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ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

MORGANTON, N. C.

M. A. NI.WLAND.

Attorney-at, Law,

MARION, N. C.

M. SILVER,

Durings Generally.

VOL. VI.

MORGANTON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1890.

# NO. 37.

HANKSGIVIN'S Ita Well, I thought it Fer thar alm't a man on the mountain as can't tell this shanty clean cive it that name Fer a notion I had When I was right

An' my husband was bad. An' that pipen bad

You see, it was this way: Me and Bill had a funs, dinner de ole woman's goin'-goin' to chop off the banties' heads off." The boy was sobbing now, and boring one cold and Reg'lar, day arter day. An' be kep' gittin' wuss, Tell I jes' couldn't stand it no longer, to live with grimy fist into his eyes. Faber drew him the mean, orn'ry cuss.

So I riz in my wrath, An' sez I to him, "Bill, "Ye see boss, when I was a fresh air kid las' summer over'n Jersey I got stuck on a couple o' banties. They'd come when I a couple o' banties. They'd come when I Not mine; I've got my all called 'em an' eat out o' me hand, an' I Of Jinin' my footsteps with yourn. I kin make hadn't never seen no banties before, an' he my own way, an' I will. was such a regular little slugger, he wasw'y, say, he'd sail into de bigges' rooster on de bull farm an' do 'em, too, he would—an'



"No. — Bayard street. You'll take one of these yuckstras offen me, won't"— Bill tuck it most meek. But I seen he was stuck, Though he didn't once speak,
An' I laughed at my plack.
An' it tickled me so when he left, I named
shanty "Thanksgivin'" fer luck. spairing glance at the big bundle of extras

"Brick" manfully dashed away his tears and again cried, "Yuckstra! Yuckstra!" Thousands of people hurfied by the little That's twenty ye'rs gone;
Bill he never come back,
But somehow I didn't git on shivering figure, but at the end of an bour only three papers had been sold. "Brick" began to slowly work his way up the Bowery. At 11 o'clock he reached home, tired, lots of times fer Bill to come back hungry, cold, and weeping bitterly. He



An' you air Bill? Well! well! I knowed it was you! An' come back to stay? Do tell, It's too good to be true But I'll resk it! An' say, Bill, I'll not change the

Head of Firm (the day before Thanksgiving)-Mr. Travers, I have ordered a turkey sent around to your home as a



Travers (at the table the next day)-Well, there's no question about its being

Without irreverence it may be said that the negative side of things calls for unusual thankfulness this year. We are thankful that so many things did not come. The cholera stopped in Spain. France is fighting it back from her borders, and with success. The financial panic did not come, though many experts expected it in September. The great drought and flood foretold by various weather prophets were withheld. The fallure of crops was, after all, not a fourth so bad as we expected. We are thankful for negative blessings.

'I'm going to give thanks to-morrow for all the blessings I have enjoyed for the past year," said the old man devoutly on Wednesday. "Ugh!" grunted his wife, "and it's all you ever will give, too."

A large line of fine stationa

ry, linen envelopes and note and

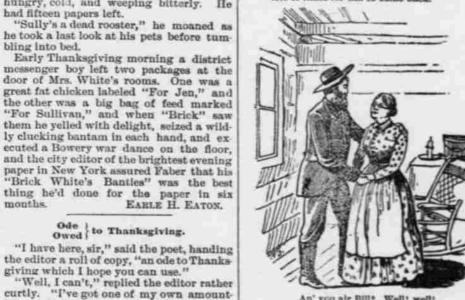
When you are in need of opes, Cards, Hand Bills, Posters or any other kind of Printing, give

The landlady talks to a visitor with grateful re-TAVERN

too, that even his childern wouldn't clai



No better. Thar's a lack That nothin' won't fiil, 'cept tears; and I've cried



name of the shanty, would you?
Will J. Lampton

A Real Mean Old Thing. Of all the flock the turkey cock Was roosting on the lowest limb; The females fat above him sat And, trembling, listened unto him. "Dear girls," said he, "I think I see

A hawk above us in the sky. You come below and I will go Above to guard you or to die."

With flapping wings the silly things Flew down upon the limbs below, While he, the knave, in accoust brave Declared that he the first should go With good night peep they fell asleep,

But soon awoke with frightful screech As one by one the farmer's son Wrung every neck within his reach. Of all the flock the turkey cock,

Aperch upon the highest limb, Alone was spared, who thus had sna red The silly heas to swap with him.

