

WILLIE'S DREAM OF CHRISTMAS.

BY SUE L. JAMES.

'Twas Christmas-eve night; the fire burned low In the widow's home of poverty and woe.

Around the fireside three little ones sat— No carpet beneath them, not even a mat.

"Mother," said Willie, with tears in his eyes, "You said dear Jesus would hear in the skies.

"You said that if Annie and Bobbie and me Would pray and tell Jesus what to send us all three.

"But, mother, I've waited his coming all day, And now it's so dark he can't find the way;

"Then gifts for Bobbie and Annie I'd buy, And for my own self a good warm niece-pee;

While he was talking, dear Willie's eyes closed; Through dreamland's quaint scenes he went as he dozed.

"Dear Jesus," he murmured, "will you take me, Mother, and Annie, and Bobbie to see Those beautiful dolls, and wagons and guns?"

"For Bobbie and me who tired have grown; For Annie, dear Jesus, all for her own, Give that pretty doll on left of the tree;

"Dear Jesus," he whispered in tones so low— And the large tear-drops began now to flow—

Willie moaned softly, and the word "Jesus" fell Upon the quick ear—the stranger knew well.

"Twas Willie's uncle from over the sea, Who'd come his sister and children to see;

Willie had spoken his dream out aloud; His mother heard with tender heart-throb—

Willie lay sick when at his bright dream's end Came the gifts he had prayed dear Jesus to send.

"Mother," he said, at an interval rare, "For my drum and toys I don't think I'll care;

"Now, mother, good-by; I'm going to sleep, And if I ne'er wake up again, don't weep;

[From the Visitor.

"KEEP YOUR PROMISE."

Commodore Vandabit, as most people know, did not take very kindly to removing from Staten Island to New York City, when his affairs began to prosper but was compelled to do so in order to be near his business.

The first night he spent in the new place was a terrible revelation to him. Instead of the absolutely quiet surroundings of his island home, he had an atmosphere vocal with the yells of what seemed a thousand cats.

Vanderbilt had his boots blacked every morning by a lad who had stationed his box not far away, making an arrangement with the boy in order to get the shine reasonably cheap.

"What'll I give you? Why, I'll give you a dollar apiece for every cat you kill in my yard," said the commodore.

"All right, customer," said the bootblack, "I'll be there to-night."

"How'd you sleep, boss?" asked the boy. "Splendidly, young man, splendidly."

"Come round in the back yard an' we'll see," said the boy. They went around to the back yard. There were two rough-looking youngsters sitting on the fence, and on the ground was a pile of dead cats that made the commodore turn pale.

"Well t'row 'em over in another pile, boss," said the bootblack, "an' you kin score 'em up."

"Hold on! That'll do. See here; I'll give you three fellows just five dollars apiece. That's big pay for a night's work."

"Can't do it, boss," said the bootblack. "I've made de arrangement wid dese gentlemen here, an' de understanding is a dollar apiece for de cats."

"Well, I won't give you but five dollars each all around," said the commodore.

He pulled out the money and shook it in their faces, but the boys

refused to take it. Finally they withdrew in silence, leaving the commodore, aroused and ill-natured, with his cats. They formed a resolve to get even with him, and made their plans accordingly.

The policeman sued Vanderbilt for damages, and the commodore had to pay him a thousand dollars to settle—a fact which became quite generally known. As to the cats, he knew where they came from, but the peculiar and unfinished nature of the transaction with the boys prevented him from mentioning it, or from breaking his former contract with the bootblack, who continued to shine his boots as of yore.

"Sleep well, last night, boss!" The commodore only grunted in response. "Any cats, now-a-days?"

"Se here!" he exclaimed; "how many cats did you kill that night?" "Ninety-three, boss."

"I don't mind," answered the owner of the pocketbook, "because you see I carry a lucky piece." This habit of carrying a piece of money for luck has become something more than a superstition since it is a practice common among all classes.

"I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for that sixpence," said a staid business man recently. "I found it in my mother's purse when she died, and I have always kept it as a souvenir."

The Scotch have a fashion of handing back a trifling bit of coin when a payment is made. This is called a lucky penny, and is always carefully treasured.

The Dispatch

TELL BOTH SIDES, AND TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES.

VOL. 1.

FRANKLINTON, N. C., THURSDAY, JAN. 5, 1888.

NO. 25.

premises, a precaution to prevent sharp practice on the part of the youth. After two or three days little Benjamin came to old Benjamin to step out into the barn. He did so and was conducted to a big disused molasses barrel that stood in the middle of the barn floor and asked to look into it.

"My gorry!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Where'd you get all these rats?" "Caught 'em here in the barn, gran'sir."

"Forty dollars! Why, I ain't goin' to pay you all that money." "Ain't youf didn't you agree to, gran'sir?"

"Never!" said the old man, looking into the barrel with its squirming mass of rats.

With a lively kick of his foot he upset the barrel in the direction of his grandfither. The multitude of rats poured out around the old man's feet. He leaped wildly up and down in terror, and sprang through the mass to a ladder that stood near. Then he ran up the ladder with an agility that he had not equalled for fifty years.

He fabule docent that venerable men of wealth had best keep their honest engagements with small boys, even if the small boys turn out to be much smarter than the venerable gentleman took them to be, and greatly exceed expectations in their performances.—Boston Transcript.

A "Lucky Piece."

Two ladies met on Woodward avenue. As they stopped to speak one of them dropped her pocket book, and the money in it rolled out on the sidewalk.

"I don't mind," answered the owner of the pocketbook, "because you see I carry a lucky piece." This habit of carrying a piece of money for luck has become something more than a superstition since it is a practice common among all classes.

