

BUSINESS OF THE YEAR.

Review of Trade Conditions in Greenville.

FINE SHOWING OF BANKS.

Business in the Best Business Town in North Carolina for its Size Has Increased Rapidly.

The question of progress appeals to every individual, to every business, and to every community. He is very careless of his own interests who does not occasionally consider such a question from each of these points of view. The fact that men frequently prosper under adverse conditions may be conceded. Connected with this fact is the one that some individuals realize a certain prosperity at the expense of the community. It is plain, however, that the condition of the business enterprises in a given community seriously affects the humblest citizen, as well as the greatest; and the conditions that prevail in the community at large reaches back to institutions and to the smallest tax-payer.

With these suggestions in mind it seems appropriate at this season, when the year's accounts must be rendered and preparations begun for the new year's business, to offer at least a casual review of Greenville's present condition, and to discover, if possible, an answer to the question that introduces this article. This does not involve an enormous task or the consideration of a bewildering number of minute details. Still, the answers afforded by observation in a general way need to be supplemented through reference to certain responsible indications.

The first effort of the REFLECTOR was to secure a personal statement from the heads of the town's various enterprises.

From the fact that these statements in reference to private business were given confidentially, may be seen that facts were secured which otherwise would have been withheld. In those cases we may give only the statement, and the opinion expressed as to general conditions, without giving the authority. The manager of a mercantile business of comparatively recent establishment judged the increase in the volume of business through his house for the current year to be 65 per cent. over last year. A gentleman who has been in business here for a generation alluded to an increase of 25 per cent. over last year, and expressed the opinion that the volume of business for the town would show an average of 25 per cent. increase over last year.

THE REFLECTOR is in possession of a very important indication from an entirely different source which gives a very conservative character to an estimate of 25 per cent. increase. It is worthy of note that no one gave a lower estimate than the lowest already named.

This article would be far from complete without special reference to the city's banks. The Greenville Banking & Trust Co. opened for business April 10, 1901. The published statement of this concern at the close of business November 1, 1902, includes a comparison with the figures for the same date last year, showing an

increase in deposits of 122 per cent.

The Bank of Greenville's deposits for September, 1902, amounted to \$1,022,211.18; for October \$1,096,699.10; for November \$836,403.86; showing an average for those three months of \$985,104.71 per month. The estimate made by one of the bank's officials named thirty-three and a third per cent. as the increase over last year's volume of business through this bank.

There are many more promising features of Greenville's recent progress that would bear mention, but these are deemed sufficient as a bases for some intelligent conclusions.

The inferences to be drawn from the foregoing may be safely left with the reader. With the reader's judgment may be left any forecasts for the coming year. The most successful business man and the warmest admirer of Greenville will probably admit that the town from a business standpoint, will bear criticism. He will say, truthfully in the opinion of this writer, that the town's business is in need of diversification. The case is not very different from that of the farmer who places his sole dependence in cotton and tobacco, to the detriment of his smoke-house and fodder-loft. This deficiency cannot be met in a day, but a consideration of such a need is a ripe topic for the true well-wishers of the town and its magnificent back country. The securing of city improvements, commensurate with Greenville's importance and the demands of modern conditions, seems to promise more in bringing new industries to this community than any other factor.

Reason Dawning.

The Biblical Recorder believes that North Carolina is coming into her own. It finds the State growing in a thousand ways, and mentions particularly the activity of towns and cities and the educational movement, and it says:

Back of all is the industrial movement. There is new life in North Carolina because there is new business. The mills have stirred the State from border to border and to its very heart in the back country—not only cotton mills but all manner of woodworking establishments. Each of them gives work to men who found it hard to live in the country on rented land; each brings new population from the backwoods, where it was mostly useless, and gives it place and power for service; each makes a new market for the farmer and the merchant; each increases the income of the State by multiplying upon the value of the raw product, both of men and material; each brings new men into contact with each other and into the region of progress.

"The mills have stirred the State from border to border, and to its very heart in the back country." Yet the efforts of cool thinkers to stem the agitation which would check this stirring of the State by the mills has only recently led the Biblical Recorder to blindfold its brain and unbridle its tongue in unjustifiable vituperation of them. But it is beginning to see the light.—Manufacturers Record.

We have a ton of best candies, to be distributed among our customers, Johnston Bros.

You can't afford to miss seeing the rich display of velvets, ribbons and ostrich goods at the Misses Erwin's.

For pocket and table cutlery, sash, doors, and blinds, glass, garden wire, nails, ropes, harness, and horse supplies, visit J. R. Corey.

RISE AND FALL OF TOBACCO.

Some Facts and Figures

About the Product.

PAST AND PRESENT PRICES.

O. L. Joyner Again Writes Upon this Subject for the Daily Reflector.

(By O. L. JOYNER.)

I have written so much about the growth and development of the tobacco industry of eastern North Carolina and Greenville as a market that it is well nigh impossible for me to say anything that will not in some way be a repetition of what has already been written. Yet, when asked to write something concerning the statistical growth of this market, by you, Mr. Editor, who did so much in the early days, when we were beset by minions of the market at home and abroad, I feel that should I refuse or plead that the tale has already been told, that I would, to this extent, be guilty of ingratitude and betwixt the two in the height of my obligation to my fellow man I should prefer to be charged with the larceny of a sheep if I were innocent of the charge, and sure it could not be proved on me.

In 1885, only seventeen years ago, there was not a pound of tobacco grown for market in all the territory lying east of the main line of the W. & W. R. R. The production of bright tobacco at this time was confined exclusively to a small area in central North Carolina and Virginia. Its culture began to spread eastward about 1884, and soon nearly all the eastern counties began growing it. In 1891 the first warehouse was built in Greenville. That year only about two hundred thousand pounds were sold. The next year another warehouse was added and more prize houses went up and a little over a million pounds were sold. It might be well to add here that the average price of the total sales the first year was a fraction over 12 cents a pound, the next year the price declined a little and the average was about 11 cents. Thus from year to year the sales increased and the price decreased until 1897, when the market sold something over twelve million and the average price per pound was, that year, not quite seven (7) cents. The following year something over thirteen million pounds were sold and the price fell still lower by about a quarter of a cent a pound.

Farmers had hoped that the price would go up, but their hopes were in vain, so in 1899 the crop was cut down and the market only sold about eleven million pounds. The price was only a little better, but the 1900 crop was still cut down, the market that year selling only about nine million pounds, while new the price began to very perceptibly advance, the average price that year being about nine (9) cents. The 1901 crop was increased something over the previous year. The demand was heavier, competition stronger, and the whole crop made an average of ten (10) cents a pound. Thus, encouraged by the delusive hope of stronger competition, the 1902 crop was increased much more than anyone had any idea. The market opened with a large number of

independent buyers in addition to the American and Imperial Companies. For about two months there was greater activity than we had seen since the formation of the American Tobacco Co. Common tobacco advanced, such stuff that a few years ago sold for 2 cents brought from 6 to 9 cents, while the better goods sold correspondingly well. I have never seen such a grand universal good feeling that existed on all sides. As one man was heard to remark life was worth having, and it was a pleasure to do business.

This state of things was too good to last. Tobacco soon began to go down, down, down, until now we are selling it about like it was sold in 1896 and 1897. What the result will be on the next year's crop no one can tell, but one thing sure, there will be no increase in the acreage over this year and I am of the opinion that there will be a very material reduction in acreage. Farmers can make tobacco for less than from \$45 to \$60 an acre. That is, the actual cost of growing a crop will run from \$45 to \$60 an acre, according to the number of pounds made.

There is no question of doubt about it, at present prices, the farmer is the least paid of any man that handles it, and he certainly has the hardest time of any. With tobacco selling at 10 cents a pound and a crop of 900 pounds to the acre, the average farmer can, by working himself and taking every advantage in managing labor, make some money out of it. I do not claim to be a professional farmer, but I do know the cost of producing and marketing an acre of tobacco.

With labor more trifling, less reliable, and higher than ever before in North Carolina, farmers, to realize any sort of pay for their time, team and land should get not less than one hundred dollars an acre for their tobacco. Less than that amount means a subsistence, not a living, and with that assurance for every acre that each individual farmer can cultivate or manage to get labor to cultivate, will meet in the ordinary causes of an average lifetime and grow rich.

Pulliam Found Guilty.

Charlotte, N. C., December 16.—Lawrence Pulliam, late cashier of the First National Bank of Asheville, N. C., was tonight found guilty of embezzling \$7,000 from that institution some years ago. He will be sentenced tomorrow, when his counsel will likely appeal to the United States court of appeals at Richmond, Va. Pulliam has been on trial in the United States district court here for about a week.

Testing Alabama's Constitution.

Montgomery, Ala., December 16.—Jackson W. Giles, colored, today filed in the supreme court, a petition for mandamus to compel the state board of registration to issue him a certificate and place his name upon the list of qualified voters. The suit is brought to test the legality of the new constitution of Alabama. Two suits of similar character have been filed by Giles, both of which were decided against his contentions.

It looks like President Roosevelt is going to give the Crum negro his plum and will appoint him Collector of customs at Charleston, regardless of the protest of white citizens of that city. Maybe he will do the same thing in reference to Vick and keep him in the Wilson postoffice.

Eat hearty and drink Digestine.

THE FIGHTING BOYS OF 60'S.

State Pensions to Heroes

Who Wore the Gray.

CHRISTMAS FOR VETERANS.

Old Soldiers and Widows of Warriors Made Happy by the State's Largess.

Register of Deeds Williams has received the checks for the Confederate pensioners in this county and now has them ready at his office for distribution. The checks came in good time for Christmas and will make the recipients correspondingly happy. The list for this county contains two in the second class who receive \$46 each, four in the third class \$35 each, eighty-one in the fourth class \$14.50 each, forty-one widows \$14.50 each. Below are the names.

Second class—G S Johnson, William F Mills.

Third Class—Bryan Buck, Bennett Dunn, W H Gurganus, John F Parker.

Fourth class—William L Briley, Jesse W Braxton, S H Brown, James E Bullock, J H P Bryan, Frank Bright, W H Buck, J H Bibb, Abner Boyd, Richard Craft, Wyatt Clark, A J Corbett, John S Cannon, Ivey Corbett, C T Case, Dempsey Corbett, Lewis Cox, R H Carney, William Cannon, Henry Deal, Theophilus Deal, H W Dunn, James Elks, T W Ellis, Lewis Edwards, J Q Edwards, Amos G Evans, Elias T Elks, A G Fossell, R B Fulford, E W Griffin, E A Gladson, George Hinson, McDonald Horton, Taylor Harris, Matthew Hart, Lewis Hudson, John Hathaway, Joseph Ham, Cornelius James, Guilford Jackson, John T Jones, William Jerard, G W Jones, Robert Johnston, William Letchworth, R M Lassiter, Thomas E Little, J E Mayo, Thomas Morgan, J I Matthews, I A Morgan, G A Meeks, James A Mayo, James Norville, Ashley Norris, James D Pope, J R Peader, Wiley Pierce, E S Phelps, Richard E Pollard, J E Randolph, Robert Richmond, Lamb Summerell, Jas E Seamster, Herring Skinner, J L Thigpen, James D Turage, R M J Tuton, Jesse Vincent, Jackson Vandiford, Wm I Whitehurst, Jas J Whichard, James R Wren, Charles Williams, Lemuel Warren, William R Wine, Z B West, Algernon Whichard, A S Walker, Guilford Harris.

Widows—Florence Baker, Mary Baker, Susan Branch, Rebecca Beddard, Sallie Ann Bexley, Mary Bowers, Millicent Corbett, Rebecca Clark, Elizabeth Crawford, Lotie Cannon, Martha Clark, Dutrie Dail, Jennett Dudley, Patsy Edwards, Emmalina A Evans, Letitia Fleming, Mary Grizzard, C Horton, Margaret Heath, Elizabeth Knox, Winnie Ann Langley, Chrischana Manning, Belthanie Moye, Mary Moye, S M Manning, Rebecca Mears, Sallie Ann Matthews, Louisa Oakley, Mahala Powell, Louisa Stocks, Luky Ann Smith, Sarah M Stocks, Nancy Stokes, Mary Jane Smith, M A Simpkins, Sarah J Teel, Lydia Tugwell, Elizabeth Warren, Jane E Whitehurst, Lucinda Wainwright, E. Manning.

Same Experience Here.

