

IT PAYS TO GIVE

THE PEOPLE

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THE TIMES.

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THE CHRISTMAS WISH

Now the Christmas time is near,
And the stores are bright, but dear
Little voices may be heard
Lispingsweet
At our feet—
'Santa Claus.'
And the cherubs are not dumb,
With their wish: "I want a drum,
Tell us, won't you, when it comes?
Dear mama—
Good papa—
'Santa Claus.'
'I want a dolly!' princess cries,
'One that opens and shuts its eyes.'
Another cherub, still, but wise,
Matters, 'Becks,
Lots of tricks
'Santa Claus.'
Chorus still of cherub joys:
'Ma, tell him to bring us boys'
Knives, and skates, and lots of toys,"
Bobby sings:
'Me want 'ing—
'Santa Claus.'
So they chatter as they play;
Curly heads both grave and gay.
Bring them pleasure while you may,
Youth will fly,
Hope will die—
'Santa Claus.'

And once in her cosy oak parlor, in her own chair by the bright fire, she lay back with half closed eyes and gave herself up for a brief time at any rate, to the memory of the past. It was not a very eventful past, after all, that the children's talk of Christmas had brought back to her. She was young then, that was all, and life was rose-tinted with health and happiness and—should she confess it, even to herself?—love! Yes, she believed that love had come to her, as it comes once, and only once in a lifetime, to every one. And yet no voice had ever whispered to her that a true heart was hers for always—no lips had ever pressed her own in the glad rapture of a lover's kiss—no sweet, strong arms had enfolded her and held her captive—oh, me, no! And yet, and yet! There were half spoken words imprinted in her memory; there were tender glances, and wonderful smiles, such as love, and love only, could awaken; there was a...

MISS ENID'S PRESENT.

BY AUGUSTA HANCOCK.



MISS ENID sat by the fire in the oak parlor, and thought of the bright flames as if she saw there some very lovely picture of the past. "Pretty Miss Enid," they sometimes called her in the parish, and the adjective was well applied, so sweet was her smile, and so tender and gentle were the soft tones of her voice. And she was not really old, nothing like the conventional old maid of story-book fame. She was simply "Miss Enid"—no longer very young, but with a past that had brought to her gladness and then sorrow, and that had taught her a life-long lesson of the tenderness, purest sympathy in and with the smiles and the tears of others. No one ever told her some heartless story of grief and weariness, and did not receive sweet consolation in return. Miss Enid's great heart was ever open, ever ready to console with the bereaved, to smile hopefully upon the young and ardent toiler, to bring a message of patience to the sick and the sorrowing—in fact, to minister to each and every one as they needed her sweet helpfulness. And yet—and yet—Miss Enid had known sorrow, the greatest and the deepest sorrow that can come into a woman's life and blot out forever the sunshine from the pathway! And she was thinking of the past to-night, this Christmas time, when every one was happy in the society of their dear ones, and when love and joy were the theme of every hymn and anthem that was sung in the great church yonder, the church she had so recently left. She had been twining beautiful wreaths for pillar and pulpit—wreaths of holly and ivy and holly, and the vicarage children had helped her, pricking their small fingers with the sharp holly leaves, and tying her string into innumerable tangled knots. Yet she loved them so much, the dearlings, that she was only too happy to have them near her, to hear their little bright voices, to see their rosy faces, and to feel the soft touch of their soft hands as they hung about her trying so hard to help "dear Miss Enid."



WHAT KRIS KRINGLE SENT.

We hung our stockings on Christmas Eve
On the knubs at the foot of the bed.
But when the morning began to break
I suddenly woke up quite,
And looked to see if dear Santa Claus
Had thought of us in the night.
Had thought of us in the night.
When, oh! how frightened I was! I heard
A noise by the foot of the bed.
I whispered, "It must be Santa Claus."
Yes, it must be," Eveline said.
And Eveline did the same.

face—a beautiful, brave face that dwelt safely shined forever in the depths of Miss Enid's heart—the face of one who had rarely, surely loved her once, in the long ago! And she fancied sometimes that he meant to tell her so, that the words that would have changed her life and his so greatly! She had read part of his story in his eyes—clear, grave eyes that were truth and honesty itself—and yet he had never uttered what his heart surely knew well, and she had never listened to the sweetest words that the human ear can hear. For the old, old reason. He was poor and proud, and he wanted, oh! so much, to win honor and fame for his love—and he had gone on, meaning perhaps to tell her if the opportunity offered before the end. And suddenly their parting had come, and she had known that he must go away from her. He had told her so himself, walking home from the old church at Christmas time, under the stars. "With me God-speed, will you not?" he had asked her, and her gentle voice had bidden him farewell quietly and evenly, so that he never knew how deep was the pain in the loving heart, or how near the tears were to the pretty eyes that strove so bravely to smile on him for the last time. And now, he thought to himself, how he would tell her everything! He would ask her to wait for him, to be his wife when he came back again with fame and fortune to lay at her feet. And the stars shone down on them as they went up the quiet lane, as if to bless his plan. But some one had joined them as they went—a woman whose name was Enid's little thoughtful cousin, who brought in the minute. Promise that you'll be pleased. "But Miss Enid's promise was never made, for at that instant the door opened again, and some one, tired of waiting outside, came in! There was a shout from the children, and a cry, a glad, satisfied, tender cry, from Miss Enid, and then everything else was forgotten, and the astonished bairnes saw their friend's slender form clasped closely in the arms of the "present," who was usually called by them "Uncle Edward." "Darling, darling," they heard him say, and just then Angela, with wonderful tact, discovered the pile of parcels addressed to each of them, and suggested that they should carry them into the kitchen to show to old Jenks, which the children were nothing loth to do, leaving the lovers alone to their wonderful new-found bliss! "And I've forgotten to give her my kiss-mas card, after all, and beautiful money-box that I brought on purpose," said Bobby just as he was going to bed on Christmas night, very much aggrieved. "Give her the card to-morrow,"