Thanksgiving Day. Thanksgiving day. Lift up your eyes, my dear. Your eyes so tender and so sunshine clear, That now the heavy curling lashes sweep, Reveal to me the hopes that haply sleep Within their depths; the day so prized is near.

Lift up your eyes, my darling, without fear (Their silent message my quick heart will hear). And say if I with a new joy may keep Thanksgiving day.

What though the resped fields are brown and sere, One glance can fill my world with happy cheer O gracious eyes! O little hands that creep To mine! O harvest that my life shall resp Ye make for me of all the whole round year Thanksgiving day.

—Carlotta Perry in Harper's Bazar

An Exception. She (gratefully)-Well, everybody has something to be thankful for. He (casually)-Except the turkey.



Dashaway—You didn't suppose for a moment, madam, that I wanted it all.

Tull, Druggist

posure are subject to rheumatism. neuralgia and lumbago, and will find a valuable remedy in Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanie Oil Lintmest; flamation.

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A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.— U. S. Govenment Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

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NORTH CAROLINA Will open Fall Term, Aug. 6th, 1890 with a full corps of professors, and an extended course of study.—Board, from \$5 to \$9, all expenses included. Tuition, from \$1 to \$4 per month.

Matriculates last year, 213. Prospects
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The best school for young ladies in Western North Carolina.

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This school is specially adapted to give boys a thorough training for college and for the business

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Prices range from \$2 to \$4 per Board can be had at \$8 per

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make arrangements to board themselves. This school will begin on 1st day of September, 1890.

For further particula raddress the principal, JOHN A. GILMER. jl0-3m.

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SPRING TERM BEGINS THURSDAY TAN. 30.

WILL. H. SANBORN, Pres. jan 6



## J. & P. COATS BEST

SIX-CORD SPOOL COTTON.

YOU CAN BUY IT OF

I. J. DAVIS. febso-ly



Morganton, N. C.

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THANKSCIVIN' TAVERN. [Copyright by American Press Association.]

at 9 o'clock that evening Faber was crossing City Hail park, New York, when a pleading voice addressed him. "Hey, boss, please buy a yuckstra. I'm stuck wid twenty, an' ef I don' sell 'em de ole woman's goin' to kill me banties." The speaker was a very small boy with a very large bundle of papers. Faber glared fix-edly into the boy's eyes until they filled with tears.

"You're not lying to me? What's your name? and what are your banties?"
"Hope to die, boss, if I ain't giving it to

ye straight. Me name's 'Brick' White, an'

I got a banty rooster an' a hen, an' they're

me pets, an' ef I don' git enough money fer

to buy a chickin fer Jen's Thanksgiving

the woman she give 'em to me fer a pres-

ent. I lugged 'em home wid me an' fixed

up a coop in de windy, an' now every day

de little hen she'll go 'chuck, chuck, te-cackut!' an' lay de littlest white egg ye

ever see, an' Sullivan-dat's de roester

he'll walk around de coop prouder'n 's if he owned Fi't' aven'e. Me ole man was

killed on de elevator railroad, an' de olc woman she-she washes, an' Jen, that's

me sister, she's been sick a long time. Doctor says she'll die soon, an' she's been

wanting a taste of chickin ever sence she

had some onct about four years ago, when

she wus in de hosspittle. I want Jen to have the chickin, but I do' want her to eat

my banties, an' she wouldn't neither if she

knowed, but ma won't let me tell her. I

got me eye on a big chickin down to

Wash'n'ton market, and I been hustlin' all

"Where do you live?" Faber asked cold

But the stranger had gone. With a de

EARLE H. EATON.

Owed to Thanksgiving.

ing to \$2 for the turkey. How much is

No Doubt About It.

giving which I hope you can use."

day an' ain't got half enough money yet. Ef I could git rid of these 'ere papers I

ly, turning his head away.

had fifteen papers left.
"Sully's a dead rooster,"

bling into bed.

yours?"

out of the rush and interviewed him.

BRICK WHITE'S BANTIES.

