

The Dispatch

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TELL BOTH SIDES, AND TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES.

VOL. 1. FRANKLINTON, N. C., FRIDAY DEC. 3, 1887. NO. 20.

TO MOTHERS.

BY EVA SMITH.

Speak gently to the children, nor wound the tender heart,
The time may not be distant when you and they must part;
So just forget the worries and the battles you've to fight,
And in the quiet evening kiss them a warm "good night."
They, too, are swiftly nearing the battlefield of life;
And lest they should be worsted in the fight of sin and strife,
Oh, gird them with the armor of a mother's perfect love—
A shining, pure example of faith in God above.
The trials that await them in the far-off after years,
The happy childish laughter may melt to bitter tears,
The bonnie curls that cluster around your darling's brow,
The ruthless hand of sorrow may render white as snow.
Ah! then the recollection of a mother's tender care
May smooth life's rugged pathway—may save from many a snare;
And the hush of even, as in the days of yore,
In fond imagination they'll feel your kiss once more.
'Twill cool the burning forehead, 'twill raise their thoughts to God,
When the loving lips that gave it are cold beneath the sod;
The hardest heart will soften—the teardim'd eye grow bright
At childhood's happy memories, and a mother's sweet "good night."
—Farn and Fireside.

THE LADY'S SLIPPER.

BY MRS. D. ORNE.

(Continued from last week.)

"I should not wonder," said Mr. Floyd, "if she does not bear it better than either of us. Like the rock smitten by the rod of the prophet, the wealth of many a woman's heart gushes forth most freely beneath the stroke of adversity. Believe me, Charles, Grace has many sterling qualities, which, as yet, you have dreamed not of."
While his thoughts thus fondly, and proudly turned to his daughter the color came back to his cheeks, and his eyes were lit up with animation.
"The sooner she knows what has happened, the better, I suppose," said Percy taking his hat.
"Will you go with me, sir?"
They proceeded to the house together. They paused at the threshold, for hark notes, which yielded to a light and skilful touch, mingled with a rich liquid voice from an inner apartment.
Tears started to Percy's eyes, as he said in a low whisper, "How can I turn her song of joy into mourning?"
"It will not do to linger here," said Mr. Floyd, and taking him by the arm, he drew him towards the room.
Grace rose at their entrance, her face beaming with one of her own bright smiles. Percy grasped her hand convulsively, and the blood forsok his lips.
"You are ill, Charles," said she turning pale herself. "Do tell me what the matter is?"
"I cannot—do you"—and he looked imploringly toward Mr. Floyd.
A few words sufficed to make his daughter comprehend what had happened.
"I am glad it is nothing worse," said she calmly.
"I feared—I can hardly tell what I feared—but your appearance, Charles, greatly shocked me."
"But you have not one tear to give to our fallen fortunes?" said Percy with a brightened countenance.
"Not now," she replied, "I know not why, but all this does not make me feel half as miserable as I should imagine it would, or, perhaps, it ought."

