

not right."

and Exchauge Agercy.

A DEMOCRATIC JOURNAL-THE PEOPLE AND THEIR INTERESTS.

VOL. VII. NO. 20.

MAXTON, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1892.

and Scottish Chi

It had often hung before.

Though Frank was old en ough to stay

up and help with the "fixin's," he made

no objection to going to bed with Rob,

and the two boys snuggled together in

the effort to get warm.

ever come down now?"

light, a troubled look on his face.

"Well, there is somethin' that both-

disturbance.

too.'

SI.OO A YEAR.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

His Head is Level.

Managers of the Maxion Collection

H. H. SAMPSON, H. H. SAMPSON,

Soft Drinks and Confectior eries.

Best restaurant in town.

J. W. Robbins.

Cheap Cash Store.

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

MOSESFINE.

EXCELSIOR RACKET STORE.

ial line of Confectionerics, etc. Coun-

try Produce bought and sold. Fresh

Fruits and Vegetables a speci-lty.

Fullstock General Merchandise, Spic

Dealer in General Merchandise,

An old farmer from Jackson county, Live Men of Maxton. What They Do and Where to Find Them. Carter & Weatherly, COTTON BUYERS, And dealers in Dry Gools, Boots. Shoes and Farm Supplies.

W. S. MCNAIR. GENERAL MERCHANDISE and

NAVAL STORES.

Leading shoe detler of the town.

J. J. FREESLAND, J. J. FREESLAND,

Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler, Watches, Silverware and Fancy Goods. Optical goods a specialty.

THE

New York Racket, J. W. ELWELL, Proprietor.

The Bargain House of this section for Dry Goods, Shocs and Notions.

J. A. McLean,

General Merchandise and Farm Supplies.

LEADER IN LOW PRICES.

G. F. CARTER,

General Merchandise & Breker. No. 10 PATTERSON STREET.

anteed.

Prices.

Georgia, recently talked with the Athens Binner, and thus explained the cause of and Sweden, name days, birth days and Binner, and thus explained the cause of Christmas, are the principal festival of hard times: "It is not the low price of the year which are celebrated by rich cotton," said the farmer, "for I have of-ten sold it for six and seven cents, and of great rejoicing, and all keep holiday thought I was doing well, but I carried from Christmas Eve until Twelfth Day, all the money home with me. I did not leave any of it in Athens, for I made what I needed on the farm. You don't have any old-fashioned gin and screws to pack cotton in; you don't hear the wheel and eards going in the kitchen on a rainy day; you don't see any plow stocks, axe helves, hoe handles, baskets and horse collars made at home. You all go to town and get them. You don't see any big pen full of fattening hogs around the house. You go to town to get your meat. If you will go back to those old times and make what you live on at home, there will be no Third party nor any one asking for \$50 per capita. You go to town too often after things that can be raised at home. Try it and see if I am W. E. Croom and Co., WHOLESALE and RETAIL GROCthis early celebration of the Fast of ERS and BANKERS. Lights. In the farming districts, too,

the 6th of January. At this season every cottage, as well as every mansion, is cleaned from top to bottom, white curtains are hung at the windows, and the tables covered with snowy cloths. Peasants and nobles don their best Sunday clothing, and the gifts, which few are too poor to prepare for each other, are sometimes thrown into the rooms, so that the donors may be guessed at, but not positively known. In country churches, service is held at four o'clock on Christmas morning, when, for the only time in the year, the sanctuary is illuminated with candles; but there are no evergreen decorations as with us. In the wintry dawn then sledges packed with good people may be seen gliding over the frozen lakes, and beneath the pine and birch trees, glittering wi h time in, the starlight; and peasants trudge many miles through the snow to attend

Christmas in Scandinavia.

FEEDING THE BIRDS.

they have a very charming custom, for, on Christmas morning, the farmer's wife distributes loaves of bread among all the very poor in her neighborhood, while her husband fastens a sheaf of wheat or corn on a tall pole, as a Christmas banquet for the birds, an attention which the little feathered pensioners of the air fully appreciate. So, the happy, holy season is made a time of "good will to all," in cold, frost bound Scandinavia, as well as in less frigid lands.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS In the cold northern lands of Norway From heaven to earth at night's high noon There flashed a ray of sacred fire; And Nature's voice was all a-tune With songs of sweet desire. O wondrous night! O holy morn! When peace and harmony were born.

The authems of all Nations ring Over the seas from shore to shore: The song the Christmas joy bells sing Echoes forevermore. O Christ! to think Thy baby hands Could grasp and hold so many lands.

