an invitation to trade with you.

The best way to invite them is to ad-

THE TIMES.

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VOL. V. WALTER B. BELL, Editor. ELKIN, N.-C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1896.

HUBBARD & ROTH, Publishers.

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 Syrups, and Castor Oil.

It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by

Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays

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cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves

teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency.

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"Castoria is an excellent medicine for chil-] "Castoria is so well adapted to children that

dren. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

toria is the Children's Panacca—the Mother's Friend.

NO. 7.

THE FARMER'S THANKSGIVING. The earth is brown, and skies are gray, And the windy woods are bare, And the first white flakes of the coming

Are affoat in the frosty air; But the sparks fly up from the blokery log On the homestead's brond stone hearth, And the windows shake, and the rafters

To the lade' and the lasses' mirth.

The farmer's face is furrowed and worn. And his looks are thin and white; But his hand is steady, his voice is clear, And his eye is blue and bright, As he turns to look at his sweet old wife,

Who sits in her gown of gray, With the cobweb 'kerchief, and creamy

She wore on her wedding day.

He bows his head to the laden board, And the guests they are silent all. Thanksgiving, Lord, for the sun and rain,

And the fruit on the orehard wall. For the silver wheat, and the golden corn, And the crown of a peaceful life-The greatest blessing that Thou canst give-A true and a loving wife!"

This white-haired lover he bends to kiss Her hand in its frill of lace,

And the faded rose on her wrinkled cheek, With a proud and a courtly grace; And the snowflakes click on the window

pane, And the rafters ring above, And the angels sing at the gates of God The words of the farmer's love.

-Minnie Irving.

HOME AGAIN.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.



ATHER a very singular name, Jane, such a very singular name. Oh, if it should be!" The words were

wail, in accents of such utter misery, that the strong them felt her eyes grow misty. bent over the lounge where the speaker, a silver-haired old lady, helpless for years with paralysis, was lifting beseeching

eyes to her face. "Don't take ou, so, desry," she said,

Then she choked. Her nursling, her baby, the child she ryshiped, drived by hunger and cold suicide. "But, Jane."

is a wedding ring marked 'John to Delphine.'" "I see," sail the nurse, "but-

And again the wished-for words of comfort failed her. The paragraph was no uncommon one, merely the record of a woman's attempt at selfdestruction. She had thrown herself off a bridge, clasping a babe close in her arms, and had been rescued and taken, quite unconscious, to a hospital, Her dress was described and the inscription on the ring given; that was

But the paralyzed woman reading the newspaper was journeying over memory's plain, back—back twentyfive years, when a baby lay upon her breast, the only one God ever gave her. A blue-eyed babe, nursed tenderly, reared in every luxury, petted, indulged for twenty long years, the idol of two loving hearts. Then-oh, the bitter rock on the plain-one day this child of so much love left her home to follow the fortune of a man who was so unfit for the care of her where his child dwelt.

The lovers-if the very name is not a desecration, where on one side was mercenary calculations, on the other blind worship-met at the house of friends and planned an elopement.

When Delphine was gone, when no doubt of her treachery to her parents remained, her father, a stern, hot-tempered man, oursed her, and forbade her name to be mentioned in his house. And her mother, even then helpless, shivered and mosned, and silently prayed for the child whose deceit could not destroy her mother's

And for five years no line came to tell them of repentance, no prayer for

One letter from John Hollis, the man who had so basely stolen a young. trusting girl from a happy home to follow his evil fortunes, the father answered, crushing forever the hope of fortune that had prompted the

Such a letter as he read, grinding his teeth with impotent rage, effectually prevented a second demand rough grasp not twenty-four hours be-

upon his father-in-law's purse, and Delphine knew in that hour what misery lay before her.

But she made no appeal.

The future she had deliberately wealt

had requited the love of years.
"Mrs. Bernard, dear," Jane said,

moftly, caressing the haggard face, at last buried in the pillows of the lounge, "don't—don't take on so."
"If I only knew, if I only knew," the mother meaned; "and, oh, Jane! it is Thanksciping Day How can be a supply to the control of the contr pray thanksgiuing Day. How can I strained patience gave way.

pray thanksully if my darling lies today ize a bospital dying—by her own
sot? Jane, I must see Mr. Bernard."

I was past hoon when the long strained patience gave way.

"Jane you must go to the hospital.

I shall die in this agony of doubt.

You can see if—if—this is a stranger.

"Mr. Bernard has gone out, ma'am."



AN INTERRUPTED THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

till after 10.'

