

# Pine Bluff Daily Graphic.

Vol. VII

PINE BLUFF, ARK. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1899.

No 72

## Patronize— Home Enterprises



Owned and Operated  
by Local Capital.

First-Class Service at Living  
Rates Only.

## Pine Bluff Telephone Co.

Office and Exchange 117  
Pine Street.

### HOLIDAY HONEYMOON.

Mr. John L. Mills Weds Miss Ella  
Galbraith—A Surprise.

Cupid has no set time for the consummation of contracts, nor the keeping of vows, for the little winged messenger of love and happiness will be set on surprises at any place and time.

This afternoon at 2 o'clock at the residence of Rev. J. F. Carr, who performed the marriage ceremony, Mr. John L. Mills was married to Miss Ella Galbraith. With Mr. Mills was his life long friend, Mr. M. A. Austin. The happy couple were immediately driven to the Cotton Belt depot, where they boarded the passenger train on their way to Dallas and other points in Texas, where their honeymoon will be spent.

The marriage of Mr. Mills and Miss Galbraith is one in which love from childhood has been the incentive and cupid has ever prevailed and been present since their youth. Since childhood's charms have been so effective in the life of each of these two young people, cupid no doubt will ever wave his magic wand of love, happiness and contentment over their future.

Miss Galbraith is the amiable and accomplished daughter of Capt. W. J. Galbraith. She is a graduate of the Annunciation Academy of this city and is a young lady whose accomplishments are many. By her manner she has endeared a legion of friends. She has been a prominent figure in society and her loss from its realm will be greatly felt.

Mr. Mills is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. M. Mills, of this city. He is a member of one of the oldest families in Pine Bluff. He has since his graduation from school been identified with some of the leading insurance companies in the United States. He is an upright and worthy citizen. He has been affiliated in many ways in many noble causes. He is a young man of many excellent traits and qualities. He is to be congratulated on winning such a bride as he took unto himself today. The qualities of his head are equal to those of his heart. The Graphic wishes for Mr. and Mrs. Mills a life that will be akin to that which has characterized their courtship in the past—love, love, and may their future be lovelier than the Elysian laws.

Mr. M. H. Groves accompanied by her daughters, Misses Lillie and Rosie, and Mrs. McDaniels left this afternoon for Little Rock, where they will spend a month the guests of Mrs. C. R. Shell.

There will be a tea at Mr. Smith Martin's Thursday evening for the benefit of the Methodist church, beginning at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and concluding at 10 in the evening.

## UNPRECEDENTED

WAS THE CHRISTMAS TRADE  
IN OUR CITY WITH OUR  
MERCHANTS.

### HEAVY HOLIDAY HARVEST

Wholesale and Retail Merchants  
Interviewed—An Eve of  
Prosperity.

The holiday trade within the city of Pine Bluff during the present year has surpassed that of any previous year. As will be seen from the following expressions on the part of the merchants, including wholesale and retail, their business has been unprecedented in the history of their respective businesses. The following is the consensus of opinion as gathered by a representative of the Graphic:

Mr. Fowler, of L. Fowler Commission—"My business is of such a nature that holiday trade would not be a criterion to go by; my trade however up to that time has been good."

Mr. H. Westbrook, of Westbrook Grain & Commission—"We do not handle anything in holiday trade, hence our business was as usual, good."

Major H. H. Hunn, of Hammett Grocer Co.—"It has been 40 per cent larger than any former year; in fact the entire year of 1899 has greatly exceeded any other. Collections have been very good and the country has never before been so well off."

A. J. Mitchell—"The trade during Christmas reminded me of the prosperous times of years ago. I never did a bigger business in my life."

Mr. Jake Simon, of J. B. Simon Co.—"We had the biggest business, in my experience, in the last twelve years. Our Christmas trade doubled that of any previous year."

Arnold Bros., Jewelers. Mr. Rufus Arnold said—"Our business was good and we are very much pleased with our Christmas trade."

Mr. Holcomb, of the Pine Bluff Mercantile Co.—"Trade was exceptionally good and we did a large business. We will have our new stock in soon."

Mr. Knox, of Bradford & Knox—"Our holiday trade was the biggest and finest business we have ever done in our line. Our carpet stock we sold out twice. Trade has been 100 per cent better than before and we are proud of it."

Mr. Ferguson, of C. M. Ferguson & Son—"The trade has been very good, exceptionally so; much better than expected."

Mr. Culpepper, of Culpepper Drug Store—"We had a good trade in our line. Sold everything I bought for the holiday trade. Went far beyond my expectations."