A subscriber to The Record for years says he is annoyed by a neighbor who insists on borrowing his paper every evening, adding that the said neighbor is not at all considerate, but sometimes gets hold of it before any member of his family sees it; that in fact when he is about ready to accuse the carrier boy of skipping him he thinks of his neighbor and going over finds he has it. This is not exactly highway robbery, but it is precious near to it, yet it is practiced in many instances. We have at times lost good subscribers on this very account, for one does not care to be rude to his neighbor. However, the thing to do is to warn such people kindly but firmly that they are not going to submit to such imposition. It is needless to say that the borrower in this instance could buy the subscriber out root and branch and then have money to burn. This is not astonishing at all if he practices the same thing in all his dealings.—Greensboro Record.

Law Breaker Roped In.

Tom Carney, colored, was indicted by the grand jury about eighteen months ago for carrying concealed weapons. The efforts of the officers to get hold of Tom have been frustrated until a few days ago, when he was arrested by the Sheriff of Martin County at Jamesville. Sheriff Harrington went over and brought the negro to Greenville, getting him to jail Wednesday. Tom had evaded the officers by dodging to and fro across county lines.

Indians on War Path.

Seattle, Wash, Dec. 16.—Much excitement and apprehension prevails at Whitehorse and various points along the line of the new government trail over the report that a band of Hiwako Indians has taken the warpath in the region between the Little Samon and Pretty rivers. A store is reported to have been looted and burned, the storekeeper killed and another man fatally injured.

Major Cuthbert has been notified and says if confirmation of the news of the outbreak is received he will leave here for Selkirk immediately with fifty men. It is said that 150 to 200 Indians are in the hostile party.

Special bargains in millinery at the Misses Erwin's during the holiday's.

Something of a Scrapper.

Charlotte Albritton had Sally Bett Savage before justice Rountree Wednesday for assault. Both women are colored. A feature of the trial was the novel request Sally Bett made of the justice. Rising from her seat, and gesticulating wildly, she said, "Mr. Rountree I ain't gin dat nigger no whippin' yit. No, sir, dat I ain't. But you jis turn us both out there in the street, Mr. Rountree, an' I'll give her a fraillin' sho nuff and pay you \$25 dollars for it."

PERSONAL NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Whedbee and Miss Jerusha Whedbee returned Wednesday evening from Norfolk.

C. M. Jones returned from Goose Nest Wednesday evening and went up the road this morning.

Buck Forbes returned from Washington Wednesday.

J. G. Bowling returned Wednesday evening from Durham.

The Mary Creighton Vaudeville Company arrived by the morning train.

Mrs. J. P. Hilliard and son, Raymond, left this morning to visit relatives in Plymouth.

W. H. Cox, of Kinston, is in the city.



Christmas



HOW BABOUSHKA FOUND THE CHRIST CHILD

By...
JEANNETTE H.
WALWORTH

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By Jeannette
H. Walworth

NIGHT was falling fast, and the snow was piled high against the outer walls of the hovel where a poor moujik (peasant) named Katoma lay dying in a little village in far-away Russia.

Katoma knew that he was going to die. It was Christmas eve, but there was no gladness in the season for him. His wife, whom he had loved very dearly, was already gone. For three consecutive years now his crops had failed. A few weeks before the wolves had devoured his last cow. He had been entirely alone in the world he would have said to death, "Come; thou art welcome!"

But there was one other, his boy Ossip. The idea of death became terrible when he thought of leaving his boy all alone with not a copeck to bless himself with.

When I tell you that it takes 100 copecks to make a ruble and that a ruble is less than 60 cents, you will understand how dreadfully poor Katoma was.

He could not die peacefully for thinking of Ossip's future. His dim eyes turned fondly toward the pillow by his side, which the boy's thick black hair almost covered. Ossip lay motionless in sleep. The sick man put one feeble hand upon his boy's smooth forehead and silently commended him to heaven's care.

The house was very still. The hour was late. Ossip's healthy, regular breathing was the only audible sound. If only kind heaven would raise up one friend for his boy out of the millions of good people this big world swarmed with, Katoma felt that he should not mind how soon he was laid away under the frozen sods.

While his hand rested on Ossip's head and his heart was filled with these anxious thoughts the door of the hovel opened softly. The moujik turned wondering eyes in that direction, and there, coming noiselessly toward him across the beaten earthen floor, was a tall woman with soft brown eyes full of pitying tenderness.

She came close to the bed, on Ossip's side of it, and, looking down upon the sleeping child, she muttered:

"Perhaps this is the one at last."
Katoma looked at her anxiously.

"Whence came you, good mother, and what seek you?"

Across the sleeping boy she answered softly:

"I have come for Ossip. They told me in the village that thy days were numbered, and I knew that Ossip would need a friend. I will love and



"I HAVE COME FOR OSSIP."

care for him as though he were my very own. I am called Baboushka, and I keep my promises."

Then Katoma, the moujik, died happy, for he knew that Baboushka was a friend to all little children, and when she gathered Ossip close into her motherly arms when the end came the child ceased weeping for his dead father.

When Baboushka and Ossip were well on their way to the old woman's home, in the next village, they heard a pitiful sound of weeping somewhere on the tree shadowed side of the road.

The old woman stopped at the sound. "We will go and see who is in trouble, Ossip. Our eyes and ears should always be kept well opened so that no sign of distress may escape us."

Guided by the sound, they came to a stone where, wailing and shivering in the darkness of the winter night, they found a little girl scarcely as large as Ossip, who was not at all well grown for his eight years.

Baboushka knelt down by the child and, gathering her cold little feet into a warm clasp, muttered:

"Perhaps this is the child."

Then she said aloud, "What is thy

name, little one, and what doest thou here alone in the bitter nighttime?"

At which the child's tears flowed afresh, and between her sobs she told the kind, soft-eyed woman how she had been traveling with a great company of men and women who were leaving their own village to seek a better land across the seas—our own blessed America, I make no doubt—and how, when they had encamped for the night, her aunt, who was the only relative she had in the world, had sent her into the woods to gather fagots to put under their soup kettle, and how she had wandered so far that she had



SHE TOOK THE CRIPPLED BOY IN HER ARMS.

not been able to find her way back to the camp, and how she feared the wolves would devour her before any one should come to look for her. Then she told Baboushka that her name was Vasalissa.

Baboushka clasped the little wanderer to her great motherly heart.

"That, indeed, the wolves shall not, my dear little Vasalissa. I cannot give thee back to thy aunt, for I know no better than thou dost where this great company of men and women may be camping for the night. But thou shalt go home with Ossip and me. Thou shalt share our fire and our porridge, and all that is mine thou shalt share with Ossip. I can keep the wolves of hunger and cold away, and if thy aunt comes to claim thee she shall find thee rosy and happy."

Then Vasalissa quickly dried her tears, and with her hand clasped in Baboushka's she trudged cheerfully forward until they came to a tiny little cottage set back from the road a short distance. In its one window a lamp was burning brightly.

The window and the lamp belonged to Baboushka's cottage. She pushed its unlocked door open, and the children entered with her into a clean swept, well warmed room.

A large chair was drawn close up to the hearth. As Baboushka entered she glanced eagerly at this chair, and again she muttered under her breath:

"I had hoped he might have come while I was out."

"Good mother," Ossip asked, "why do you leave a lighted lamp in the window when you go away?"

"So that," she answered, "should any one go astray in the cold and the dark he might find his way to my poor cottage. And now let us see if the bean broth has kept warm all this time. I made it before I left home in the early morning hours so that if any wanderers found their way hither they might not leave my roof hungered."

The bean broth had kept warm. She bade Ossip throw a few more fagots under the pot and set Vasalissa on a stool in the warmest nook. Then she brought three bowls, filled them with the bean broth and put them on the table. Over them she asked a blessing. Before her own wooden spoon had made two journeys from bowl to lip she heard a timid knock at the door. She ran quickly to answer it. A tall, pale lad stood outside. In his arms he carried a small mite of a boy, about whose shoulders was wrapped a worn and soiled woman's shawl.

The tall, pale lad looked into the fire lighted room with longing eyes. His teeth chattered with the cold as he asked: "Good mother, may we ask shelter for the night? The cold bites bitter hard, and my little brother Petrusha is but a sickly cripple."

Then Baboushka opened wide her door with an eager hand and fast beating heart. Perhaps, at last, this was the child. What she said aloud was:

"That indeed thou mayest. But why art thou abroad on such a bitter night with the little one?"

She took the crippled boy in her strong, loving arms and carried him

straight to the great chair in the chimney corner. She rapped her own best shawl about him and chafed his small, withered feet until they glowed with warmth. The tall, pale lad looked on gratefully.

"I am seeking an asylum for the little one," he said. "I have to work hard to keep him and myself from want. A rich merchant has promised me work, but he says I must not bring Petrusha. That he would take too much of my time."

"And where seek you an asylum for him?"

Baboushka looked pitifully at the small, sad face of the cripple. The tall brother answered sadly:

"Alas, that I know not yet. I was seeking the nearest town to ask counsel of the priest."

Baboushka laid a kind hand on the boy's arm.

"Put care away from thy young heart. Thou hast found an asylum for thy crippled brother. He shall travel no farther on the frozen roads. He shall be my own little Petrusha. I have a tiny truckle bed into which he will fit to a nicety. Such as I have, dear child, I make thee welcome to in the Christ Child's name."

The night was but very little older when the three children, Ossip, Vasalissa and Petrusha, fed, warmed and comforted, were sleeping the care free sleep of innocent childhood.

Only the tall lad and Baboushka sat by the fireside, because there was no bed left for them.

"Tell me, good mother," the boy said, looking straight into her kind eyes, "why are you so good to all children? Your fame has gone abroad."

Baboushka did not answer him at once. When she did, her voice sounded as sweet and solemn as church chimes at vesper time.

"Yes, I will tell you, my son, for you are nearing your own years of responsibility, and it will be well for you to learn in good time the solemn lesson that an opportunity once lost is lost forever."

"Many years ago I was setting my house in order when three men stopped at my door with a great piece of news."

"We have seen a radiant star in the east," they said, "and we know that the Christ Child must be come. Leave thy labor. Come with us to find him and to do him honor."

"But I sent them away with words of foolish impatience. 'Seest thou not that I am setting my house in order? Go thou to where the star beckons thee, and I will follow at some more convenient time. I can see its light without thy help.'

"So they went their way and left me to go mine. But when the time came that I found it convenient to follow the star clouds obscured the heavens, and there was no star to be seen, and so I knew not how to seek the Christ Child."

"I have been seeking him ever since, up and down in the land. Whenever, wherever I see a little child I think perhaps I have found the One I seek, and my heart yearns over him. But not yet have I found the Christ Child, whose face must shine with the radiance of the star I lost."

With tears of sorrow wetting her eyelashes Baboushka fell asleep in her chair. She had filled all of her beds with cold and friendless children.

And as she slept a tender hand seemed to dry her tears and a loving voice to whisper in her ears:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these little ones ye have done it unto me. They were homeless, and ye took them in. They were hungry, and ye have fed them. They were cold, and ye have warmed them. The Christ Child is in thy own heart."

And on that glad Christmas morning Baboushka awoke with a great peace in her soul, for she knew that she had found him she had been seeking far and wide.

LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS

The snow was falling on the mountains, hiding their tops in a misty veil, and the air was full of whirling flakes, which were rapidly covering the brown earth with a carpet of white and obliterating the trail up the mountain side where trudged, or, rather, stumbled, along a grotesque childish figure in a man's rough jacket, the sleeves rolled over and over to let out the small brown hands, while the edge of the coat, on a line with her heels, left a trail in the snow. A red hood covered the child's head, dark curls peeping out around her face, and in the fearless, wistful eyes shone a new light, for Dorothy was going to find Santa Claus.

When her mother had gone to heaven a short time before, they had carried her up the mountain, and God and Santa Claus were always associated together in the child's mind. So, if God lived up there, Santa Claus could not be far away. Thus reasoned little Dorothy in the hours when her father was off working in the mine and she was left alone with her rag doll in the little brown hut which served as shelter and home.

"Santa Claus may not come here now mother has gone," the little girl said, "and it must be near Christmas, so I will find him, and perhaps he will take me in his reindeer sleigh to see mother and God."

Little Dorothy paused in her task of sweeping the one-room of their home, and, putting some potatoes in the ashes to bake, that her father's supper might be ready for him, she had wrapped herself in his old coat, donned her red hood and started out to find Santa Claus.