Down in the cosy library, where James Bernard enjoyed the leisure well earned by years of mercantile toil, the morning's newspaper had "Delia," he said, gently. "did you these mock flowers, a sharp knife and toil, the morning's newspaper had been opened deliberately the money article scanned, the foreign news enjoyed, and the reader was idly looking over other columns, when a sentence seemed to spring out of the page before him, so clearly it stood defined against the mass of print.

woman who heard them felt her eyes grow misty. She

"Shabby weeds!" he muttered, "a widow, starving!" Then in his heart arose a great cry,

breaking through the stern repression of years.
"Delphine, my girl, my treasure!"
He could read no more. Only that
one pitiful record could he see upon

yearning bitterness of hisheart would not be stilled. "I must be sure," he thought, at length. "I hope Delia will not see this. Shall I see? No, my face would

she point to one sentence in the paper before her; "the only clue to the identity of the would be suicide ther, but put on his overcoat and hat, the would be suicide ther, but put on his overcoat and hat, "I will tell y betray me. I will not see her until I and hurried out into the bleak November air. It was Thanksgiving Day, and the city wore its holiday

> Stores were closed, and groups were going to and fro with the expression expected pleasure brings upon faces worn with the world's cares.

> The butchers' carts rattled about noisily and hurriedly, that turkeys might be delivered in time to secure longer holiday for the carriers. Children with "going to grandma's" legibly printed on their faces skipped

lightly over the cold pavements. Nobody noticed the handsomely dressed old man who strode rapidly in the direction of the city hospital, forgetting carriages, horse cars, every-thing but the necessity of satisfying that dreadful doubt in his heart.

Now he sickened for fear this desperate wretch was his child; now he prayed it might be, that he could claim her for his own again.

"Here-yes, sir," said the physician, in answer to his inquiries; "liva nurse, "take this gentleman to 39pauper ward."

"39—pauper," lay upon a cot that was scrupulously clean, perfectly comfortable, yet sent a chill to James Bernard's heart.

Her babe, a lovely boy of some six months, pale, but with large, dark eyes full of intelligence, was seated beside her, and the mother's eyes rested upon his face mournfully, but without any delirious fire.

James Bernard staggered back a little, and the nurse whispered: "She's quite herself this morning,

though she will tell us nothing of herself. Shall I speak to her ?" "No, I-I will speak to her."
The voice was hoarse, choked, but
the woman upon the bed heard it, and

looked up. Many a cry of anguish, of dying agony, of piteous appeal had rung

through that "pauper ward," but never one of more passionate entreaty than the one word, "Father!" that the dining room to preside over the burst from the lips of the woman snatched from death by a policeman's

The morning was dragging wearily along in the room where every luxury wealth could command was heaped chosen she accepted as her punish-ment, seeing at last how wickedly she Trembling with excitement, mingled hope and fear, the mother watched the hands of the clock travel slowly over the face. Again and again Jane had gone to the library, only to return to make the same report.

"He's not come in yet, ma'am." It was past noon when the long

Jane went willingly upon this errand, and—if not—oh, Jane, surely—surely but returned alowly. her father will forgive her now." is if in answer to the cry James | Write jokes,

"Gone out? Why, he never goes Bernard at this moment entered the room. Upon his face there was a strange solemnity, and not seeming to

> read the newspaper this morning?" "Yes, James-I-"

"You saw, perhaps, a paragraph describing the attempted suicide of a woman-named-"

"Delphine! James, you read it? James-James you will see if it can be our child. James, you will forgive

ring, marked 'John to Delphine.'"

Eagerly every line of the tragedy was read, the sweat standing in great beads upon James Bernard's face.

And the poor, helpless figure writhed as if the poor mother would have thrown herself at her husband's feet. "You thought—too," he said huskily.

"Yes, yes, Jane was going to go, but now you will go. You will see if our darling, our Delphine, has been driven to such mad misery as to try and take the life we cherished so tenderly. James, you will go?"
"Delia, you must try to be calm,"

scothingly. "There's many one, the more's the pity, driven to suicide by hunger and cold. Why should this the whole broad printed sheet, and the terrible agitation, so much more piticried her husband, frightened at the ful from her inability to move, except above her waist. It was awful to see the white, thin fingers twisting and working, the pale face so agonized. Literally afraid to tell his tidings, James Bernard took the little figure

"If you will be quiet, love," he said, will tell you good he She was quiet enough then, lying anting with exhaustion in her hus-

band's arms. "Then you know!" she gasped. "I have been to the hospital."
"And it is not our Delphine?"

