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BAYLUS CADE,

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

All communications to THE DIS-PATCH should be sent to Baylus Cade, Editor, Lock Box 103, Louisburg, N. C.

All advertisements must be handed in by Tuesday evening or they will be left over until next issue.

THE FEAST OF THANKS.

Years pass like winds that cease to blo Like stars that fell from heaves's dome:

By winds of years, by winter snow . Unquenched, still gleam the lights

Among the living or the dead, Oh hearts we love where'er ve be. For you the sacred board is spread, The feast of Love and Memory!

Clear eyes fulfilled of holier light, Clear souls at peace past death's dim banks,

Through all that gloom of utter night. Come keep, us the day of thanks!

By the old hearths we sit no more; Yet God be thanked for love and home!

Though hope and joys, like April snow. For all man's life, for bliss or woe;

Beithanks said at this festival! Old homes, old hopes, old friends. old days,

Wherefrom full many a season parts-For all, for all, to God be praise,

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

only son and child, David, who had looks mad. Whatermatter?" left his home fifteen years before, at the age of nineteen. Since he left, no word from him had reached them. The faithful heart of the mother refused to think of the lad as dead, and so she taid his plate at his old prace, and by it placed a little bouquet of his favorite flowers.

"You see, he may come back at any time, father, and then he'd understand that we've been thinking of him all the time."

The old man shook his head. "Boys like David don't come back, Sarah. Vice drove him away, and vice will probably keep him away. If it's any gratification for you to keep a place at the table for him, you know that I don't object; but I wish you could make up your mind that he will never come back. These yearly reminders only bring the old pain back, and if I could, I should like to forget him altogether."

"No, you wouldn't James. He was wild and disobedient, and brought shame and sorrow over this threshold; but for all that he's our only child, and I'm sure we can neither of us forget that."

young man came home one night in at last he said: a beastly state of intoxication. "I will not drive him away yet, It was not the first time, but the He shall have one chance more-a first time his father had seen single one. I'll make him understand a clerk in a dry good store, and when thing. Now leave me with him." he came home late at night, his The poor mother creet weeping to father supposed he had been de ained her bed. She left the door partly for the wayward boy, knew better; but Mr Forrest sat rigid and motionless mother, she concealed her sou's vice boy slept on beavily. Towards mornfrom his father, hoping he might re- ing he began to move uneasily in man, and was unsparing in his dethe table and straightened himself nunciations of the special vice of in- up. The mother, whose eyes had not temperance. The truth is, she was closed through the whole of that long actually afraid to tell him.

Forrest had a letter to write, which on his father's grim features oppokept him in the sitting room long site. He rose unsteadily to his feet. after his usual bed time, when the slobbering idiotic young drunkard reeled into the room, his father sprung from his chair as if he had been shot. He looked at his son, but did not say a work. Then he sat were a few brief questions, and when deliberately down in a chair and David answered one of them, watched him, with such a look on his hang his head like a convicted crimiwhite, set face that his terrified wife nal. Then she heard her husband's laid her trembling hand on his arm, stern voice for a few minutes longer, He shook it off. In a few moments and David half staggered to the back he turned to her, and said, in a hard, door, opened it and passed out. merciless voice:

TELL BOTH SIDES, AND TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES.

YOL. 1.

FRANKLINTON, N. C., FRIDAY DEC. 16, 1887.

The stranger's face worked con

She fell in his arms with a glad

"I did not mean to run away when

I left the house," David said. "It

could never look either of you in the

work up the country. I did not

It was a Thanksgiving supper they

had that night, for the interrupted

Do you think that three happier peo-

world on that Thanksgiving Day!-

He Should Have Told the Bull.

ing or seeming to ask, "Don't you

creation can keep back the answer

internally, if he can keep it to him-

self, of "No. I Don't, and I don't care

There was once a very im-

who thaught that everybody knew

him, or ought to know him. He was

one day walking through a field,

when a bull addressed him in an un-

dertone and made for him with his

head down and horns in a position to

raise him. He was a State official, a

man of dignity and political power

and natural pomposity, but he ran.

He ran surprisingly well. He ran

even better than he did for office, and

h: got to the fence first. He clum-

bared over out of breath and dignity.

and found the owner of the bull

calmly contemplating the operation.

