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WALTER B. BELL, Editor.

ELKIN, N. C., THURSDAY DECEMBER 24, 1896.

VOL. V.

CHRISTMAS. athery fiakes are dancing, dancing, In the gray morn's frostly gleam-leralds they of raindeer prancing From the gardens of our dream— From the bright land of the Elf-Kir g. there the bon bons gally grow Just like sweets of summer gardens, Where the tulips smile in row.

Feathery flakes are falling, falling, From the skies in noftest v/ny; And between our voices calling:
"Soon it will be Christmas Day!" Don't you know how in the springtime. Wintry anows are scattered wide Ere the lovely purple blossoms

Dare to peep from wdere they hide?

Feathery flakes are r fting, aifting, Through the chill December air-Here, and there, and yonder drifting Making everything more fair; Laying whiter folds than linen On the houses and the trees Softer than the richest damask Spread our dainty guests to p.ease.

soon the bon bons will be falling As the flakes have fall'n to-day, And the children will be calling To their patron saint so gay: "Ah! we knew when came the snowflakes You would come, dear Santa Claus-For we always (you remember) Know the wind's way by the straws."

Soon the trees as fair as any
That elves have wreathed with snow,
Will be planted—O! so many! In our better homes. And lot Something better far than snowflakes Shall be hung abour their green-Candles, toys and fairy tapers Lighting up the merry scene.

And the children dancing, dancing, Tid all tired their little feet, Shall, with half-shut eyes up-glancing. Wonder: "Why is life so sweet?" And some tender votce shall whisper-Flake-like falling from above: "Christmas is so sweet, my darling Just because its king is Love!"

THE JOY OF MARGERETTA

A CHRISTMAN STORY. LEARLY defined

shadows were falling across the aisle of the old church on the bill, the gray, lonely building that had stood there so long, amid sunshine and shadow, watching, as it were, the peaceful village in the valing below.

Above it the pine trees, greek even in winter, waved their long branches restlessly in the wind and flung their weird reflections over the snow, the white, soft snow, that covered all the hillside as with a mantle of palest vel-

And the day was beginning to close in, to spread its gray wipgs over the dim sky and the snow-bound world, lightened only by the warm gleam that came from many a window in the village. The afternoons were short now, said the bustling frauen to each other, as they went about their work; but, after all, was it not the eve of the Christmas feast, and what could one expect? So the cottages were warm and cozy, and the pine logs in the



THE FAMILY GATHERING. tiled stoves crackled and burned away merrily, and few were the footsteps that passed over the snow ontside.

four, old Johann Maria entered the bing pain of some sorrowful dream. dimness of the church upon the hill, But he had begged her to forget-to where soft red lights shone like far- forget all the pain of parting for that away stars before the altar. There were one day. "Let us be happy together, kneeling to whisper a prayer at an old her eyes with his own, ah! filled with onken prie-dien. But they looked up so much love and tenderness. heart the names of their dearly loved omable love. ones, and committing them to heaven's hafe keeping for the night.

And old Johann Maris, as they had ratching the star gleams, like points expected, kneeling in the soft halo of diamonds, flash on the dark waters that the lights made, began the old, of the Neckar: "What is love?" he old words that they knew so well, and had saked, and she had looked up to the hill. that they followed so earnestly, while the beautiful, grave face before she the wind wailed outside over the snow | answered: on the steep white road, And Amalie and . Love is the most perfect and the



berried holly and white veined ivy- from His Heaven. It is holy, eternal, leaves to twine round the carved pul- ever-abiding, and it is ours, yours and pit and the choir-stalls? Yes, it was a mine-the most perfect union of mas season, and they were very, very derest, truest sympathy." happy. Why not so? Every one was So she had spoken, as they wen

the priest would pray and preach, and Neckar. they would all listen, oh! so intently. But now there was only the quiet-

the same secents.

There was another girl in the petitions with white lips and an aching or wild ballads of the mountains. heart. Christmas brought only sorrow for her, she said to herself, There was no gladness for her to expect, no dier in his travel-stained great coat, loving voice to give her the Christmas with tears in his blue eyes, and pasgreeting, no tender lips to press her own in that love sweeter than others, even at the season of universal love.

No, all was dark and dreary-dreary as the shadows that fell upon the cottage. And, with quivering lips, the festival her heart was heavy and her thoughts roamed back, pitilessly, painfully, to a bygone day-a day death.

It was Christmas time again, and the prizet had preached and prayed, and given the old beautiful benediction, that floated out like a message from Heaven over the kneeling people -over her lover and herself.