May joy abide in every breast! May loving thoughts and kindness sway The souls of men to quiet rest, For Christ was born to-day 1 Let bitterness and envy cesss, And all His children be at peacel

O spirit of this Christmastide, Abide with us, and give us power To conquer upon every side The battle of life's hour. And grant that we may know with Thee The joy of immortality.

-Helen S. Conant.

A CHRISTMAS MIRACLE.

BY MRS. M. C. HALE.

GH!" said John Blake, stamping off the snow and swingb ing his arms about. (i)) "This is the coldest Christmas eve I relife, for one short year. member in a long time. Whew! Shut the door, Frank. Quick! What on earth do you let in any more air than necessary such a night as this?"

Farmer Blake had finished the chores ers me, sure enough," he answered. early to-night, and had just come in "for good," as he said. Everything had been done, except the "lockin' up," which Frank, the oldest boy, was to attend to, and all was to be ready for "the Christmas fixin';" "the young' uns had to get to bed, so as everything'd be done in season."

The farmer sometimes grumbled that hit was mighty hard work keepin Christmas," but if he had been given his choice, he would not have had the day omitted from his calendar for a good sum of money. As for his wife, for six months she looked for ward to Christmas with pleasure, and back upon it with delight for the other six months. "There'd be no use living," she said, Brought to Time by the Locksmith. "if it weren't for Christmas and chil-Frank was now to take the warm wathe combination changed in his safe, and | ter to the chickens, for, as the farmer the work was done by a locksmith, who said, "Look's if it might set in for a was obliged to take the safe to his es- good spell o' snow; an' the critters 'd better have enough feed for the mornin', So Frank pulled down another armful locksmith, calmly telling him that he of hay, packing it into the manger. He would pay, shut the safe, gave the lock patted old Dobbin and Molly, as, turna few turns, told the owner to open it if ing the lantern from side to side, he "Therel" he said to himself, "if I bination upon a piece of paper in his baven't forgotten the big key? Too cold pocket. The owner soon weakened to come out again. Father won't think and produced the necessary cash .- of asking about it, and they are as safe as they ever are." The solemu, slow munching of the animals as they drew out the hay in long wisps, only slightly disturbed the silence mission to persons who left before the as the boy stood still for a moment. It was not a very important matter. It had happened before that the barn had been left unlocked, but only when it had been forgotten, and as Frank thought, "If apything should happen, father would blame me." But the wild sweep of snow, as he opened the barn door, blew out the light, and in the dark, half blinded by the sleet, he fumbled at the latch; until at last, having secured it, he hurried into the house, and then-he

sail on the outer post of the porch, where she saw it was a few minutes before twelve.

The kitchen and dining-room faced Like the lovers they had been fifteen the Cranford road, as it was usually years before, they stood upon the front porch, hand in hand, and peered ahead called, because it was near the point where several roads from Rahway, from of them. the "Mills," and from Roselle, turned Down the road, a few lights from the

Statte dellere

into the one leading to the village of village glowed faint as a glowworm's Crapford. The construction of the house torch, but in the opposite direction none was very odd, but as the neighbors said could be seen. Slight marks, partially covered, showed here and there, but the "When Jane and John Blake set out to build a house, you might be sure it white space seemed endless, looking like wouldn't be like any other." And it white capped waves. The lamp in the

had not altered their opinion when Mr. Blake explained that as they were to window threw its beams far out on the road, and the snow, now falling softly, spend most of their lives in it, he didn't formed a golden haze in the light. see why they should build the best part The lantern was not where Mrs. Blake for somebody size. When he built the had placed it, certainly, and they passed barn beside the house, its door directly to the side of the house. There, hang-

opposite one from the side of the kiting on the latch of the barn door, was chen, the neighbors only laughed goodthe lantern. naturedly and said: "That's like them, Slowly, for the snow had drifted here,

they pressed toward the glmmering light, keeping their eyes fixed on it as if it were a beacon. The snow around and about it, the soft flakes falling over it, gave it a weird, uncanny look, like a halo spreading indefinitely until loss in

"Say, mother," said Rob, as she leaned the whiteness around. over the bed to give them the good-John shivered and wished he had stayed in, but Mrs. Blake drew him fornight kiss she never omitted, "do angels ward. Some one had been here. Some one had moved the lantern. In her "I'm not sure," she answered. "Some mind were the words, "And they folpeople think they do, but others don't.'. As she went down stairs she added to lowed the star."

herself: "I'm one of the people that think they do-for awhile." They reached the barn, unbooked the lantern, and John then discovered that the door was not locked.

