A BUSINESS THAT IS Worth Having IS Worth Advertising EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

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VOL. XXVII. HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1907. NO. 1.

What Do They Cure?

The above question is often asked concerning Dr. Pierce's two leading medicines, "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription."

The answer is that "Golden Medical Discovery" is a most potent alterative or blood-purifier, and tonic or invigorator and acts especially favorably in a curative way upon all the mucous lining surfaces, as of the nasal passages, throat, bronchial tubes, stomach, bowels and bladder, curing a large per cent. of catarrhal cases whether the disease affects the nasal passages, the throat, larynx, bronchia, stomach (as catarrhal dyspepsia), bowels (as mucous colitis), bladder, uterus or other pelvic organs. Even in the chronic or ulcerative stages of these affections, it is often successful in affecting cures.

"Favorite Prescription" is advised for the cure of one class of diseases—those peculiar weaknesses, derangements and irregularities incident to women only. It is a powerful yet gently acting invigorating tonic and nervine. For weak women, over-worked women—no matter what has caused the break-down, "Favorite Prescription" will be found most effective in building up the strength, regulating the womanly functions, subduing pain and bringing about a healthy, vigorous condition of the whole system.

A book of particulars wraps each bottle giving the formulæ of both medicines and quoting what scores of eminent medical authors, whose works are consulted by physicians of all the schools of practice as guides in prescribing, say of each ingredient entering into these medicines.

The words of praise bestowed on the several ingredients entering into Doctor Pierce's medicines by such writers should have more weight than any amount of non-professional testimonials, because such men are writing for the guidance of their medical brethren and know whereof they speak.

Both medicines are non-alcoholic, non-secret, and contain no harmful habit-forming drugs, being composed of glyceric extracts of the roots of native, American medicinal forest plants. They are both sold by dealers in medicine. You can't afford to accept as a substitute for one of these medicines of known composition, any secret nostrum.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

HENRY PERRY,
INSURANCE.

A strong line of both LIFE AND FIRE COMPANIES represented. Policies issued and risks placed to best advantage.

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FRANCIS A. MACON,
DENTAL SURGEON.
Office in Young Block.
Office hours: 9 a. m. to 1 p. m., 3 to 6 p. m. Residence Phone 88; Office Phone 25. Estimates furnished when desired. No charge for examination.

City Barber Shop
Murrell & Page, Proprietors
(Next to Barnes Clothing Store.)
An Easy Shave, ...
A Satisfactory Hair Cut . . . . .
is what you get every time you patronize this shop. We are experienced Barbers, and give every customer our very best service. Shop newly furnished throughout. Chairs upholstered in leather—clean, cool, sanitary.
We solicit your patronage.
MURRELL & PAGE.

Nosena TRADE MARK FOR CATARRH COLDS, HAY FEVER & C
Take This To Your DRUGGIST For Trial Box and Booklet FREE

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain is congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablet—draws blood pressure away from pain centers. Its effect is charming, pleasingly delightful. Gently, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure.
If it's painful periods with women, same cause.
If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.
Bruise your finger, and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain is always. It's simply Common Sense.
We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets
THOMAS BROS.

Nosena TRADE MARK
is a soothing, healing balm containing no drugs having a narcotic effect. It
RELIEVES
quickly and soothes the congested membranes and thoroughly heals and cleanses. Valuable not only for
CATARRH
but relieves colds, throat troubles, hay fever, "stopped-up" nose, etc.
We Guarantee Satisfaction.
Buy a 50 cent tube of NOSENA from
ALL DRUGGISTS,
and get your money back if not satisfied. Sample tube and Booklet by mail 10c.
BROWN MF'G CO., St. Louis, Mo. Greeneville, Tenn.

A. G. Daniel,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in . .
Shingles, Laths, Lumber, Brick, Sash, Doors and Blinds. Full stock at Lowest Prices. Opposite Southern Grocery Company.
Henderson, N. C.

THE TEDDY BEARS' CHRISTMAS TREE

Crackers For Christmas.

By WALTON WILLIAMS.

THERE are several kinds of crackers, including whip crackers, but one of the most interesting is what may be termed the fireless cracker. This is usually somewhat in the shape of a firecracker, and it is loaded, though not with an explosive which requires fire to set it off. The cracker now under discussion is the long paper covered tube, with fringed ends, which we see frequently at dinners or evening parties, containing favors for the guests. You catch it by the ends and pull hard, and it opens with a pop. It cracks; hence the name cracker. The contents may be a grotesque cap for you to wear at dinner, a Japanese paper napkin for luncheon use, a silk handkerchief to carry home or a Christmas trinket. This kind of cracker is very popular.

MAKING THE CAPS.

