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Laugh a Little Bit.

Here's a motto just your fit - Laugh a little bit. When you think you're trouble fit, Laugh a little bit. Look misfortune in the face. Brave the boldman's rude grimaces; To one I'll yield its place, If you have the wit and grit Just to laugh a little bit.

Something Did Happen.

BY HELEN W. PIERSON.

Aunt Selah hustled about the kitchen, setting out butter, sugar and flour on the table, and keeping an eye on the stove, where a clear fire was burning. It was a warm June day and the heat was intense, but Aunt Selah did not feel it. Her dusky face, which was wrinkled as a dried persimmon, showed some anxiety as she peered out of the door now and then.

her father. Her sunny face had grown serious. She felt that she had an important work to do. "My birthday will not be like other days, after all," she said as she mounted the porch. This time she used the pretty side-saddle her father had given her for a birthday gift.

she heard the noise and flew to the door, "ef dar ain't missy back ag'in'm' Topsy's done bring comp'ny! Dellow, wutever is de matter?" She was just in time to catch the dizzy girl in her arms as she fell from her seat with a face as white as snow, drawing her breath in short gasps.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN. IF YOU WANT TO BE HAPPY, DON'T BE A PASTOR. "Don't be a pastor," Mother Hyde called, with her cap-strings all a-flutter. "Go about the gutter," Sam replied. "And I can't shut it any more."

PESTS OF INDIA. Horrible Realities and Possibilities That Torture Ours. A Rat Which Eats Your Hair at Night. "Along with the Indian heat," says a returned East Indian, "there go many varieties of noxious insects. The mosquitoes swarm the year round. Every hole is covered with a tent of mosquito netting, and it is the inviolability of your boy, after having made the bed in the morning, to secure out all lingering mosquitoes and then draw the gauze curtains close and tuck them under the mattress. On going to bed you make a little hole in the tent, get in quickly and draw it tight again."

doctors, but they always take the European cholera mixture. Of course no European submits himself to a native doctor. Abscess of the liver is the great terror of the European, though the land breeze comes laden with all sorts of horrible possibilities. "The change of climate as one goes from the coast into the mountains is like magic. On the journey up from Bombay to Matar one starts with a pocketful of Indian cigars, trichinopolis, cheap long rolls of tobacco with a draw through them that they may draw. This is because they are extremely wet. But when one reaches Mataran he finds his trichinopolis as dry as a punk. The thin atmosphere of the heights has sucked them dry of all their moisture." - New York Sun.

The Sorland Wind. The south wind on the hill - And the west wind on the lea - But better than these I love - The north wind on the sea. For the north wind on the sea Is furthest and kindest; The ocean, vast and free, As not more great. On the hill the south wind laughs - When the blue cloud shadows fall - The west wind takes the lead - With a ripple of glow. But the north wind on the deep Is the wind of winds for me - Spirit of dauntless life, And Lord of Love's!