

Facts, Fables and Fancies

IDA INGOLD MASTEN.

Written for the Courier.

Christmas Memories.

The wind blows shrilly around the house and comes in at the keyhole, an un-invited guest. The snow whirles on the wintry gale in myriads of white, airy shapes, and drifts into corners everywhere outdoors. There is no holly in the windows yet, but there is something in the air that tells of a coming time of peculiar joy, for Christmas has a joy all its own, a depth of gladness no other holiday can bring to equal.

Time Turns Backward.

As I write, memories of other Christmases long past throng in my mind. Time has turned backward the years and I am a child again just for this morning. Once more I am on my way to school. The boughs of the trees droop heavily over the path weighted with snow which has fallen in the night. It drops off the boughs at the slightest touch and falls on my head and into my lunch-basket. On this winter morning many years ago that same secret something is in the air. Only a few days now till Christmas, perhaps this is the last day of school before the smart vacation. The air is only cold enough to be bracing, and to bring the red to my cheeks and the sparkle to my eyes. My step is quick and jingling, and in my heart a voice is singing a refrain which rises and vibrates upward until it blends with the song the angels are singing, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Looking For Santa.

On Christmas eve I see myself again, not hanging up little stockings and getting to bed early that Santa may have time to do his errands as is the custom with many, but, with my little sun-bonnet spread out on the table ready for Santa's actual, visible appearance. A dear old, singular custom which was handed down to us I suppose from our German ancestry. At least I have been told it was the "old Dutch way."

It had to be my best sun-bonnet if I had a best one, if not, that one had to be freshly "done up" or Santa would not leave in it the gift he had for me. Imagine if you can a sweeter more terrible moment than this one, when we sat in the farthest corner of the room from the door, palpitating with expectancy and delight, trembling with a nameless fear, holding our breath almost to suffocation and straining our ears to catch the first sound of Santa's step on the porch.

Santa Comes.

When his step was heard, (about nine o'clock I think was his time), every one in the room assumed a respectful attitude both of body and of mind toward the dear old Saint who came to bless. Every one remained very quiet, there must be no harsh sounds or ugly behavior to offend the delicate senses of Santa Claus, for he was old and very, very good and pure.

He fumbled a long time outside to make sure of the door fastenings, producing a peculiar scratching noise which went to the very heart of us little ones who believed implicitly in his venerable and saintly reality. He opened the door slowly, passed through, closed it carefully and noiselessly, advanced with uncertain step to the center of the room and with shaking fore-finger pointed out, without speaking, each one of us he thought small enough to come within the realm of his subjects. Sometimes he counted us twice to make sure. I remember as I grew larger, and as my sister's child ren who were often with us, were some younger than I, I entertained great fear that he would leave me out sometime, and I would shrink down in my chair as far as I could. But he did leave me out after awhile in spite of all my shrinking.

How Santa Looked—His Gifts.

He wore a very strange looking coat, in fact since I come to think of it, it resembled an ordinary coat turned inside-out. His hat was battered and worn and I think it was wrong side out, too. He wore

long gray beard and a muffler about his ears, for protection from cold of course, so we thought.

After he had apparently made sure how many little ones were there to be remembered he would advance unsteadily toward the table upon which our bonnets and hats were "set." Sometimes he seemed a little uncertain as to where to find them, and some one of the elder members of the family would point, no one ever spoke while he was there as I remember it. He would then let down a very large budget from his back and out of it he would draw to our infinite delight great packages wrapped in paper and tied with a string, placing one in each little bonnet or hat "setting upon the table."

Delicious Christmas Goodies.

We could hardly wait till Santa would close the door behind him to make a dive for the bonnets and hats. But we were constrained by our fear of injuring the dear old Fellow's feelings which was the result of training from Mother and Father. We waited until his last faint step had died away before we moved toward our possessions.

Oh, the sweet smell of the goodies wrapped in that paper! Cakes, apples, candy, oranges, raisins, nuts, etc. all wrapped up together make a wonderful mixture to delight the nostrils. Have you ever tried it? If you have not you have missed half the joy of Christmas. After I knew the secret of Santa Claus we had these good things still at Christmas-time, but I never enjoyed the smell of them like when they were wrapped in a paper and given to us by the old, old man with a heart of gold.

Valuable Memories.

Is it any wonder then that my heart was beating high and that the thought of Christmas brought joy to me as I treaded the snow-bound path that winter morning long ago? As I sit now looking out at the whirling snow-flakes and feel the joy of the winter-time and of a coming Christmas-day, I am thankful for the Christmas experiences I had years ago. What those glad heart experiences were to me no one dare try to measure. And I would not forego the memory of them for worlds.

There is a question today whether it is right to allow children to believe in Santa. Such a question must be settled by every parent for himself. But I am sure the effect upon my life of such a representation was good and not bad. When the time came for me to know the positive situation concerning it, I never felt that my elders had wronged or deceived me in any sense, but that they had desired to make Christmas a sweet, mysterious, never-to-be-forgotten time; and that the good Santa was embodied in those with whom I had lived all year round. When I understood this I had Santa with me all the year instead of just at Christmas as before. And I also understood why all the elder members of our family brought every bright, pretty thing they could secure by reasonable means home to me; it was the spirit of good Santa in them.