Mr. B. L. Owen, of the Nickel Store—"No complaint to make whatever. Trade exceptionally good this year, far better than usual all over town."

Mr. Simon Strauss of L. E. Goldsmith and Co.—"Our business was better than usual all around."

Mr. Isaac Dreyfus of Dreyfus The Big Store—"We have nothing to say only what is in our 'ads' and that is that we are thankful to the people who patronize us."

Mr. R. H. Stearns of R. H. Stearns & Co.—"Our business passed our fondest expectations. Our only regret is that we could not wait on the trade. The rush was too much. Never done a like business in years. We are thankful for

the patronage given us and regret we could not wait on our customers more faithfully."

Mr. Selig Rosenberg—"My holiday trade was the best I've had since I have been in the business. Notwithstanding a large additional force it was an impossibility to give to my customers the attention they deserved."

Mr. Kaufman, of Kaufman Bazaar Co.—"Our holiday trade was very satisfactory; in fact the whole fall trade was exceptionally good."

Mr. T. R. McEwen, of Southern Grocery Co.—"Unprecedented has been the demand for goods. Our sales better than expected. The demand was greater than we could supply."

Mr. Honnet, of Honnet & Co.—"Exceptionally good was our trade during the holidays—expect a continuation and as equally good spring trade."

Mr. F. M. Smith, the queensware dealer—"It was the biggest holiday trade in years. We were busy until Sunday 3 a.m. Its beat anything since I have ever been in the business."

Mr. Bluthenthal, of Kastor & Bluthenthal—"Best we have ever had since we have been in business was our holiday trade. It went beyond our expectations."

Mr. Gottlieb, the jeweler—"Holiday trade was fine; in fact the best we have ever had."

Mr. Reno, of W. L. Dewoody & Co.—"Holiday trade has been fair, it was a good trade about as usual."

Mr. Hanf, of Hanf Furniture Co.—"Holiday trade has been very good. Very satisfactory indeed and more than we expected."

Mr. Anderson, of Anderson-Meyer Drug Co.—"Our holiday trade was very good, indeed."

Mr. Blum, of A. Blum, Dry Goods—"Best business in ten years. We are on the eve of prosperity."

### WILL OPEN OPERATION

In February—Little Rock & Hot  
Springs Western Railway.

Mr. H. D. Galbraith, brother of Mr. R. M. Galbraith of this city, arrived in the city yesterday.

Mr. Galbraith has charge of the construction work of the Little Rock and Hot Springs Western Ry. This is the road that is being pushed to completion so rapidly, in view of the fact that it will run from Hot Springs to Benton, and from thence to Little Rock.

While in conversation with Mr. J. E. Boyce yesterday afternoon he said that he had been told by Mr. H. D. Galbraith that the road was completed 20 miles south of Benton. At present they are within thirteen miles of Hot Springs. The running of the road will in all probability begin the early part of February.

The shops of the road will be at Hot Springs. All the machinery for same has arrived.

Mr. R. M. Galbraith has left for New York with a view to purchasing two locomotives for the road similar to the battleships on the Cotton Belt. They will be purchased from the Rogers Locomotive Works, of New York City.

### CAUGHT AT CAMDEN.

Barney Fleming, the Boy Who  
Worked for R. Samuels.

Officer Culpepper informs us this morning that Barney Fleming, colored, has been captured at Camden. The officer who arrested him was Chas. Chidester.

Barney is accused of stealing a coat, vest and two pair of pants from Merchant R. Samuels on Main street.

### Why I Remain a Bachelor.

[This story was written by Miss Otis Adams, last year, while a member of the Freshman Class of the Pine Bluff High School, Miss Adams, at the time, was 13 years of age. The paper was awarded a gold medal at the Dallas State Fair for the best original story.]

THE cold, driving rain was falling in torrents, and as I listened to the deafening roar and the constant beat upon my window, a feeling of loneliness came over me which I could not drive away. My bachelor apartments which were the best our little village afforded, were brightly lighted and the roaring fire sent up great tongues of flame leaping skyward.

Drawing a large arm-chair close beside the table, I settled myself for a quiet, comfortable hour of reading. Soon I was lost in deep interest over the article before me, but suddenly a loud knocking aroused me. In answer to my "come in," a strange man stood in the open doorway.

"Are you a doctor?"  
"I am, sir."  
"Then come quickly to the hotel! My master is dying there!"

Without more talk I donned my heavy storm-coat and hastily followed my guide to the third floor of the only hotel in town.

Leading me to a handsome suite of rooms at the farther end of a long, wide hall, he quietly pushed the door open, and bade me go in.

