The Wispatch

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WILLIE'S DREAM OF CHRISTMAS

BY SUE L. JAMES.

burned low

In the widow's home of poverty and woe. No ray of sweet life from holidays sent, No rest for her form now weary and

Around the fireside three little ones No carpet beneath them, not even a They shivered with cold and hungered

for bread; The poor dear little ones had not been

"Mother," said Willie, with tears in his "You said dear Jesus would hear in the And answer our prayers; last night you said so," And Willie's sweet face expressed its

deep woe. "You said that if Annie and Bobbie and Would pray and tell Jesus what to send

In heaven he'd hear us, and Santa Claus With goodles to eat, where hunger had been.

And now it's so dark he can't find the

"Then gifts for Bobbie and Annie I'd And for my own self a good warm mince-nie:

And for you I'd get some sweet cake and Wouldn't that have been nice, dearmother, from me?"

While he was talking, dear Willie's eyes closed; Through dreamland's quaint scenes he went as he dozed; He saw a great church lit up, and a tree, And the motto above, "Jesus loves me."

He saw bright children, like angels in Moving around it with fairy steps light, Singing sweet songs about Jesus and Singing, thought Willie, like angels ing tale of the cats.

"Dear Jesus," he murmured, "will you Mother, and Annie, and Bobbie to see

Those beautiful dolls, and wagons and And please, dear Jesus, do give me two

"For Bobbie and me who tired have For Annie, dear Jesus, all for her own Give that pretty doll on left of the tree; And a shawl for my mother, please give

And the large tear-drops began now to

"i'm hungry; O give me something, I I've had to eat not a morsel to-day."

Just then a firm step was heaad on the The poor tired mother arose from her Opened the door to learn who it might When, lo, a manly stranger she did see

Willie moaned softly, and the word "Jesus" fell Upon the quick ear-the stranger knew

Glancing at three lettle forms on the He breathed a prayer for blessings on

the four. 'Twas Willie's uncle from over the sea, Who'd come his sister and children to

His tears fell fast as over them he stood. Willie had spoken his dream out aloud; His mother heard with tender heart- have you there?' he gasped.

Had echoed his prayer at the throne of Now 'twas answered in her dear brother's

Willie lay sick when at his bright dream's Came the gifts he had prayed dear Jesus He coulden't arise from his pallet next day, But patiently moaning he quietly lay.

"Mother," he said, at an interval rare, night, work." "For my drum and toys I don't think Give them to Annie and Bobbie for me, black, "I've made de arrangement

"Now, mother, good-by; I'm going to de cats," And if I ne'er wake up again, don't weep; There'll be Christmas in he aven for Willie, you see, Dear Jesus just tole me he'd give me a

[From the Visitor.

TELL BOTH SIDES, AND TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES.

FRANKLINTON, N. C., THURSDAY, JAN. 5, 1888. YOL. 1.

NO. 25.

KEEP YOUR PROMISE.

Commodore Vandabilt, as most 'Twas Christmas-eve night; the fire 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 no so in order to be near his business. He bought a house just in the outskirts of the city where he thought he could be sure of comparative quiet. He tound a comfortable place close by a gravevard, with not many houses about him and settled down.

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 vells of what seemed a thousand cats. The neighborhood must have been, he was convinced, a favorite resort for all the cats in the city. They rendezvoused in the gravevard, and docked on his back fence, and perched on his shed roof and caterwouled "But, mother, I've waited his coming scarcely five minutes at a time. The next night it was repeated, and the next. Instead of getting used to it I'm hangry and cold, dear mother so the commedore was getting more and

> every morning by a lad who had stationed his box not far away, making an arrangement with the boy is order to get the shine reasonably cheap. One morning he sat down in the boy's chair with such a weary air and with so haggard a look on his face that the boy asked sympathet-

> "Wot's de matter, customer?" The commodore for want of a bet ter confident, opened his heart to the bootblack and told him the harrow-

the boy, "if I'll clean out all de cats

"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."

as he had not slept since he left "Dear Jesus," he whispered in tones so Staten Island. He woke in the morning with the delightful sense of having slept only about fifteen minutes, and yet knowing that he had slept soundly all night. When be went out he found his bootblack sitting on the front step.

"How'd you sleep, boss?" asked

"Splendidly, young man, splendidly."

"Hear anv cats?"

