarian doctor.

A good many worthless husbands are in the mother-in-law business. With them marriage is a misfortune.

Johanna.—My papa's taking lessons on the trombone. Guess I know it and my papa is taking lessons with a shotgun.

"Can I see you in part for a moment?" "You mean, no, don't you?" "Yes—just a minute—just exactly. I want to borrow this."

Miss Fairdale did not marry Lord Blandford—after all. "No, she came back the same pretties beauty she always was."

Bland—That little dog of mine is a great swig. Middle—Is that so? Hyde—Why, didn't you see he was inventing grape-vines?

Brown—A man's son—so according to the spirit of his father. Brown—Do you mean that the less square the honesty the greater the success?

My poor friend's sometimes like a right fool—right. As I do think there's nothing worse than a fool.

Tramp—I have seen a better days, ladies. Feels with joyful thoughts.

Wife—Tramp—Bremen this spot, lady, two weeks ago, when I got a whole lot.

Proud Father (to Frank). This is my youngest son, Frank, this is Mr. Johnson. Frank (to me). Is that the man of whom mother and yesterday told he had more money than brains?

Carl—What did you accept, Mrs. Murray for a man? Louis—Lord to Papa over his brother a good deal of money—dark roses his brother a three-hundred-dollar rose his sister a sumptuous necklace—silver diamonds.

Albie Bats—  
Old-year-wishes, kindred, mirthless roundabout. Days during my vacation it was a daily task, when bats, said an Avon street urchin, and I talked with others from a sheltered bower along the "Caves of the Avon." There they lay down in the shadowed old bushes, and fine children, which we were told, were never seen, whiskey still, and whisky-flavored quinine—and slept the same night.

"Minds of our surprise when, at twilight, we saw numbers of white bats, darting in the air over our heads and identifying them from their number of them, in boats. We traced them to their home in the dilapidated chimney. Whether they were natural Albies, or artificially blinded by the fumes of the still was a question that puzzled us considerably, but they were bats—that we were certain. One of our party thought they were associated with chimney frogs, or ashe, and they were too intensely white to that."

Philadelphia Record—  
Young—What was the last discussion of that Young Ladies' Debating Society of yours?

Mario—Oh, we took up the old question of "Is Marriage a Failure?"

Maud—Well, what was the result of the debate?

Mario—A committee consisting of the entire membership was appointed to try it and see—Truth.

Holzmann (Germany) authorities to the sale of American corned-beef which is not accompanied by an American certificate.

Unafraid.

A distant beyond our ken,  
The accents of an unknown tongue.  
Life speaks, this world of passing men  
That is incomparably old.  
And sad with sinning manifold,  
Yet, with each morning, sweet and young.

Very sweet and young it is, and pain—  
Its meaning, for a girl's light breath  
Cleaves the wisdom that has laid  
Long centuries stored in reverend books.  
They doubt and dream; she by her looks—  
Laughs down the lie of earthly death.

—Eleanor Burges, in Harper's.

## A Passing Acquaintance.

BY M. L. R. BRANCOL.

In a mountain hotel a gay group of boarders were seated about in hall and parlor, engaged in honey-work, reading or light games, while a cheery fire burned brightly on the hearth, for it was late in the season.

"We are just a nice party now," said one young lady, looking up from her lapful of shaded silks; "I hope nobody else will come!"

"Except to fill vacancies as we drop off," said a gentleman, as he laid aside his letters. "You will see two vacant chairs at the table tomorrow."

"Very well," was the reply. "If you must go, we will spread our silks and keep the table full. If we can't have Mrs. Bruce and you we don't want any one."

The next morning the lone-bound travelers left on the early stage, and at the last moment another guest decided to accompany them.

The party remaining went out, some to ramble in the pine woods, some to the concert in the castle. Returning toward dinner time, they found that a telegram had been received from Miss Millicent Paul, a speaking in room. There was a burst of delight on reading the telegram. Millicent Paul was known to some of the party, and two of them had been her schoolmates at a fashionable seminary three years before.

"Millicent will be the rosy lead in our cup of happiness," said one; "and how fortunate that there is room for her at our table."

The dinner bell rang, and the merry group betook themselves to the dining room. Two chairs were turned down at the table.

"Who has come?" the guests inquired of one another.

As they took their seats, a man and his wife entered, in a hesitating manner, and were given the two chairs. Swift glances were directed at them, and side looks exchanged. They were evidently plain, hard-working people, entirely unaccustomed to traveling and to hotel life. In an instant the original party became a clique. They hardly concealed their dislike of the newcomers, which brought among them a personality that pervaded all the scenes of what was stylish, conventional, and agreeable. The two strangers were heartily helped themselves to what they wanted, finished their meal and left the table, before the rest of the company had reached their seats and chairs.

"Did you ever?" "I call it an outrage, forcing such people on us."

"The plowman had better stay at home and plow." "His hands took away my appetite." "I hope they are not going to stay overnight."

The off-riding couple spent the afternoon walking about to see the views, and then sat out in the piazza till supper time. After supper, the enthusiasm recommended.

"They're going to stay. The attorney has gone up to No. 11." "What will Millicent Paul say? She will have to sit next to them." "She'll freeze them with one glance when she sees that hand reaching in front of her for the butter."

"Oh, come now!" said the brother of the last speaker; "you knew they needed the butter, and you should have passed it, seeing the waiter was not on hand."

"Hush! I'm too provoked for anything. We were such a nice party till those folks pushed in. And when Millicent is coming too! It just spoils the table."

Next day, while the newcomers were out, Millicent Paul arrived, amid the welcoming exclamations of her friends. She was a tall, slender girl with an animated countenance, fashionably dressed, carrying gold eyeglasses, and holding her head aloft in a way peculiarly her own. She had plenty to say, said it well, and was at once the centre of everything.