"Delia, it is our Delpoine!" "Oh, James-James!" and here the shook with sobs.

tears broke forth, and the invalid "Our Delphine, Delia." "Dying?"

"Thank Heaven, no! She has had hours of unconsciousness, but is rational again, and she knew me. Her illness now is not dangerous, only the effect of-" with a choking sob: "Starvation!"

"Oh, James-James!" "She can be nursed back to life."

"There?" "Can you bear it, Delia? She is here!"

"And not with me? Oh, how can you keep her from her mother?" In answer to the cry, James Bernard left the room, motioning Jane to folwho was so unit for the care of her sweet girlhood, that her father had forbidden him to enter the house see her? Certainly—Sarah," calling carrying, a weak, trembling woman, who sank, half fainting, into her mother's arms.

There was a long silence, broken only by the voice of Mrs. Bernard, speaking low, caressing words and nurmurs in answer, faint and low, but full of tenderness.

Then Jane appeared, asking: "Is there no welcome for my bonnie boy, the darling with grandpa's

And a glad greeting to lowed the painful, yet joyful meeting between the parents and the long lost child.

It was a sad story Delphine Hollis told to sympathizing listeners; but told to sympathizing listeners; but And hacked away for an hour or so, Till his biade got dull and his movements And a glad greeting followed the wife were softened in the widow's recital, and over the dead was spread a mantle of gentle charity and forgive-

"Dinner, Mrs. Bernard," Jane said, at last, "and Thanksgiving." And while she set the invalid's table, James Bernard escorted Delphine to bountiful repast provided there, with a heart full of most sincere and fervent

Their First Thanksgiving at Home. Mr. Newbryde (attempting to carve the turkey)—"Good heavens, Mary! what have you stuffed this turkey

Mrs. Newbryde (with dignity)—
"Why, with oysters as you told me."
Mr. Newbryde (again trying to force his knife through)-"But it feels like

Mrs. Newbryde—"Oh, you mean, horrid, cruel brute! That is the oyster shells. You always told me the only way you liked oysters was in the shells Boo! hoo! hoo!"—Puck.

And still, with a sunken cheek and eye, He worked away, and his wife sat there, with patient face, in the same old chair; Until one day, as his knile blade broke, and his withered frame sank down, she only way you liked oysters was in the shells Boo! hoo! hoo!"—Puck,

A funny way to make money

Thanksgiving Decoration,

The old question comes up again and again as to how to devise something novel for Thanksgiving decoration. The day is one pre-eminently homely and simple in its spirit and traditions—a day set apart for returning thanks because of the necessities and every day comforts of life.

Nothing is so appropriate in com-memorating the occasion as the em-bellishments from the harvest fields. In drawing rooms nothing is more ef-fective than Indian corn and diminutive yellow pumpkins, the corn with its long stalks and golden ears stacked on either side of the wide doors or grouped in corners, the small pump-kins with more ears of corn piled at the base.

Vines of cranberry crowded with the tiny red globes can trail across mantel shelves or twine up and down columns, while gariands of red and green peppers, all sizes and shapes, and great bunches of wheat and oats are rich and beautiful in effect. Fruiss of all kinds-grapes, late pears and peaches, rosy apples and purple plums, mingled with their own foliage are unique and highly typical of the harvest home.

For dining table ornamentation a novel and most attractive mode is to out from the ordinary garden vegeta-bles shapes simulating flowers—from the beet a deep red rose; from the yellow turnip, a tiger lily; a white lily or chrysanthemum from the potato, with lettuce leaves for foliage, while cabbage, celery, cauliflower and the dozen other kitchen garden productions add blossoms to this original bouquet. One of the ornaments serves at each plate as a favor, while a buge

a little skiil is all that is required. They may be prepared the day before Thanksgiving and kept fresh in a bowl of water.

Revenge,

"What are you doing that for?" asked the old Gobbler of the young Com, as he observed that fine looking bird standing in a corner of the barnyard on his left leg, and drawing in and shooting out the right with monotonous persistence.

"Hardening my muscles," replied the young Tom, shifting to the right leg and keeping up the performance with his left. "Are you entered for the Thanksgiv-

ing games?" inquired the old Gobbler.
"No," responded the young Tom;
"I am entered for the Thanksgiving dinner, and that boy who lives in the big house has been coming out here every day for a month to see how I am coming on. Well, if I must be eaten, I must, but that boy isn't going to give many thanks when he tackles my drumsticks, that's all!"-Harper's Weekly.

A Thought for Thanksgiving.

"The only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest us, and not to hunt after grand, far fetched ones for ourselves. If each drop of rain chose where it should fall, God's showers would not fall as they do now."