It chanced that day that one of the mine owners was down from the city on a tour of inspection, and, having seen Dorothy on a previous trip, he had, remembering another little girl who was very happy on Christmas eve, brought down a Christmas box for Dorothy and so strolled along with her father as he started homeward, that he might give it into the hands of the little maiden herself. But when they reached the brown hut Dorothy was not there, and when repeated calls brought no answer the two men, alarmed, started in opposite directions to seek her.

Mr. Golden following the almost obliterated path up the mountain side, where, a mile beyond, he found the little one almost buried in the falling snow, and as he stooped to lift her in his arms she murmured drowsily, seeing the kind face bending over her:

"Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus, I want—"

When she opened her wistful, dark eyes again, the same kind face was bending over her as she lay on her cot in the little brown house, her father holding her in his arms, while beside her was the most beautiful doll of which she had ever dreamed, and, clasping it close to her heart, little Dorothy asked with reverent joy, the dark eyes filled to overflowing:

"Dear Mr. Santa Claus, is you God too?"

"Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus, I want—"

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"Dear Mr. Santa Claus, is you God too?"

Ricks & Wilkinson

Dissolution Sale!

On January 1st, 1903, we will dissolve co-partnership, and from now until then we will offer our entire stock of high grade Merchandise at greatly reduced prices. Our stock of Men's, Youths' and Boys' Clothing, Hats, etc., will be sold at and below cost. We have on hand a large stock of Fine Clothing that must suffer the severest cuts. Thanking all our friends and customers for their most liberal patronage in the past, we are, yours respectfully,

Ricks & Wilkinson

Christmas is Drawing Near,

And the time has come for you to think what you shall give your loved ones. We think we can help you if you are in doubt, for we have a beautiful lot of goods for you to select from—articles that are pretty and practical, ornamental and useful—a showing distinctly unrivaled. Now is the opportune time to select your Christmas gifts. They are here today but may be gone tomorrow.

Our line of Fancy Rocking Chairs, all sizes, and other Furniture, is complete. Our Fancy Bric-a-Brac and Novelties range in price from 5c. to \$5.00. We think we have the largest stock of Dolls in the town, and we know our prices are low.

Oh! Mr. Santa Claus--

Don't forget that we have Candies, Oranges, Nuts, Apples, Raisins, Figs, Etc.

Have you made that Fruit Cake yet? We have all the ingredients, all new and fresh. Our Nuts and Fruits are all this year's crop. We carry nothing in this line but the very best we can get. Our Grocery Department is filled with everything needed for the table.

J. B. CHERRY & CO.,

Greenville's Great Department Store.

TRANSFORMATION

BY ARTHUR J. BURDICK

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Earth was a desert spot	Earth was all desolate
A weary way	A songless way
Till on the world there dawned	Till shining angels sang
One Christmas day.	Of Christmas day.
Then, like the fields made green	Then every tiny rill
By running brook.	That danced along
Hope came and all the world	Found voice, and with the birds
New courage took.	Burst forth in song.
Earth was a gloomy place.	
A dreary way.	
Until the Star arose	
On Christmas day.	
Then fled the world's despair.	
The heart's dread night	
A Saviour came to earth	
And there was light!	

J. R. COREY,
—DEALER IN—
SADDLES COLLARS
H. H. HESS MILINERY
—A GENERAL LINE OF—
HORSES
Also a nice Line of Hardware.
COME TO SEE ME.
J. R. COREY.

ESTABLISHED IN 1866.]
J. W. PERRY & CO.
Norfolk, Va.
Cotton Factors and handlers of
Bagging, Ties and Bags.
Correspondence and shipments
solicited.

D. W. HARDEE,
—DEALER IN—
GROCERIES
GREENVILLE N. C.

Cotton Bagging and Ties always
—on hand—
Fresh goods kept constantly on
hand. Country produce bought and
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D. W. HARDEE.

WHEN YOU WANT
Dry Goods, Groceries, Confections,
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Mrs. L. H. WHITE,
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Nice line of goods on hand. Prices low
Country produce bought for cash or in
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Wills and Iron Fence Sold
First-Class work and prices reasonable
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. M. Schultz.
Wholesale and retail Grocer and
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rels, Turkeys, Egg, etc. Bed
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Ware, Cakes and Crackers, Maca-
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merous other goods. Quality and
Quantity. Cheap for cash. Com
to see me
S. M. Schultz.

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The genuine all bear the above Trade-Mark
and are sold with a written guarantee.
Awarded First Prize Paris Exposition 1900
OVER ALL THE WORLD.
Sold by First-Class Stove Merchants everywhere.
Manufactured by The Michigan Stove Company,
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BAKER & HART
In addition to the best stoves in the world we
carry everything you may expect to find in a hard-
ware store.
RUBBERBESTOS
Packing for Steam and Water Pipes is
decidedly the best thing of the kind we
have ever handled. Call and examine it.

The Proof of Doing is in What We Do.
THE
Greenville Warehouse
makes no claim that is not borne out by facts. An average
of \$11.70 for everything sold on our floor during the month of
August does its own talking about what "Old Man Gus" and
the rest of "we boys" do for those who sell at the Greenville
Warehouse. You only have to try us to be convinced that we
will get you the highest prices every time.
G. F. EVANS & CO.,
Proprietors Greenville Warehouse.
G. F. EVANS,
R. S. EVANS,
D. S. SPAIN.

Don't fail to see me
before you buy
Guns, Shells, Stoves
eaters, Pumps,
Locks, Hinges.
And anything else in the Hardware Line.
Your friend,
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AFTER TWO YEARS PREMIUMS HAVE BEEN PAID IN THE
MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEWARK, N. J., YOUR POLICY HAS
1. Loan Value,
2. Cash Value,
3. Paid-up Insurance,
4. Extended Insurance that works automatically,
5. Is Non forfeitable,
6. Will be re-instated if arrears be paid within month while you
are living, or within three years after lapse, upon satisfactory evidence
of insurability and payment of arrears with interest.
After second year—7. No Restrictions. 8. Incontestable.
Dividends are payable at the beginning of the second and of each
succeeding year, provided the premium for the current year be paid.
They may be used—1. To reduce Premiums, or
2. To Increase the Insurance, or
3. To make policy payable as an endowment during the lifetime
of insured.
J. L. SUGG, Agt
Greenville, N. C.

Ayer's The oldest, safest, strongest Ma-
laria medicine. Not unpleasant to
take. A splendid tonic for all living
Ague Cure in malarial districts.
All Druggists
Price, 50 cts.

HER CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
TIME—Evening, Dec. 26.
Place—Boarding house bed-
room.
Actors—Nellie Cox, artist;
May Lowell, stenographer.
Nellie—Thus are my sins visited upon
me. Did you ever see such an ugly,
heartistic collar as this orange thing
with the red freckles?
May—No; unless it is the purple tie
in your other hand. But the blue and
the yellow collars are both pretty.
Nellie—Neither harmonizes with my
blue shirt waist and my complexion.
May—How did you happen to receive
so many collars? Did you ask for
them?
Nellie—Ask for them? Hardly. I
never wear anything except linen col-
lars. As I said, however, it is my own
fault. Last year my aunt sent me an
expensive but hideous collar which I
immediately donated to a church
rummage sale.
May—Then wrote your aunt that it
was just what you wanted.
Nellie—My conscience would not al-
low me to do that. I filled up four
pages, however, on the one redeeming
feature of that collar. I spoke of the
texture of the silk and dwelt on its
wonderful richness.
May—I should have thought your
aunt would have seen through that.



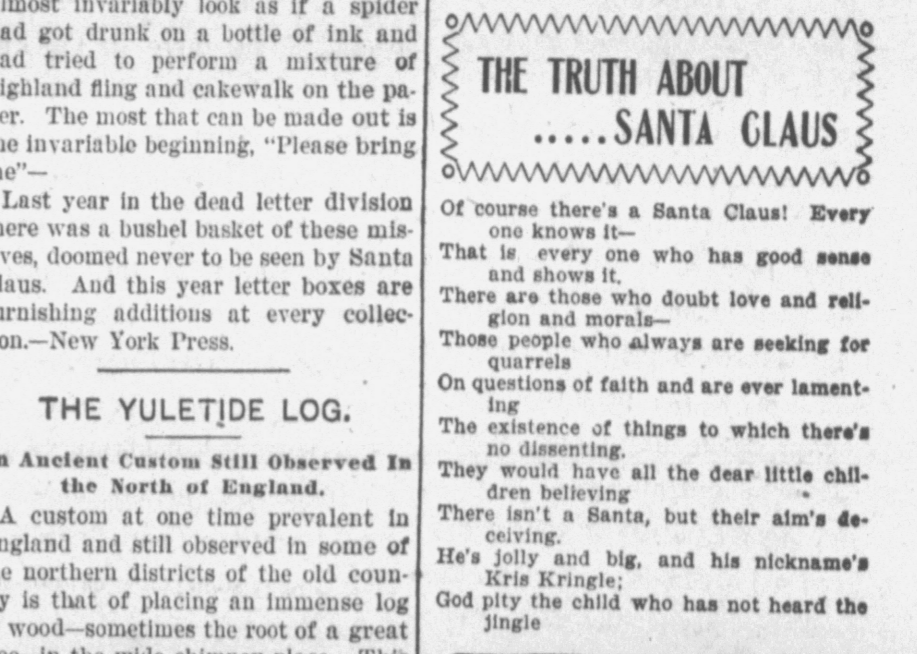
S. CLAUS' MAIL HELD UP.
Bushels of Letters That the Old Man
Never Will Receive.
Sometimes the address on the enve-
lope starts "Deer," which, of course,
means "Dear," and again it is "Dere"
or "Deir." But even these remarkable
spellings are nothing compared with
the two words that follow. They read
"Santy Klaws" or "Sant Clos" or
"Saint Claus," and they are in hand-
writings compared to which Babylonian
cuneiform is as a primer.
They are coming into the dead letter
office in this city by the hundreds these
days, and, although the clerks in that
division are the most painstaking of
men and can decipher an actual ad-
dress from a mass of hieroglyphs, they
never have been able to learn the exact
location of either the business office or
home of one S. Claus, Esq., manufac-
turer of toys.
So these letters never reach their des-
tination. They would be returned to
the senders only for the sad fact that
when they are opened the inclosures
almost invariably look as if a spider
had got drunk on a bottle of ink and
had tried to perform a mixture of
highland fling and cakewalk on the
paper. The most that can be made out is
the invariable beginning, "Please bring
me—"
Last year in the dead letter division
there was a bushel basket of these mis-
sives, doomed never to be seen by Santa
Claus. And this year letter boxes are
furnishing additions at every collec-
tion.—New York Press.

THE YULETIDE LOG.
An Ancient Custom Still Observed In
the North of England.
A custom at one time prevalent in
England and still observed in some of
the northern districts of the old coun-
try is that of placing an immense log
of wood—sometimes the root of a great
tree—in the wide chimney place. This
is often called the Yule log, and it was
on Christmas eve that it was put on
the wide hearth. Around it would
gather the entire family, and its en-
trance was the occasion of a great deal
of ceremony. There were music and
rejoicing, while the one authorized to
light it was obliged to have clean
hands.
It was always lighted with a brand
left over from the log of the previous
year, which had been carefully pre-
served for the purpose. A poet sings
of it in this way:
With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending
On your psalties play
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a-tending.
The Yule log was supposed to be a
protection against evil spirits, and it
was considered a bad omen if the fire
went out before the evening was over.
The family and guests used to seat
themselves in front of the brightly
burning fire, and many a story and
merry jest went round the happy
group.—New York Mail and Express.

What He Heard.
Little Montague—I was awake when
Santa Claus came, dad.
Father—Were you? And what was
he like, eh?
Little Montague—Oh, I couldn't see
him. It was dark, you know. But
when he bumped himself on the wash-
stand he said—
Father (hastily)—There, that'll do,
Monty. Run away and play.—Punch.
Just Her Luck.
Mrs. P. Nurlus—I dreamed last night
that you gave me a diamond ring for
Christmas.
Mr. P. Nurlus—That's just your luck.
Dreams always go by contraries.
With Apologies to Riley.
There's a Christmas touch in the air.
I feel it, somehow, everywhere.
I feel it at home; it makes me blue,
I feel it at the office too.
My bank account is tinged with care;
There's a Christmas touch in the air.
—Life.