She was thinking of the baby girl who "That little scamp!" he muttered. had lain in her arms, and blessed her "But as we are here we may's well see if the critters are all right." And they When she came into the kitchen her went in. Old Molly had been led from husband sat beside the bright fire, with both hands on his knees, gazing at the

her stall, and was standing on the other side. This so startled John that he What's the matter, father?" said his raised his lanters, swinging it from side wife, who knew the sighs of mental to side.

"There' there! John," said Mrs. Blake, catching at his arm. Molly's manger. What is that?"

"You see, when I was driving back Fa They drew nearer, till the light from Elizabeth, this afternoon, Istopped flashed down on the fragrant hay heaped at Derby's and Crane's to leave some in the manger, on which a woman was crouching; while pressed closely to her things, and get the turkey trimmings you wanted; an' they both mentioned 't breast was a little baby, fast asleep. they'd heard that John Granger 'd been The mother's dark eyes gleamed at on a spree, an' driven his wife an' child them questioningly; fear and joy at out o' the house, an' locked 'em out, once showing in her face.

too. I suppose the poor critters 'll be "The baby, John. A little baby in taken in an' cared for by the neighbors | the manger," said Jane, in a trembling voice. "Oh, you poor girl! Oh, Anna, me feel kinder shivery to think she may | Anna, why did you not come to me at But the young mother, the cruelly

DIXIE NEWS.

The Sunny South Gleaned and Epitomigod.

All the News and Occurences Printed Here in Condensed Form.

Two Mormon missionaries are laboring in Sumter and Marion countles, S. C.

A safe in Carpenter Bros. store at Kings Mountain, N. C., was blown open by burglars Thursday and \$2,000 in money and valuable papers were carried off.

Harrison Evans a 16 year old white boy shot himself while out hunting near Win ston, N. C.

A sensational "fake" is going the rounds of the papers of a negro woman of Ed_off id, S. C., who killed and cooked her baby and served it at a quilting party.

Tom and John Oliver, first cousins, and wealthy farmers living near Waco, Tex., fought a duel last Wednesday over a too charming young woman. John was shot through the body and will die.

United States Senator R. L. Gibson, of Louisiana, died at Hot Springs, Ark., Thursday. He was buried Sunday at Lexington, Ky., by the side of his wife. A cyclone passed over Summit, Miss.

on Thursday, cutting a path 500 yards wide, and leaving therein five person killed and many wounded.

At a meeting of the Roanoke, Va., bar Hon. John Randolph Tucker was unani mously endorsed for attorney General in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet.

The South Carolina Sewerage Co was organized at Columbia to construct sewers; capital stock \$89,000.

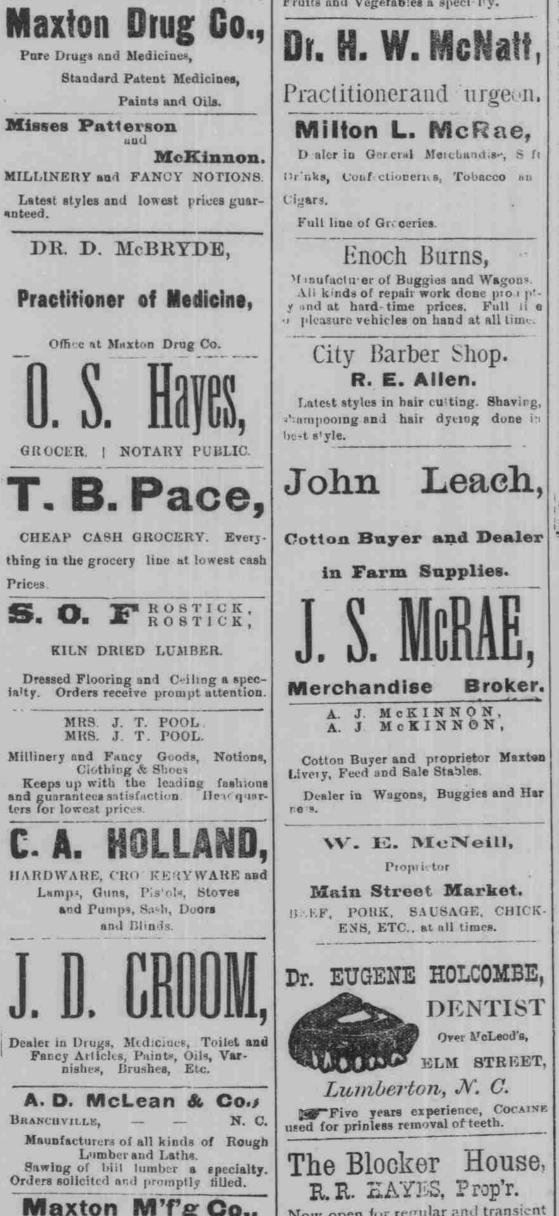
The gross earnings of the Northeastern Railroad of South Carolica for the year ended June 30 were \$659,256, operating exp uses and taxes \$500,411, and net carnings \$158,845.

