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The Dispatch

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TELL BOTH SIDES, AND TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES.

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THE FEAST OF THANKS.

Years pass like winds that cease to blow.
Like stars that fell from heaven's dome;
By winds of years, by winter snow
Unquenched, still gleam the lights of home.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Every Christmas, or New Year's,
or Thanksgiving day, Mrs Forrest
placed a chair at the table for their
only son and child, David, who had
left his home fifteen years before, at
the age of nineteen.

sobbed. "I've seen him two or three
times under the influence of liquor,
but never so bad as this, James. I
didn't tell you, because he promised
to reform. Oh, don't be too hard on
him, father! Pray don't be too hard
upon him!"

he had gone to the store, not wishing
to meet his father so soon again. But
when dinner time came, and he was
still absent, her fears were awakened,
and she noticed her husband cast un-
easy glances towards the door when-
ever it was opened.

was thinking. The mother said in
her heart, "Dear Lord, bring our
boy back to us." The father thought,
"Lord, help us to bear patiently the
afflictions that are bringing our gray
hairs with sorrow to the grays."

to face with me some day."
The stranger's face worked con-
vulsively. He suddenly moved to-
ward the seat, and held out his arms
to her. "Mother! mother!" he cried,
with tears filling his eyes. "Don't
you know me? Father, mother! I've
come back to you!"

FUN.

"Waiter! such a little bit of sau-
sage for ten cents, and it smells,
too!"
"Waiter, now if it was bigger it
would smell worse!"
Young Jinks had always told his
employer that he never touched
liquor. Employer invited him into a
saloon to take a lemonade with him.