"What do you mean, sir!" asked the

irate official. "What do you mean

by having an infuriated animal like

that roaming over the fields!" "Well

I guess the bull has some right in the

field-" "Right! Right! Do you

know who I am?" The farmer shook

Smith-"You look a little mussed

Brown-"I should say so! I've

"Smith-'You told me a day or

wo ago that your mother-in-law was

Brown-"Yes; I meant feeble for

white the will be blod with about the printing of the will are any take

her."-Harpers Bazan.

off bea plates

very feeble." I all you so to

just had a row with my mother-in

his head. "I, sir, am General ---

bull!"-San Francisco Chronicle.

up. Brown." and and ad ad

Youth's Companion.

with tears filling his eyes.

forward and fell unconsc

sobbed. "I've seen him two or three he had gone to the store, not wishing was thinking. The mother said in to face with me some day." him, father! Pray. don' the to hard easy glances towards the door when- hairs with sorrow to the grave." upon him !"

who was huddled in h heap in a large standing at the door. arm chair, trying voinly to sit erect, "Too hard! Why, if I turned him out day?" of the house this very night, and disown him as my son, I should be do-The waves of storm-scourged years that ing right! And you have kept this from me! How could you, how dare May fleck the golden head with foam; you, do it, and thus become responsible for this disgrace? I might have checked it. Now it's too late. Look at that idiotic face; the stamp of the May melt, though good or grief befall; drunkard who is post recovery is upon it. It's too late!"

"Oh, don't, don't, James !" his wife cried, kneeling beside him. "I did it for the best. Don't say it's too late! He's but little more than a And most for love and kindly hearts? child vet, and bad company has led bim astrav."

The drunken boy laughed idioti-

"G'long callin' me chile, ole Every Christmas, or New Year's. ooman! Bes' poker player in town! or Thanksgiving day, Mrs Forrest Los'ten dollars. Ole Rapp's money placed a chair at the table for their though. Took it out till. Gov nor Yes, I told him he was a disgrace, a us. Why, there is a traveler out in for you. And so I have come to see

"Oh, hush! hush! huse!" the distracted mother said, taking him by the hand. "Come to bed, David! Oh. do come." The drunken boy pushed her asidie.

he muttered. "Gov'nor mad! Won't be 'stuted! Gimme satisfaction of gentleman. Ten paces. pistols," and as he mauxdered on, his head sank on the table before him. and he slept heavily.

"Lon't try and get him away." Mr. Forest said, sternly. "He shall stay there all night, and I'll sit up with him. You heard what he said!" with a bitter laugh. "Our son is not only a crum ard, but a thief. Let him stay there; I want to get accustomed to the disgrace which has come upon me, and a night with that object before me will help me to realize it. Do go to bed. I must take his management out of your weak hands."

"You won't drive him away, James! You'll give him a chance! You will givh him one opportunity to try to reform? Don't turn him out into the wicked world, to be lost forever!' she pleaded, with sobs. Her husband It was just fifteen years since the did not immediately answer her, but

that condition. He was that when he can understand any

by his business, and went contentedly open between the rooms, that she to bed. The poor wite, who sat up might watch both husband and sonlike many a gentle but unwise as if he was carved in stone, but the form. Her husband was a very stern his seat, then raised his head from night, could almost see the terrified The night I have spoken of, Mr. expression in his eyes when they fell "Stop, sir!" said the father, walking to him. "I have a few words to

> What was said was in too low a voice for Mrs. Forrest to hear. There

Mrs. Forest did not dare ask her "How long has this been going on, husband any questions, but did not feel uneasy when David did not ap-"Oh, I don't know, James!" she pear at breakfast. She concluded

times under the influence of liquor, to meet his father so soon again. But her heart, "Dear Lord, tring our but never so bad as this, James, I when dinner time came, and he was boy back to us." The father thought, vulsively. He suddenly moved todidn't tell you, because he prumised still absent, her fears were awakened, "Lord, help us to hear patiently the ward the seat, and held out his arms to reform. Oh, don't be too hard on and she noticed her husband cast un afflictions that are bringing our gray to her, "Mother I mother !" he on "Too hard !" he repeated, looking bonnet after dinner, and went di- a dismai day. The rain poured, the come back to you!" with angry disgust at the young man, rectly to the store. Mr. Rapp was win blew, the sodden leaves cover

"Good evening, Mrs. Forrest !" he. dreary. with a silly drunken grin on his face. said. "Where on earth is David to- "It is pretty dismal, isn't it, floor. It was so unexpected, se alliquor. Employer invited him into a

a minute early this morning, and us from starving." handed me a ten dollar bill, and ing fe gotten to put it in the till. He and hope-" looked pale and sick, and I'm sure ought to have been in bed."

