

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XVII.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., APRIL 25, 1895.

NO. 35.

Table with advertising rates: One square, one insertion - \$1.00; One square, two insertions - 1.50; One square, one month - 4.00

For larger advertisements liberal concessions will be made.

Where Love Is. A maiden asked if I could tell where love is. Ah, no, said I, that's hard to say, where love is.

THE JUDGE'S MISTAKE.

It was in October of 1893. I was in the smoker of the North Shore limited, speeding northward along the shore of the Hudson and, as the increasing darkness obscured the view of the river and the Catskills, my attention was drawn to a couple of gentlemen who sat nearly opposite me on the other side of the car.

car, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he secured a footing on the rear platform. The car had gone but two or three blocks when it stopped at a crossing. The pressure increased, people trod upon his feet and dug their elbows into his sides in their efforts to make way for someone who was coming from the inside of the car.

"I urged him to make a clean breast of the whole matter, but he would not consent. He said it would ruin him. Even if he could escape criminal liability, he could not survive the ridicule which would follow. No, he must avoid detection.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

What have you brought us, gentle spring? Songs for the robins and the birds sing. Emerald robes for branches bare. Blossoms of woodland, fresh and fair.

SIBERIAN EXILES.

Life of Banished Russians in the Penal Colonies. They Fare Better Than Convicts in England Prisons. In order to remove the impression that Russian exiles are subjected to very barbarous treatment, Harry de Windt has travelled to Siberia, where he visited the prisons. On his return to London he made a statement to Reuter's Agency, which statement is now freely circulated in the English papers.

IN SPRING.

Dear heart, I waited many weary years, In distant doubt, afar off lingering; And once was there a dream of fallen tears, And once a strife, and once a song to sing.

HUMOROUS.

There is nothing one can get accustomed to quicker than luxury. "Is the medicine hard to take?" "No. Just as easy as the cold was."