

Doll to be Given Away.

ON FOLLOWING TERMS TO CHILD UNDER TEN YEARS OF AGE:

The DOLL will be given to some girl under 10 years of age, who can draw the best picture of SANTA CLAUS.

But, the little girls competing for the DOLL must come to our store and look over our display of Xmas toys, make her selection and write Santa Claus a letter telling him what they want from our store, then send drawing and letter to us between now and the 24th day of December when the doll will be awarded. Also another prize to the child writing best letter.

A nice prize will also be given boy under ten years who can make best drawing of a horse and wagon, and a second prize for best letter, both on same terms as girls' above. Give name, number of house and street.

HEADQUARTERS FOR SANTA CLAUSE.

Sapp's Racket Store,

A. V. Sapp, Proprietor.

High Point, N. C.

Weak and Tired People

We suppose all the women who take care of a family and do their own work are pretty tired come night, but we are specially sorry for those who don't feel rested in the morning.

"Do you suppose your Vinol would do me any good?" said a woman customer the other day. "I just drag round. My work seems an awful burden."

"We think Vinol will help you," said our clerk. "Our folks at home use it. We have such faith in it that we will pay the money back if it doesn't help you."

She took a bottle of Vinol home, and has since bought another bottle. Vinol was sold last year on the same guarantee. How many "refunds" were there, do you think? Less than two per cent.

In other words, Vinol did successful work in ninety-eight cases out of one hundred.

For two great classes, those who can't seem to gain strength and those who are tired at night, we say: "Try Vinol on our guarantee."

For weak women, nursing mothers, old people, and puny children we have found nothing to equal Vinol.

W. D. ROWE,

Marble and Granite Dealer.

415 and 417 Patton Street,

DANVILLE, VA.

W. M. ROACH, Representative.

Ridgeway, N. C.

A. R. WILLMANN

PLUMBING CO.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Settling high grade work. All work guaranteed and done by competent plumbers.

A full line of Bathtubs, Closets, Lavatories, etc., constantly on hand. Can't do your work. Write us.

Bell Phone 278.

We can refer you to Mr. J. Elwood Cox as we are doing the plumbing in his hotel and bank.

J. H. MEYER,

WITH WILL AN PLUMBING COMPANY,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

58th Year

We don't say the biggest in the world, but simply say the

Old Reliable

Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co.

of Newark, N. J.

Paying large cash dividends at end of every year. Examine our new Readowment Policy at same cost as regular life policy.

JOHN M. HAMMER, Agent.

What is Foley's Kidney Cure?

Answer: It is made from a prescription of a leading Chicago physician, and one of the most eminent in the country. The ingredients are the purest and most valuable, and are scientifically combined to get their most value. Wm. A. King.

One Minute Cough Cure.

Is the only harmless cough cure that gives quick relief. Cures Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Pneumonia, Asthma, LaGrippe and all Throat, Chest and Lung troubles. I got soaked by rain, says Gertrude E. Fenner, Muncie, Ind., and contracted a severe cold and cough. I failed rapidly, lost 48 pounds. My druggist recommended One Minute Cough Cure. The first bottle brought relief; several cured me. I am back to my old weight, 145 pounds. One Minute Cough Cure cuts the phlegm, relieves the cough at once, draws out inflammation, cures croup. An ideal remedy for children. W. A. King.

A Thanksgiving Dinner

Heavy eating is usually the first cause of indigestion. Repeated attacks inflame the mucous membranes lining the stomach, exposes the nerves of the stomach, producing a swelling after eating, heartburn, headache, sour risings and finally carra of the stomach. Kodol relieves the inflammation, protects the nerves and cures the catarrh. Kodol cures indigestion, dyspepsia, all stomach troubles, dysentery, and sweetening the glands of the stomach. W. A. King.

It Does The Work.

Danville, Pa. January 7th, 1902 The Hancock Liquid Sulphur Co., Baltimore, Md. Gentlemen:—I have had an aggravated case of Eczema for over twenty-five years. My hands were unsightly a great part of that long period—I have used seven fifty cent bottles, and one jar your Sulphur Ointment, and now I feel as though I had a brand new pair of hands. My case has been such an aggravated one; it has cured me, and I am certain it will cure any one if they persist in using Liquid Sulphur according to directions. For sale by all druggists. Buter Edgar.

A Lesson in Health.