CHRISTMAS CLASSICS
At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
—Tusser.
'Twas the night before Christmas, when
all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a
mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney
with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be
there.
—Clement C. Moore.
The time draws near the birth of Christ.
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.
—Tennyson.
This is the month and this the happy
morn
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal
King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did
bring.
For so the holy sages once did sing
That he our deadly forfeit should release
And with his Father work us a perpetual
peace.
—Milton.
In December ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!
—Longfellow.
No trumpet blast profaned
The hour in which the Prince of Peace
was born;
No bloody streamlet stained
Earth's silver rivers on that sacred
morn.
—Bryant.
What Babe new born is this that in a
manger lies?
Near on her lowly bed his happy mother
lies.
Oh, see the air is shaken with white and
heavenly wings!
This is the Lord of all the earth; this is
the King of kings.
—R. W. Gilder.
The mistletoe hung in the castle hall;
The holly branch shone on the old oak
wall.
—Thomas Haynes Bayly.
For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make;
We bring our precious gifts to them,
Even for the dear child Jesus' sake.
—Phoebe Cary.
His Delicate Proposal.
Gladys (on Christmas morning)—
What a dear little clock! Who gave
you that?
Marjorie—George, of course.
Gladys—Is it going?
Marjorie—Oh, no! George wishes me
to understand that I may set my own
time.—Smart Set.
Stupid George.
"Are you going to hang up any mis-
tletoe?"
"No, I'm not. I put some up last
year, and George asked if it wasn't as-
paragus."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**THE TRUTH ABOUT
.....SANTA CLAUS**
Of course there's a Santa Claus! Every
one knows it—
That is every one who has good sense
and shows it.
There are those who doubt love and reli-
gion and morals—
Those people who always are seeking for
quarrels
On questions of faith and are ever lament-
ing
The existence of things to which there's
no dissenting.
They would have all the dear little chil-
dren believing
There isn't a Santa, but their aim's de-
ceiving.
He's jolly and big, and his nickname's
Kris Kringle;
God pity the child who has not heard the
jingle



Of his silver bells as he comes swift
a-sleighing
When his annual visit of love he's a-pay-
ing!
He's round, and he's fat, and his whiskers
are whitened
With centuried snows, but his good face
is lightened.
With the cheery warm nature that keeps
you supernal
And will make dear old Santa Claus last
time eternal.
So, children, don't think when you hang
up each stocking
That there is no Santa Claus—that would
be shocking—
Because while you're snugly and cozily
sleeping
He'll come with his reindeer all madly
a-leaping
And from his rich load in a trice will be
talking
And leaving the gifts that will gladden
your waking!
—Washington Star.

The Daily Reflector.

D. J. WHICHARD, Editor.
W. A. B. HEARNE, Associate Editor.

EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Entered at the post office at Greenville, N. C., as second class mail matter.

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One year, \$3.00
One month, .25
One week, .10

Delivered in town by carriers without extra cost.

Advertising rates are liberal and can be had on application to the editor or at the office.

We desire a live correspondent at every post office in the county, who will send in brief items of news as it occurs in each neighborhood. Write plainly and only on one side of the paper.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1904.

THE CHRISTMAS YOU REMEMBER AND ONE OR TWO OF THE MESSRS. SANTA CLAUS.

The arrival of Christmas needs not to be heralded. The calendar might omit the 25th of December with safety to human records. Were it not for considerations extraneous to the matter of dates, the ubiquitous almanac, from Poor Richard's down to the unavoidable commentary on the newest Elixir of Life, might dispense with any further particulars of the twelfth month than merely to credit it with 31 days.

There is something in Christmas that enters the soul by other channels than the optic or the aural nerves. The urchin who lies awake the night long to steal but a glimpse of the mysterious chimney-climber has had its little being enthused with a nameless ecstasy; while the old "black mammy" of 70 "feels it in her bones." Turn back the pages of Life's little volume to your first memory of Christmas—"pop-crackers, nigger toes and streaked candy." From that time to this you would never have missed a Christmas had the almanac and the perpetual calendar never been invented. Herein is man as independent of human contrivances to keep up with the sun today as his primitive ancestor was of the unimagined Waterbury or the eight-day clock.

You have turned to your childhood's Christmas. You do not need the diary for the rest. Memories serve now. Santa Claus has woven these into golden bonds that link all future times, events and histories to the Christmases you have known.

In these older years Christmas is fraught with a deeper and a different meaning. You have sat with the wise men; you have visited the manger; you have eaten with the multitude; you have climbed Calvary; you have beheld the empty sepulcher. To you Christmas is still an occasion for decorations of evergreens and draperies of childhood fancies; but your yule log reverie is the world beyond the mellow rays of wax candles.

Very good. Knock the ashes out of your pipe and take a fresh start. You have found by experience that Santa Claus is a very useful sort of citizen. Let him continue so.

While he is enjoying the pipe, my dears, and scheming pleasant surprises for you, let us see if you are really acquainted with him—your Santa Clause. O, he's a good fellow. If he ever cheated at politics or cards, or countenanced a shindig at a church-benefit performance that was not in strict accordance with the General Rules, he has repented in broadcloth before a high-priced coal fire, turned

an old suit over to the hired man (at a good stiff price for second hand,) bought the baby a new rattle and a limberjack, kissed his wife, paid the doctor 75 cents on last year's account, and will start the forthcoming New Year with an entirely new set of resolutions—not because he has a weakness for new things that don't cost money, but because those he has tried heretofore wouldn't stand the strain. Santa Claus is something of a character—instead of a myth. He likes to see the world go round, when it is going his way, and doesn't choose to play the chimney sweep in order to drop a ten-cent doll into a stocking with a hole in the heel. He may stand in the rain long enough to inspect the latest exhibition of dropstitched hosiery, but there isn't umbrellas enough in Hoboken to keep him dry on the way to a prayer meeting. He finds in the club the most congenial atmosphere for the married man, after business hours, and knows very well that "a hot bird and a cold bottle" is the best kind of a bracer to a man who is trying to make up his mind to seek the bosom of his family—a dear little woman and 17 small children.

If he is troubled with insomnia—under these circumstances—he is not without excuse for a ruffled temper at breakfast and an inclination to lunch down town—which develops into a positive temptation. If you do not see him again until 2 a. m. you needn't charge it to the Lodge—but forgive him for his stomach's sake.

You do not know such a Santa Claus! 'Tis well. And may you never. But you are young; and very innocent; as one may perceive from the number of yellow-back Luira Jean Limburgers lying around. But there is another Santa Claus—really. So here's to Santa of infant fancies! And here's to full stockings, plum puddings, and happy families everywhere. Here's to the orphan's Santa Claus, and to the ministering angel of ragged urchins who shiver in troubled expectancy of a mysterious and doubtful visitor. A trifle to these helpless ones is a small investment, but it purchases what money sometimes cannot buy—happiness.

If Christmas is no longer what it used to be, do something to make the occasion to someone else what it used to be to you.

If you go hunting on the 25th don't forget that your principal consideration will be to keep from getting shot.

The city fathers have kindly permitted you to enjoy the usual fireworks Xmas, barring large cannon crackers. Be good enough not throw any bombs under any of the Board, or you may have to do your shooting out of the limits next time.

If you feel ill and need a pill Why not purchase the best? DeWitt's Early Risers Are little surprisers, Take one—they do the rest. W. F. Howell, Houston, Tex., writes—I have used Little Early Riser Pills in my family for constipation, sick headache, etc. To their use I am indebted for the health of my family.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

C. T. Munford's Big Store,

242 and 244 W. Main St., Greenville, N. C.

Children's Hosiery, 5c.

Worth 8c. Slight "seconds," hence this low price, but they will wear well. Fine one-and one ribbed hosiery, made of fast black cotton.

Men's Heavy Sox 8c.

worth 10 and 12, only

Good Toilet Soap, 25c.

worth 25c. box, 3 cakes only

HOMESPUN, 4c. Yd.

Good Round Thread Homespun,

PICTURES \$1.00 kinds, only 50c.

"Yards of Flowers" of all descriptions; also fruits. Size 36 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches, in 1 1/2 inch gilt frames, with large brass corners. Second floor.

Women's Fleeced Lined Union Suits, extra heavy, 25c. suit

50 dozen Ladies' All Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 5c.

Large sized Rug, 38 x 80 inches, 98c.

Extra Large Double White Bed Blankets, 79c. pair

Extra weight, extra size Bed Comforts, Reversible \$1.39

All Linen knotted, fringed and hemstitched Damask Towels, worth 40 and 50c. our price, 25c.

Large Size Absorbent Bath Towels, full bleaches, 15c.

MILLINERY

Trimmed Hats and Trimming, fine and stylish things for the most ridiculous prices you ever heard of, the sort that gained and maintained Munford's reputation for lo these many months. There are Hats and Toques ana Bonnets, and the reductions run something like this: Munford's \$5.00 Pattern Hats can be had for \$3.98, and so on. Go the Millinery show room on the first floor and see for yourself what lovely styles we are showing at 1.50, 2.50, 3.00, 4.50 and 5.50.

Coats, Suits, Skirts and Furs,

Handsomest, Newest, and Best Made.

Special Attractions for Christmas Week.



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A page like this will suffice to give you an idea of the wonderful values in this great sale. Every aisle, every counter, every foot of space crowded with astonishing values. Reliable Merchandise in every case. Nowhere will you find such goods at such low prices.

C. T. Munford's The Big Store

242 and 244 W. Main St., Greenville, N. C.

WILL LAWSON'S LUCK

A Christmas Story
By ALFRED B. TOZER

Copyright, 1924, by Charles B. Etherington

I've often heard my old mother that's been dead these twenty years say that sinful ways carried their own penalties, and I'm sure the saying proved true in the case I'm going to tell you about, though you may say there was no actual sin committed by my friend, which may be true, but he gave way under strong temptation, and that is the next thing to it. Anyway, Will Lawson, the eldest son of her who was Samantha Fisher, would never have been arrested for murder and put in peril of his life had he not yielded to temptation and had to do with a lottery ticket.

Widow Lawson, Will's mother, lived next door to me in a little white cottage with green blinds and a neat flower garden in front when these things happened, and we were the best of friends. So I remember as if it was only yesterday the day Will came home from the city with his new clothes. It was the 9th of December, and Will's mother had been saving up all summer to buy that suit for a Christmas present for her boy, so it was quite an event when he brought it home. I ran right over when I saw him, and he put the clothes on and paraded around the house so we could see how he looked in them. Will was a handsome boy, with a straight, slender figure.

After the boy had shown off his clothes and told us all about his visit to the city I went home, for I had left some things stewing on the stove, and I was afraid they'd burn, but I hadn't been home very long before Mrs. Lawson marched in, with a worried look on her face and that wretched lottery ticket in her hand. Mrs. Lawson was a God-fearing woman, and she almost cried as she told me about finding a ticket in the watch pocket of Will's new pantaloons.

"The worst of it," she said, "is that Will denies all knowledge of the ticket. He spoke up real disrespectful when I told him he'd better burn it. He said it might bring luck."

"Luck is hard work and saving ways," said I, "and I'm sorry to see such notions getting into your head. Nothing good can come of it, you may be sure. If I were in your place, I'd burn that lottery ticket right now in my kitchen stove."

"But I promised Will I wouldn't destroy it," she said.

All I could say didn't persuade her into my way of thinking, though she'd come over to consult me, and she went home with the ticket clasped tightly in her hand, as if it could bring anything but sorrow.

It was exactly two weeks after—on Dec. 23, to be exact—that Mrs. Lawson came over to my house looking more cheerful than I'd seen her look for many a long day.

"What do you think?" she asked, almost dancing across to the sink, where I was cleaning a small turkey for Christmas dinner—"what do you think? Will's ticket has drawn the prize."

Her words and her manner struck me all of a heap, but I managed to ask her what kind of a prize, for I thought perhaps he'd drawn a necktie or a clock.

"It's a money prize," she said. "Fifteen thousand dollars."

I had turned around, with my dishpan, almost full of bloody water, in my hands, and I just sat down in a chair, feeling weak all in a minute, and the dishpan tipped over, and all that water went sailing over my clean floor.

"For land sakes!" I said when I got my breath again. "You don't say so!"

"Yes," she said. "It's all here in this list—No. 98,567."

When I asked her if he'd got the money and she said he was going to the city the next day to get it, I didn't encourage her in any hopes that might not be fulfilled.