I entered alone the dimly lighted room. At first all was so dark I could hardly distinguish the objects in the great room.

Gradually my eyes became accustomed to the dull light and I beheld a touching scene.

There upon a snow-white couch lay a dying man. His fine old face, which one could see had been very handsome in his younger days, was now wrinkled, and his long beard and hair were as white as the newly fallen snow.

He was a victim of that dread disease, consumption, and well had it done its work, leaving marks of suffering upon the patient old face.

Not a sound escaped his purple lips; no murmur was heard. Only the look upon his face and the hard breathing told me that the Death Angel had clasped in his icy fingers those of this man, and was leading him slowly, gently over the dark river.

But the most touching part, and the one which brought great tears to my eyes, man though I am, was that of a little figure in black, kneeling beside the death-bed. Her shapely head, around which clustered masses of thick, brown curls, was bowed in the covers by the aged man's side, and the white hands were holding firmly one of her father's.

The quiet form moved not, but the eyes of the man slowly opened as I reached his bed-side, and upon seeing me, he gazed for a moment, earnestly, but hopelessly into my eyes. Then taking his right hand he laid it very tenderly upon the brown head by his side, and said in a whisper scarcely audible "Lydia."

His tone was so full of love and longing that it pierced my heart to hear it. Raising her head, she looked into her father's face, and seeing the stamp of death growing so plain there, she swayed to and fro and would have fallen had I not caught the slender form and raised it into an arm chair by the couch.

Then after administering a simple remedy to her, I turned all my attention to her father.

Nothing could then stay the iron-hand of death, but I gave him something which relieved his suffering, and soon after, as the golden moments were flitting by, he dropped into a gentle slumber, which lasted half an hour.

While he slept, I learned from Lydia that they were traveling for her father's health, and while yet a long distance from our village he had suddenly grown worse, compelling them to stop at a wayside inn,

### PUT A TELEPHONE IN YOUR STORE



Occasionally you will find a store, or other place of business so far behind the times as to be without a telephone.  
The telephone facilitates the transaction of business and draws custom, as nothing else can.  
People like to deal with those who consider no appliance too expensive, so long as it adds to the comfort of a patron.  
To which class do you belong?

### Southwestern Telegraph and Telephone Co.

until he had revived enough to resume travel.

I had not the heart to tell his beautiful child, for so she seemed to me, although her age was nineteen, that her father was dying, leaving her alone in the cold, wide world. She had no mother.

However, I was spared the pain of telling her, for she said to me, "I know father will soon be gone, and then, oh! how lonely I shall be! What will become of me?"

This question was echoed in my mind, but before I could answer her father awoke.

"Lydia!" came in a low voice from the dying man. Springing forward, she knelt by the couch, and pressed her cold, white lips upon her father's cheeks and forehead. "Father, dear Father! Are you leaving me?"

"My poor little girl! Yes, you will soon be all alone. God alone knows how I hate to leave you, but His love is greater than mine, and to His gracious care I now commit you, my darling, my only child!"

His voice had grown so weak that we could only hear by bending close our heads.

Once again he opened his eyes to eagerly scan my face. Seeing that he desired to speak to me, I bent over him and heard these words, words so full of a father's love, so tender, that I felt a sob rising in my throat.

"I am dying—take care—of my—darling—my—baby! I charge—y-o-u—"

He did not finish the sentence, but stretching forth his hands drew Lydia down, kissed her; and then closed his eyes, we thought, forever, but he only slept.

For fifteen minutes neither of them moved and I began to hope my patient might live until morning.

Taking the sobbing girl by the hand I led her over to the window where we could see the clear sky adorned by thousands of twinkling stars, and just as I pulled aside the curtain, the moon burst from behind a cloud throwing its mellow rays of light over the earth, and smiling full upon the rippling waves of the dark river below. The storm had passed!

Lydia sat sobbing by the window until the starry heavens began to dim. At last I went to the couch, but my patient still breathed and seemed sleeping easily, so I turned to the young creature at the window, and tried to persuade her to rest. Finally she decided to go into an adjoining room, but first she went to her father's side.

I heard a moan, then a dull thud upon the floor. Turning, I saw the slender form laying face downward upon the carpet, and I knew that her father was dead, for she had seen and touched his icy face!

Quickly summoning help, I gave Lydia over to a kind, motherly woman whom I knew to be a good nurse, and then after giving directions about the dead man, I left the hotel and went back to my bachelor home.

I did not sleep that night. Next evening, just as the soft twilight was hovering over the world,

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