At dinner time she took the vacant seat, and was just receiving her plate of soup when the much-criticized couple came in. The guests were all consciously watchful, but Miss Paul seemed to notice nothing. She was giving a vivid description of her journey. Suddenly she paused an instant.

"I beg your pardon," she said.

pleasantly, as her embarrassed neighbor attempted, rather awkwardly, to reach the salt, and, placing it conveniently near, she resumed her description.

"May I trouble you for the pepper?" she asked him a little later; "not black, I prefer white. Thank you." And she spoke in exactly the same tone as when she asked him to take a little young Mr. Waring across the table if he knew when the mail went out. He admitted her from the less for it.

"She has a broader outlook than the rest of us," he thought to himself.

A trip to the Notch was planned for the next day, to go in the morning and return at night. There were enough to fill two mounting wagons. No, not quite enough. Those who counted found there would be room for two more.

"Don't mention it, or Mr. Wilbur and his wife may offer to go," said one lady, with a touch of irritation in her voice.

"Oh! we can't have them," said one of the girls who had been Miss Paul's schoolmates. "Can we, Millicent?"

"Who not?" asked Miss Paul.

"Oh why, because you know—no doubt they're excellent people, but how they would look along with us!"

"My dear Hetty," said Miss Paul, "why be narrow? Why voluntarily live in a groove? I have found the most interesting people in the most unexpected places. Don't turn your back upon your fellow creatures."

Mr. Waring stepped into the hall where the Wilburs stood differently examining a last year's register.

"Would you like to take the trip to the Notch tomorrow, with the rest of the party?" he asked cordially.

"We would like it very much," said the man.

"Very much indeed?" echoed his mate.

"The expense is three dollars for each seat."

"That's all right," said the man.

"And now which of us will have to sit next to them?" inquired the girls in the parlor.

But when the teams were ready the next morning, it was Miss Paul who graciously and unconsciously claimed over the wheel and sat by the Wilburs. It was not that she preferred the seat, except as she felt more easily that they were at a little disadvantage with the others, and it was perhaps one secret of her perfect bearing in social circles that her private rate of politeness was the little old-fashioned couplet:

"Spacious is the field and wide—  
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

Some enterprising person who does not add nothing—experiment that would claim me of impudent bravado, has discovered that members pay a cent a day for a meal.

It is estimated that they are not only nutritious, but sensible to the taste, particularly when boiled for two hours, with butter and spoonfuls of salt added. The value of this discovery is great because these athletic investments have so disastrously devastated the farms in the west to such an extent that those who have depended upon this for a profit have been brought face to face with starvation. Now, knowing the value of the grasshopper as a means of sustaining life, they need not starve, and it is the discoverer claims the insect is so delicious a morsel, perhaps many will welcome what has hitherto been considered a plague, simply for the variety the exhibition will afford in their daily fare.—Atlanta Constitution.

Coming Eastward.

The long sought is having its consequences in a wholesome emigration of settlers from the poorly-watered sections of the Far West. It will be even greater this year than it was three years ago. It is especially large from the dry plateau of Western Kansas and Eastern Colorado. From Portsmouth, N. H., it is reported that long trains of immigrant wagons are daily running eastward, the immigrants being thoroughly discouraged. They are pulling up stakes and leaving without any definite object in view and with no definite objective point.

They are going east of the Mississippi, where they will somehow spend the winter before determining a future settlement. It is estimated that since the failure of the crop became so certainly more than 10,000 settlers have left the State of Nebraska alone. On a certain day, it is said, more than 300 covered wagons were waiting at Portsmouth to cross the bridge.

Particulars about the crossing from different directions, but no one found them all either dining at the nearest hotel or lurking in the woods close by.

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Mr. Wilbur experienced a slight mental shock. His father had lost both legs in the War, and he himself had never thought of a Southerner except as a fool at heart. Yet here were these people boasting to him with the rest, in cordial, pleasant fashion.

Language had not been given to Mr. Wilbur for the purpose of concealing his thoughts, and they sent up to London for a famous engineer to come and look it over. He came and was puzzled too, until he thought of a way to best it. He took a camera and made a picture of the bridge with no one in it. Then he kept his camera in position and waited for a fact train to come thundering along, and just as the big locomotive struck the bridge he pulled open the side and took a second picture on the same plate that still held the first. When the train was examined the picture with the train was found to be much the other as to show what the engineer and managers had feared, a dangerous droop to the bridge. —New York Witness.

"So we have—it we have?" said Mr. Wilbur, and the two shook hands silently. This scene escaped the notice of the rest of the company, who had at once engaged in lively conversation, but to them it was one of those little strokes that help to clinch a story.

"And mine lost his legs," replied the Southern man, quietly. "But it is all over now. You and I have one another."

Revealed by Photography.

Now that it is possible to take instantaneous pictures, the use of the camera has extended in every way. A few weeks ago a certain iron railway bridge was suspected of being unsafe. It looked all right, but there were some reasons why the managers were afraid of it. They could not decide themselves, and they sent up to London for a famous engineer to come and look it over.

"I never expected to meet a Southern man," he said, in blunt tones; "my father was made a cripple in the War."

"And mine lost his legs," replied the Southern man, quietly. "But it is all over now. You and I have one another."

He enjoyed his sewing performance, also—to see him hold a little piece of stuff and smooth the raw edge which rested on the petticoat, and pretend to sew with the other, getting into difficulties with the thread, and finally setting up a loud song in praise of sewing—just as if he were reciting an advertisement.—Youth's Companion.

An eccentric Southern woman dated herself 1789 instead of 1889, but the court has decided that this does not impair its validity.

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

—There are many

children begin and all sort of birds

birds woods and fields.

All the old books must be found

Pasted up and mended.

Tiny boy he