"Well," said Mrs. Lawson, "Will's asked Lawyer Clapp about it, and he says it's all right. He's going down to the city tomorrow with Will after the money. They'll be back in the evening in time for Will to play Santa Claus in District school No. 3."

Then she hesitated a little, pulling at the strings of her winter hood, which was all crinkled up under her arm, but finally asked me not to say anything about Will drawing the money.

"He doesn't want it known," she said, "though I can't see why, and we're going on living as if we hadn't a cent in the world, for a time at least, and then perhaps we'll move away."

Mrs. Lawson went away looking just as cheerful as if Will had earned the money down at the mill and had it all in his hand, and I had to go to work and clean up the mess on the floor caused by that pan of bloody water. But somehow I couldn't seem to be thankful for what Mrs. Lawson considered such a blessing. I couldn't get the notion out of my mind that something dreadful would come of it.

The next morning, the day before Christmas, Will Lawson and Lawyer Clapp were up bright and early and took the 5:23 train for New York. They got the money, though they had to pay something out of the prize so as not to wait until the ticket had been sent in to the main office. They got home late in the afternoon, and Mrs. Lawson, pale and nervous as a kitten, was at the train to meet them.

Will jumped off first and, running up to his little mother, kissed her right before the crowd.

"It's all right," he said. "I've got the money, and I've paid Mr. Clapp for his time and trouble, but we both think

it's better not to say anything about this to the neighbors. Remember, mother, not a word."

Mrs. Lawson was so excited that she could only mumble out her promise to regard Will's wishes. On the way home she remarked:

"Will, I am that upset I wish you would not go to the Christmas eve jollification down at District school No. 3." "Oh, I couldn't disappoint them. I've promised, and I must be there. Besides, I took \$10 of the money I got from the ticket and bought a few little presents for the youngsters. And then, too, you know if I don't go there'll be no Santa Claus."

The building belonging to District No. 3 was the typical country school house. It was painted red and contained two rooms—one for the more advanced scholars and one for the "primaries." There was an entrance for each section. One of these little vestibules had been transformed for the occasion into a dressing room for Santa Claus. In the middle of the primary department, which was the larger division of the building, a short but broad spreading Christmas tree had been placed. It bore a fairly generous yield of tinsel gifts. Will added the presents he had bought and then, before the children began to arrive, retired to the vestibule to "make up" as Santa Claus.

The room soon filled, and to the accompaniment of the music of tin and brass horns, Santa Claus entered. The children gazed upon the weirdly built up St. Nicholas with feelings of awe mingled with admiration. Santa stepped up to the tree, bowing to the little folks as he went. Clumsily he selected the first present and called out the name inscribed thereon: "Jimmie Brown!"

A youngster about seven years of age, with his hair plastered down into a cowlick on his forehead, promptly stepped forward from the front row, looked around and, seeing that he was the only person out of line, stuck his finger into his cheek, began to blubber and abruptly rushed back to the shelter of the crowd. He was quieted and made his way haltingly to the tree, where St. Nicholas handed him a mauve colored sheep which emitted a plaintive "Ba-a-a" when it was pressed. As Jimmie moved jerkily backward toward his original position the door opened. Every one looked around, and all were astonished to observe that the two men who entered were strangers. One of the newcomers asked if Will Lawson was there.

The school trustee went over to the man and explained that Will was Santa Claus and that it would not do to let the children find out that their idol was but a man of clay. The fellow walked over toward the tree, placed his hand upon Will's shoulder and gruffly remarked:

"Will Lawson, you are my prisoner!"

Will was dumfounded, but his surprise was as nothing compared to that of the children, who then learned what they had never even suspected—that their Santa Claus was only a man. The festivities broke up in a hurry, but the man, who was an officer from New York, never left Will's side.

Will had been arrested for murder, and all because of that lottery ticket. Lawyer Clapp came in by and by all of a bustle, and the four—Will and the lawyer and the two strangers—went down to Mrs. Lawson's house. The poor woman fainted away when she heard that Will had been arrested, and I ran in as soon as I heard of it. When I got there, the fence in front of the cottage was all lined with prying faces.

When Mrs. Lawson came to, Will told her not to worry, that he had done nothing to be arrested for and that it would all come out right in time.

"I've got to go away with these men tonight," he said, "but I'll be back in a few days. And Lawyer Clapp is going with me, and you can hear from me through him. But, whatever happens, you must always believe that I told you the truth about that ticket."

They went off that night. The following day was Christmas, and what a Christmas it was for poor Mrs. Lawson and me! Lawyer Clapp came back the day after Christmas. He told us that the man who bought lottery ticket No. 98,567 had been stabbed to death in the street on the very night Will bought his new clothes and not far from the place where he bought them. He was a stranger in the city, only one man knowing anything about him, and that man his roommate at a cheap hotel.

But this roommate had seen the ticket. He remembered the number and thought it strange it wasn't found on the dead man's body. He told the police about it, and so when the ticket was cashed for Lawyer Clapp in New York it was traced back and promptly landed Will Lawson in prison. I heard that the broker who bought the ticket came very near being arrested for the murder and only escaped by giving Will's name and address. If the ticket hadn't drawn that prize, it would never have been heard of again, and Will wouldn't have been arrested.

Will stuck to the story he first told about the ticket, and Lawyer Clapp didn't believe it.

"I could do better for him if he'd tell the truth," Lawyer Clapp said to me one day, "for his possession of that ticket must be accounted for if we are to save him from the gallows."

I thought about it just as the lawyer did, but somehow I began to have more

confidence in Will's word. It didn't seem to me that he would lie himself right into a dishonored grave.

One day just before the time set for the trial Mrs. Lawson came over to my house and sat there grieving and crying over the plight poor Will was in until my heart almost broke at the sight of her misery. Finally I told her that I was going to the city the next day, though I had never thought of it before, and that I meant to stay there until I found out all about that ticket and how it got into the pocket of the boy's new pantaloons.

"I'm not going to sit here with folded hands," I said, "and see Will hanged, and that's the end of it. You may go with me if you want to, but I want you to remember that I'm to command the expedition and do whatever I see fit to do."

I think my positive way cheered her up a little. She went with me, and we saw the poor boy sitting alone and disconsolate in his cell. Such a crying time as we had over him! He told us where he had bought the clothes, and we found the store and looked it over, pretending to want to buy something. It was a little bit of a place in a dirty part of the city, with a low, smoky ceiling all covered with fly specks and a chilly atmosphere. It was dark in there too, though it was a bright winter day, and there was a smell of dyestuffs about the frosty interior that most turned my stomach.

The proprietor wasn't a bit more at-

because I went about it with a lie in my mouth. I hope God'll forgive me for the falsehood, though it was told in a good cause. But we found out one thing by going there, and that is that there is something wrong about those clothes. You saw how the fellow acted when he came back from the door with them? Well, to my mind, he wasn't angry. He was just scared. Now, why? And why did he lie about selling the clothes? If there was only some way of proving that he sold the clothes, it might be possible to frighten him into telling the truth.

"Why," said Mrs. Lawson, "there are the tags. Will saved every one of them, thinking he might want to change the clothes or something. We can send home and get the tags. They've got the store's private marks on them."

We sent for the tags that night, and by the time they reached us we'd done a lot of running around, but we were all ready for the clothing dealer.

Well, things were all fixed at last, and Lawyer Clapp got a policeman in plain clothes to go along with us. We left the policeman outside and marched into the store bold as brass. The proprietor didn't recognize us at first, I guess, and came forward to wait on us, though there wasn't a thing in his store I'd 'a' bought at a quarter of the price he asked for it. How Will ever came to trade in such a place is beyond my comprehension. Before I said a word I picked up a coat that was lying on the counter and looked at the marks on the tag sewed at the back of the collar. They were the same as the marks on the tags I had in my pocket.

When the man saw who I was, he began to seem mad again, but I saw him trembling.

"You take your old clothes and get away," he said. "I don't want you here. I never saw the clothes before, and I told you so once."

"Now, you keep your temper," I said,

"call me a liar!" shouted the fellow. "Because if you do I'll call the officer you talk about and have you thrown into the street!"

"You don't dare to," said I, "and if you did the officer wouldn't obey you. He's here to protect us and to subpoena you to go to the trial. And you do lie when you say you didn't sell these clothes to Will Lawson, for I've got the tags that were on them—got them in my pocket this minute—the marks on them are the same as the marks on the clothes you've got on your shelves. So the quicker you call the officer in and give him a history of the clothes the better it will be for you."

All the time I was talking Mrs. Lawson stood there all of a tremble, holding on to my arm with both hands, as though she was afraid I meant to fly at the man and scratch his ugly face and claw the truth out of his throat. The fellow looked at me, with his snaky eyes flaming with rage and hate, though I could see that he was scared too.

"You talk pretty strong for an old woman," he said, "and when you've finished your say you can take your old clothes and walk out."

I started for the door, and I suppose he thought he'd scared me out, for I heard him chuckling, but he soon had cause to change his mind, for I knocked on the glass with my umbrella, and I walked the officer. The storekeeper was taken aback, but he tried to put on a bold face and asked the officer if he was conducting a branch insane asylum.

"Because if you are," he said, "you'd better take your patients to some other shop."

"We'll see about that directly," said the officer, "but I've got a little business to do with you first." And he read him the subpoena and gave him a copy of it, all in printing and writing, plain as you please.

"Of course I'll have to obey the order of the court," said the man, speak-

papers, and I felt like going down on my knees there on his dirty floor, for I saw, too, that he meant to tell what he knew about it. I looked at Mrs. Lawson, and there were tears in her eyes.

"That old woman," began the man, "said a moment ago that she had in her pocket the tags taken from these clothes. Show me the tags, and I'll talk fast enough, for the law can't touch me for what I did."

I handed the tags to the officer, and he let the proprietor look at them, being careful to keep one hand on them all the time.

"Yes," he said, defiant-like, "I did sell this suit to a young man a matter of three or four weeks ago. But before that and on the same night I sold them to another man, who never lived to put them on."

"Mercy!" said I. "Why didn't he live to put them on?"

"All in good time, old woman," was the impudent reply. "You'll soon know all about it if you'll give me a chance. This first customer bought this suit and paid for it. Then he went to the back end of the store to put it on. I saw him shift some articles, such as a knife, a bunch of keys and a little change, from the pockets of the pants he had on to the pockets of the new ones, but he seemed to change his mind, for he took them out again and asked to have the new suit done up, saying that he'd wear the old clothes home. But I noticed that he put a little slip of printed paper into the watch pocket of the new pants and didn't take it out again when he shifted the other things. I remember thinking about it at the time and intending to call his attention to it, but another customer came in just then, and I forgot all about it. From that day up to a week or so ago I never once thought of the matter, though I've been sorry enough for my forgetting that little slip of paper."

"That must have been the lottery ticket!" gasped Mrs. Lawson. "And Will has been telling the gospel truth all the time we've been doubting his word, poor boy!"

"Yes," said the man, "I guess it was the lottery ticket I've been reading about in the papers—No. 98,567—that drew \$15,000. I was a fool not to have my mind about me and take it out of the watch pocket when I got the clothes back on the shelf again. They wouldn't have traced it to me, I can tell you, and I'd have been \$15,000 better off now."

"I wish you had!" said Mrs. Lawson, with a sob. "I wish to goodness you had!"

The rascal glared and went on with his story.

"About two minutes after the man went away with the clothes there was a hue and cry in the street, and I went out to see what was up, leaving a clerk to wait on customers. When I got outside, I heard people saying that a man had just been murdered at the mouth of an alley not far up the street, and I went there, curious to see who it was. As soon as I came up to the place where the crowd was I saw that it was my customer that had been murdered. He lay upon the stones of the alley, with a knife wound in his breast and the blood all about him on the frosty ground. This suit of clothes that I had just sold him lay there by his side just as I had tied it up for him. Then the thought came to me that I might take the man's clothes and no one would lose by it, for you can't rob a dead man, he having no use for clothes. So I picked them up and hid them under my coat, and no one saw me, so great was the excitement. I got back to the store as quick as my feet could carry me and put the clothes on the shelf again, never once thinking of the little printed slip in the watch pocket of the pants, worse luck!"

The officer laughed at the shameless scoundrel's changed tone and manner, but I didn't feel much like laughing. I can tell you, with poor Will lying there in prison, his neck almost into the hangman's noose.