Valuable Lessons.

The lessons stamped upon my soul by these experiences are such that I can never get away from, nor do I want to. The lessons of the reward for cleanliness gained from the fact that my bonnet had to be sweet and clean to receive the gift. The lesson of respect to old age, and that phase of it which taught that the respect must reach and purify the thoughts; for Santa knew all that we were thinking about. And the lasting memory of the birth of the Child of Bethlehem which the sweet old custom imbedded in our minds by happiness and good will.

With that voice still ringing in my heart, its "Peace on earth," I wish you all a merry Christmas and a triumphant New Year.

IDA INGOLD MASTEN.

Providence Items.

L. L. Chamness is erecting a nice residence.

G. P. Barker, son of G. P. Barker, sowed 50 acres in wheat this fall using 69 bags of high grade fertilizer.

What is looking well in this section.

The Yacklin Rippe says: Mrs. John Q. Holton, while cleaning up a new house at Yadkinville, in which she is moving, had her hand burned badly with carbolic acid.

DAVIDSON ITEMS.

Industrial Development—Death List—Personals.

From The Dispatch:

Hon. B. A. Brooks, of Nashville, N. C., formerly an attorney of Thomasville, visited friends in the county last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott J. McKnight, of Gardner, Mass., are visiting relatives in Thomasville, their former home.

The 11-year-old daughter of Mr. Pleasant M. Bowers, of Rich Fork church, died Monday of last week. She suffered with meningitis.

J. T. Sykes, aged 78 years, died at his home at Thomasville, last Monday morning. Heart failure was the cause.

C. F. Caudle, of Lexington, will go to Jackson Creek after Xmas. to engage in business.

James Hedrick has been appointed R. F. D. Carrier on route No. 1, from Lexington, succeeding Will V. Leonard, deceased. Mr. Leonard died Monday morning of last week from heart failure. He leaves a wife and one child. He was a good man and esteemed by the patrons of his route.

Attractive Magazine.

"Style and American Dress-maker" is very attractive this month. We have just received the January number. On the cover is a pretty girl who wears a stunning hat which is reproduced from one of the latest Paris models. The designs are, as usual, beautiful, practical and easy to follow. The text contains many useful suggestions and much that is of interest to every woman. The magazine is published at 24 29 East 21st St., New York.

A man with a sprained ankle will use a crutch, rest the ankle and let it get well. A man or woman with an overworked stomach can't use a crutch, but the stomach must have rest just the same. It can be rested too without starvation. Kodol will do it. Kodol performs the digestive work of the tired stomach and corrects the digestive apparatus. Kodol fully conforms to the provisions of the National Pure Food and Drug Laws. Recommended and sold by Standard Drug Co. and Asheville Drug Company.

Cook Books.

Do you want the largest and best cook book published. If so, write us and we will tell you how to get it for one hour's work. Don't delay but write to-day.

E. C. DeWitt & Co., of Chicago, at whose laboratory Kodol is prepared, assure us that this remarkable digestant and corrector for the stomach conforms fully to all provisions of the National Pure Food and Drug Laws. The Kodol laboratory is a very large one, but if all the analyses from investigations and stomach troubles could know the virtues of Kodol it would be impossible for the manufacturers to keep up with the demand. Kodol is sold here by Standard Drug Co. and Asheville Drug Company.

J. W. Moore, The Historian Dead.

Mr. Jno. W. Moore, the author of the North Carolina History which bears his name, died last week at his home in eastern North Carolina. He was a lawyer. His home was at Winton, in Bertie County; his father was an eminent physician, and his mother was a sister of the historian Jno. H. Wheeler. He was a Breckenridge elector in 1860. He supported the large roster consisting of several volumes of North Carolina Troops, copying the names, from the roll of honor which were prepared in the adjutant general's office in Raleigh, under the direction of Mr. Jas. H. Foote, during Vance's war administration. He was in charge of the commissary department of the second North Carolina cavalry in 1862. Later he organized a battery of artillery on the Chowan river.

Married.

Wm. L. May and Miss Lula Elliott, both of Guilford County, were married in Greensboro by Rev. A. G. Kirkman on Wednesday of last week.

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS.

The assistant Postmaster General recommends that the postage rate for merchandise on R. F. D. Routes not exceeding five pounds be increased to three cents per pound.

State Senator Chas. A. Webb, of Buncombe County, has declared that he will urge and support the enactment of compulsory education law by the next Legislature.

Lawrence Nelson was killed by the train 21-2 miles from Lenoir one day last week.

A young white man was killed by the Seaboard train near Weldon, while asleep on the track one day last week.

Mr. T. J. Jerome, a well known lawyer, who has been located in Monroe for several years, has moved to Salisbury and will practice there in the future.

W. R. NEAL,

PHOTOGRAPHER

AND

JEWELER

Randleman, N. C.