Ah! her lover! He had been kneeling by her side then, with the lights flashing on his soldier's coat and his brave, handsome face, and she had heard his voice throughout all the service, in ringing, clear tones that she knew and loved so well, so truly and passionately. And she had been so happy, so very very happy, although the thought of the morrow's parting had come even now As the clock in the tower chimed and then to her heart, with the throba few other dark figures already there, sweetheart," he had said, looking into

as the old man came forward, and And she had obeyed him, as she gathered together more closely. He always would obey the voice that was would say the evening litany, perhaps, more to her than life itself, and they and they would join in the solemnly had been happy-perfectly, passionsweet responses, breathing in each stely happy-in their great, unfath-

> "What is love?" he said to her, as they walked home in the evening,

Dorchen and Aida, girle with fair holiest of friendships, my beloved. It decorate the altar. tresses and eyes bine as the skies of means the merging of one's self into And she must go, too, passing out the Fatherland in the sweet summer- snother's being, and the living for an- into the night once more. They had time, listened and prayed in all the other. It is based on sympathy, left her to her own thoughts, these fervor of youth and hopefulness and deepest and truest, and its keynote is happy girls, and she was glad of it. joy. Was not to-morrow the feast of the unselfishness. It is something that She knew their sympathy and loved Christ-child. And had not the sacristar cannot die, for it belongs to God, and them for it, and they would be var-

already, brought beautiful wreaths of is given by Him to us as the best gift time of joy and gladness, this Christ- hearts, my dearest one, in the sen

gay and glad at Christmas time, when down the river-bordered road together, there where kuchen in the cottages, hand in hand, with the evening wind and little fir trees laden with presents, moaning among the pines, and the and sugar angels to be bought at the Christmas chimes ringing out from the shops or the market in the town yon- tower in the distance. And he had der, to remind them of the great stooped and kissed her, kissed her Christmas long ago, when the angels over and over again with burning sang over the star-lit fields at Bethle- kisses that lingered on her lips all through the long long aferwards, And by and by, that same evening, when they were parted by a darker there would be a great service, when tide than even the swiftly flowing

That was her dream of Christmas -the tryst under the wings of the unness of the little church, with its scent | seeing night; the words that he had of the freshly-cut boughs, and the said to her over and over again, "! quavering, monotonous voice of love you! I love you! I love you!" Johann Maria repeating the old -words that she never, never tired of litany, as he had repeated it so many hearing, and that he never tired of times before in the same place and in saying; and afterwards the mirth and music of the family gathering in the warm homestead, where Johann Maria corner, kneeling at her prie-dieu, and told wonderful stories, and Amalie whispering the words of the sweet old and Dorchen sang tender love-lieder

And in the faint grayness of the morning, one scene more. The solsionate pain drawing deep lines on his pale face, and his love biding a last good-by, while the stars paled and the taray daylight struggled into the white snow; and while the others re- she had whispered of hope, of their joiced and looked forward to keeping next meeting, of the brave deeds that he was to do, of the patient waiting that would bring them such joy at last. And he knew that she was right, that was marked with the shadow of that his own heart told him the same story, while he kissed his dear, dear love over and over again, murmuring the "Auf wiedersehen" that he knew would bring her comfort, "My heart's beloved, God keep you," she said, brokenly, with her sweet arms, for the last time, clinging about his



neck, and her head pillowed on his strong shoulder.

And then she had raised her ligs to his for the last, long kiss, and it was ver with her heart's story, told in that one "Auf wiederschen."

while the ripple of the girls' voices

Johann Marie had followed them. and the sacristan had brought in s great bunch of red holly-berries to

tender with her all through the feast,

she felt.

ing, "Ach! the poor Margaretta! Is not two Christmas festivals since her lover died in the war?" And the ming the Christmas tree is to tack a others would look grave for a moment square of crash to the floor under the and sigh a soft "Yes." Ah, it was tree. This saves the carpet from the true. Two long, dim years had passed drippings of numerous candles and frontier land, where, amid the dry tling of the tree invariably occasions,

bending pine trees. Some one came pler, cleaner and more effective. forward to meet her with a quick, glad The newest conceits for tree decoraderness.

was calling her-all the old dear names comes strongly to the fore. If there that she remembered so well; and his are electric lights in the house, an atkisses were burning once again on her tachment is easily made, whereby the lips and brow, and his eyes were tell- tree can be lighted with tiny incandeing her all the love wis loyal heart scent bulbs of different colors. In bore for her. He had come back to case the house is without electric her, to his Margaretta, back to his lights, a storage battery may be oblife's love, from the very gates of tained at moderate cost. From this death!

hush of the evening, with her tired the old-time danger of the tree catch-



the bells ring out for the eve of the festival-the festival of Perfect Love. people feel young, writes Edward W his wanderings, of his sur posed death, the one season of the year when every-

in his and with her glad eyes fastened forget the worries of the world, and on his face. And at the service time they returned thanks in the brightly lighted church on the hill, gay with holly and evergreen and the morrow's high holy day. And when the music ceased and the

still knelt on, while each loving heart breathed its tender petition and whisness. For the "Auf wiedersehen" had been spoken in truth, and they Lady.