Weldon, N. C., is to have the largest cotton factory in the State. Workmen are now engaged in clearing up the site for the mammoth structure, and it is stated the order has already been given for the brick. Gen Mahone is largely interested in the enterprise.

Last Sunday morning an earthquake shock was felt at Gasto i, N. C., and from there as far up the B sleigh & Caston Railroad as Warrenton The shock very decided, shaking houses and windows to an alarming degree, and was necompanied by a roaring sound. The Colored State Fair held at Columbia, S. C., last week was a big success, winding up with a "First Annual ctat-Ball" in Agricultural Hall, given by the colored people, or more properly speak-ing, the "Convivial Cataree Club South Carolina."





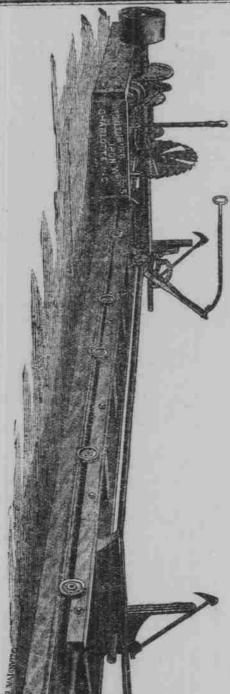


A certain Bangor business man had dren.

occasion to have the lock repaired and tablishment. When the bill was presented the owner refused to pay it, in case we couldn't get to 'em." deeming the charge too much. The he could, and walked back to his place glanced around. of business with the figures of the com-Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

From 1661 to 1680 it was customary in England to return the price of adclose of the first act.

The long bow was brought into Western Europe in the Eighth Century; bows were six feet long, arrows three.



really forgot. A sturdy boy of eleven he showed himself to be, as he stamped the snow from his rubber boots, and tossed his wet cap and "comforter" into a chair. Rob, a little fellow of about five years, had been drawing pictures, as he called his marks, and looked up with a dreamy

"Is is showing, father?" he asked. "Now, father!" exclaimed Frank. "Do you hear that? Who would ask

such a question but Rob' Yes, you silly boy, it is snowing, and likely to keep on for a good while. Do you think it will last all night, father."

"Can't tell," said the farmer. "This time o' year ain't wuth bettin' on. Might keep on for a week, an' might clear off 'fore mornin', an' the stars come out.'

"Mother," said Rob, suddenly raising his head; "Did it snow when Jesus was born ?"

"Land sakes!" exclaimed Mr. Blake.

"Hear that now! How d'you suppose we know, child? We weren't there!" Mrs. Blake patted the little golden head, but thought it wise not to attempt an answer.

"Everything in shape, Frank?" said his father.

And Frank, a little conscience-stricken, looked out toward the barn door, and said :

"Yes, sir; it's awally cold, too." "I hope no one is out-of-doors to-BRANCHVILLE, -night," said Mrs. Blase. "Did the lan-tern blow out, Frank? Well, now, the Maunfacturers of all kinds of Rough Lumber and Laths. snow's driving around so, it seems as if Sawing of bill lumber a specialty. I'd feel better if there was a light in it, Orders solicited and promptly filled. and it was hung out on the porch. Some Maxton M'f'g Co., Now open for regular and transient one might be losing their way, just for saw no one. want of the light it gives. There's very "There'r no one there, Jane," he said. boarders. Table suppled with best Maunfecturers of Doors, Sash and the market affords.Next to C C Then he added, curiously, "Did you say little light between the Cranford station B inds. Make and repair Steam Logines, you hung the lantern on the porch? and the 'Mills,' and anyway, I'd feel Boilers, Saw Mills, Cotton Gins and Depot. Well, it ain't there!" better." "Pshaw! mother," said her husband; "Now, we must go," said Jane, de-Presses, etc. cidedly. "Some poor soul is out there, "don't you think the windows give light 6. B. PATTERSON WM. BLACE. and must be brought in. Set the lamp enough?" R. H. STRICKLAND, in the kitchen window, so we can tell Black & Patterson, "Well, the windows will be dark R. H. STRICKLAND, when we go to bed," she answered, "and Headquarters for Chewing and Smok-ATTORNEYS ... AT ... LAW besides, no one can see them till they ing Tobacco, Cigars, etc. Fine sto k warm, John. Iteady? All right." get in front of the house. I guess I'll of fancy and beavy groceries, and Con-MAXTON, M. C. hang it out." fectioneries, Wood, Stone and Gast-And with the wick turned up to give Will prastice in any of the courts of the State ware. the clock, it was with a slight thrill that | circles. a bright, clear light, she hung it by a No. 15 East side Patterion St.