Healthy kidneys filter the impurities from the blood, and unless they do this good health is impossible. Foley's Kidney Cure makes sound kidneys and will cure all kidney troubles, such as kidney and bladder diseases. It strengthens the whole system. Wm. A. King.

The Most Common Ailment.

More people suffer from rheumatism than from any other ailment. This is wholly unnecessary too, for a cure may be effected at a very small cost. G. V. Wescott, of Meadowdale, N. Y., says: "I have been afflicted with the malady for some time and it has caused me much suffering. I concluded to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm and am pleased to say that it has cured me." For sale by Geo. A. Mattson's drug store.

Reveals a Great Secret.

It is often asked how much startling cures that puzzle the best physicians, are offered by Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. Here's the secret. It cuts out the phlegm and germ-infected mucus, and lets the life-giving oxygen reach the inflamed, cough-worn throat and lungs. It cures all coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, and all other lung troubles. It is the most infallible remedy for all throat and lung diseases. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Geo. A. Mattson.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure.

Digests all clays 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." W. A. King.

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 blinding, itching and protruding piles, eczema, cuts, 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. W. A. King.

Foley's Honey and Tar

for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

Does It Pay to Buy Cheap.

A cheap remedy for coughs and colds is all right, but you want something that will relieve and cure the more severe and dangerous results of throat and lung troubles. What shall you do? Go to a warmer and more regular climate? Yes, if possible; if not possible for you, then in either case take the only remedy that has been introduced in all the civilized countries with success in severe throat and lung troubles. "Boschee's German A. S. Syrup." It not only heals and stimulates the tissues to destroy the germ disease, but also inflames, causes easy expectoration, gives a good night's rest and cures the patient. Try one bottle. Recommended many years by all druggists in the world. You can get this reliable remedy at King's Drug Store. Price 25c and 75c.

Questions Answered.

Yes August Flower still has the largest sale of any medicine in the civilized world. Your mothers' and grandmothers' never thought of using anything else for Indigestion or Biliousness. Doctors were scarce, and they seldom heard of Appendicitis, Nervous Prostration or Heart failure, etc. They used August Flower to clean out the system and stop fermentation of undigested food, regulate the action of the liver, stimulate the nervous and organic action of the system, and that is why they took when feeling dull and bad with headaches and other aches. You only need a few doses of Green's August Flower in liquid form, to make you satisfied there is nothing serious the matter with you. You can get this reliable remedy at King's Drug Store. Price 25c and 75c.

Disastrous Wrecks.

Carelessness is responsible for many a railway wreck and the same causes are making human wrecks of sufferers from Throat and Lung troubles. But since the advent of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, even the worst cases can be cured and hopeless resignation is no longer necessary. Mrs. Lois Cragg of Dorchester, Mass., is one of many whose life was saved by Dr. King's New Discovery. This great remedy is guaranteed for all Throat and Lung diseases by Geo. A. Mattson, Druggist. Price 50c, and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

A Cold Wave.

The forecast of sudden changes in the weather serves notice that a horse 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 lung troubles. One Minute Cough Cure cuts the phlegm, draws out the inflammation, heals and soothes the mucous membranes and strengthens the lungs. W. A. King.

You never heard of any one using Foley's Honey and Tar and not being satisfied.

W. A. King.

If Suffer Salve

Doesn't cure your piles, your money will be refunded. It is the most healing medicine. W. A. King.

Traveling is Dangerous

Constant motion jars the kidneys which are kept in place in the body by delicate attachments. This is the reason that travelers, train-men, street-car men, teamsters and all who drive very much suffer from kidney disease in some form. Foley's Kidney Cure strengthens the kidneys and cures all forms of kidney and bladder diseases. Geo. H. Hanson, locomotive engineer, Lima, O., writes: "Constant vibration of the engine caused me a great deal of trouble with my kidneys, and I got no relief until I used Foley's Kidney Cure. Wm. A. King.

Foley's Honey and Tar

for children, safe, sure. No opiates. If you feel ill and need a pill why not purchase the best? DeWitt's Eury Risers. Are little surprisers. Take one—they do the rest. W. H. Howell, Honaton, Tex., writes: "I have used Little Eury Risers Pills in my family for constipation, sick headache etc. To their use I am indebted for the health of my family. W. A. King.