"Then in half an hour or so," continued the man, "this young fellow that's been arrested for murder came in, and I sold him the clothes. I suppose the lottery ticket was still in the watch pocket, and he must have found it after he got home and presented it for payment."

"I'm the one that found the ticket," broke in Mrs. Lawson, the tears of joy running down her face, "and I've always thought he lied to me about how it came there. I'm glad he hasn't got the sin of lying to answer for even if we can't prove that he didn't kill the man."

"We can prove that fast enough now," said the officer. Then he turned to the storekeeper again. "Why didn't you come forward and tell the truth when you saw the danger this innocent boy was in?" he asked. "But for this remarkable woman"—he really said "remarkable"—and nodded his head at me, though I think Mrs. Lawson deserves most of the credit for what was done on account of her thinking about the tags—"but for this remarkable woman he might have been hanged."

The clothing dealer's eyes sparkled with cunning.

"His heirs might have claimed the clothes," he said, "and then I didn't want people to know what I'd done." "So that's why you lied to us when we came in here," I said. "And you would have seen that boy go to the gallows rather than lose the price of those clothes! You ought to be tarred and feathered!"

I walked away without saying a word, and the officer and Mrs. Lawson followed. We went to Will the first thing and told him the news. My, but he was glad to think that he was believed at last! The trial didn't amount to much after that, and they never found out who murdered that stranger or why he was murdered. The police say it is one of the unsolved murder mysteries, though they think he was mistaken for some other man.



"WILL LAWSON, YOU ARE MY PRISONER!"

attractive than his place of business. He looked like a Russian and was tall and stout, with a big nose and black hair and eyes. The hair of his head and the hair of his face met and tangled together, and he darted his round eyes at us out of the thickets like a snake. I laid Will's clothes down on the counter and said they were bought there and that I would like to get a better suit and pay a little more money.

The man opened the bundle and said that he couldn't allow the full price, but he'd throw off enough on another suit to make up. Then something about the clothes seemed to attract his attention, and he grabbed them my quick and started for the front door, where it was lighter. I heard him muttering, and when he came back to us he pretended to be in a great rage.

"Why do you bring these rags here?" he demanded. "I never saw them before."

I was just dumfounded for a second, but there wasn't a thing I could say, so I took the clothes and went away. When we got back to our little room in the hotel, I sat down and cried, it looked so black for Will, but in a minute an idea came to me like an inspiration.

"Now, Mrs. Lawson," I said, "we were not prospered in that undertaking

just as cool as if I'd been standing in my own kitchen. 'For you'll need all the sense you've got before we're through with you. We're from the country, but we ain't so green as we look.'

"Well, what do you want?" he asked, and my, how his black eyes snapped! "We want to know about these clothes," I said, "and who had them before you sold them to Will Lawson, and we've got an officer outside, and we mean to know all about it before we leave this place."

I had never before thought of some one else buying the clothes before Will bought them, and I don't know what made me think of such a thing then. I guess it was the goodness of God that put it into my heart when I most needed it.

"I don't know any Will Lawson," said he, "and I don't know the clothes, so you'd better get out."

"It seems to be the will of Providence," said I, "that everybody that touches that suit of clothes becomes a liar right off. I told you a whopper here the other day when I pretended to want to exchange it for a better suit and pay more money, but I've asked God to forgive me for it, and I hope he will."

"Don't you come into my store and

ing milder, "but I can't see what you're getting at."

"You'll find out soon enough," said the officer, and we all started for the door. But I kept my ears open wide, for I expected to be called back. And sure enough, before we got into the street the proprietor called to us to wait and came up to where we were.

"What is it about the clothes?" he asked, keeping his evil eyes fixed on Mrs. Lawson, thinking perhaps that she'd be the easiest one of the party to scare into an answer that might give him something like a hint to be spied by. She did look pretty timid and shrinking, but I gave her arm a good pinch and whispered to her to be firm, and she seemed to take on courage.

"What is it about the clothes?" repeated the man, "and what if I did sell them? It's my business to sell clothes, and there's no law against it that I ever heard of. So there's no harm done, is there?"

"Yes," said the officer, "there's harm done, and a young man is to be tried for his life on account of you, and you can make things right by telling the truth, if you haven't forgotten how."

I could see by the changing expression in the fellow's eyes that he knew all about the arrest of the poor boy and had followed the case in the news-

How to Prevent Croup.

It will be good news to the mothers of small children to learn that croup can be prevented. The first sign of croup is hoarseness. A day or two before the attack the child becomes hoarse. This is soon followed by a peculiar rough cough. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy freely as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the rough cough appears, and it will dispel all symptoms of croup. In this way all danger and anxiety may be avoided. This remedy is used by many thousands of mothers and has never been known to fail. It is, in fact, the only remedy that can always be depended upon and that is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by Wooten's Drug Store, Greenville, Farmville Pharmacy, Farmville.

When a man comes after dinner he comes before dinner.

A Timely Suggestion.

This is the season of the year when the prudent and careful housewife replenishes her supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is certain to be needed before the winter is over, and results are much more prompt and satisfactory when it is kept at hand and given as soon as the cold is contracted and before it has become settled in the system. In almost every instance a severe cold may be warded off by taking this remedy freely as soon as the first indication of the cold appears. There is no danger in giving it to children for it contains no harmful substance. It is pleasant to take—both adults and children like it. Buy it and you will get the best. It always cures. For sale by Wooten's Drug Store, Greenville, Farmville Pharmacy, Farmville.

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A Cold Wave.

A forecast of a sudden change in the weather serves notice that a hoarse voice and a heavy cough may invade the sanctity of health in your own home. Cautious people have a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure always at hand. E. H. Wise, Madison, Ga., writes: "I am indebted to One Minute Cough Cure for my present good health, and probably my life." It cures Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and all Throat and Lung troubles. One Minute Cough Cure cuts the phlegm, draws out the inflammation, heals and soothes the mucous membranes and strengthens the lungs.

President Roosevelt says he will appoint "fit negroes to office." But it seems they fit only in the South.—Wilmington Star.

To improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion, try a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Mr. J. H. Seltz, of Detroit, Mich., says, "They restored my appetite when impaired, relieved me of a bloated feeling and caused a pleasant and satisfactory movement of the bowels." There are people in this community who need just such a medicine. For sale by Wooten's Drug Store, Greenville, Farmville Pharmacy, Farmville. Every box warranted.

A rope often gets tight because that is the way it is taut.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure.

Digests all classes of food, tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs. Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Stomach Troubles, and makes rich red blood, health and strength. Kodol rebuilds worn-out tissues, purifies, strengthens and sweetens the stomach. Gov. G. W. Atkinson, of W. Va., says: I have used a number of bottles of Kodol and have found it to be a very effective and, indeed, a powerful remedy for stomach ailments. I recommend it to my friends. J. L. Wooten.

A man seldom has any trouble in finding trouble.

What's in a Name.

Everything is in the name when it comes to Witch Hazel Salve. E. C. DeWitt & Co., of Chicago, discovered, some years ago, how to make a salve from Witch Hazel that is a specific for piles. For Blind, bleeding, itching and protruding Piles, eczema, cuts, burns, bruises and all skin diseases DeWitt's Salve has no equal. This has given rise to numerous worthless counterfeits. Ask for DeWitt's—the genuine. J. L. Wooten.

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JNO. L. WOOTEN.

A CHRISTMAS CRIME

A Yuletide Tale of Two Homes

RIDGEWOOD had a thief! When I, Detective Martinet of the metropolitan secret service, was called out there, I found the town in a state of excitement over the robberies. The principal ones had taken place in the mansion of Colonel Payne, the richest man in Ridgewood. There had been four burglaries at the Payne mansion. The first night silver was taken—small pieces consisting of spoons, forks, after dinner coffees and knives. The second night a small rocking chair disappeared and several velvet covered footstools and nice little articles of bric-a-brac designed for Christmas gifts. The third night all the children's Christmas toys that had been carefully stored away in a Santa Claus cupboard by Colonel Payne and his wife, ready for Christmas eve, disappeared, and the fourth night the cellar was pillaged of its wine and fruits. "Looks as if it was somebody inside the house," said the colonel after we had been over the ground pretty well. "Not exactly," said I. "or why would they take a rocking chair?" The party that accompanied me through the house consisted of the



"I NEVER SAW ANYTHING SO LOVELY," colonel and his wife, the oldest daughter, a girl of fifteen, and the colonel's private secretary, William Winter. "This is the window they got in at the first night," said Winter, pointing to a bay window on the ground floor leading out of the dining room. "And this is the one they got in at the other nights," pointing to another big window that was in the staircase hall alongside the front door. "Why didn't they always enter at the same window?" I asked carelessly. "That's what bothers me," said Winter, "but you can see for yourself that they didn't," pointing to trampled places under both of the windows. "You see it was this way," said the colonel. "We were greatly alarmed the first night when the silver was taken, and we set a watch over the things. From that night to the present this house has been steadily guarded from the inside every night, from dark until daylight. And yet we have had three robberies during that time. It is the strangest thing I ever saw, and I'd give \$500 to catch the burglars." "Are they operating anywhere else in Ridgewood?" "Yes," said Winter promptly, "they tried to steal some things out of the church last night, and a week ago they broke into the office of the gas company." "Are you familiar there?" I asked. "Yes," said Winter. "One thing more, colonel, before I go," I said. "Will you tell me the name of the person who was on guard in your house the last three nights?" "I was the person," said Winter. "All right, colonel," I said. "I am going back to the city today to stay about a week, but I will be back Christmas eve, and then I will look up your thief for you. And, by the way, you might get ready for your Christmas trees, for I expect to give you all your things back in time for your Christmas celebration." The colonel looked skeptical and Winter shook his head sadly. "Don't you think you had better stay here if you are going to look for him?" asked the colonel. "No," I said. "It isn't necessary. Good day, you can look for me Christmas eve." I said goodby, but I didn't leave Ridgewood after all. I only went away far enough to hide myself in a certain little hotel in the little town, and there I waited and watched—did as slick detective work as I ever did in my life, even in a big city on the biggest robbery I ever had. Christmas eve found me, not in the colonel's home, but out in the cold, frosty air, looking into the window of a little cottage. The cottage was the end one in a row of wooden houses, each with a grass plot around it. It belonged to William Winter, private secretary to Colonel Payne; and in the cottage lived Winter and his wife and Winter's wife's mother; also six little