It was the night before Thanksgiving,

and two people were unhappy-J. Knox

Faber, newspaper man, because he did not

have a pathetic idea for a Thanksgiving

pathetic idea for a Thanksgiving story, and

story which was due on the city editor's desk the following morning, and "Brick" White, newsboy, because he did have a

After service there were hearty greetings characteristic of Thanksgiving morning in a New England country church. No one was absent, and everybody that had been away had come home—the son from the city, the young girl from boarding school, all gathering under the family roof tree on the day of festive reunion. Herbert was the center of a welcoming group of old friends, each of whom insisted upon bearing him off to share the family turkey. As greetings and invitations poured in upon him he could scarcely realize his desolation and loneliness only a

ererore's first impulse was to lean forward and speak to Joe, but he did not do

it. There was a fascination in sitting

there unknown and watching the familiar

faces. Then the lad glanced around and

noticed the stranger of the morning. Her-

bert saw him whisper to his father, who

looked carelessly over his shoulder. A

sudden start, the light of recognition on the man's honest face, then an arm came

over the pew and Herbert's hand was seized with a hearty grasp. It was the first friendly greeting. It warmed his heart, and he felt like a boy home from

school as he joined in singing the familiar

Thanksgiving hymns.

few hours before. Joe Phillips, however, insisted upon claiming him. He had been the first to recognize him, he said, and had the best right. With many promises to "look in" before he left town Herbert entered the family carriage with Joe, Joe's wife and Margaret, the young folks following on

The town had grown out around the old Phillips mansion, but it was still a stately residence, standing in the midst of generous grounds, with the same majestic elms sweeping its roof. As Herbert walked up the path to the front door between trim rows of old fir trees the years since he stood there saying trembling farewell words to Margaret were crumpled up to nothing. He had discovered that she was Margaret Phillips still, and he wondered if she remembered that parting. He feared she did not, for she treated him with easy familiarity. He wished she would blush and look down when he spoke to her, as

them as they entered the house. When the family were all seated around the loaded table Herbert, accustomed to the dainty courses of a city dining room, marveled at the amount of turkey, chicken pie and boiled ham which was heaped upon his plate, together with every vegetable native to the soil. Somehow he ate it all with keen relish, and had appetite left for plum pudding and numerous pieces of pie. Mrs. Joe laughingly declared that the rule of the house on Thanksgiving day was that "everybody must taste of everything," and Herbert had no inclination to rebel. He wondered that he felt so much like a boy. There is nothing more contagious than the hearty cheer of a New England Thanks-

Herbert was impatient for a chance to talk with Margaret, but not until evening.

"I am very sorry to hear it. Did you He grasped her hand, and all the pent up

She smiled as she spoke, and Herbert saw that his passionate words had made scarcely a ripple upon her heart. For the moment he felt as if he had been shipwrecked on a desert island, yet at the close of the evening, as he walked back to his hotel, he whistled an old love song, and was in high good humor with himself and all the world. He was determined to work with all his heart and soul to win her.

It was a long and desperate struggle, but in the end Herbert gained a brilliant victory. There was a grand wedding at the old Phillips mansion on the next Thanksgiving day, and now Herbert insists that Margaret was waiting for him all those years, while she declares that she That is the only point upon which they

Thankful, and Yet-I am no hog, I only seek My three times seven meals per week,

Flossie-It's Fanksgivin', ain't it, mam-Mamma (wearily)-Yes, Flossie.

Our Very Best People

this Remedy is sold on a positive guar-Druggist, Morganton, N. C.

Blank Warrantee, Deeds, THE HERALD Job Office a trial. Bonds for Title, Real Estate and her brother on Thanksgiving day meant nothing, for New England women always flock home for the family festival.

Chattel Mortgages and Real Estate Options always for sale at The Herald office.

she did in the old days.

The fragrance of Thanksgiving greeted

"MARGARET, DO NOT SEND ME BACK." Joe and his wife were entertaining a neighbor, did he find himself alone with her. and then he did not know what to say. He was skillful in the art of making pretty con-pliments to women of society, but in the presence of this calm, beautiful woman he felt bashful and awkward as a youth

"Margaret, I have been a fool all my life!" he exclaimed suddenly. come back to the old place to confess it?" she said, laughing.

