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VOL. IV. WALTER D. BELL, Editor.

ELKIN, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1895.

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CAUSES FOR THANKFULNESS.

For all that God in mercy sends, For health and children, home and friends, For comfort in the time of need, For every kindly word and deed, For happy thoughts and holy talk, For guidance in our daily walk - For everything give thanks!

Miss Barbara's Lover.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.



SHALL I? "There was wrath in Miss Barbara's tones and determination in her countenance. 'But, auntie - I shall I didn't make this garden for the benefit of the neighbors' hens, and I will kill one if I can. Just see that - and that!' Her indignant finger indicated the tomatoes lying in red ruins at her feet, those ragged corn that rose forlornly further on. The currant bushes were still stirring where the last marauder had scented through. Sylvia suddenly smiled. 'Auntie, it's a fowl theft,' she said. 'It is - and, as I can't stop it by fair means, I'll try fowl,' responded Miss Barbara, grimly, beginning with the pecked tomatoes and lay them on the grape trellis. 'Are you prepared to go to law, auntie?' 'I am prepared to do anything - on my side of the fence. Go in to your embroidery, Sylvia - you're to no use as a scold.' She waved her trowel martially, and Sylvia fled in laughing haste. The silence that is vocal with birds and insects and rustling leaves settled over the garden, where Miss Barbara's energetic figure bade defiance to the thymometer. Charles Dudley Warner once spent a summer in a garden, and has remarked in consequence that he likes neighbors and likes chickens, but he does not think they ought to be united. Miss Barbara agreed with him warmly. She endured much before informing her genial, easy-going neighbor of the mischief his hens wrought daily in her garden. She had endured more since the complaint, if complaint it could be called, had proved a failure, and neither faith, hope nor charity remained to soothe her soul. Suddenly an inquiring 'cluck' struck her ear with the effect of an electric battery. It came from the other side of the fence. A yellow feathered head protruded through the pickets, the round, unwinning eyes of a hen surveyed the premises, another serene 'cluck' sounded, and the plump body followed the head. Miss Barbara cautiously arose, her expression full of martial fire. Unconscious of impending evil the invaders wriggled their way through until a large and cheerful company had assembled. In pleasant expectancy they gathered around the laden tomato vines. Suddenly and with venomous force a missile descended into their very midst. Squawking wildly, the startled hens scuttled into the currant bushes, under the tomato plants, among the corn. A pause equal to a legislative deadlock followed. Then one hen after another cautiously emerged and presently gravitated toward the laden vines. Again, Miss Barbara seized on vengeance and the stove wood. Stick after stick of it flew, like a kind of hail, telling upon the tomatoes if not upon the hens. Miss Barbara was not unawares of the facts in the case, but felt that if she could not kill it was a relief to try. One audacious old hen in particular aroused this murderous feeling. Down the grape walk, over the beet bed, up to the door she chased that hen and shield her last stick after it as it flapped wildly around the corner. To her horror a sharp ejaculation in a man's voice cut the air. Her final effort had made an impression, but not upon the hen. She turned the corner hastily and beheld a stranger pressing both hands against his battered head as he looked savagely at her. Consternation, contrition, mortification, animated her countenance; self-mastery slowly calmed him. 'Did you hit one, auntie? I hope it's that old rooster!' he sounded suddenly from the woodshed. The face of the stranger turned ghastly. 'I thought it was a man lived in the moon,' he murmured. 'What made you yell at me?' Miss Barbara's face grew white. Was this an escaped lunatic? The man's fading eyes brightened as they fell upon Sylvia.

EVERY BIRD HAS HIS DAY.