Winters varying in age all the way from four to twelve years. "I never saw anything so lovely in all my life, papa," the oldest Winter girl was saying as I pressed my nose against the glass and peered in through the narrow strip between the window sash and the casement. There inside of the room stood a little Christmas tree upon a big box, and upon the tree and all around the foot of it stood dozens of beautiful Christmas gifts. Such a Christmas tree you never saw! There were little things in silver—spoons, forks, after dinner coffees and knives, and there was a rocking chair, also several little footstools and little articles of bric-a-brac, all newly covered with cheap chintz. And there were toys. Oh, so many toys! And upon the table at the side of the tree stood the best of wines and Christmas fruits. "How sweet of you, Will!" Winter's pretty wife said as she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "How did you ever guess that I wanted all those silver things for the table?" "And did any one ever see such a son-in-law?" cried the old lady as her eyes fell upon the table with the wine and fruits. "I have got the goodest papa in the world," yelled the six year old, while the others chimed in "Yeth" as they made a dive for the toys. "I could sit in this rocking chair for a week," murmured Winter's wife, rocking herself back and forth with her foot on the gayly covered footstool, "if it wasn't that I felt as if I wanted to get up and kiss you again," she said to Winter for the twentieth time as she looked around. "Now go to bed, all of you," cried Winter, "and something extra for the one who starts first. Don't let me hear a word from you again until tomorrow morning at breakfast, and then we'll have Christmas all day." He hustled them out of the room, and when I tapped on the door there was no one left downstairs to open it but he. "Well, what are you going to do about it?" I asked, stepping into the room and pointing to all the Christmas things. "I don't know," said he, dropping down by the table and hiding his face in his hands. "I don't know, I am sure. It will kill her if you tell her." "What made you take them?" I asked. "Because he's got so much he doesn't know what to do with it," said Winter. "So I took them all easy like and thought it would blow over in a few days. You see, we have so many babies in our family," he added, "that there wasn't much left this year for Christmas, and the children have been talking about it every day for the last three months. It broke my heart to think I'd have to disappoint them, so I did the best I could for them." "You watched the house all night for the colonel, did you?" "Yes, except for about an hour; long enough to slip over here with an armful." "Well, what are you going to do about it?" "God knows; I don't," he repeated. "It will kill her if you tell her." "Do you want me to arrest you tonight, or will you wait until morning?" "Christmas day!" he exclaimed, breaking down and beginning to cry like a baby. "I know I'm a wretch. Only kill me—do anything; but don't tell her." It might have been that the spirit of Christmas was in the air. Perhaps the thought of those six little children and that sweet faced wife had a stronger influence than they should have had over a detective's heart. But I said to him, "Well, bundle up the things and come along with me, and we'll see what we can do about it." We looked like two Santa Clauses ourselves as we slipped along the streets, choosing bylanes and cross paths to the Payne residence. We got into the triangular lawn by a rear path and stole softly up to the house. There was the dining room brilliantly lighted and in the middle stood a tree all bare and waiting for gifts, just as I told the colonel to arrange it. There was no one in the room, and after I had pried up the sash we stole in together. There was only just time to drop our packages on the floor at the foot of the tree and to rush away again before the colonel's daughter came in. "Oh, papa," she cried, "here are some presents for us." But I heard no more just then, for I was busy helping poor Winter get away. An hour later I rang the colonel's front door bell. He opened the door himself. "Come right in," said he. "I guess you are a wizard tonight. Just after we got the Christmas tree set up and while we were upstairs getting our presents together to hang on the tree the thief came back and left the Christmas presents." "Everything there?" I asked. "Everything," said he, "down to the last teaspoon. We have counted them all. Poor fellow, he must have had a guilty conscience, and when it came Christmas eve he squared it with himself by sending back all he had stolen." "Strange!" said I. "Very strange," said the colonel. "I'd like, if I knew who the thief was, to send him something for a Christmas present, just as a reward for his conscience. As it is I ask you, detective, not to look him up. He has evidently turned over a new leaf this Christmas eve." "Evidently," said I. "Now, detective," said the colonel, "I am going to ask you to stay with us over Christmas and enjoy a nice holiday. And so that we can all have an extra fine day I am going to send one of the boys over to Winter's house tonight with these things so that he can have a merry Christmas as well as the rest of us."—Minneapolis Tribune.

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As I am going out of business. I will, for the next few weeks offer all my stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes, Hats, &c. AT COST For Cash. Also a lot of Staple Groceries that will be sold at reduced prices. This is a chance for bargains if you come before the goods are gone. NO MORE GOODS SOLD ON CREDIT.

All parties indebted to me are requested to settle at once. All accounts not settled by Jan. 1st will be placed in hands of an attorney.

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ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR SANTA CLAUS. Everything you want in Confectioneries. Also Toys and Fireworks. Come to see us. We will be pleased to serve you at prices as low as the lowest. Yours to please, HARRINGTON, BARBER & CO. Winterville, N. C.

Have You Forgot?

What? THAT I AM STILL CARRYING AN UP-TO-DATE LINE OF Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Shoes Hats, Shirts, Pants, Hardware Tinware, AND A NUMBER OF OTHER THING WHICH I AM UNABLE TO MENTION Come to see me for your next Barrel of Flour or Pork. Yours to please.

Jas. B. White.

HEARNE & CO.

Groceries, Provisions, Country Produce, Fruits, Candies, Tobacco and Cigars. Agents for Wilbur's Horse, Cattle and Poultry Food. Fruit Jars. A dollar spent with us gets a dollar's worth of satisfaction every time. If it doesn't for YOU bring back the stuff and get your dollar.

Santa Claus

is making his headquarters for Confectioneries & Fruits AT JOHNSTON BROS. They have a full supply of everything in this line for the little folks and the large ones, too. The largest assortment of Candies in town Nuts, Raisins, Cakes, Apples, Oranges, Dates, Bananas, Figs, &c. They also have everything nice in the way of fixings for your Christmas dinner—Canned Goods, Jellies, Pickles, Cranberries, Prunes, the best of Flour, the finest Butter, in fact anything usually found in a first class grocery. You only have to call or ring phone 120 and your wants will be promptly supplied. JOHNSTON BROS.

FALL IN LINE!!

For we are on our way to

Shelburn's Christmas Store.

There is no other
place like it.

There you get all your wants
supplied, no matter how large or
small. Come early and avoid the
rush

Ed. H. Shelburn, THE TOY MAN.

PULLEY & BOWEN.

Special offerings in every department of our store.

The season is well under way and the weather has been too mild. Our stock is larger than it should be, and to relieve this we are offering special inducements in the substantial form of clipping off a nice portion of the selling price. Remember our guarantee—if for any reason your purchase don't suit, we cheerfully refund your money.

36-inch Taffeta Silk, every yard guaranteed. You can't get anything better in silk, no matter what the price **1.25**

22-inch Taffeta Silk. We are making a leader of this, and want you to compare it with other \$1.60 silks; you will find it as good and the price only **75c.**

1 1/2 yard wide Heavy Shirting, all wool, in tan, oxford and light gray; we have the very best that can be had to sell at **1.00**

Ladies' Kid Gloves, black, white, tan, mode, gray, in fact all shades. We take special pains in selecting these and give you great values in every pair at **1.00**

64-inch all linen full bleached Table Tamask, fine and heavy and heavy and fully worth **50c.**

Ladies Vest, full size, all seams covered; they are the very best to be had at **25c.**

Ladies Wool White Vests, fine and soft; if you are looking for something good and cheap it is here at **1.85 pair**

One lot of Ladies' fast black Hose, seamless, that sold for 15c.; our price now **10c.**

Boys' Fleece-Lined Undershirts, all sizes, don't fail to see these at **25c.**

Infants' Woolen Shirts from 25c. to 50c.

Men's extra heavy Fleece Lined Undershirts, gray, blue and cream at 45c. a piece. See them before buying.

One lot Linen Collars to close out; former price, 10 and 15 cents; now **5c. each**

One lot of Ladies Button Shoes, prices from 1.00 to 1.50; to close out at **95c. pair**

One lot of Men's Top Shirts, some worth 75 and some 50 cents; just an odd lot and must be sold. The price is **35c.**

We have the nicest line of Ladies' and Men's Shoes to be found anywhere. Our 1.50 shoe is made of high grade dongola and is guaranteed to be the best for the price that can be had.

Our 2.00 and 2.50 Shoes can't be beaten anywhere. Be sure to see our Shoes before you buy.

Lot of Children's and Misses' Button Shoes, worth 1.50; to close out **1.00**

Our line of Children's Shoes is attractive and of the latest designs prices are right.

Hats. A big line of men's and boys' hats in all the latest shapes. Prices that will suit you.

Men's and Boys' Clothing.

We have a very strong line and in order to close the entire stock of Clothing out we are offering it at 25 per cent. lower than former prices, as we are going out of the Clothing business.

We have always endeavored to sell the best goods, rather than the cheapest. Isn't it worth a great deal to know that whatever you buy here will be sold to you for just what it really is? That's the kind of people we are, and that is the kind of store we are keeping. Come to see us and examine our stock.

If Uncle Sam



Lived in Greenville he would be sure to patronize the Greenville Steam Laundry. Why? Because they turn out only the best work. Try them and get the best.

Many Reasons

might be given why you should
come to us for your

Christmas Goods.

The main reason is that we have just what the good house-keeper wants and our prices are right.

We have all the leading breakfast cereals—Oat Meal, Parce, Grape Nuts, Malta Vita, Buckwheat in 5c. packages, Condensed Milk in 5c. cans that is the equal of the finest to be had.

Seeded Raisins, Currants, Citrons and all such things needed for cake making.

Fruits and Confections

of almost every kind you can mention. Come and see what a nice line we have and learn the prices, and we will be sure to get your order for Christmas

W. H. Laughinghouse AND SON.

CENTRAL BARBER SHOP. I have moved my Barber Shop to the shop in front of Munford's new big store. I have also associated with me Julius Fleming, who has been working with me for a long time. We have fitted up for the handsome shop in the town, and offer the public the best service ever offered here. We appreciate highly the liberal patronage we have received in the past. We cordially invite all of our past customers and all others who desire first-class service to come to see us in our new shop. We intend to please you and will do so regardless of expense or labor. We are ready at all times to accommodate you with first-class shave or hair cut.
EDMUNDS & FLEMING
Opposite Munford's Big Store

NOTICE.

All persons who are indebted to the Pitt county Buggy Company are requested to come forward and settle at once and save cost of collection.
EDWARDS & COBB.

Notice.

There will soon be a change in the firm of the John Flanagan Buggy Co., and all persons indebted to us are requested to settle at once. By so doing you will save us trouble and yourself cost.
**R. GREENE,
O. HOOKER.**

Sept 20, 1902.

STRAY TAKEN UP.

A black yearling has been with my stock since the first of May, last. The yearling is marked with two slits in right ear and swallow fork in left. Tips of horns white and some white in tail. Owner is notified to call for same and pay expenses incurred.
ABRAM JOHNSON,
At the Marion Johnson place, 3 miles from Greenville, north side of river.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that I will make application before the Board of County Commissioners, at their meeting on first Monday in January, 1903, for licenses to retail liquor at Cobb's store, in Beaver Dam township.
E. S. STICKLAND.
This Nov. 20th, 1902.

When it comes to waltzing the awkward man gets there with both feet.

If you feel ill and need a pill Why not purchase the best? DeWitt's Early Risers Are little surprisers, Take one—they do the rest. W. F. Howell, Houston, Tex., writes—I have used Little Early Risers Pills in my family for constipation, sick headache, etc. To their use I am indebted for the health of my family.

A sick man is always in favor of a constitutional amendment.

Many smokers are saying they get no better 5 cent cigar any where than "The Reflector," and for a twofold "Havana Crook" just leads the procession. These brands found only at Reflector Book Store.

A TROPICAL CHRISTMAS

How the Day of Days Is Celebrated in Jamaica

CH RISTMAS with the mercury at 95 degrees in the shade and soaring away out of sight when exposed in the open! The burning, almost boiling, rays of the sun beat vertically down from a deep blue dome of sky that is unfecked by a single film of cloud, and reflect back with added intensity of suffering heat from the parched, baked and cracked earth and from the surface of a sea that shimmers like molten lead. Christmas in a land of perpetual summer, and a hot wave at that, where a linen suit feels like a buffalo robe and the mere thought of a blazing Yule log almost induces an attack of fever! The calendar may insist that it is the 25th of December, but to a stranger from the north, says a newspaper correspondent from Kingston, Jamaica, to whom the word "Christmas" has a jingle of sleighbells and the sharp, keen ring of skate blades on the ice, there is no real Christmas in the strange countries of the tropics.

In Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, the preparations for Christmas begin several weeks before the event. The shopkeepers lay in extra supplies and provide special attractions, pretty much after the manner of the New York stores. Among other things they import large quantities of sweetmeats and candies from London, New York and Paris, including chocolate creams and other confectionery which New Yorkers are accustomed to getting "fresh every hour." In Jamaica you are reasonably sure of getting these delicacies fresh every Christmas. Chocolate grows in great abundance all over the island, but it must go to London or Paris or New York to be manufactured into candy, or even into the preparations for breakfast beverages. That is one of the expensive peculiarities of the country. The Christmas market is the great feature of the day, and almost the principal event of the year in a certain sense. Everybody goes to market on Christmas day, and between the hours of 9 and 9 in the morning all the fashion and beauty of the island's capital are on dress parade through Victoria market.

The stalls in the market are gayly decorated with flags, bunting, palm branches, colored paper, tinsel and an



A NATIVE DUDE IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

abundance of flowers. A brass band occupies a prominent position in the market building and discourses music of great volume and variety and more or less melody. After the crowds fairly take possession of the market the performance of the band appears to be mostly pantomimic, for nothing made by the hand of man can for a moment compete in noise producing capacity with the average Jamaican negro.

The West Indian negro's great weakness is a love of gay apparel, next is a predilection for ceremoniousness, and the most prominent affliction is garrulity. In the crowd that surges past one through the market and the surrounding streets may be seen every variety of apparel known to civilized and uncivilized man. The country people wear little or nothing, the coolies as little as nothing, but the town negro wears everything he or she can put on, without any regard whatever to the climatic conditions. They take their notions from the English fashion papers, and heavy woolen clothing is all the style. The writer has even seen sealskins worn in Kingston on a day when the thermometer registered 90 degrees in the shade. Here is a stylish middle colored gentleman wearing loud check trousers, patent leather shoes, a striped flannel shirt of three colors, a crimson and black sash around his waist, a blue English cricketing cap on his head. In his hand he carries an immense cane, while screwed into his left eye is a circular piece of perfectly plain glass, through which he glares stonily on the throng. Not long ago the single eyeglass became very popular among Kingston society dandies, but they could not get along with the glasses that magnified, so some enterprising merchant imported a lot of circular pieces of plain window glass, and all the dudes wore them, happily and idiotically.