"Thank heaven," said Percy, fervently, "the load is removed that was bearing down my energies and crushing me to the dust. And now sing us one of your favorite airs, and we will leave, for I find that you not only need no comfort yourself, but that you are fully equal to the task of comforting others."
It was apparent to her, that their mode of life must be thoroughly and immediately changed, and when they were about to withdraw, she was on the point of observing to her husband, that with the concurrence, she would dismiss the female servants that very afternoon, but upon second thought, as she felt almost sure that he would insist on retaining a part, she thought it best to make no allusion to the subject. Fortunately, the last dividend received from the bank, remained untouched. Having requested their attendance in the parlor, she explained to them the necessity of the parting with them, paid their wages, and give each a recommendation, which was well merited. As good servants are scarce, all in the course of the ensuing day, had provided themselves with places, except one. This was a girl of fourteen, and when, after tea, the others dispersed to their different situations, that they might be ready to enter upon their new duties in the morning, she sought her mistress.
"Margaret," said Grace, "why are you not away with the rest?"
"I had rather remain, if you please," replied the girl.
"Are you unable to find a place that pleases you?"
"I have not tried to find one."
"That is wrong. As I told you yesterday, I have no longer the means of paying you."
"I don't wish for any pay. All I ask, is to be permitted to remain with you, and I will do all that I can to assist you."
This evidence of the girl's attachment touched one of those tender chords which had refused to thrill beneath the stern touch of misfortune, and when she had withdrawn, a few tears, which had more of joy than grief in them, gushed from her eyes.
Percy retired that night with feelings which were by no means enviable. Thoughts of all his mother had said to him, relative to the domestic education of a wife, obtruded themselves upon his mind. He could not even hope that Grace had any theoretical, much less practical knowledge of the household tasks, on which, in the morning, she would be obliged to attempt to enter. His only comfort was, that she, herself, did not appear to shrink from the prospect before her, but had from the first, maintained a uniform cheerfulness of spirit. It was long before he fell asleep, and when he did, the discomforts of an ill-arranged table, of muddy coffee, heavy, half-baked bread, with other articles to compare, formed the staple of his dreams.
When he rose, instead of remaining in the house, as was his custom, to read the morning papers while breakfast was preparing, he hastened to his mother's to see if Harriet would come and assist his wife.
"Why, she left town day before yesterday," replied his mother, in answer to his question. "She has gone to spend a few days with her friend, Lucy Wayland. Heppy, too, has taken the opportunity of her absence, to visit her mother, so that I have no one except Kathleen, the Irish girl, who, as yet, knows nothing about cookery."
Percy felt very miserable as he bent his steps homeward. Not that he cared for once to sit down to an ill-cooked meal, but he knew Grace was ambitious and sensitive, and dreaded to witness her mortification.
"I have just been looking out to see if you were coming," said she with a smile. "It is seven o'clock, and breakfast is ready."

"Why, who learnt you to make coffee?" said he with surprise, as he received a cup of the clear, fragrant beverage, from her hand.
"Aunt Persis," she quietly replied.
"And did she learn you to make biscuit too?" he inquired, breaking one open. "Why, this is not only as white, but as light as a handful of snow-flakes."
"Yes, I am indebted to Aunt Persis for the art of making coffee, bread, cooking a steak, together with several other important matters, appertaining to house-keeping. But the credit of preparing this breakfast does not belong to me. I found Margaret an able and willing assistant."
It was one of the proudest moments of Percy's life when, hearing footsteps, he looked round and beheld his mother.
"Grace is worthy to be your daughter," said he, directing her attention to the breakfast table, and we shall be most happy to share with you the meal which, I doubt not, you came with the benevolent intention to help to prepare."
Mrs. Percy made no reply, but before seating herself at the table, she took her daughter-in-law's hand with a look that was sufficiently expressive. In a little more than a week, Percy having disposed of his house in the city, hired a neat cottage a few miles distant. A plot of ground in front, which was enclosed by a simple paling, was clothed with a thick, soft verdure, amid which nestled violets and other wild flowers, that some former occupant, with a just taste and transplanted from their native solitudes. A sweet brier, which reached quite to the eaves, shaded one of the parlor windows, and a veteran lilac-bush, which lent its support to a honeysuckle, formed a leafy curtain for another.
As Grace and Harriet were arranging the simple furniture of a small apartment, which the former had named her boudoir, Percy entered, and placed upon the table a rose-wood box.
"What a pretty box," said Grace.
"I don't remember of ever seeing it before."
"Lift the lid," said Percy.
She obeyed, and beheld a little black slipper.
"Why, this looks like the very one I lost," said she.
It is undoubtedly the same," he replied, "and I found it some weeks before I found you."
"Do tell me, Grace," said Harriet, "how you came to meet with so odd an accident as to lose your shoe?"
"Why, there happened to be a sudden shower one day, when I was absent from home, and Aunt Persis sent the carriage and a pair of thick shoes. The slipper, which, with its mate, I rolled in a handkerchief, happened to slip out during its passage from my friend's house to the carriage."
"And Charles, who destined to be its finder," said Harriet, "was so taken with its beauty, slightly altering the old-fashioned game of 'hunt the slipper,' his chief amusement was to hunt the slipper till his efforts were successful."
"I hope he will never have cause to regret his success," replied Grace, "for I am sure I shall not."
"Do not regret the exchange you have been obliged to make?" said Percy.
"Not in the least. I already like our country cottage better than I did our city palace."
"There is one thing I wish you could have retained," said Harriet.
"And what is that?"
"Your harp."
The words had only escaped from her lips, when the voice of Aunt Persis was heard.
"Wait a minute," she was heard to

