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Unsealed. The gift divine Is not so far as many say Not weary tongues away, away, But thine and mine. The gift supreme Is not so high as great ones tell; Not where the aged martyrs dwell But in our dream. The gift most strong Is not of mountain rib or sea, Or twisted bolt of victory, But in a song. The gift most sweet Is not beyond the Alps, or bid Behind old Khafu's pyramid, But at our feet. The gift most fair Is not wild lilies, dappled sky, Or frosted cloud that drowns or dy, But what we are. The gift above All rockings of artful art Is not beyond that in the heart Of human love. -IDA MAY DAVIS.

THE VALENTINE.

BY MARY C. PRESTON.

"No clients today," thought Philip Aehorn, as he turned from his office window and went back to his desk. A fine rain was falling outside, a rain which was freezing as it fell, making the pavement as smooth as a sheet of ice. The young lawyer knew that few, save those who went forth to earn daily bread, would venture out this cold, dreary February morning; and the bread-winners of the city never sought that airy, pleasant office of the talented and wealthy Philip Aehorn. He was leaning idly back in his chair, playing with a pen, which as yet was innocent of ink, and dreaming of a pair of gray eyes—laughing, sunny, tender eyes—when the door was pushed open, and a young man entered very unceremoniously. Philip looked up with a slight smile; evidently the newcomer was no stranger to him, nor unwelcome. "Good! you are all alone and idle," said the visitor; "for just once in my life, I am going to employ you!" "Yes. To draw up your will, my dear Guy?" "Not exactly; but will you compose a verse or two—very sentimental—for a Valentine? I want to send one, but I couldn't make a rhyme to save my life; you can, I know. Will you, Phil?" "I write verses for a love-sick swain? My boy, you must wonder I don't throw you out of yonder window! I am a lawyer, not a scribbler of rhymes!" "But you can scribble rhymes, and I can't. Won't you help me? I've just set my heart on sending her something she'd like, and I knew you would help me; you will, old boy?" And Guy Azore, with his boyish face flushed a little, and his blue eyes glowing, drew a chair beside that of his friend and sat down. Philip looked at the impulsive face indulgently a moment, then, with a low laugh, drew forward some sheets of paper, and dipped his pen in the ink. "Here goes," he said, merrily. "Is it to be a declaration, my boy? or do you only wish to let her know that you are hard hit, and leave her in a state of blissful uncertainty as to whether or not she is to have the pleasure of rejecting you later? Her eyes are blue, are they not? That will furnish one rhyme, for of course I—you will tell her that your love is 'true'?" "See here," said Guy, moodily, "I am hard hit, and if you are going to chaff me—"

"Poor Guy!" thought Philip, trying not to laugh. But he was too happy, too blest in his new-found and unexpected bliss, not to honestly pity the disappointed youth. "A token of the love you give me?" he asked, gently. "Truly such token is of more value to me than a crown would be. I wrote the words you read this morning without a hope in my heart; but now—"

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN. AT THE TOP. Oh, the apple trees in the orchard! Like rose-chubby faces I see The russets and pippins, shy peepers, B-tween leaves a-trickle, at me! And on the crisp breeze, as I'm longing To sail for the heavens to drop, A little, haunting song comes to whisper, "The best fruit is found at the top!" On the gnarled and mossy boughs appeared tosing! They cradle me now in their arms, And outward I gaze on the orchard, The river, the uplands, and farms, So, going far, far from childhood, That little, breeze song never will stop: Fame, station, are won but by climbing; "The best fruit is found at the top!" -GEORGE CORLIAN in Detroit Free Press.

LIFE IN A DUGOUT. Subterranean Homes on the Wind-Swept Prairies. How to Live Comfortably Under the Ground. Some time ago the writer had the pleasure of spending a night in one of the most comfortable and substantial residences in Texas. The wind outside blew as it never blows anywhere in the world save on the plains of northwest Texas during a norther, but the house never once trembled. It was the kind of house that the wind cannot shake, and that not even an earthquake can topple over. One would think that so strong a house would be well known and quite popular, but it is not treated of in any books on architecture. It has an architectural design of its own which bears no resemblance to the Corinthian, the Ionic, or the Doric. One peculiarity is that while in most structures you begin at the bottom and build up to the top, in this one you begin building at the top and go down to the bottom. There is no technical name for such houses, but in Texas they are popularly known as "dug-outs."

How about the horses? "Oh, they'll pull through all right," he said. "I picketed them on the south side of the windbreak, you know, and that'll help considerably." This windbreak consisted only of a bank of earth thrown up at a little distance from the dugout. It was a poor stable at best, but it amounted to something in case of life and death with the animals sheltered by it. -New York Sun.

A Valentine. Accept, dear wife, this little token, And, if between the lines you seek, You'll find the love I've often spoken - The love I'll always love to speak. Our little ones are making merry With one ditty riddled in jest, But in these lines though awkward very, The genuine article's expressed! You are so fair and sweet and tender, Dear brown-eyed little sweetheart mine, And when a cello youth, and slender, I asked to be your valentine. What though these years of ours be fleeting? What though these years of ours be flown? I'll mock old Kronos with repeating "I love my love, and her alone!" And when I fall before his reaping, And when my stuttering speech is dumb, Think not my love is dead or sleeping, But that it waits for you to come. So take, dear love, this little token, And if there speaks in any line The sentiment I'll fain have spoken, Say, will you kiss your valentine? -EMMA FIELD.