accident with an insupportable countenance. He was a calm, keen-eyed man, whose resolute orders soon cleared the house of superfluous attendants. His attentions were received with ingratitude by his patient until he held an odorous substance near the injured forehead said gently: 'I want to help you - I am a doctor - it's all right.' The dull eyes wavered an instant on his face. 'Is it? I thought it wasn't - I hope you know' - with this murmured response the refractory patient submitted to the touch of the skillful hands. 'History repeats itself, Fordham.' The speaker, a serene-faced man of imposing presence, advanced leisurely into the private office of a well-known lawyer in Bombay. 'So I have heard,' said the latter, glancing up with a smile of welcome. The visitor settled leisurely into a seat, where he received the beneficence of the punked swung from the ceiling. Both men wore full suits of white linen, that, despite the unattractive heat, retained their irish crispness. 'Marrying and giving in marriage - the world keeps on in the same old way,' said Emmett, comfortably. 'Tails has been borne in upon me since the arrival of the American mail yesterday.' 'You had news from your brother?' 'I believe so! I have just grown accustomed to the pleasing certainty that all the words in his letters will be spelled according to the dictionary; possibly you can comprehend the shock I experienced yesterday on reading in his own handwriting that he is engaged to be married.' 'So congratulate you, Emmett, on the acquisition to your family - probably your example recommended this step to your youthful brother as eminently desirable. Let us see - he must be about twenty-five now?' 'Possibly - by the annals, but to my recollection he is still a bidder for tips and spankings. The next mail will bring out her picture and his, and these, with the course of events, may compress my comprehension of his present legal age. I shall reply on your assistance, Fordham. The most charming girl in the world, you know.' 'Of course' - an answering smile sparkled over Fordham's dark face. 'Knowing that you had honored the State of the wooden nutmeg by being born there,' continued Emmett. 'I thought it barely possible that you might know something of the family of this young lady, and I shall be glad of any information you may be able to impart, provided your fee is reasonable.' 'I believe it is one of your maxims, my friend, that time equals money - it is a period of seventeen years, more or less, that you desire me to cover. I will undertake the case for 1000 rupees down.' 'Done! You recollect that I always pay in brass. Well, the name of this young lady who will soon have the good fortune to become my relative is Nutting - Miss Sylvia Nutting - and she resides at present in the town of Brampton, county of Brown, State of Connecticut, U. S. A. Do any of these cognomens occur the chords of memory to vibrate in your patriotic breast?' 'Yes,' said the lawyer, laying his pen carelessly across his rack, 'I had a college friend of the name of Nutting. He was two or three years older than I and married very young. As his house was in Brampton, this young lady is probably his daughter.' 'I hope that will prove to be the case,' said Emmett. He proceeded to impart the information given by his brother upon the subject, which proved beyond doubt the identity of the young lady's father with Fordham's college friend. 'You will appreciate the first meeting, Fordham,' said Emmett, in conclusion; it was out of the ordinary line. Tom was deeply impressed - in fact, hard hit. About the middle of this summer he was wandering about the country on one of those solitary pedestrian tramps he pretends to enjoy, and happened to pass through this little town of Brampton. It was what they consider there a hot day. Tom had covered a stretch of ten miles or so, and, happening to behold a shiny tin cup on the hydrant in a yard of his passing, he suddenly felt consuming thirst. Without regard to men or tramps, he proceeded toward that hydrant, but he never reached it. It chanced to be one of those occasions when the innocent suffer for the guilty, and Tom received on his head a stick of stove wood, hurled by the aunt of his future fiancée at a sinful old hen that had strayed from its rightful premises. The blow nearly knocked the boy under. The aunt appeared

his child in words that brought tears to the reader's eyes and then he turned passionately to the old days, and questioned her of the future. The letter fell from her fingers. She felt as one must feel with the earth rocking under foot. Was the old love dead in her heart - dead like the mother of his child? She thought of that grave under the Indian palms, and a feeling rose slow and strong out of her heart. No - his part in her life had ended years before. She did not hold herself blameless, but she had suffered once; she had no wish to suffer again. She could not change the pleasant, settled boundaries of her life. Toward him and toward that little child of his her thoughts would ever go kindly - but his part in her life was over. She sent her answer before she slept; and life went on as if it had not passed. On the evening before Thanksgiving Sylvia went early to choir practice, and Miss Barbara sat down to read the city paper, which had just arrived. A glowing fire snapped in the grate, half a dozen carnations scented the air, and Ophelia, the cat, purred lazily at intervals. Outside a round full moon shone high in the sky, and the frosty ground sparkled in its radiance. 'Fire! fire!' shouted a voice in the street. Miss Barbara rushed to the window; before she reached it the demonic shriek of the fire whistle, prolonged and awful, smote upon her ears. Then came the sound of running feet. Snatching up a shawl, she hastily locked the door and joined in a wild race toward the swelling murmur that rose tumultuously in the air. She was soon in the midst of the excitement, but paused in the outskirts of the crowd. It was a barn that was burning, and it stood out against the smoke-blackened sky a glowing mass of triumphant fire. There was no longer hope of saving it, though the hose still played upon it. The rescued horses stamped and neighed, the firemen shouted hoarse orders, dogs barked and a baby cried. Suddenly there arose a cry: 'Look out! Look out!' One of the frightened animals had sprung loose and charged wildly forward. Miss Barbara felt herself snatched up and borne persistently through the shrieking crowd into a deserted street white with moonlight. Her rescuer made no motion to release her, and, startled and annoyed, she turned her gaze full upon him; the next instant her breath stopped, her face turned white. She was gazing into the face of the man she once loved - the man whose letter she had lately answered. A flock of girls ran laughing and calling into the street. 'Let me go - there are people about - you must let me go,' she whispered sharply. His arms dropped from her waist, but he walked close to her side. She moved away towards the further edge of the walk. 'Barbara -' A loose board shot suddenly down under her feet - the other end went up, Miss Barbara went down. She tried to rise, but fell back helplessly. Fordham dropped on his knees beside her, speaking passionately. 'I am not hurt,' she said, her lips white and set, 'it is only my foot - I am afraid I must have a carriage.' Many weeks elapsed before Miss Barbara was able to walk again. During those weeks Fordham received her letter, which had been forwarded from Bombay. He had been too wise to await it there. Emmett had smiled genially as he changed the address upon that letter. He had always known that more of Fordham's heart lay in the crib of his child than in the grave of his wife, but had not before divined that his own communications concerning 'United States bonds,' as he would have phrased it, were responsible for his friend's sudden journey across the seas. Fordham laid the letter unopened in Miss Barbara's lap. He knew the answer it contained, but the writer had verbally admitted that with only one foot to go upon she found it impossible to escape from fate.

SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Second Annual Convention of the North Carolina Society. The second annual convention of the North Carolina Society of the Sons of the Revolution was held Thursday, in Raleigh, at the Supreme Court building, pursuant to adjournment, as no quorum had been present on November 15, the date prescribed by the by-laws. A quorum being duly announced, the convention proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year as follows: Governor Elias Carr, president; Hon. Kemp J. Battle, LL. D., vice-president; Mr. Marshall DeLancey Haywood, secretary; Prof. D. H. Hill, registrar; Rev. Robert Brent Drane, D. D., chaplain. Dr. H. B. Battle, who was re-nominated for treasurer, asked leave to withdraw his name, owing to the pressure of other business. With this request the society reluctantly complied, and unanimously elected Herbert Jackson, Esq., as his successor. The board of managers was elected as follows: Capt. S. A. Ashe, Hon. A. C. Avery, Dr. H. B. Battle, M. E. C. Beckwith, Major Graham Daves, Dr. P. E. Hines, Col. A. Q. Holladay, Hon. Thomas S. Kenan, Capt. Joseph D. Myers, and the officers ex-officio. As delegates to the General Convention, which assembles in Savannah, Ga., next April, Major Graham Daves, Mr. Heriot Clark, Col. A. Q. Holladay, Hon. A. C. Avery and Mr. E. C. Beckwith were chosen. The following gentlemen were selected as alternates: Dr. Richard Dillard, Mr. Herbert W. Jackson, Dr. P. E. Hines, Mr. A. B. Andrews, Jr., and Mr. Marshall DeLancey Haywood. Col. Kenan, Mr. Haywood and Mr. Andrews were appointed a committee to inquire into the practicability of re-publishing Jones' Defense of North Carolina. This valuable contribution to State history, which is now out of print, was published in the first half of the present century, and will be reprinted by the society if it meets with sufficient encouragement to justify the expense.

MILLS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The annual report of State Labor Commissioner Lacey has been made public. Regarding mills it gives the following valuable information, which shows North Carolina's progress: There are 150 cotton and woollen mills in active operation and 11 in course of construction. There are 913,458 spindles and 24,858 looms. This is a very good showing when the fact is considered that in 1870 there were only 30,000 spindles. There are 15,752 persons employed in the mills and the amount of capital employed is \$15,000,000 or about \$952 to each employee. Of these there are 4,888 men, 6,157 women and 4,689 children, of whom 1,558 are under 4 years of age. The mills have consumed 128,658,000 pounds of cotton, or about 309,000 bales. Twenty-six counties have produced 79,179,949 pounds of yarn, thirteen have produced 8,742,955 yards of domestic; six have produced 51,737,647 yards of plaid; two counties, Forsyth and Cabarrus, have produced two million yards of woollen goods, Forsyth leading with 1,800,000.

ELLINGTON IS LIBRARIAN.

The State Supreme Court Affirms the Decision of the Court Below. The Supreme Court on Monday filed its opinion in the 'State Librarian case,' affirming the judgment of the court below. The decision is in favor of the present Librarian, the court holding that the alleged election of the plaintiff Stanford by the Legislature was not a valid election. The decision involves the single question as to whether, when the presence of a quorum of a legislative body is once manifested by a vote taken, the presumption that such quorum remains present validates an election when a less number than a quorum vote upon the roll-call. The Supreme Court held that it does not, but that the presumption of the continuance of the quorum is rebutted when the election was held.

THE CALIFORNIA ROTTERS.

Their Conviction for Conspiracy Confirmed by the Supreme Court. The conviction of W. H. Clune and others, local officers of the American Railway Union, for conspiracy to obstruct the passage of mails on the Southern Pacific Railroad in California during the railroad strike of 1894, was affirmed in the Supreme court of the United States Monday, Judge Brewer delivering the opinion. The sentence imposed upon the prisoners by Judge Ross was imprisonment for eighteen months.

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Table with columns for SOUTH BOUND, NORTH BOUND, and various stations like Wilmington, Fayetteville, etc. with corresponding times and fares.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST.

Advertisement for W. L. Douglas shoes, featuring a portrait of the inventor and text describing the quality and variety of the footwear.

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Large advertisement for Castoria, a medicine for infants and children, highlighting its safety and effectiveness for various ailments.

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