feelings of years, the struggles, the indifference at times, the loneliness always, the wish and the hope for the future, burst from his lips. "Margaret, do not send me back to my

lonely, dreary life. Help me to forget it, Margaret, and-forgive me." "Herbert, there is nothing to forgive," she said, drawing away her hand. "My life has been very happy. I have never wished to change it. I do not wish to change it now; it is better as it is. You must not feel lonely or dreary. You have friends here who will always welcome you who would have welcomed you before had

you come."

for, mamma?

do not agree. Two suits of clothes, a plain black hat, with him at a rustic merry-making long A pair of shoes, but one cravat. For brown stone fronts I do not care, And when I ride I pay my fare. Like Gould I do not want the earth, I'm satisfied with my small hearth. I'm thankful that my wants are few I say no more—I'm no Depew. I'm thankful, I'm content, and yet Sometimes I feel a faint regret That I am not like other men, Who hold four aces now and then. In the Nursery.

> Flossie-What's you doin' to dive fanks Mamma (impatiently)-I don't know, Flossie (cheerfully)-I know, mamma. less you better dive fanks cause I isn't

Confirm our statement when we say ty, linen envelopes and note and that Dr. Acker's English Remedy is in letter heads, elegant visiting and They are giving wonderful satisfaction graven every way superior to any and all other invitation cards, just received at as a laxative and regulator. They do upon his memory like the profile of a Roman preparations for the Throat and Lungs.

The Herald office. Send in your pated. Try one box, and you will use all time. She had grown older, but she magic and relieves at once. We offer

THE HERALD Job Office.

Mrs. Slimdiet (the landlady)—Will you have some of the turkey, Mr. Dashaway? Beggs' Liver Pills

Persons who lead a life of ex-Have your printing done at it will banish pain and subdue in-

CONSIDERING QUALITY AND SIZE OF DOSE BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, JOHN TULL,

DRUGGIST. mpaly.

C. A. SNOW & CO., OPPEN. PATT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

#### THANKSGIVING, 1890. the verandas and bay windows of which formed a striking contrast to the square, [Copyright by American Press Association.] Before a bodeful ocean years ago, Upon a coast all desolate with snow, Where lurked the wolf and still more savage foe, severe outlines of the older buildings. And there was the old village green. A neat tron fence surrounded it now, and it was laid out in walks edged with maples, their Unto the giver of all earthly good. branches, bare of leaves, forming sharp silhouettes against the cold November sky. With death and danger by their side alway. How little in those dismal days had they For which to kneel and in thanksgiving pray— On one of the grass plots a party of boys were playing ball. Herbert leaned on the When as the offset of their tears and cares fence to watch them. How many Thanks-Freedom alone to worship God was theirs. giving games of ball he had had on that green in his boyhood days! He longed to Nor had the patriots little reason more seize a bat and enter into the sport "with In the long Revolutionary war, When fate each day but new disaster bore To follow in their stern forefather's ways the other youngsters," he said to himself. smiling grimly as he remembered his gray And yield what seemed the mockery of praise. He looked around for the little

For illustrated pamphlet, address, LINVILLE IMPROVEMENT CO.,

> Today with lines in happy places cast, Richer than all the empires of the past,
> The gray globe's greatest offspring and the last,
> What have we not, but that with one accord
> The land should render homage to the Lord?

For lo! through all the years with loving care On thee his mercies God has made descend, And will, if thou art worthy, to the end. A BELATED ROMANCE.

morning and

pushed aside the

window curtains

he wondered why

he had come. It

O land we love! O land, so brave and fair,

Lift up thy voice in song, thy heart in prayer;

A STORY OF THANKSGIVING. BY HELEN S. ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, CONANT. MORGANTON, N. C. [Copyright by American Press Association.] # H E N Herbert The examination of titles to Real Russell arose Thanksgiving Estate and litigation affecting the same, feb 20-90-tf a specialty. L.T. ATERY. AVERY & ERVIN,

Attorneys-at-Law, was no satisfacdisappointment tion after all. His MORGANTON, N. C. began the night before when the Practice in the courts of Burke, Caldwell, McDowell, Mitchell and Catawba, and in the Supreme Court. at the station and he rode to the hotel in a Collections a specialty.
Office in HERALD Building. rattling, uncomfortable omnibus through streets ablaze with electric lights and lined with shops, the windows of which were