say, "and I will see where the mistress of the house will like to have it placed."
Grace ran to welcome her.
"I was determined on one thing," said her aunt, "and that was, that you should have your harp to cheer you in your solitude, so I privately employed Mr. Robinson to bid it off for me."
"How very generous and considerate," said Grace. "Now I have all I want. The music of the harp indeed will be delightful these still summer evenings."
Percy soon recommenced business with a good prospect of success. His being obliged, on account of the distance, to dine in the city, makes the time spent at home doubly delightful. The evenings, particularly, which are usually passed in his wife's boudoir, often listening to one of her songs, and sometimes singing with her a favorite duet, with the moonbeams looking lovingly through the luxuriant foliage of a vine which drapes the window, are so full of quiet happiness, that neither of them would willingly exchange them for those they were formerly in the habit of spending amid the brilliant circles of fashionable life.
Mr. Floyd, whose health and mind are still as vigorous as when he commenced life without a dollar, although his sister Persis thinks her annuity amply sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of both, has now a fair pretence for again engaging in business. He is, he says, altogether happier than when he had invested his money in bank stock, he had nothing to do, for, like Charles Lamb, he found no work worse than over work.

Wife Beating.

The Durham Recorder says: Too many cases of wife beating, in the Magistrate's Court, were directly traceable to poisoned liquor. The defendants, in every case, said: "Judge, I love my family, but I was drunk." Judge Shepherd seems to have worked up the blockade distillers, in his charge to the Grand Juries. Whether he can succeed in breaking up the moonshiners in using concentrated lye in distilling, we do not know, but one thing is certain he has unmasked the villainy of the blockade stills.

A Prolific Family.

A remarkable group of ladies are Mrs. Norman Taylor, of Norborne, and her three married daughters. Mrs. Taylor has herself twice given birth to twins, a boy and a girl, on each occasion. One of the daughters, Mrs. Preston S. Pounds, of Norborne, married in 1874, is the mother of eight children, three of whom were delivered at a birth. These triplets, two girls and a boy, are now eight years old, and are as healthy, strong and bright as any parent could wish their children to be. At birth the boy weighed eight pounds and the girls seven and six pounds respectively. Mrs. Pounds is thirty-three years old, six feet in height, and weighs 170 pounds. Her husband is three years older, five feet in height, and tips the beam at only 130 pounds. Mrs. Pounds's sister, Mrs. Henry Shafer is the mother of a pair of hearty girl twins, now nine years old, and the third sister, Mrs. Robert Turner, of Stafford county, Kan., has a son and a daughter born on the same day, who are now eight years old and may live to 100, so far as perfect health and physical soundness are concerned.—St. Louis Republican.

A Cure for Typhoid Fever.

Mr. John R. Cox, a citizen of Baltimore, publishes the following communication in the Baltimore American of that city:
"Some time since a gentleman informed me that he knew of several persons who had been cured of typhoid fever by the application of mashed raw onions to the feet. Two patients were so ill that they were not expected to live over a few hours. Six large onions were pounded to pulp and applied to the feet of the patient. He was relieved in a short time and got well. The second case was a few weeks later and the result equally satisfactory. The first op-

portunity I heard I tried it upon a colored boy during one of my visits to the house of reformation for colored children. He was very ill with typhoid fever. I named the matter to Gen. Horn, who immediately ordered the application. In a few hours he was asleep, rested well and recovered.

Jenkin's Long Fast.