"Not a cat. How much do I owe

"Come round in the back yard an' we'll see," said the boy. They went around to the back

vard. There were two rough-looking youngsters sitting on the fence, and on the ground was a pile of dead He was godly and rich -leved to do good; cats that made the commodore turn

> "For heaven's sake, how many cats "Well t'row 'em over in another

pile, boss," said the bootblack, "an' you kin score 'em up,"

over deliberately, and the commodore Then he called out-

"Can't do it boss," said the boot-And tell them to have a nice Christmas wid dese gentlemen here, an' de ununderstanding is a dollar apiece for

commodore.

shook it in their faces, but the boys catch and show to him, alive on the It is almost impossible to find a has trebbled man's working powers. rest of your life,"

plans accordingly.

roused by the most unearthly cater- look into it. And there on the bot- son carrying it from bodily barm; life, He woke with the impression three of four deep, struggling vainly courtship and marriage; thwart the that there was a stack of cats on the to get out of the barrel. foot of his bed. Then he fancied sill of his room. But presently he these rats!" became eware that they were someomewhere in the yard near his win- gran'sir." dow. He could stand it no longer, and seized a loaded pistol thac was in a bureau drawer and blazed away, sir" one, two, three shots, at what seemed to be the centre of the disturbance in the yard. Then he heard a cry and groan of anguish from some human being. He dressed partially and madly all night long. He slept there, writing in pain, the pelice- farnation lot." man on the beat, with a ball from He also found a large gunny-bag in above, that was used to help in which was a wriggling, plunging mass climbing up to the havloft. Benny I wish vesterday my last matches I,d more nervous and slept less and less. of cats, all of them nowling now with pulled himself up hand over hand on The wear and tear began to tell on a fury redubled by the episode of the this rope until he hung suspended shooting. The policeman was able over the barrel. Vanderbilt had his boots blacked to explain that he had seen what "Ain't you goin' to give me that ordinary proportions, which made a boy. noise like a hundred cats, plunging and had come over to investigate; ing mass of rats. and no sooner had he discovered that the object was a big gunny-bag boy. full of cats, and had prepared to release the animals, than the commo-

> window, with disastrous effect. daipages, and the commodore had to pay him a thousand dollars to settlehar and unfinished nature of the possession of the premises. transaction with the boys prevented him from mentioning it, or from breaking his former contract with the bootblack, who continued to shine honest engagements with small boys, his boots as of yore. The day after the commodore had settled with the That night the commodore slept box and remarked;

"Sleep well, last night, boss?" The commodore only grunted in

"Any cats, now-a-days?"

The commodore jumped up from the cuair.

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

The commodore pulled out his

checkbook and hastily drew a check. "Here's a check for \$100," said he, and now don't you ever say cats to me again in your life, nor talk about this thing to anybody else, or I'll break every bone in your body."

"Agreed, boss," said the boy as he pocketed the check.

This story recalls another that is somewhat tike it with a different flavor and local color, however, and quite as authentic. It happened down on the cape in a time now well gone by, when Benjamin C- was The loys began to toss the cats a prominent man down there, wealthy, and foremost in a good counted stil he had got up to fifty. many business enterprises. Old Mr. C- was thrifty, like most of the "Hold on! That'll do. See here; Cape people with a high regard for I'll give you three fellows just five the almighty dollar. He had a lively, dollars apiece. That's big pay for a freckle-faced grand son, as angile as a squirrel, who was named for him, taken from a fish, called a sheep's Benjamin C. D-, since a man of a head which shows plainty the imgood deal of prominence on his own print of the letter "L." Theatrical account, and who lived with bim. people value this very highly as a The old gentleman's barn, as a good lucky piece. many other old places have done, be-"Well, I won't give you but five came terr bly invested with rats. The handing back a trifling bit of e in of the world represents the work of 1,. dollars each all around," said the old gentleman was so greatly an. when a payment is made. This is noyed that he offered the boy fifty called a lucky penny, and is always the manpower of the whole working what you will do for sleep is just the He pulled out the money and cents spiece for all the rats he would carefully treasured.

refused to take it. Finally they premises, a precaution to prevent pocketbook that does not have some withdrew in silence, leaving the com- sharp practice on the part of the trifling charm in it to bring luck to modore, aroused and ill-natured, with youth. After two or three days lit- its owner. It may be a coin, a stone, his cats. They formed a resolve to the Benjamin came to old Benjamin a chicken's wish-bone, a child's first get even with him," and made their to step out into the barn. He did so tooth or a smooth sixpence, but it is and was conducted to a big disused expected to accomplish some or all That night the commodore had not molasses barrel that stood in the of these missions: Keep off disease; been asleep very long before he was middle of the barn floor and asked to avert the evil eye; protect the perwauling that he had ever heard in his tom, was a writhing mass of rats, bring prosperity in business, love,

there were at least on the window gentleman. "Where'd you get all apparent miracles.-Detroit Free

"Caught 'em here in the barn,

"How many be they?"