In England there is one "crackery" which manufactures and markets 17,000,000 crackers every year. Nearly all the workers employed are girls. One set of girls attends to the making of the cracker proper, while other sets make the fringes, print the labels and pictures and stuff the contents inside. Still others paste the labels and the great variety of pictures on the outside of the crackers. A "crackery" getting ready for the Christmas demand is a hive of industry. The one mentioned employs about 700 girls, whose deft fingers collectively turn out thousands of crackers a day. Special machines are used for making the fringes, printing the pictures and cutting out the caps, masks and other surprises which the crackers contain.

A MONSTER CRACKER.

Crackers furnish great fun at a social entertainment. There is always the agreeable anticipation of cracking open the hidden mystery and finding out what it may be. As in firecrackers, there is a great diversity of sizes and styles in the fireless cracker. Occasionally one is made as large as one of the cracker girls, and it requires the strength of two men pulling each at one end to crack it. The pop in this cracker, of course, is correspondingly loud. But the giant fireless cracker is merely a freak, like the gigantic cigar that is used for advertising purposes but never smoked, being so big that it would require the puffing powers of several inveterate smokers combined.

PASTING ON THE PICTURES.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough grows in favor daily with young and old. Mothers should keep it on hand for children. It is prompt relief to croup. It is gently laxative, driving the poison and phlegm from the system. It is a simple remedy that gives immediate relief, guaranteed. Sold by Kerner-McNair Co.

The Boxed Boxer

A Christmas Story
By OLIVE HARPER

Copyright, 1907, by Olive Harper.

HER name was Mary Boutwell. She came from old Puritan stock on her father's side and from a colonial Virginian family on her mother's. She had the tall and forceful figure of her New England forbears added to the tender grace of the southern woman, and with these she had the beauty of sweet brown eyes, waving brown hair and such a color and complexion that they might be called fairy gifts; also she had visions of a career.

She was not left unsought. An anxious line of admirers filed through the wide gates of the old plantation home and walked up between the box hedges to the wide veranda, where Mary generally sat with her maiden aunt, the latter making wonderful devices in tatting, and Mary, with her easel before her, perfunctorily making sketches which she rarely finished, but which her aunt religiously preserved.

The Boutwell plantation had been a large one before the war, but under the inefficient care of the aunt had dwindled steadily. Miss Boutwell had unlimited power as guardian to buy, sell, mortgage or borrow and lend. The first warning of the final calamity came along late in the fall and was in the shape of a threatened foreclosure of the mortgage on the last of the once vast possessions—the big and almost empty house. Mary had spent money lavishly in college and gave and lent as her generous aunt had done in ignorance of the real state of things. On the 1st of January this money must be paid. The aunt had been notified, but let the matter drag, as she felt that something would turn up to save their home. Mary was trying to understand the situation, but in vain.

And the young men came a-wooing.

They were all made welcome by the romantic aunt and all invited to dinner or supper, with the old open handed liberality, but Mary showed no favor to any one. But that is not saying that she did not think often of Bert Allen. She could appreciate his character. She had just come from college, where much stress was laid upon mental attainment, and she wondered how it was that a young man only a clerk in a lawyer's office could have learned so much. She knew that he had lived all his life here, that his parents had died poor after the devastating war, that he had had a bitter struggle, but she could not understand how he had learned so much that the other young men were totally ignorant of—art, for instance, art from its first inception to the present day, in all its branches and ramifications.

What she did not take into account was that Bert had known her from infancy and that for her sake and to be able to properly appreciate her career he gave every moment he could spare to the study of all that books could teach him and that when he had business north he fairly haunted the art galleries and picture stores and studios. His heart sank as the conviction was forced upon him that it would be many years before Mary could hope for success, if ever, for somehow he came to see that, while she had undeniable talent, she was not a genius, and he knew that she had not the power of steady and continuous work, which sometimes almost equals real genius. And he felt, too, that he could plan a career for Mary that would be far more satisfying to her than the painting of mediocre pictures, but he dared not give voice to his thought.

The autumn passed, while Bert tried in every way his fertile mind could invent to find some way to further his own cause with Mary and to save her home. The week before Christmas had come before he could do more than sigh over the hopelessness of it all.

Mary had determined to have a Christmas such as she had seen in the college and at the homes of her schoolmates—a big tree and presents for all.

Bert rode out every day as soon as his duties were done to help Mary in the decoration of her tree, and they all anticipated much pleasure. After the children had gone home with their presents the young folks were to have games and a supper and a good old fashioned Virginia reel.

MARY READ THE LETTER.

Christmas fell on Saturday this year. Bert had expected to be there every evening during the week to help, but Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday passed without a word from him, nor did he come.

At first Mary was surprised, then hurt, then indignant. He should have sent her word at least if he had not intended to come, and she went about with a heightened color, but with a heavier heart than the occasion warranted or she realized. The skies were dark and the house gloomy, and she was growing very tired of the whole thing since Bert had not come to help. He was so capable and so cheery! Well, she had lived twenty years without him and doubtless would not die if he did not come at all.