Idaho's Population.

Idaho's population has increased from 80,000 to 125,000 in the first years since the State was admitted, and the assessed valuation of property has increased from \$55,750,000 to \$20,352,210. These figures are just given out by the Governor. There was a boom in 1879, when the assessed valuation ran up to more than \$35,000,000.

Mostly Lawyers.

There are, according to the Washington Post, 238 lawyers in Congress, forty-one farmers, twenty-seven editors, twenty-eight manufacturers, one railroad manager, two steam-boat owners, fourteen teachers and college professors, twenty-five bankers, twenty merchants, one house builder, three clergy-men, seven who say they are "engaged in business," eight doctors, one architect, one newspaper editor, one owner of oil wells, five mine, two insurance agents, one theater manager, one manufacturer of ice, three civil engineers, nine lumbermen, two owners of stone quarries, two real estate agents, one pharmacist and one steamboat captain.

Howling at the Moon.

Just as some highly civilized races worship the sun, so some people lower to the scale worship the moon. Amongst the latter may be named the Makua, of Mozambique, in East Africa. They are a bad lot, and give the Portuguese much trouble. At full moon they always dance and howl most mournfully. Mr. H. H. Johnston, the traveler, says that though the authorities forbid these observances, his Makua servants ran the risk of being whipped, and even imprisoned, rather than not go down to the beach to yell and caper on full-moon nights.

Backache.

Few people have suffered more from pain in the back than Mrs. Edie B. Newell, of No. 2313 Second Avenue, New York City. For several years she was afflicted with this distressing malady that she was hardly able to get around, and could do little to care for her children, which made her suffering all the harder to bear. Her husband, Charles Newell, who is a well-known New York optician, tried in every way to find a remedy for his wife, but no medicine seemed to have the power to remove her pain. Mrs. Givan, a sister of Mrs. Newell's, is a professional nurse, and was familiar with the symptoms of her sister's sickness. Mrs. Newell was away on a visit when a reporter called upon her, but Mrs. Givan, who lives at No. 416 East One-hundred-and-twentieth Street, told the story of her sister's recovery. A doctor was called when Mrs. Newell's condition became serious and he prescribed small pink pills which, in a short time, relieved the woman's pain as no other medicine had done. "After awhile," Mrs. Givan told the reporter, "we learned that the medicine the physician was giving my sister was nothing more than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Knowing by experience how excellent a remedy these pills were, Mrs. Newell bought some at a drug store and continued taking them. The effect was most gratifying, for in six months my sister was perfectly well and the pain in her back was nothing more than a slight unpleasant memory. Both she and I have recommended the Pink Pills to other people who have not failed to find them all alike in demand. All the doctors my sister had been treated by, before taking the pills, had done her no apparent good."

Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose form) by the dozen or hundred, and the public is cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and many have had of drug-gists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schuylkill, N. Y. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

A newspaper called the Empty Bottle has been founded in Houston, Tex.

shall we whip

Whip a poorly nourished horse when he is thoroughly tired. He may go faster for a few rods, but his condition is soon the worse for it. Better stop and give him food. Food gives force. If you are thin, without appetite; pale, because of thin blood; and easily exhausted; why further weaken the body by applying the whip. Better begin on a more permanent basis. Take something which will build up the tissues and supply force to the muscular, digestive, and nervous systems.

Scott's Emulsion.

of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, meets every demand. The cod-liver oil is a food of great value. It produces muscular, digestive, and nervous force without the aid of any whip. Every gain is a substantial one. The hypophosphites give strength and stability to the nervous system. The improved appetite, richer blood, and better flesh come to stay. just as good is never as good as Scott's Emulsion. ELKIN MFG. CO. HIGH GRADE COTTON YARNS, WARPS, TWINES, KNITTING COTTONS.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Advertisement for Castoria medicine, including text: 'Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children.' and names of Dr. G. C. Osgood, Dr. J. F. Kinchelley, and Dr. J. F. Kinchelley.

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