"Eighty, That's just \$40, gran'-

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

"Well, yes, but I hadn't no idea

went out into the yard, and found when I did that you'd catch such a The boy looked up. There was

the commodore's revolver in his leg. rope dangling down from the beam

seemed to be a wild animal of extra- \$40 you agreed to, gran'sir?" said the

"Never!" said the oll man, lookaround on the commodore's lawn, ing into the barrel with its squirm-

"Well, then, here goes!" said the

With a lively kick of his foot he upset the barrel in the direction of dore had opened fire on him from the his grandfather. The multitude of rats poured out around the old man's The roliceman sued Vanderbilt for feet. He leaped wildly up and down in terror, and sprang through the mass to a ladder that stood near. "Wot'll yer give me, boss," said a fact which became quite generally Then he ran up the ladder with an known. As to the cats, he knew agility that he had not equalled for where they came from, but the pecu- fifty years. And the rats resumed

> He fabulæ docent that venerable men of wealth had best keep their even if the small boys turn out to be much smarter than the venerable policeman the boy looked up from his 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 pockerbook, and the money in it rolled out on the sidewalk.

"Too bad," said the other as she assisted her friend to restore the contents; "it's such bad luck to drop money unless it belongs to some one

"I don't mind," answered the owner of the pecketbook, "because vou 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

"I wouldn't take a hundred dol lars 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 souve.

He did not say that it brought him lack or that he had any superstition connected with it, but he unconsciously valued it as a charm.

There is a piece of bone that is

evil designs of enemies; insure a "My gorry!" exclaimed the old safe journey and perform many other Press,

"Start her up, Jimmy."

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

The cause of this "sudden fetch up" was a fat old lady with a red face and a green parasol, who had the engine, and making the most frantic signals for it to pause.

"What's the matter? Anything on walk?" the track?" said the engineer, ex-

"Nothing but me," said the old

"Has there been a smash u ? Is there a draw-bridge open?" "Don't poke fun at me, young man; I want to see the proprietor,"

"The what?" "The man who runs this thingthe captain-or whatever you call

"What do you want with the con-

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

"Well, ma'am," said that functionary, running up, watch in hand, what's up? What can I do for you?" "You go through to Chicago, don't

"Why, of course. What of it?" "Know my son Bill-Bill Skind-

erson-there?" "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, andhands off! you rascal. Don't dare to touch me. I'll move when I'm good and ready."

"Well, hurry up. What do you

"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 to say to another in the horse car. 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 apopletic 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 locummotive 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 Scotch have a fashion of The horsepower of the steam engines

The Visuale

RATES OF ADVERTISING

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 ford. To those not regular dvertisers ten cents a line.

Send for sample copies.

FUN. Clipped from Exchanges.

The fly is generally acknowledged to be an a pirant 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 whisy." 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 sugar nor salt."

"No," replied the other," but we're

"Your bill has been running a long " time," insinuatingly remarked the planted herself squarely in front of butcher to Slopay the other morning. "That's bad" remarked Slopay, sympathetically. "Why don't you let it

> "Why do you drink so much?" said a clergsman to a hopeless drunk-

"To drown my troubles,"

"And do you succeed in drawning "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 dear? Tell me-ab-did von make a memowandom of the-ahwemark I made to you when I was here befoah?" "No Charley, I don't." "That's dweadful, 'cause, don't yer know. I cawn't weccollect myself

whether I pwoposed to you or Clawa."

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 obsence 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. Mamma said that if she played her cards well, she wouldn't catch you."

"How many birthdays do you think have had?" one person was heard "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 mo of it, 'cause aftes ps an' ma give 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 shouln like to retire and jus sleep for the rest of my life." Mr. 000,000,000 men. or more than double Crimsonbeak-"Well, that's just population. This means that steam thing." "Just what thing?" "Th