ried home.

him, I know, and now he's gone us." away, and I shall never, never see "You are right," he said solemnly, write, for I thought you'd rather my boy again!"

he answered, coldly. "One more and wrestle with our griefs, as Joseph cumulated some property, I began to chance I gave him for amendment. did with the angel, until they bless long for home, and for mother and clinging disgrace, for I didn t believe all this rain. He looks as if he didn't if you still care enough for me to take he would reform. I gave him some know which way to go." money to replace what he stole, and that was all. I don't regret a word I said. Reproach your own weak. ness. It isn't just to reproach me. Since he has chosen to leave us, it is perhaps the best think he could do." But though Mr. Forrest spoke in this manner, he spared neither money nor labor to gain some tidings of his son. They traced him to a seaport town, and then lost all trace as utterly as if the earth had closed over him. As moments and years rolled by. Mr. Forrest gave up expectation of ever seeing him again, but the mother hoped still. The father grew more silent and sad. Time as it passed had taught him that he had erred in the harshness and bitterness with which he had treated his son, and he would have liked to retract some of his words. Misfotunes, two, had pressed upon him. His crops had failed three years in sucdession, he had mortgaged his farm in order that he might live; and in a few years there was to be a foreclosure of the mortgage, and the old place must pass out of his hands.

"It's no use striving any longer. Sarah." he said, drearily; "I do not know where to look for help, we must submit and leave the old homestead. Father was born here, as well as myself, and I hoped to die in the house in which he died. We'll barely have a roof over us at Myron Cottage, but at least it will be our own. We didn't think much of it when your aunt left it to you, and now it's our last refuge."

"It will outlast our time, James," she said, sadly. "There's no one to come after us, unless David comes

Mr. Forest shook his head. He had long ceased to combat what he said was his wife's monomania about the return of his son. She always insisted that in the family devotions he should be prayed for as still living, and with a cruel pang the father uttared the name of the boy he be- he ought to have tried to come. There lieved dead.

"It will be our last Thanksgiving giving dinner." dinner on the old place," he said, the world there is a couple as lonely fifteen years ago. You se and as desolate as we are."

wearied in its tender care of him, and he will come back some day." there the old couple sat, silent and "He will come back to it" she

THE DISPATEUR, PERDAY

ever it was opened. She put on her Thanksgiving Day dawned. It was you know mel Father, mother I've the earth, the whole landscape was cry. But the father made one step

mother?" said the old man. "It's a most impossible, that the shock over-"Isn't he in the store!" she asked, good thing we don't expect guests in came him. But joy seldom kills, and with her heart beating like a sledge- this storm. Well, I suppose we he was soon restored to consciousongut to be thankful for a shelter ness, and learned with a feeling of tye that he brought in: "No use ask-"Indeed, he isn't. He came in for this weather, and food enough to keep rapture, such as for many years he ing what you will take."

"Is that all we have, father?" asked had some bacek a reformed man. mumbled out something about hav- his patient wife. "We have health

"Hope of what?" he asked, smiling was only when paying the money to sadly. "I think, my dear, you and I Mr. Rapp that I realized the depth Without a word Mrs Forrest hur- shook hands with he, e long age and of my degradation, and I felt as if I bid it farewell."

"What did you say to him?" she Hope of a home where all these face again. I shipped as a sailor in cried, passionately, to her husband. longings and heartaches will be over, a vesset bound to Brazil, and when "You've been harsh and grue! to O, James, what can keep that from it reached there I left it, and found

and I needed the reproof. We will think of me as dead. My business "I told him what I said I would," make this a kind of sacramental day, prospered, and then after I had ac-

"Call him in James," said his wife. I'm glad the Lord has sent some one to eat our Thanksgiving dinner with dinner had been entirely forgotten.

The traveler obeyed the call of the ple could have been found in this old man, and dashed into the yard.

"Stranger, this is a heavy storm; come and stop until the rain holds ap." Mr. Forrest called out. "Put up your horse in the stable there. We have no servants, and I can't venture into the rain to help you."

In a few minutes the traveler stood at the threshold. A tall, well-built man, with a heavy brown beark and moustache which nearly covered his

"Come in, come in," Mr. Forrest said. "Why, you are as wet as a rat." "Only my overcoat," he answered, in a hoarse voice, "With your pern-ission, I'll stop a minute in the hall and take it off."

He was a long time getting off his coat, and when he came in Mrs. Forest was placing an ample meal on the table. The stranger walked to the window and looked out.