COLLECTOR'S
Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets
A Pure Maltine for Every Family
Brings Golden Health and Pleasant Taste.
A specific for Catarrh, Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Constipation, Liver and Gall Bladder, Bad Breath, Stomach Ache, Heartburn and Backache. It is Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets in form of a beverage. Contains made by LAMARCAIN DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis.
GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

\$700 NECKLACE.

Is Being Made of North Carolina Precious Stones and Metal.

Chas. R. Brockman, who has for six months served the Greensboro Merchants' Association as secretary, has resigned, effective the first of the year, to take a business course. His successor has not been elected.

Last week High Point voted \$75,000 on the bonds to the Glen Anna and Pee Dee railroad. The road will connect with the Norfolk & Western at Winston-Salem, and on the South with the S. A. L.

C. W. Hyams, of Greensboro, has arranged to have a beautiful necklace made of gold, which will be set with 43 precious stones which he has collected in North Carolina. It will be made in special design by a New York Jeweler, at a cost of \$700.

It is a mistake to use a violent cathartic to open the bowels. A gentle movement will accomplish the same results without causing distress or serious consequences later. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recommended. Sold by Standard Drug Co. and Asheville Drug Company.

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.

Itching, Bleed, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in three days. 50c.



A full line of these Shoes can be found at

W. J. MILLER'S,
Sole Agent,
ASHEBORO N. C.

Pure Food, Good Health.

I have a complete line of groceries and general merchandise.

Furnish your table from our stock and you get the purest and best. I pay top market prices for produce.

W. W. JONES

For that Dandruff

There is one thing that will cure it—Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is a regular scalp-medicine. It quickly destroys the germs which cause this disease. The unhealthy scalp becomes healthy. The dandruff disappears, had to disappear. A healthy scalp means a great deal to you—healthy hair, no dandruff, no pimples, no eruptions.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Also Manufacturers of

SARSAPARILLA

PILLS

CHERRY PECTORAL

THE WINTER PEACH.

In November 1902 our attention was called to peaches which Capt. Ellington, Pres. Greensboro National Bank, had gathered from his garden. It being so late, we were inclined to look upon it as a freak of nature, but when we again found them hanging on the tree late in November 1904 we were compelled to take off our hats and acknowledge an introduction to a peach of first-class quality, lengthening the peach season fully one month. I have the Entire Control of this peach.

For this and other bargains in our city call.

Address

JOHN A. YOUNG,
Greensboro Nurseries,
Greensboro, N. C.

James T. Forehand Oscar L. Sapp
MOREHEAD & SAPP,
Attorneys at Law, Greensboro, N. C.

Will practice as heretofore in Randolph Co. Principal office in Greensboro, N. C. Telephone in office and in communication with all parts of Randolph County.

L. M. FOX, M. D.
ASHEBORO, N. C.

Offers his professional service to the citizens of Asheville and surrounding community. Office: At Residence

Dr. J. V. HUNTER,
PHYSICIAN - AND - SURGEON.

Office—Asheboro Drug Co.
Residence—Corner of Main and Worth Streets.
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Office over Spoon & Redding's store near Standard Drug Co.

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Fire, Life and Accident Insurance.

The best companies represented. Offices over the Bank of Randolph.

DR. D. K. LOCKHART,
DENTIST,
Asheboro, N. C.

Office OVER THE BANK. HOURS: 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.

Learn more in my office prepared to practice dentistry in the various branches.

N. P. COX,
Jeweler and
Photographer,
Asheboro, N. C.

ECZEMA and PILE CURE
FREE! Knowing what it was to suffer, I will give free of charge, to any afflicted a positive cure for Eczema, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Itch and Skin Diseases. Instant relief. Don't suffer longer. Write Dr. W. Williams, 400 Manhattan Ave., New York. Enclose stamp.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY'S TAGS, AS SPECIFIED IN THE FACSIMILES OF WHICH ARE SHOWN ON THEIR 1906 CATALOGUE OF PRESENTS.

This space was bought to remind holders of our tags, who may have overlooked the fact that our offer of presents for the return and delivery to us of tags, as made and advertised in our 1906 Catalogue and Circular of Presents, expires by the terms of the offer itself on January 1st, 1907.

We would not consider giving presents to one without giving presents to all, for tags that reach us after our offer has expired, and for this reason we will not consider any cause whatever for delay in delivery of tags, and we will positively refuse to give presents for any tags that reach Winston-Salem, N. C., after Tuesday, January 1st, 1907, which is the full extent of time as heretofore stipulated in our offer.

No employee has authority to change or modify this or any notice or offer made by us.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Cures Crip in Two Days. on every box 25c.

Seven million boxes sold in past 12 months.

This signature, *E. W. Brown*

STATE OF OHIO, City of Toledo, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every copy of certain papers printed by the use of the name of Frank J. Cheney, and subscribed in my name, to wit: his said day of December, A. D. 1906.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this day of December, A. D. 1906.

Notary Public, State of Ohio.