"I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for that sixpence," said a staid business man recently. "I found it in my mother's purse when she died, and I have always kept it as a souvenir."

There is a piece of bone that is taken from a fish, called a sheep's head which shows plainly the imprint of the letter "L." Theatrical people value this very highly as a lucky piece.

The Scotch have a fashion of handing back a trifling bit of coin when a payment is made. This is called a lucky penny, and is always carefully treasured.

It is almost impossible to find a

pocketbook that does not have some trifling charm in it to bring luck to its owner. It may be a coin, a stone, a chicken's wish-bone, a child's first tooth or a smooth sixpence, but it is expected to accomplish some or all of these missions: Keep off disease; avert the evil eye; protect the person carrying it from bodily harm; bring prosperity in business, love, courtship and marriage; thwart the evil designs of enemies; insure a safe journey and perform many other apparent miracles.—Detroit Free Press.

"Start her up, Jimmy."

As the averland express was snorting through Alameda, California, on its way to New York, the engineer suddenly whistled down brakes, the conductor frantically shouted and jerked the signal line, and with many a jar and squeak the long line of cars was brought to a stop.

"Nothing but me," said the old lady. "Has there been a smash up? Is there a draw-bridge open?"

"Don't poke fun at me, young man; I want to see the proprietor." "The what?"

"None of your business. I want to see the head man, the boss, and to onct."

"Well, ma'am," said that functionary, running up, watch in hand, "what's up? What can I do for you?"

"No, For heaven's sake get off the track, you old—"

"Don't sass me, you red-nosed gorilla, or I'll inform on you. Deary me. I thought everybody knew my Bill—prominent man there—runs the biggest fruit stand in town, and—hands off! you rascal. Don't dare to touch me. I'll move when I'm good and ready."

"Well, hurry up. What do you want?" "O, I thought you'd change your tune. Well, I wish you'd stop over a day or two at Chicago and look up Bill, and tell him that little Maria Jane's janders have kinder worked round into fits, and there's more hopes. She's sorter—"

"Start her up, Jimmy!" yelled the furious conductor; and if the old lady hadn't hustled up her skirts and jumped herself, she would have had a first-class case of damages against the company. After that she stood apoplectic with rage, shaking her parasol at the disappearing train, and announcing her determination to go right over and "see Governor Standard the very minute the dishes are washed.—Elect Series.

The United States heads the world in the matter of locomotive engines, with a horse power of 7,500,000. Then came England, with 7,000,000, Germany with 4,500,000, France with 3,000,000 and Austria with 1,000,000. The horsepower of the steam engines of the world represents the work of 1,000,000,000 men, or more than double the manpower of the whole working population. This means that steam has trebled man's working powers.

Table with 2 columns: Rate type and Price. 1 square 1 time, \$1.00; 1 month, 3.00; 3 months, 4.00; 6 months, 6.00; 12 months, 10.00

Contracts for larger spaces can be made at greatly reduced rates by applying to the Soliciting Agent.

Local notices to regular advertisers one cent a word. To those not regular advertisers ten cents a line.

Send for sample copies.

FUN.

The fly is generally acknowledged to be an aspirant for the crown. To make a long story short—send it to the editor of a newspaper.

A Burlington boy, who got into the preserve closet Saturday, is very sick. He couldn't stand the jar. Nasby says that "nothing pulls a man down like whisky." We have also been told that nothing "elevates" a man like whisky.

"They tell me you are an artist." "Only a painter." "Ah, indeed! May I ask what is your specialty?" "Certainly, I paint the town red."

"We don't care for the rain," said one Baltimore girl to another as she raised an umbrella; "we're neither sogar nor salt." "No," replied the other, "but we're lasses."

"Your bill has been running a long time," insinuatingly remarked the butcher to Slopay the other morning. "That's bad," remarked Slopay, sympathetically. "Why don't you let it walk?"

"Why do you drink so much?" said a clergyman to a hopeless drunkard. "To drown my troubles."

"And do you succeed in drowning them?" "No, hang 'em! they can swim."

"How can I leave thee?" he warbled under his best girl's window. "Come, young man," spoke up the policeman on that beat, who had been attracted by the noise, "the McGinty family's gone out of town for two weeks."

"Wose deaf? Tell me—ah—did you make a memorandum of the ah—wemark I made to you when I was here befoah?" "No Charley, I don't." "That's dreadful, 'cause, don't yer know, I cawn't recollect myself whether I proposed to you or Claws."

A lady teacher of music in Ontario county inserted her professional card in one of the county newspapers. It was seen by an old lover in Chicago, who at once hunted her up, explained his absence of a quarter of a century and married her. It pays to advertise.

Little Brother (whose sister is playing cards with a gentleman)—"Mr. Smiller, does Minnie play cards well?" Mr. Smiller—"Yes, very well, indeed." Little Brother—"Then you had better look out. Mama said that if she played her cards well, she wouldn't catch you."

"How many birthdays do you think I have had?" one person was heard to say to another in the horse car. "Oh, about forty-seven," hazarded person addressed, "Only one birthday! The rest have been anniversaries," was the explanation, and the car suddenly stopped.

"You seem to be enjoying yourself, Bobby," remarked one of the guests at a dinner party.

"Yes," asserted Bobby, with his mouth full, "I am making the most of it, 'cause after pa an' ma give a big dinner like this, it's always cold pickin' for the next thirty days."

"There is one thing I can't understand," he began when his wife interrupted him "Only one thing," my dear!" she said in amazement, and he fired his paper across the room and exchanged slippers for boots.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"I'm so tired that I shoudn like to retire and just sleep for the rest of my life." Mr. Crimsonbeak—"Well, that's just what you will do for sleep is just that thing." "Just what thing?" "The rest of your life."