The reason of Bert's apparent defection was that Mr. Burnside, his employer, was dangerously ill. He was alone in the world, having no relative living, and it became Bert's duty to remain with him and take care of him, for Mr. Burnside could not bear Bert to leave him. Bert had written to Mary, and, with the strange generosity which strikes any man when it regards the woman he loves, Bert gave an old negro a dollar to take the letter. The dollar and a saloon proved too much for the old man, and the next morning he was carried to the calaboose, while the letter lay a soaked scrap of paper in the mud.

Mary loved dogs. Bert knew this and had intended to give her a superb St. Bernard dog as her Christmas gift. This noble creature was in a small neighboring place to which there was no railroad, and Bert had had his friend make a large box in which to bring him to Mary's home. The box was large and really quite handsome and was provided with air holes. The splendid dog would be taken in it to the plantation and set on the veranda in daylight, or, at least, that was Bert's plan. A letter was written and inclosed in a strong envelope, which was also to contain the key to the padlock, and in Bert's pockets were tacks and a hammer to fasten it on the top of the box.

Friday afternoon Mr. Burnside passed away in the arms of his young clerk. The old man had sincerely loved Bert, and Bert loved him, though still somewhat in awe of him. Bert was truly grieved, but "men must work," so Bert hastily gave the necessary orders for the funeral Sunday, and then he rushed to his friend to see about shipping the dog so that it should reach Mary's home at the precise time.

When Bert reached the little town he went to the express office and by unusual offers managed to persuade them that the dog be delivered as he wished.

"TAKE ME INSTEAD OF HIM."

though they would have to ride nearly all night. But there was a moon. They were to follow as soon as they could hitch up.

But when Bert reached his friend he found him in bed, so he would have to get the dog ready for shipment himself. He went to the stable and found the box. It was large and roomy and had soft hay on the bottom. But Prince Roland was as big as a man, and Bert began to wonder if this box would be large enough for so monstrous a dog to turn in. He tacked the letter containing the key to the self locking padlock on the top, and then he thought he would get in himself and see if it was large enough. He found it quite roomy enough, and the warmth was agreeable. He lay down and curled around in a comfortable position while wondering what Mary would say to the dog and fell sound asleep. He was worn out with three nights of watching, and he slept so soundly that he knew nothing of what took place after.

What did happen was this: The men came for the dog, found the big box with the padlock on, snapped that shut as they saw what in the semidarkness they thought was the dog and loaded it in the wagon. The weight and subdued snoring made them feel sure the big animal was asleep inside.

Mary and her household were all astir, as this was Christmas morning, and there was much to do. Through the dim light of the early dawn they saw two men tugging an immense box to lift it carefully out.

Mary sent two other men to help, and the strange looking box was brought to the veranda. She wondered what it could be.

The expressman took his receipt book to Mary, who mechanically signed it while she looked at the awkward box askance.

"I reckon it's a dawg," said one of the men. The other then pried off the tacks that held the letter and handed it to Mary, saying:

"If you'll take out that there key we'll take him out."

The men both had a faint fear that the dog was dead, as he had made no sound, though coming over the rough road they had traveled and with their ears bundled as they were they could not have heard it had he barked. Mary gave them the key and read the letter. It was:

Dear Miss Mary—I beg you to accept the one you will find in this box as your Christmas gift. He will love and protect you and be devoted to you alone as long as he lives, asking but a little of your priceless love in return. Wishing you a merry Christmas. BERT ALLEN.

Somehow her heart grew lighter, her cheeks grew red and her eyes sparkled. So he had not forgotten her.

"We will take him out for you," said one of the men again.

"Go and get a big piece of meat and a basin of water, Billy, and then we will open the box. He will be strange at first," said Mary, while her aunt looked afraid.

"Oh, I know the dawg. He's a fine animal," said the first expressman. "He's as gentle as a kitten, and he's young, but as big as a man."

By this time the water and meat had come, and the expressmen opened the box, but to their surprise they found a man in it. He made no reply to their questions. They finally got him out, and then he proved to be Bert Allen, limp, pale and scarcely able to stand.

He tried to collect his senses and understand how he came to be here on Mary's veranda. At last he saw and recognized the letter in Mary's hand and stammered:

"Miss Mary, I don't know how it has happened that I am here in the place of Prince Roland, but if you read the letter over and take me instead of him for your Christmas gift"—

"It is too cold out here. Mary, bring him into the sitting room by the fire, and I'll tell Dinah to hurry the breakfast. And you, men, come out and have some hot coffee." This from the aunt, who was quick enough to see that the best thing to do was to give the young people a chance to talk it over.