The fasting Englishman, E. P. Jenkins, who lodges with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McCafferty, at the southeast corner of Twenty-first and Bainbridge streets, whose history and strange ideas were published in the Times, is still keeping up his religious fast. He appears to be in perfect health, and speaks in a calm and pleasant manner. "I never felt better than I do now," he said; "I feel as if I could fast forever. I don't at all agree with what that doctor said about me. I will not sink or go into a stupor. I am strong enough to make the whole circuit of your city, as I intend to do when I begin to accomplish my mission after the 19th of this month. I know how it is to be done—by action, not by talk or preaching; for in the glare of day I will be dumb, but at eventide I will again be able to speak. Although my mission will soon terminate here, yet I do not intend to leave America until all things are accomplished in this country: then I will go to Australia."
"I was a member of the sect of Bible Christians when I lived in England, but I separated from them long before I left England. It is written, 'Out of Zion shall come a deliverer, and I had to be in Zion (the church) before I could come out. While I was yet a farmer I met the Lord; but I afterwards went into the cattle business, before I came to this country. I came to this city and settled with these kind friends in order to be in a quiet place. There will not be a mute left in America when I have finished my work. All my work will be done in a way known' but not to be told. I will traverse the whole city."
Philadelphia Times, 13th.

The Old Bartender's Lament.

One of the old-time mixers tells me that it is his opinion that prohibition is slowly but certainly getting its grip on the country. "I can tell it," he said, "in the falling off of morning cocktails. It used to take three men behind the bar to wait on early customers, and now it takes but one. Then I have noticed that drinkers on the average pour out less than they did formerly. Lord bless you, I am one of the ancients in the business. I have tended bar in nearly every first-class hotel in the country, and used to run on the lower Mississippi river. The drinks I have seen men pour out would stagger me in my best days, and I have been a pretty good drinker in my time. They used to take it straight in my early days. It is seldom now that you hear a man call for whiskey straight. It is something on the side, or a little sugar and water. I have noticed this tendency to kind o' weaken liquor for a long time, and I think as how prohibition is getting in its work, I am sorry, as an old mixer, to say this, for I have always been one of the kind as thought it was a sin to water whiskey or put sugar in it. A man ought to take it straight or leave it alone."—Chicago Herald.

The Court Adjourned.

A witness was being examined before a Dakota justice of the peace, and in the course of his testimony mentioned having said to the prisoner at one time that he had a horse he wanted to trade.
"Hey!" said the prosecuting attorney, who was conducting the examination; "was it that sor'l one of yours?"
"Yes."
"Want to trade yet?"
"Dont care if I do—what you got?"
"He hasn't anything that you want," put in the attorney for the defence; "if you want to trade I can give you a mighty good show with my bay mare."
"Order in the court roared the justice, waking up at this point. "What was the last testimony you gave?"
"I said I once met the prisoner and said to him: 'Bill, I'd like to trade you that sor'l mare o' mine—'"
"Hold on a minute," said the justice, "you don't want to trade your sor'l yet, I s'pose?"
"I might if I got a good chance."
"Say," continued the court, "if you mean business I can give you just the slickest swap for that buckskin boss of mine, an' 'bout \$10 to boot, that you ever seen! This court as adjourned for one hour—come down to the barn and look my boss over."—Dakota Bell.

Economy.

Smith—"Have you read the book entitled 'Ten Dollars Enough'?"
Jenkins—"I have."
Smith—"Don't you think the author has stretched a point in proclaiming that a family can be kept a week for that amount?"
Jenkins—"Quite the contrary. I knew a man once who was kept six months for ten dollars."
Smith—"You did!"
Jenkins—"Yes! he stole the money and was kept for half a year in the county jail."—Boston Budget.

Not on an Empty Stomach.

Anxious Arkansas mother—"Tommy, is that a green persimmon you are eatin'?"
"Yes, maw."
"Don't you know it ain't healthy to eat green persimmons on an empty stomach?"
"I ain't eatin this green persimmon on an empty stomach. I ate a peck o' 'em before I tackled this one."