"You have a pretty place here, he said. "At least, it must be an at tractive place in good weather,"

"Yes, answered the old man, with a sigh, "we are fond of the old house and its surroundings."

"Do you live alone here!

"As you see," he answered, shortly. He thought the stranger too inquisitive. "But dinner is ready. Take

The traveler noticed that one place there was a handsome china plate, and in a glass near it a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. Naturally supposing it was a seat of honor appropriated to guests, he moved towards it. Mrs. Forrest nervously waved him back. "Not there, sir!" she cried. "Please take this seat."

"Excuse, me, madam," as he took "Why in thunder didn't you tell the the indicated place. "I'm afraid you will be disappointed in the guest you expect, the storm is so severe. But should be no vacant place at Thanks-

"It is always vacant sir." Mr. Forthe day before Thanksgiving. "A est said, "It is a notion of my wife's lonely one indeed. I wonder if in all to keep it for our boy, who left us put me out of the house. The house e, she has belongs to her, you know." always kept his plate on the yearly She did not speak, but slipped her returns of these days, and puts a hands in his. He pressed it warmly, bouquet of his favorite flowers near the faithful hand which had never it. It seems to do her good to think

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Waiter! such a little bit of sage for ten cents, and it smells too present out anothing telegra

"Well, now if it was bigger it would smell worse!"

Young Jinks had always told his employer that he never touched saloon to take a lemonade with him. Waiter, who knew Jinks, remarked to him as he set down a bottle of old

had never experienced, that his son Consternation of Young .- Texas Siftings.

"Hello. John, you look quite hap-

Well, I have cause to be happy. was married two weeks ago, and last night my wife got me on the poice force."

"Your wife got you on! Why, you were ten pounds below the standard weight when the surgeons rejected you, and you are no heavier now."

"I know it, but three days after being married I ate two of my wife's first biscuits, went before the sur. geons again and tipped the scales at the standard weight."-Cincinnati Telegram.

ner the other day at the Dean's, and Miss Ella was looking out of the window as if expecting some one,

"That's dear Mr. Karlstop; now we shall have some music. Is it he? Yes, it is! No it isn't, yes, that's his gait I know!"

"Taint his gait either, sis, an' don't you forget it," shouted a sweet youth in knickerbockers. "Pop says he ain't a-goin to have no music-man I like the fellow who is always ask- a hanging on his gate with you"-But here he was muzzled and dragged out of the room .- Detroit Free know who I am?' It is human nature

to be ashamed of being unknown. Press. The occupation does not deprive a Omaha Youth-"Say, Dick, will man of that sense of being of some your sister be at home to-night?" importance in the world. At the same

Littie Dick-"Nope" time there is nothing a man resents "Did she say where she so quickly as being asked, "Don't you know who I am?" Nobody in

"Nope." "Has she any regular engagement

for this evening?" "No, guess not." "Then maybe she'll be at home."

portant State official in Colifornia "No she won't, 'cause Sis is a girl of her word." "Her word?"

"She said if you asked if she'd be at home I should say 'no,' and then she'd go somewhere, so it wouldn't be a lie." - Omaha Herald.

"This is all so sudden, Mr. Sampson," she said, with maidenly reserve, 'and so unexpected, that although I confess I am not entirely indifferent to you. I hardly know what to say in reply to-"

"If you are in favor of the proposition," suggested Mr. Sampson, who, like Dick Swiveller, is a Perpetual Grand Master. "you will please signefy your assent by saying 'Aye.'"

"Aye," came softly.

"Contrary! "No!" thundered the old man, opening the door.

The noes have it by a large majority," said Mr. Sampson, reaching for his hat."-New York Sun.

"Well Judd what is it ver are so anxious to tell the boysf' asked Descon Skinberry of the village Ananias.

"Wall, I donno's you'll b'lieve it." "Never mind; tell it anyhow."

law, and I'll be hanged if she didn't "Er-you fellers was telling 'bout fast train time, sixty miles er nour, 'n so on; but I calklate I kin tell yer bout a litenin' train ez beats 'em all. I went down ter ther depot one day w'en I lived at Scooperville, on the Tearing Thunder Road, an'ez I stepped on the cars an turned to kiss my there the old couple sat, silent and thoughtful. They did not need to said, quietly. "I've always felt sure we will take wood for what you in I kneed row six miles out in speak. Each knew of what the other that my boy would sit there face owe us. Is it has down to I all subular big first wife minter.