SORROWS OF SANTA

I CHANCED into Santa Claus' home one day, And these are the words I heard him say:

"Ah, me, the times, the manners, the men! It used to be all so different when

"I was a young man in the long ago And sped with my reindeer over the snow.

"Then every home in every land Gave unto me always a welcome hand,

"And chimneys then in the days gone by Were not oversmall and not overhigh,

"And the stockings they used were the old fashioned kind, All hung in a row and so easy to find.

"Then the gifts were so simple and all in good taste, From the gingerbread man to the doll made of paste,

"But now it's so different. Heigho, hear me sigh! I mourn for the days in the Land of Goneyby.

"For now I'm kept busy from early till late In my earnest endeavors to be up to date.

"I've trimmed my old beard in the new Vandyke style, And instead of a laugh I've a simpering smile.



"I'VE CEASED TO WEAR ALL MY OLD FASHIONED CLOTHES."

"Yes, I've ceased to wear all my old fashioned clothes, And I've got on long shoes with the sharp pointed toes,

"And my reindeer and robes and my beautiful sleigh With my gingerbread presents are all laid away,

"For I ride nowadays on a bicycle swift And I'm puzzled to know what to bring for a gift

"To the girls fin de siecle, and as for the boys, They've no use at all for my old fashioned toys,

"And the houses have changed. In those things called a flat I'm kept busy guessing just where I am at.

"Excuse me now, please, if I speak very low; I've come to my last and my cruellest blow.

"'Tis the worst, though what I have told you is bad; My wife has acquired the new woman fad!"

And those were the words I heard him say When I chanced in Santa Claus' home one day.

—Detroit News-Tribune.

AN ODD BELGIAN CUSTOM.

A Picturesque Procession on Christmas Eve.

In some old Belgian towns a beautiful spectacle may be seen on Christmas eve. Amid the sound of drum, cornet, cymbal and a whole orchestra of instruments, with the chanting of enrolls, a long, gayly decked procession marches through the principal streets—children of all ages, each division dressed in its special color (white, blue, pink or yellow), and all bearing some badge or emblem or grasping some bright ribbon attached to shrine or crucifix. The effect of grouping and color is very artistic. Here and there in the throng older, stronger hands bear aloft precious relics, upon which the spectators reverently gaze. Many novel features come into view as the procession passes along, but the prettiest sight is the train of beautiful children in fantastic dress marching over the flower strewn pavement, each small person gravely absorbed in the special part it performs. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

CANDLESTICKS AS GIFTS.

Antique Treasures Which May Be Found in Junkshops.

Candlesticks are decorative, utilitarian and thoroughly good form. What, then, could be more acceptable for Christmas gifts?

A pair of highly polished brass candlesticks give an air of distinction to even the humblest surroundings. Their polish reflects the thrift of the house-keeper, and their presence denotes her good taste.

The genuine antique candlesticks, with their quaint, simple outlines, are preferable to the more modern affairs that are apt to be a trifle too ornate for really good effect. The candlesticks may often be bought in junkshops for their gross weight, and many beautiful specimens have been picked up in this way by the clever and industrious collector. —New York Journal.

CHRISTMAS

Will soon be here. The usual problem confronts you—same old trouble as last year. "It's hard to find things to give men." If you find it so a visit here will help you to decide and afford you relief. Our store is full of articles for a man's Christmas. Run your eyes down this list—you will certainly strike something he would be delighted to have.

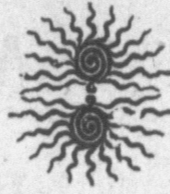
Overcoat Gloves Night Robe Shirts Hosiery
Muffler Raincoat Shirt Protector Hand-kerchiefs Suit Neckwear, Suspenders Collars Cuffs
Cap Umbrella
White Vest

When Christmas Shopping we would be pleased to have you come here with your troubles and we'll fix "him" out.

FRANK WILSON,
The King Clothier.

Neckwear Talk

Styles are variable, but the well-dressed man must keep up with them. When you are in doubt as to just the proper thing, you cannot do better than consult the fashions displayed at our store. Neckwear is a small item, but as important as any part of a gentleman's wardrobe. A shipment of 42 dozen ties is just in, including the very latest in materials and make-up. A selection from this lot insures the satisfaction one gets from up-to-date goods.



C.S. FORBES

Dealer in Satisfaction. A large stock always on hand.

B. L. DAVIS, PRESIDENT

R. A. TYSON, Vice-President.

J. L. LITTLE, Cashier

Bank of Greenville,

GREENVILLE, N. C.

Statement of The Bank of Greenville, Greenville, N. C., at the close of business Sept. 15th, 1902, condensed from report to North Carolina Corporation Commission.

Resources:		Liabilities:	
Loans and Discounts	\$164,566.29	Capital Stock paid in	\$25,000.00
Overdrafts	9,576.14	Surplus,	15,000.00
Furniture & Fixtures	2,093.85	Undivided Profits less	
Due from Banks and Bankers	126,939.23	Expenses Paid	3,814.81
Cash Items	6,201.76	Deposits	291,602.87
Cash in Bank	26,240.41		
	\$335,617.68		\$335,617.68

Careful attention given to all business entrusted to us.

Madam Amae.

The Celebrated Medium and Scientific Palmist, late of Norfolk, is now located in Greenville. She reads life from cradle to grave with absolute correctness. Gives name and description of future husband or wife with date of marriage. She gives valuable advice on love, courtship, law suits, divorces, absent friends, speculation and all affairs of life. Drunkenness and other evil habits permanently cured by this gifted lady. All in trouble of any kind are specially invited to call.

Madame Amae may be seen for a few days at the Hunter House.

Better Than a Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on the affected parts, is better than a plaster for a lame back and for pains in the side or chest. Pain Balm has no superior as a liniment for the relief of deep seated, muscular and rheumatic pains. For sale by Wooten's Drug Store, Greenville, Farmville Pharmacy, Farmville.

PERSONAL PROPERTY SALE.

On Tuesday, Dec. 30th, at the John Proctor Place, 3 miles north of Greenville, I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, several head of team, carts, wagons, farming utensils, fodder, peas, several hogs and cattle, &c. Terms of sale cash.

MRS. LYDIA M. PROCTOR.

TONIGHT! Opera House.

Little Mary
Creighton
Vaudeville Co.

New Songs, Witty Sayings, Champion Dances, Funny Comedians . . .

Come and Enjoy yourself.

Prices 25, 35, 50. Reserved seats on sale at usual place.

SHORT LOCAL ITEMS

Snap Shots at Home News Put in Few Words for Busy Readers

Nice oysters at Old Joe Forbes.

If its groceries you'd better try Hearne & Co.

When you want groceries go to Jesse Starkeys.

See the "Whistling Boy" at Wooten's Drug Store.

Drink Digestine for your stomach sake, at all fountains.

Xmas cards, calendars and booklets at Mrs. Higgs.

Wedding and Christmas presents of all kinds at E. E. Griffin's.

You should see the display of china, bisqueware, and bric-a-brac at Mrs. Higgs.

For the best groceries at reasonable prices visit W. H. Laughinghouse & Son.

Onyx and other beautiful clocks, very thing for Christmas presents, at E. E. Griffin's.

Anything you want to eat, chew or smoke at Hearn & Co, and toys for Santa Claus.

If you want a nice Bible for a Christmas present you can find it at Reflector Book Store.

Something nice for Christmas presents are the handsome watches and rings at E. E. Griffin's.

Compare prices on Christmas presents at other places, then go to E. E. Griffin's and he will be sure to sell you.

Fruits, nuts, raisins, candies, toys, wagons, guns, dolls, and other Xmas specialties cheap at Samuel M. Shultz's.

Prettiest line of silverware ever shown in Greenville, elegant selections for Christmas and wedding presents, at E. E. Griffin's

Come to Washington for your dressed lumber. Our planing mill at west end of Second street. T. ELWOOD COMLY & CO.

A Parker Fountain Pen makes an ideal Christmas present. They are the best make and sold with a guarantee. Nice lot to select from at Reflector Book Store.

Boarders Wanted—I will be prepared to take a few boarders, beginning Jan. 1st, at my residence on Dickinson avenue. Apply at once MRS. M. HARRISS.

Confidential—Any young man or young lady wanting to make a special order for a Christmas present should see E. E. Griffin in the next few days. Don't wait too late.

You will be pleased with every purchase you make of W. H. Laughinghouse & Son. Their usual stock of staple and fancy groceries has received special additions for the Xmas trade

The Weather.

For North Carolina:
Fair tonight and Friday.

Just one week and its here—Christmas.

Finest Nuts and Raisins at Johnston Bros.

25 boxes fine Florida Oranges at Johnston Bro.

Miss Lina Sheppard's music class will give a "Message of the Season" at her music room Friday night. Patrons cordially invited.

"Lady Fingers" and "Nigger Toes" at Johnston Bros.

Ed. H. Shelburn, the toy man, invites you to fall in line with the procession to his store and see the big stock of toys and Christmas goods; see advertisement.

Get your boy a wagon for Christmas; all sizes at Johnston Bros.

Xmas presents galore in a nice line of jewelry just received at Mrs. Higgs. Engraving on purchases without extra cost. Anything desired not in stock can be had by order in 2 or 3 days.

See Johnston Bros. advertisement on page 6, before you make your Christmas purchases.

We send this 8 page paper today to all our semi-weekly subscribers so as to give them the benefit of the Christmas reading. This will take the place of the semi-weekly issue for tomorrow.

Everything nice to go in your Christmas cake, at Johnston Bros.

For ammunition for your Xmas shooting go to J. R. Corey, the harness man.

The tobacco market closes tomorrow, 19th for the holidays and will open again Jan. 5th.

For anything in hardware, see J. R. Corey, the harness man.

An effort to meet the special requirements of the holiday trade has resulted in many inducements to the prospective customer at the Misses Erwins.

PECANS—Parties wishing to buy some of these fine home grown pecan nuts will leave their order with L. H. Pender.

A glass or two of water taken half an hour before breakfast will usually keep the bowels regular. Harsh cathartics should be avoided. When a purgative is needed, take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are mild and gentle in their action. For sale by Wooten's Drug Store, Greenville, Farmville Pharmacy, Farmville.

Many smokers are saying they get no better 5 cent cigar anywhere than "The Reflector," and for a twofold "Havana Crook" just leads the procession. These brands found only at Reflector Book Store

We have just opened the prettiest and most useful line of goods in silver, china, pictures &c that we have ever shown, see them before they are picked over. Wooten's Drug Store.

All are cordially invited to examine Mrs. Higgs' holiday display. Be sure to call before making your Xmas purchases. Store open at night.

DIGESTINE IS A WINNER.

Givers of Christmas Gifts

Can solve the vexing problem of "what to give" by visiting our popular drug store. We have made an especial effort this season to provide for your Christmas wants in the way of presents, novelties, etc. Bear in mind, we sell no trash. Every article that we offer you is first-class—we don't handle any other kind. Our stock of

High Grade JEWELRY

is complete and very attractively priced. Our line of

SOLID GOLD STICK PINS

is the finest for miles around. Sterling silver and ebony mounted Toilet sets that are beauties—just the very thing for "my lady's boudoir." Perfumery of a high grade. Holiday Stationery that is approved by the cream of society. Hundreds of beautiful and useful articles for holiday presents.

Merschaum and French Briar Pipes from famous makers. This is a present that will please almost any man who uses tobacco.

We are agents for Nunally's Candies.

Bryan and Nichols.

At all fountains, 5 cents

You can't eat too much if you drink "DIGESTINE." Try it

Get full Christmas—full of the new and popular favorite, "Digestine"

Taft's Special Sale

Continues on this week. Everybody wanting Cheap Goods invited to come. Prices way down. Goods of every description carried in our two stores.

Best Line of Furniture in Eastern Carolina.

BUCK'S STOVES—BEST ON EARTH. DRY GOODS 10 TO 25 PER CENT. Less than regular price

Come and examine. Yours for business,