Christmas of Childhood Days.

"My first thought of Christmas," says Lillie Devereux Blake, "is of the great playroom at my grandmother's, where we children gathered for our evening frolies; of the fun we had in the warmth and light, while sleet struck its loy fingers across the windows or the hoar frost covered the glass with fantastic lines of beauty; of peasants the belief still prevails that the faces of those gathered there, so on Christmas morning oxen always young then, that are growing old now or have faded from this world forever. Then there comes a wider vision of the Christmas of the world, of the joy bells ringing in many lands for the feast of love and good will, of the hearts made happy by the gifts, the kindliness, the good cheer that brings light to the humblest home, so that there is hardly any being so forlorn that some ray of brightness does not announced to shepherds. Bees are alreach him. Then yet again, and deeper, is the reflection of what the festival means. It is the celebration of the eternal miracle of maternity, the wonder of birth into the activities of this world, that has been in all ages Ah! the peasant's liteny was over, and by all peoples observed at some and the women had gone out softly, period as an occasion for gladness; the welcome those already here give the sounded already some distance down new born soul to the brief, passionate Record. years of human happiness and human despair that we call life."

> Mother Gets Her Instructions. If you're waking, call me early, Call me early, mother dear, For long before 'tis daylight

In my stocking I would peer, If you're waking, call me early, Bouse me up at four o'clock; For I want to see what Santa Claus Has put into my sock.

DECORATING THE TREE,

Even now, perhaps, Amalie was say- How to Make a Pretty Effect in the Glowing Light.

The first step in the work of trimaway since the ekirmishes on the the general debris which the disman-

heather and the dead bracken, they The green tub, in which the tree had told her that her lover had died. should stand, supported by three But that was all. They knew not cross pieces of pine nailed to the edge where his body had been rested; they to hold it securely in place, is almost knew not whether he had suffered sure to be in the housewife's posses. agony or had parted with his brave sion. Conceal this by a covering of soul in the heat of the battle. All was white cotton batting, dusted thickly vague, uncertain; only her lover was with coarsely powdered mica to regone from her-gone, gone, she knew semble snow, says the Philadelphia Press. Or cover it with imitation As she went down the hill road on green moss, which can be obtained at that Christmas Eve alone some one the shops at a trifling cost. The latter was waiting under the shadow of the is really the better plan. It is sim-

ory of joy and heart's delight. Was tions are artificial fruits and vegetait a dream as the thoughts in the bles, which are countingly devised. church yonder had been-a dream of Tied to the tree with bright ribbons, Christmas, and of her love, her own, they form a pleasing contrast to the her life's love, but lost to her-lost? green foliage. Fairies, dressed in Nay, for a voice spoke to her, and wonderful gowns of bright colored dreams have no voices, they are silent paper, looped with narrow bebe riband sad; and this was a living, throb- bon are bought at a low figure. Santa bing voice, full of passion and ten- Claus, who should, without fail, crown the top, is not an expensive addition.

"Heart's beloved! Sweet one!" he In lighting the tree, modern science the same results are secured. This And, clasped to his breast, in the modern style of illumination removes head resting on his heart, they heard | ng fire from its lights, but it is also open to the objection of dispelling the romantic glow which came from innumerable candles. So the great majority of people still prefer the candles, which seem to be a part of the Ynletide.

For convenience in distributing the gifte, it is a good plan to place on each gift a number, while the mistress of the ceremonies keeps a written list of each member of the household, with their corresponding check. The distribution is usually made by the child or children for whose enjoyment the tree is arranged.

The Joys of Christmas.

One of the most blessed things about Christmas is that it makes so many By-and-by he told her the story of Bok, in Ladies' Home Journal. It is of his captivity and escape, and she body feels that they can dismiss ablistened, with her hands still locked struse thoughts, put dignity aside, for a time return to their youth. It always seems a pity that men try to conceal this feeling so often at Christmas. Only a few men are capable of being gracefully caught in the act of making a miniature train of cars go others went softly away, together they over the carpet. Catch them at it a night or two before Christmas, and nine out of every ten will instantly pered its thanks for the others' happi- get up from the carpet, brush the dust from the knees of their trousers -for dust will get on the carpets of shall keep Christmas together .- The the best regulated homes-and immediately begin to apologize. I have often wondered why men resent being caught in this way. But a woman feels differently, and it is a blessed thing that she does.

Superstitions of Chrisimas,

The superstitions of Christmas are more numerous even than the observances which owe their origin to heathepish rites. Among certain European spend a portion of the time on their knees. This they do, according to the peasants, in imitation of the ox and til ass which, a legend states, were present at the manger and knolt when Christ was born.