near there 'fore this time; but it makes be out in this storm. Ugh! the wind first?" goes through one like a mowin' machine through the grass!"

Mrs. Black went toward the front wizdow and looked out on the road. "Yes, it is a bitter night," she said,

thoughtfully. "I'd like to feel sure the girl was under shelter. Ah, John, it was a bad day for Anna when she married him. Poor orphan! I haven't ever laid it up against her when she got the it seemed like a realization of the ever idea that marrying anybody was better new Christmas story. They, too, had than being 'bound out' to us. Pretty, followed the light where it led; they, gentle-spoken child, and I don't see how any one could iil-treat her. Mr. Wins- manger. low says he's heard her crying out; 'Don't strike me again, John!' Ab, poor girl, poor girl1 And a baby, too, only about six months old. A girl baby !"

"I aia't stopped there of en lately," said Mr. Blake; "John has been so of'en half drunk, or all drunk, that it ain't been pleasant. Well, I suppose we'd better begin fixin' the tree, hadn't we?" "I suppose so," his wife answered, but

she still lingered beside the window. She pressed her face close to the pane, and peered out. The lamp on the porch sent a tright stream of light out into the road. All about the lanters the flakes were whirling, like flies and guats on a summer's night.

John had brought in the tree, placing it in a corner of the dining-room, while his wife was upstairs with the boys, and taking the lamp with them, they now proceeded to trim the tree. The ornaments saved from one year to another were brought out and fastened, the rosycheeked apples and golden oranges were hung on, the popcorn they had spent several evenings in stringing were flung over the branches, looking as if a flurry of snow had frozen there. The candy ornaments, and last the candles, completed the pretty effect.

"My !" exclamed Mr. Blake. "Who'd think you could heat up on such a night? It makes one as warm as a-hayin'. Most done, ain't we, mother?"

"Almost," said his wife, as she stopped toward the kitchen door. The light from the porch was faintly reflected on both of the windows, while the inside of of the kitchen was without light except from the fire.

As Mrs. Blake looked toward the win-Blake from the next room.

heard a tappin,' sorter." She was worried and troubled.

"I saw a face, a woman's I think, against the window," she answered. "And she tapped at the glass. It did frighten me a little, but it must be some poor creature, cold and faint, muybe, We must go out and look for her."

But John, who hated to leave the warm comfort indoors, for the cold discomfort without, suggested that whoever it was, would probably be glad to come in. But though he opened the door and peerel out and around, he

treated wife, had fainted. John carried the slight form in his strong arms "into the light out of the night," while Jane held the baby-the baby girl-pressed closely to her heart.

A short journey, but to the young mother the change seemed like that from death to heaven. To Jane Blake too, had seen the babe lying in a

When Anna had told how she had tried to reach the house before darkhow, when she did reach it, her heart had failed her, and knowing how Mrs. Blake had pleaded with her not to marry John Granger, she had feared she

might not beiriend her-how she had entered the barn and laid the baby in the warm hay-how she had passed from one window to another, had almost eatered several times-when all this was told the rest remained unsaid, because so well understood by all. Anna, whom they had all loved for many years, had come back to her home. That was all. When in the early morning Mrs.

Blake and Anna arose and began the daily work. Jane suggested that the boys' room, which was heated by a pipe from the kitchen, would be a better place for the baby. So the cradle in

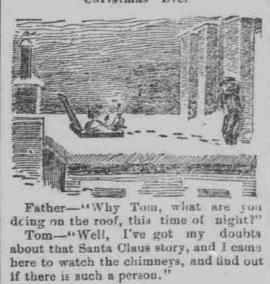
which Jane and Jane's mother had been rocked, with its solid sides and hoodlike to of mahogany, was moved into the other room.