Tale of a Tough Turkey.

Right up to the market stall strode he, and bought a bird that was ten pounds three, Then quickly home to his wife he sped, And told her all that the man had said Of how to pick and stuff and cook. As so with loving hands she took That tough old bird that was hard and gray, And into the oven she stowed him away.



and then-for their married life was young-With Joyous hearts they sat and sung Until, as around the clock hands spun, She said with a smile that the bird was done. And he laughed aloud, and his joy was great, For his stomash told that the hour was inte. And he kissed his wife and he cried in gies At the fine old bird that was ten pound



And then, with prayer and a moment's rest, He took off his coat and then his vest, And hacked away till twilight came, And his arms were sore and his back was And the hours were on and the weeks sped

And said with a smile, that was half a snees,
"I should think you would learn to carve,
my dear."

terranean vagaries of Mrs. Mary John son's farm, but it will require also the opinions of meteorological and bicycle experts to satisfy fully the curiosity of the public. From the details now at hand one would hazard the opinion that Mrs. Johnson has been living in fancied security over a prehistoric blizzard or tornado. Probably when this ancient twister was performing in the reckless manner common to its kind It was caught unawares by a combination of landslides and held in captivity with its forces yet unexpended. It is due to the happy thought of Mrs. Johnson that she would like to have a deep well that some expert drillers reached this realistic cave of the winds and released enough of the contents of the pneumatic stratum of the farm to indicate its boundless wind possibilties. "As soon as the air cushion is reached," says the chronicler of the spisode, "the wind rushes out with a screech like a locomotive, and sixteenpound sledges are tossed into the air as lightly as feathers." A wind that has been reposing in enforced inaction for decades and possibly centuries and that on the slightest provocation andles sixteen-pound sledges as if they were feathers and screeches like a locomotive is a farm product that must receive the most thorough investigation from every possible point of view The meteorologist and State Geologist may determine its status in the flora and fauna of the region, and may issue wise and technical bulletins fs to its past history and future possibilities, but it is apparent more practical minds must be brought to bear on the phenomenon to insure obtaining the greatest measure of utility. A biexclist of experience would be able to tell at a glance or two whether it would be feasible to run pipe lines from the farm to all parts of the United States as a supply agency for the inflation of tires. It is not impossible that some similar plan could be devised so that the innumerable windmills of the Nation would not be dependent longer on nature's intermittent supply, and yachtsmen certainly would welcome such a stable force as a panacea for the vexatious calm that has been found so troublesome in the management of regattas. A Mince Pie.

The erudition of the State Geologist

of South Dakota will evolve probably

some scientific explanation of the sub-

The mince ple of to-day is round. Four centuries ago to eat a round mince ple would be to stigmatize yourself as a Jew or a heretic. The orthodox shape is a long oval. It was doubtless meant to represent the cradle in Bethlehem, and tradition further asserts that the strange mixture which makes the mince represents the fruits and spice with which the three kings in the legend filled the cradle.

CAPE FEAR & YADKIN VALLEY R'Y.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE. In Effect November 15th, 1896.

Leave Sanford 1 00

Leave Climax 2 50

Arrive Greensboro 3 18
3 25
 Loave Greensboro
 3 25

 Leave Stokesdale
 4 10

 Leave Wainut Cove
 4 40

 Leave Rurai Hall
 5 10

 Arrive Mt. Airy
 6 35
 Arrive Mt. Airy 6 35 south bound. No. 1, Dally. Leave Mt. Airy 8 40 a. m.

Leave Rural Half 10 04

Leave Walnut Cove 10 32

Leave Stokesdale 11 07

Arrivo Greensboro
Leave Greensboro
Leave Climay 1941 "
Leave Sanford 2 55 "
Arrive Fayetteville Junction 4 12 "
Arrive Favetteville 4 18 "
Leave Fayetteville 4 35 "
Arrive Wilmington 7 45 "
NORTH BOUND.
No. 4. Daily.
Leave Bennettsville 8 30 a. m.
Arrive Maxton 940 "
Arrive Maxton 940 " Leave Maxton 950 " Leave Bed Springs 1048 "
Leave Lumber Bridge 10 33 "
Leave Hope Mills
Arrive Fayetteville
BOUTH BOUND,
No. B. Daily,
Leave Fayetteville 4 28 p. in.
Leave Hope Mills 449 "
Leave Red Springs, 536 "
Arrive Maxton
Leave Maxton 617 "
Arrive Bennettsville 725 "
NORTH BOUND.

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