The upshot of it all was that Bert stayed and neped with the tree and also that there was a wedding in May, when Mary deliberately abandoned her career and settled down for life as a happy wife and mother. Bert inherited a comfortable fortune from Mr. Burnside, and so with "neither poverty nor great riches" they were very happy. Mary keeps in the garret the big box where once the boxer was boxed.

Notce to our Customers.

We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs and lung troubles is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and adults. Sold at Parker's Two Drug Stores.

A Dangerous Deadlock,

that sometimes terminates fatally, is the stoppage of liver and bowel functions. To quickly end this condition without disagreeable sensations, Dr. King's New Life Pills should always be your remedy. Guaranteed absolutely satisfactory in every case or money back, at Melville Dorsey's drug store. 25c

Here's Good Advice.

O. S. Woolever, one of the best known merchants of Le Raysville, N. Y., says: "If you are troubled with piles, apply Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It cured me of them for good 20 years ago." Cures every sore, wound, burn or abrasion. 25c. at Melville Dorsey's drug store.

Public Speaker Interrupted.

Public speakers are frequently interrupted by people coughing. This would not happen if Foley's Honey and Tar were taken, as it cures coughs and colds and prevents pneumonia and consumption. The genuine contains no opiates and is in a yellow package. Sold at Parker's Two Drug Stores.

A Christmas Sleigh Ride.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1907, by Frank H. Sweet.

THEY started
From the old
farm gate,
The happiest
boys alive,
With Rob, the
roan, and
Rust, his
mate,
And Uncle
Jack to
drive.
The snow was
packed that
Christmas
time,
The moon was
round and
clear,
And when the
bells began
to chime
They all began to cheer.
Chime, chime, chime, chime—such a merry load
Sleighing in the moonlight along the river road!

They passed the lonely cider mill
That's falling all apart.
The hermit heard them on the hill;
It warmed his frozen heart.
They cheered at every farmhouse gray,
With window panes aglow.
Within, the farmer's wife would say,
"Well, well, I want to know!"
Chime, chime, chime, chime—such a noisy load
Speeding by the homesteads along the river road!

"BOYS WILL BE BOYS."

The river shone an icy sheet
As o'er the bridge they flew.
Then down the quiet village street
Their Christmas horns they blew.
The sober people smiled and said,
"We'll have to give them leave—
Boys will be boys—to make a noise,
Because it's Christmas eve!"
Chime, chime, chime, chime—such a lively load
Scattering songs and laughter along the river road!

But now it's growing hard to keep
Awake, and
now it seems
The very bells
have gone to
sleep
And jingle in
their dreams.
The lane at last,
the farm gate
creaks,
And grandma
cries: "It's
Jack!
Why, what a
peck of ap-
ple cheeks
These boys
have brought
us back!"
Chime, chime,
chime, chime
—such a
hungry load,
Rosy from the Christmas ride along the river road!

"IT'S JACK!"

No need to fear coughs and colds this year as you can obtain Bees Laxative Cough Syrup now from your dealer. This is good news to mothers who fear croup and whooping cough. It is a gentle laxative that expels the poison from the system in the natural way. Cuts the phlegm and clears the head. Guaranteed. Sold by Kerner-McNair Co.

Pickard HAND PAINTED China

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MELVILLE DORSEY,
Wholesale and Retail Druggist
and dealer in
CHRISTMAS GOODS.

DR. F. S. HARRIS,
DENTIST,
Henderson, N. C.
OFFICE: Over E. U. Davis' Store

Croup! Pneumonia! Dangerous diseases. Require prompt treatment. VICK'S CROUP-PNEUMONIA SALVE is Emergency Doctor in your home. Delights or your money back. 25c trial size at drug stores.

READY FOR WINTER.
NICE LINE OF
SPLINT COAL
Will soon have full supply of
HARD COAL.
Now is the time to place your order before prices advance.
PINE AND HARD WOOD.
Cut and Uncut to Suit Purchaser.
I. J. YOUNG,
Phone 170. HENDERSON, N. C.

A "Bilious Attack."
Symptoms. Sour stomach, nasty taste in mouth, sick headache, sallow complexion, the world your enemy.
Cause. Constipation, inactive liver, overflow of bile into the system.
Relief. Treatment for two nights before retiring with
RAMON'S LIVER PILLS AND TONIC PELLETS
One a night, don't worry, sleep well and Nature'll do the rest.
Entire Treatment 25 Cts.
For Sale at all Drug Stores.

FOR RENT.
Hotel building on Main street. 17 rooms.
Dwelling, 10 rooms, on Arch street.
Large brick prize house on Horner street. 3 stories.
Also several office rooms.
For terms, etc., apply to
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FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
WILL CURE YOU
of any case of Kidney or Bladder disease that is not beyond the reach of medicine. Take it at once. Do not risk having Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is nothing gained by delay.
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