Jane smiled to herself as she heard the boys' bare feet on the floor overhead. She imagined their start of surprise at sight of the cradle. But she did not carry her imaginings far enough.

A shrill whisper of "Mother!" "Mother!" came from the stairs. Both mothers hurried into the hall. Rob, quivering with excitement, stood on the middle stair, while Frauk, half wise, half mystified, but wholly curious, was at the top both nightowned, barefooted,

"Ob, mother !" said Rob, "Angels do come nowadays! One has been in our room and left a Christmas baby there Come and see !"-New York Observer.

Christmas Eve.



A Botanist Falls Fifteen Stories.

CHICAGO, ILL.-Charles Chuntler, a

Miss Mary Murifoy, a highly connected young lady or Loeds, Aln., was found dead in bed yesterday morning. Besid her was a morphine bottle and a note bidding her relatives an affectiousto good-bye. Ill health caused the suicid -

Gen. R. B. Vance, aged sixty five. brother of Senator Vance and m-mber elect of the North Carolina Legislat and was married Thursday to Miss Lizzi + / Cook, at the home of the bride, in Gu ham county, N. C.

A negro who outraged Einma O'Bryan, an 18-year-old white girl of Nushevill Tenn., has been captured and hanged to a tree in a churchyard and his body ere mated.

Application will be made to the General Assembly of North Carolina at its next session for a charter incorporation a company to construct a railroad from the city of Durham, N. C., through the counti's of Durham, Chatham, Moore Montgomery, Stanly and Mecklenburg to the city of Charlotte, N. C.

Taste and Small

Some curious observations by Professor Jashow indicate that our appreciation of food depends largely, if not chiefly, upon the sense of smell instead of that of taste. The subject of the investigation was a student twonty-ons years old, who inherited from his mother the defect-acquired by her in childbood-of complete absence of the sense of smell, taste and other sensations being unaffected. He was found to be unable to detect any difference between ten, coffee and water. In three trials out of five he confused bitter almond water and water, but distinguished between ether and water and ether and ammonus. Fruit syrups were simply sweet, so difference between them being perceived. Cloves and cinnamon were recognized, but mustard and pepper gave only a sharp sensation on the tongue. -- Trenton (N. J.) American.

George Vanderbilt Ill on His Return.

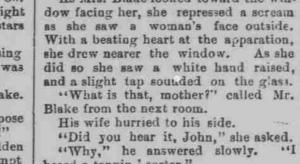
NEW YORK. -George W. Vanderbilt arrived in this city late on Friday after-noon, a ter a stay of several months in Japan. He came directly to New York from his estate, Biltmore, in North Carolina. He went there after his arrival at San Francisco several weeks ago. Mr Vanderbi t is confined to his bed with a slight sickness resulting from a cold and the fatigue of the journey.

Electric Sparks For Lightning Bugs.

CYNTHIA, KY.-Richard Simma, a horse trainer was instantly killed in the ni, ht by touching a telephone wire which was crossed with an el etrie light wire. He thought the main a ... om the wire were light has bue, and remain out to catch them.

Two Men Killed About a Woman.

WASHINGTON, N. C .- At South Creek, Beaufort county, Robert Rogers, a white man, killed Wm Hammond, colored; and Tom Moore, colo ed, killed Rogers dire thy afterwards. It is rumored that



bot inist, who was engaged in the horit womau w s the cause. cu tur I department at the World's Fair. South Carolina's Official Vote. met a frightful death in the Masonic COLUMBIA, S. C. - The official vote of Temple, the fell from the fourteenth story to the basement, his body being South Carolina in the recent election for mangled almost beyond recognition. Me President is as follows; Cleveland, 54, (hantler attempted to alight at the four 698; Harrison, 13,384; Weaver 2,410 teenth floor just as the elevator started Bidwell none. upward, and fell before the cage cou d where to come back to, and we'll get the be stopped. He leaves a wife and three other lantern from the barn. Wrap up children in Wisconsin. He was Secretary of the Agazsiz Society, and came to this It had taken them several minutes for | country in 1880 from England, where he preparation, and as Jane glanced toward had distinguished himself in scie tifle

100 SMALL. Miss Lakeside-So you are engaged to Charlie Hmith! Well, I would not be ap your shoes! Miss Murrayhill-I dare say not, dear-They would pinch you terribly.