

**"Do your Christmas Shopping Now"**

We are about to have another Christmas, and the authorities all agree that it will come in this year of 1908 on Friday, Dec. 25. A good many people imagine that it is coming some time in the far distant future, and that in some unknown way they can somehow escape giving up any money to buy presents.

Now, you may as well face the music. Christmas is coming in a little less than two weeks and the days will spin around before you know it. You know you want to give them all presents they will appreciate and enjoy—the wife, the children, daughter and son, father, mother—and your sweet-heart.

Buy your presents now. You have more time to make your selections; you can shop with comfort; you get first choice of the fine stocks of Christmas goods; they will not cost a cent more. By doing your shopping early you give the storekeeper and the clerks a chance; you distribute business over a longer period; you accommodate them and they accommodate you. It is of mutual benefit to buyer and seller.

Join the prosperity promoters—the wise women and considerate men—and buy your Christmas presents now. And you will rejoice and be exceeding glad when you find you will not have to fight your way through the surging throng that crowd the streets and stores just before the holidays, fighting for goods, and at last taking what pleases you, but what you can get.

Don't fail to call on the good merchants that advertise. They are more liberal hearted and will give you better bargains than elsewhere.

**Special Services.**

At the church of the Ascension next Sunday. In the evening the 200th Anniversary of Charles Wesley, the brother of John and the most prolific hymn writer in the history of the church will be observed.

The address will tell of his life and sketch briefly the wonderful movement of the 18th century out of which sprang methodism—and several of his more familiar and most popular hymns will be sung. We invite christians of every name to this unique service.

**Hurt at Saw Mill.**

Mr. Charles Echard met with a serious accident yesterday, (Wednesday) while working at his saw mill. Mr. Echard was working at the carriage alone when a piece of timber was caught by the saw and thrown with great force against him, breaking his collar-bone and one rib besides seriously cutting him about the face. Drs. Menzies and Abernethy attend the wounded man.

**A Card of Thanks.**

We desire to express our thanks to the many friends and neighbors who were so kind to us during our recent affliction. May the Lord bless them all. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bowman.

They tell of a justice of the peace in Kansas who had his first case the other day. He performed the marriage ceremony, and then wrote it up in his criminal docket.

"It takes all sorts of copy to make up a newspaper."

"Quite so. The women wonder why they bother with telegraph matter when there are so many interesting items to be culled from old scrapbooks."

Should a lady squeeze herself in a street car? No indeed and nowhere else, while there are able bodied men who will gladly take the job without money and without price.

A girl can't fool a man by talking like a middle-aged woman

**Charles Wesley—200th Anniversary Born Dec. 10 1708.**

This month, and this week are unspeakably rich in Anniversaries, not only for the English-speaking race but for the whole Christian World.

John Milton, the loftiest among the Epic Poets of the race, born Dec. 9th 1608 and Charles Wesley, the prince of all hymn writers, born Dec. 10th 1708. Our debt to the Wesleys, to Charles as much if not more than to John, demands and deserves some sketch of his services as a hymn writer in connection with this 200th Anniversary. The Wesley family numbered eighteen children, and their mother was one of a family of twenty four sons and daughters. They were all brought up and educated in the English Church. In the year 1735, Charles and John came to America with Lord Oglethorpe, Governor of Georgia, Charles acting as his secretary. In the next year 1736 he pointed at Charleston, S. C. the first collection of Hymns ever used in the English Church; only one copy of that edition now exists. Returning to England after 2 or 3 years labor in Georgia, the two brothers set out upon those preaching tours in England, Wales and Ireland, which stirred the United Kingdom from corner to foundation stone, out of which eventually sprang the Great Methodist Organization. Charles earned his strength and zeal to hymn writing, living in Bristol and later in London as the Nicard of Marylebone Church where he died March 29 1788 and was buried in the yard of his own parish church. Never has the world yet produced such a prolific author of sacred verse. His hymns and songs reached the almost incredible number of 6500. To quote the first lines of a few of his most celebrated hymns will suffice to reveal to us, the Church of to-day, the burden of gratitude, the weight of obligation under which we all lie and for which we can never thank God too much. First among them and the most beloved of all the hymns of Christendom stands.

"Jesus, Lover of my Soul"  
"Love divine, all love excelling"  
"A charge to keep I have"  
"Hark! the herald angels sing"  
Come thou long expected Jesus"  
O for a heart to praise my God"

Jno. S. Moody.

**Resolutions of Respect**

Whereas, our Heavenly Father in his infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove from this world of sorrows and the wife of our esteemed and beloved Brother J. P. Burns. Therefore be it resolved: First—That we the members of Piedmont Council No. 43, Jr. O. U. A. M., do truly sympathize with our beloved Brother and his motherless children, and extend to these our tenderest sympathy in this sad hour of bereavement, and that we commend them to the Supreme Councillor of the Universe.

Second—That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the bereaved Brother, a copy be spread upon our minutes, also a copy be sent to the papers for publication.

P. A. Rowe } Com.  
W. H. Wilfong }  
D. P. Smith }

**Paid Her In Full.**

In her younger days Hetty Green had for a neighbor a shrewd old Vermont farmer. One day, in the midst of the thrashing, this old farmer broke his winnowing fan and sent over to borrow Hetty's.

"Certainly," was the suave reply. "He is perfectly welcome to my fan, but I never let my tools be taken off the place. Tell him to bring his grain here and he may winnow as much as he likes on my barn floor."