THE PIEDMONT BANK filled with goods suited to the requirements of a New England factory town. He knew that in the twenty years he had OF MORGANTON, N. C. been absent the water power of the stream where he used to fish when a boy had been utilized, that mills had been built, and S. T. PEARSON. that the place had changed from a quiet village to a town of considerable importance; still he was not prepared for the Conducts a general banking business. magnitude of the transformation. There had been no railroad within ten miles when Inland and foreign exchange bought he went away, and he remembered as if it Banking hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. were yesterday the summer morning when he mounted the old stage, all his posses-DR. I. P. JETER, sions in a trunk strapped on behind, and all his money, a very small sum, in his pocket. He had started out with all the DENTIST, MORGANTON, . . N. C., (Graduate of the University of Maryland)

confidence of youth that the world could be conquered, and he had conquered it. He had been successful from the very outoffers his professional services to the citizens of set, and now he was one of the solid mer-dier pention and surrounding country as a first-class Dentist. as Dentist. For No charge for examinations. Satisfaction gogranteed. rious bachelor apartments were the envy of all his associates. Still he did not feel that his life had been a success. It was empty. He was 42, and already little lines OFFICE AT MOUNTAIN HOUSE. of white appeared in his dark hair, and yet he was alone in the world. In the UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

struggle for fortune he had forgotten to seek for love and home. It was in one of the hours of loneliness which came to him often now that he sud-The Fall Term Opens Sept. 4. Tuition \$30. denly determined to spend Thanksgiving in his native town. He had no relatives Your regular courses of study, Classical, Philleft there, but at least the place would be familiar. It was not familiar, and he was osophical Literary, Scientific, apecial courses in Chemistry, Civil and Electrical Engineering, Pharmacy, and other studies, apparate schools of Law and Medicine, whose students may attend the University lectures. disappointed. Only the outlines of the surrounding hills reminded him of his boyhood home. HON, KEMP P. BATTLE, LL. D., It was a clear, frosty morning. Ice had formed on little put

the air was crisp and bracing. After break-fasting in the stuffy room of the hotel in PATENTS, company with a party of loud talking traveling men and a few "regular boarders" Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Pa ent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT (not he street. He wished to go first of office and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington. were buried. He wondered if he could find Send model, drawing or photo., with descrip-on. We advise if natentable or not, free of it among all these new surroundings. Charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent tree. Address. As he walked along he saw here and there houses which he recognized-roomy, old fashioned farm houses which once had stood among broad, open fields, but were

now crowded in hetween modern cottages,

church which once stood facing the green, where he had swung restless, boyish feet through many long sermons. There was a church there on the old spot. Herbert was sure it was the same building, for he recognized the narrow, round topped window in the belfry, but the high steps, which were so slippery in winter, had disappeared, and the entrance was level with the sidewalk; an addition had been built at one side; the

Why They Give Chanks.

UNCLE SAM AND COLUMBIA-BECAUSE

THE CZAR-BECAUSE THERE WAS NO

THE KAISER-BECAUSE HIS ROYAL

QUEEN VICTORIA-BECAUSE SOME OF

THE PETTY PRINCELINGS ACROSS SEA-

UNCLE SAM'S SONS-BECAUSE SOME

GIRLS MARRY FOR CORONETS.

COUSINS ARE POLITE WHEN HE VIS-

HER SOLDIERS\* STILL "LOVE THE

BECAUSE SOME RICH AMERICAN

AMERICAN GIRLS DON'T CARE FOR

DYNAMITE IN HIS TURKEY.

CAN SOIL

CORONETS

NO MONARCH NOW LIVES ON AMERI-

building had been painted brown-it was white in the old days-and modernized in various ways. The old grave yard was a half mile from the church. Herbert remembered that it was reached by a country road that branched off from the turnpike. The turnpike had become the main street of the town, and he noticed by the signs on the corners that it was now Broadway. New streets crossed it in all directions, and he was at a loss which to take. A group of

boys were standing near the fence watch-"Will you kindly tell me which of these streets leads to the grave yard?" asked Her-"The first to the right leads to the new cemetery, sir," said the tallest of the boys, As the boy turned toward him Herbert

started and came near saying, "Hello, Joe!" but he checked himself, realizing that the lad could not even have been born when he left the town. After explaining that the old grave yard was the object of his search, and receiving the correct information, he walked up the street. The houses grew more scattering as he approached the spot where the old inhabitants were sleeping, and as he passed between the two granite posts into the cir-cle of somber fir trees which formed the entrance to the yard he began to feel at home. Dried stalks of golden rod and asters brushed his knees as he walked between rows of old gray stones carved with familiar names. Here and there a white marble slab bore the name of some one who had been in the full flush of life and health when he went away. He began to

wonder if all those whom he had known

were dead. Standing on a knoll near the center of the yard was the massive granite