In certain counties of England the idea prevails that sheep walk in procession on Christmas Eve, in commemoration of the glad tidings first so said to sing in their hives on the night before Christmas, and bread baked at that time never becomes mouldy-at least so once thought many English housewiv_

The Epicure's Bird.

The eagle has the laugh on the turkey at Christmas time. - Philadelphia

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "de houses dat has de bigges' fam'lies an' de littles' tubkey seems ter hab de mos' Christmas in 'em."-Washington

The Goose-"What's the difference between the Easter gift and the Christmas turkey?" The Turkey-"I dunno." The Goose-"Why, one is dressed to kill and the other is killed to dress." -Truth

What is

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THE CONFERENCE ADJOURNS Ordination of Deacons and Elders ...

To Meet Next at Raleigh -- The Principal Appointments. Monday the Methodist Conference, which has been in session in Kinston, adjourned to meet in Raleigh next year, after Bishop Wilson preached one of the grandest and best sermons ever heard in North Carolina-text, Romana 8:24-26. Four deacons were ordained at the close of the service. Memorial services were held in the afternoon. Nine preachers died last year: T. W. Guthrie, T C. Lavin, D. Reid, J. W, Gibson, W. B. Doub, J. B. Bailey, J. B. Bobbitt, G. E. Wyche and R. L. Warlick.

At the close of the night service eleven elders were ordained. This Conference will support the North Carolina Advocate, of which

Rev. T. N. Ivey was appointed editor at a salary of \$1,500. The next Conference meets at Edenton Street Church, Raleigh. Below is the principal appointments

of the conference: BALRIGH DISTRICT, E. A. YATES, P. E. Releigh-Edenton Street-W. C. Nor-

Central-E, C. Glenn. DURHAM DISTRICT, J. A. CUNNINGGIM, P. B.

Trinity-J. N. Cole. Main Street—G. A. Oglesby. Chapel Hill—N. H. D. Wilson. PAYETTEVILLE DISTRICT, W. H. MOORE, P. E.

Hay Street-L. L. Nash and D. Parker. ROCKINGHAM DISTRICT, J. T. GIBBS, P. E Rockingham station—J. T. Lyon. Aberdeen circuit—J. H. Page.

WILMINGTON DISTRICT, R. C. BEAMAN, Grace-R. A. Willis, Fifth Street-W. L. Cunninggim. Bladen Street-T. J. Browing. Market Street-T. H. Sutton. Southport-S. B. Anderson. NEWBERN DISTRICT, W. S. BONE, P. B.

Centenary-F. A. Bishop. Goldsboro, St. Paul-R. B. John St. John-J. E. Bristowe. Kinston-J. A. Lee. Morehead-L. S. Massey. Beaufort-D. H. Tuttle. WASHINGTON DISTRICT, B. B. HALL, P. E.

Washington station-J. E. Underwood. Wilson-J. B. Hurley. WARRENTON DISTRICT, W. S. BLACE, P. Warrenton-P. L. Herman. Weldon-J. A. Hornaday. BLIZABETH CITT DISTRICT, A. P. TILER,

Elizabeth City-J. H. Hall. Plymouth-J. L. Curvitgham. President Trinity College-J. C. Kilgo. Conference Missionary Secretary-F.

CAPE FEAR & YADKIN VALLEY H'Y Joux Gill. Receiver.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE. In Effect November 15th, 1896 NORTH BOUND.

Leave Greensboro......
Leave Stokesdale......
Leave Walnut Cove.....
Leave Bural Hail.... No. 1. Daily.

Leave Stokesdale Leave Climax...... Arrive Fayetteville....

Leave Bennettaville. . . Arrive Maxton..... Leave Maxton
Leave Red Springs....
Leave Lumber Bridge..... SOUTH BOUND,

No. 3. Daily. Leave Hope Mills...... Leave Red Springs..... Arrive Maxton..... Leave Ramseur

(Daily Except Sunday.) No. 15, Mixed. Leave Stokesdale
Arrive Greensboro
Leave Greensboro

Leave Creenistoro

Leave Climax

Arrive Itamsour

NORTH BOUND CONNECTIONS

at Fayetteville with Atlantic Coast Line for all points North and East, at Sanford with the Scathoard Air Line, at Greensboro with the Southern Railway Company, at Walnut Cove with the Norfolk & Western Bailroad for Winston-Salem.

for Winston-Salem.

SOUTH BOUND CONNECTIONS

at Greensboro with the Southern Railway Company for Raieigh, Richmond and
all points north and east; at Fayetteville
with the Atlantic Coast Line for all points
South; at Maxton with the Seaboard Air Line
for Charletts. Atlanti and all points south for Charlotte, Atlanta and all points so and southwest.

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