

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XVII.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., AUGUST 1, 1895.

NO. 49.

Table with advertising rates: One square, one insertion - \$1.00; One square, two insertions - 1.50; One square, one month - 2.00

For larger advertisements liberal concessions will be made.

A Lyric of Joy. Over the shoulders and slopes of the dunes, I saw the white daisies go down to the sea.

"SCRAP."

BY MATT CRIM.

Mrs. Heath rolled up her knitting and went to the door. The November air was tinged with frost and she shivered as she leaned out listening for sounds of travel upon the road.

mainly do," she declared, in a softened tone. "I couldn't begin to count the stray cats and lame dogs you've fetched home with you to be company for me, and now this pore little chap, What's your name?" she demanded of the little fellow.

be right under it now. Where is Scrap?" he questioned aloud. The workmen were already frantically cutting away at the timber to get him away from under a branch of the tree.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN. SEVENTH TIME. Around the chimney smokers fly, And wrens explore the barn and shed, The orioles fly flashing by, With bits of straw and cotton shred.

FUTURE OF WAR. Modern Guns Will Necessitate a Change in Tactics. Balloons, Photography and Telephones Will Be Employed.

Obeying Orders. Here is a good story which the boys in camp will appreciate, told last night at the Army and Navy Club. It illustrates an Irishman's disposition to carry out his orders.

The Wishing Ring. "A wishing ring? a 'wishing ring?' I would that one ever possessed such a thing. What would it do if such a thing? Then speak of it, could it be?"