

H. A. LONDON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 PER YEAR Strictly in Advance.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion - \$1.00 One square, two insertions - 1.50 One square, one month - 8.00

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Bob White. When the sun's gold spears were falling On the new-made morn. Did I hear a clear voice calling, Calling from the corn? ... Miss Kate sat silent for a moment and listened to a few bars of "Le Reve de mon Ceur" waltz...

The Fourteenth Guest.

BY GRACE FORDHAM SPENCER.

Mr. Banks: "My dearest I believe Miss Waddington. Do you care to... Miss Kate Waddington, her pretty round face flushed with indignation. "I'm astonished that you venture to speak to me... He pulling his waistcoat a little, because his shirt front pointed too much...

ties, or theology, or school boards, or the new woman. "A guinea wasn't the price," said Mr. Banks gloomily biting one of his gloves... "You may take my hand—I didn't say kiss it." "The whole thing is so absurd. On Tuesday evening I was with Howard Jones, a very good fellow and old school chum of mine."

"I'm Miss Waddington still!" at most roughly she put his arm away. "But Kate—Miss Waddington was engaged. "Perhaps you expect me to fall in your arms like a girl in a story, or begin kissing you like the vulgar creature in 'The Professor's Love Story'."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN. THE LITTLE BOYS. Come here, you gentlemen! I've summed up for you. You don't know my letters. ... A MODEL ESTATE. One of the Most Magnificent Farms in America. Located on a Peninsula Extending into Lake Champlain.

They were not long left in doubt. Head once began to nod—a nod of it. Link by link it disappeared down his esophagus. It was very evident that the bird was no easy one, for before he got it half-way down he seemed to reject his bargain. ... The Wood of Most Uses. Theoretically speaking, says Timber of London, England, the oak is the most useful tree...

An Old-Time Novel. A pretty girl With wavy hair. An evening party somewhat late. A handsome man. A loving talk. ... A small country seat—The milk stool. "There's the new moon—look at it over your left shoulder." She—"I can't." He—"Why?" And she pointed dimly to her hairbon sleeves.

HUMOROUS. A small country seat—The milk stool. "There's the new moon—look at it over your left shoulder." She—"I can't." He—"Why?" And she pointed dimly to her hairbon sleeves. ... Rather Overful It. The curtain had its own third act and the momentary touch that preceded the assumption of the performance on the stage was broken by a sudden voice from the rear of the auditorium.