THE FIRST FRIENDLY GREETING. monument he had ordered erected over the graves of his parents. It looked pompous among its peaceful, humble surroundings. He leaned against it and strove to unite his past with his present. His parents he could not remember. They died when he was an infant, and he had been cared for by an uncle, kind in his way, as Herbert now thought of him, although he seemed stern and hard to the lonely orphan boy. As Herbert looked at the mound which marked the old man's resting place he felt a pang of remorse that he had not been more grateful for the home which sheltered his youth. Suddenly his eye fell upon a marble slab,

"Sacred to the memory of Stephen Phil-

lips." So the proud old squire was gone Herbert had always thought of him as liv ing and ruling his family with despotic hand forever. He looked anxiously at the names upon the stones to the old squire's family group. Was Margaret, too, sleeping under the grass? With a sigh of relief he saw that her name was not there. Margaret! Her face, rising up through

the mist of years, had been before his eyes as he journeyed toward his native town. How ridiculous it was! He laughed to think that a boyish fancy should come back to him. Still he knew he had never forgotten it. It was on Margaret's account that he started out into the world. Her proud father frowned on him, and she was submissive to the old man's will. He never asked Margaret to be his wife, but he was sure when he left her that she understood him. He intended to go back and claim her when he had won riches to give him the right. The riches came sooner even than he hoped, but he never went back. He wondered now why he had not done it. He had never seen a fair face that did not grow less fair as he compared it with Margaret. He had even cherished her memory as a secret grief, which at times gave him

a feeling of superiority over those of his associates who were happily married. She was probably married herself now, and had for gotten him. It irritated him to think of it. A church bell ringing for Thanksgiving service vibrated clear notes through the frosty air. It was the same old bell. Herbert could never forget its tone. The call

was irresistible. Leaving the grave yard he retraced his steps to the church. As an usher gave him a seat he noticed that the high, old fashioned pulpit had been replaced by a broad, open platform with a small reading desk, and although the pews appeared the same their doors had vanished. He remembered the click of the button and the feeling of imprisonment it gave him as his uncle closed the pew door and fastened it before service.

The congregation was gathering. There were many faces, those of new comers brought to the town by the mills, which revived no memories; but there were others, the sight of which made Herbert feel that he was living in a dream. One couple whom he remembered as lovers came up the aisle followed by a group of young people. He recognized the faces of father and mother at once, although twenty years had changed the slender youth to a portly family man and the bashful girl into a serene matron. Then came three sisters. stout and silvery haired, evidently old maids, all of them, although Herbert remembered them as belles of the village. He thought with a little thrill of triumph of the time when one of them had wounded his youthful pride by refusing to dance

ago because he was only a boy. There were other faces which recalled many forgotten events of his boyhoodsome of people he remembered in middle life, now grown aged, others of old school mates, serious now with the dignity of years. It was strange to think of them treading the quiet old paths all the long time which he had spent in the noise and bustle of the world. He wondered if he had grown as old as they. He could not realize it, and yet some of them looked at him as they passed up the aisle with the mild curiosity awakened by the sight of a stranger. He saw that no one recognized him, and he felt more lonely than before. The pew in front of where he was sitting remained empty almost to the last. Then two ladies entered, followed by a stout,

middle aged man and some young people, one of whom Herbert recognized as the lad who had directed him to the grave yard. He knew now why he had almost said, "Hello, Joe," for the stout man at the head of the pew, evidently the lad's father, was Joe Phillips, his old comrade. And, yes, one of the ladies was Margaret! Herbert Confirm our statement when we say could see only her side face, but that was That cl did not look like an old maid; her girlish you a sample bottle free. Remember, beauty had changed to that of a sweet maturity; there was not a fretful line on her placid face. The old lady was probably Druggist, Morganton, N. C. Joe's wife, but her face was not familiar. Joe had not married one of the village girls. Herbert wondered if Margaret was married, too. The fact that she was with

when the young folks went to a party, and