Of course this was an awkward arrangement, but the farmer said nothing. Some weeks later Mrs. Green sent over in a hurry to borrow the old fellow's sidesaddle.

"Certainly, she is perfectly welcome to the use of my saddle. It's hanging over a rafter in the loft above the wagon shed. Tell her to come right over and ride it there as long as she likes."

**Carnegie's Bomb**

When Andrew Carnigie, in an article in one of the leading Magazines, a few days ago, stated his views on the tariff question, it came like a bolt from a clear sky and caused many of the "stand paters" to "sit up and take notice. Coming, as it did, from one inside their own ranks, it caused many of the republican brethren to pause and consider. Mr. Carnegie's position, briefly stated, is that most of our industries have outgrown the stage of infancy and no longer need the protection of a high tariff. This is the democratic position exactly, and the fact that one of the republican party's strongest financial supporter has expressed himself as favoring tariff for revenue only, is exceedingly hopeful.

**A GHOST STORY.**

The Spectral Horseman That Visits Wycollar Hall.

This ghost story is contributed by a correspondent of an English magazine: "Wycollar Hall, near Colne, was long the seat of the Cunliffes of Billington. They were noted persons in their time, but evil days came, and their ancestral estates passed out of their hands. In the days of the commonwealth their loyalty cost them dear, and ultimately they retired to Wycollar with a remnant only of their once extensive property. About 1819 the last of the family passed away, and the hall is now a mass of ruins. Little but the antique fireplace remains entire, and even the room alluded to in the following legend cannot now be identified. Tradition says that once every year a spectral horseman visits Wycollar Hall. He is attired in the costume of the early Stuart period, and the trappings of his horse are of a most uncouth description.

"On the evening of his visit the weather is always wild and tempestuous. There is no moon to light the lonely roads, and the residents of the district do not venture out of their cottages. When the wind howls loudest the horseman can be heard dashing up the road at full speed, and, after crossing the narrow bridge, he suddenly stops at the door of the hall. The rider then dismounts and makes his way up the broad oaken stairs into one of the rooms of the house. Dreadful screams, as from a woman, are then heard, which soon subside into groans. The horseman then makes his appearance at the door, at once mounts his steed and gallops off.

"His body can be seen through by those who may chance to be present; his horse appears to be wild with rage, and its nostrils stream with fire. The tradition is that one of the Cunliffes murdered his wife in that room and that the spectral horseman is the ghost of the murderer, who is doomed to pay an annual visit to the home of his victim. She is said to have predicted the extinction of the family, which, according to the story, has been literally fulfilled."

**With One Eye Bandaged.**

"I had a great joke played on me while shooting billiards at a hotel in New York recently," said a Milwaukee man. "Having a little time on hand, I sauntered into the billiard room. I became engaged in conversation with a fellow in the room, and I proposed a game, while he readily accepted. At first things went along splendidly, and I had twenty to his ten. But soon he forged ahead and beat me out by a close score. Then a friend of mine, who was stopping at the same place, said he was willing to wager that my opponent could beat me with one eye bandaged. I accepted his def and placed \$5 on the result. He didn't give me much of a chance, trimming me to the tune of 50 to 15. After the game was over I paid my bet, when the above mentioned friend loudly told me the eye that he had bandaged was a glass one."—Milwaukee Sentinel

**BLOOD**

We live by our blood, and on it. We thrive or starve, as our blood is rich or poor. There is nothing else to live on or by.

When strength is full and spirits high we are being refreshed—bone, muscle and brain, in body and mind—with continual flow of rich blood. This is health.

When weak, in low spirits, no cheer, no spring, when rest is not rest and sleep is not sleep, we are starved; our blood is poor; there is little nutriment in it.

Back of the blood is food, to keep the blood rich. When it fails, take

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Oranges per crate, \$2.90 Lemons per crate, \$4.50  
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Men's all wool suits, worth \$9.00, for..... 4.90  
Men and Boys' Pants, all wool, sold other places for \$3.00, my price..... 1.48

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**The Largest and Best Collection of Tailored Coats Ever Offered**

These coats are extra long, made of the best material, and are the very latest styles. The workmanship is the best and the fit is ideal. From now until Christmas we will sell these coats at greatly reduced prices. And when we say reduced prices, we mean you can buy them here cheaper than you ever bought them before.

until Christmas, at reduced prices.

**Unparalleled Economies in New Dress Goods.**

Compare these, and scores of other special prices, with the offerings you will find elsewhere. We feel sure you will decide that we offer you the biggest and best selected stock of new fabrics at the lowest prices.

50c dress goods to be sold during the next few days at 35c.  
25c goods to go at 15c. Not shoddy but good.

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These suits are copied after the choicest Paris, Berlin and Vienna models. Material and workmanship, the best. Choice in several new styles—very nobby. In fact, a stock that is right fresh, crisp and right up-to-the minute. Values that will convince you that this is the very best place to buy. From now

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This season's latest and best. Entirely too many to mention. All at prices that place them in the list of real bargains.

The best all wool blankets to be found in the city, to go at reduced prices.

These goods are absolutely new and up-to-date. No old or shoddy goods to be found on our shelves. When you think of shopping remember that we charge less for the same goods. Every salesman in our store is polite and obliging, and will extend to our customers every courtesy consistent with sound business principles.

**J. F. Allen.**