A REAL HOME CHRISTMAS

Copyright, 1901, by Charles W. Hocks. By HOWARD FIELDING

BEYOND Portland it was necessary to take an accommodation train which had no parlor car. Wetherell found a seat in a day coach and arranged his belongings with the care that marks a certain type of lack. He was no sooner seated than a fussy, stout woman with two little girls established herself behind him. Why had he committed the incredible folly of this journey? From a sense of duty doubtless. It was time that he did something substantial for his aunts, his nearest living relatives, two widows with a household of other people's children, as he knew from their letters.

They had promised him "a real home Christmas," and he shuddered at the thought. He had been a homeless man for many years and hoped to live and die in that blessed condition. Out of a lung, soul destroying, nerve wrecking struggle he had emerged a rich man. He had taken new and more luxurious rooms at the club. He was prepared to enjoy life in them, or if not he could at least be miserable with no one to worry him.

The train dawdled along and reached Lynde, which is the nearest station to Bradford, about noon. There remained a ride of eleven miles in whatever vehicle his aunts had provided.

He was near the only home in the world he could be sure was open to him for love alone. The old, boyish impulse that he would come back when he got rich was about to be made good. These matters might at least interest him, but they did not. It worried him to consider them. He was conscious of an active dread of the cold and dreary ride that he must take, and he felt annoyed most unreasonably because the stout woman and her children who had distressed him on the train were alighting at this particular station. But his soul was empty of sentiment.

He judged the trio and hastened through the little buildings, expecting to find his aunts' carriage upon the other side, but there was nothing that looked like a private conveyance. Just opposite the door a girl whom he had seen on the train was putting a hand bag into a queer vehicle on runners, called a "pung" in those parts. It had a broad seat, rudely hooded, in front and a long, boxlike body in which were some packages and a small trunk.

"Yes," the driver of the vehicle was

he said. "What's your name, little one? Harriet Williams? An' your sister? Oh, her name's Lucy, is it?" Bunker climbed to the seat of the pung, evading Wetherell's best attempt to make him take the middle of the seat. The iron stools started the sleigh with an effort that boded ill for the speed of the journey. Wetherell subsided into the high collar of his coat and tried to summon up endurance.

On the edge of Lynde it began to snow, and a strong wind suddenly arose and whirled the snow into the faces of the travelers until they were half smothered and more than half blinded.

Wetherell looked aside over his fur collar at Miss Hunt. The girl wore a long black cloth coat with a dainty silk handkerchief around her neck.

"Are you very cold?" asked Wetherell. "Freezing to death, thank you," said she. "And you?" "Oh, I'm all right," he replied. "This coat of mine—do you know, I've another one in my trunk. Shall I get it for you?" "No, no," she exclaimed. "Don't think of opening your trunk here. The snow will drift in and spoil all your things."

He climbed over the back of the seat and succeeded in getting the trunk open, though his fingers nearly froze upon the key and the metal of the lock. It was necessary to lift out the tray and to put it into Mrs. Williams' lap, for room in the back of the pung was very scanty. With the penetrating eye peculiar to her sex Mrs. Williams saw some large bath towels.

"If I could have one of them to put over my head," she said wistfully.

"Certainly," replied Wetherell. "Pass them around. There ought to be enough for all of us. And I say, Mr. Bunker, see if you can get into this."

He tossed the driver a frock coat, such as used to be called a Prince Albert. The idea of Bunker's wearing it amused him and suggested further pastime of the same kind.

"Mrs. Williams," he continued, "will you so far honor me as to wear this?" "I'll do that," she responded, with deadly seriousness, "that I'd wear anything except pants. My, ain't this lovely? What is it?"

"Well, it's a sort of morning garment," said Wetherell, holding up a heavy bathrobe of silk and wool.

"Here are a couple of coats for the

wildly drifted, and the horses dourdered in it.

Another hill, worse than the first, blanked at them through the eddying snow. The horses stopped at the foot of it without waiting for the rein, and the two men prepared for another climb. Miss Hunt declared herself able to join them, and Wetherell was obliged to restrain her with gentle force. Standing beside the rude vehicle and looking the girl in her place, Wetherell was aware for the first time that she was very pretty. She raised her veil to plead with him more effectively and in so doing produced an impression even stronger than she had foreseen, but because of it the man was further than ever from permitting her to climb the hill alone.

It was a hard pull. At the last of it each man had a horse by the bridle and was exerting all his strength. In a halt that they made and later at the top of the ascent Wetherell heard Bunker muttering: "Curious—damned blasted—curious! I don't understand it."

"What's curious?" he inquired at last.

Bunker stepped across in front of the horses.

"I don't seem to remember this hill," he said in a low voice.

Wetherell felt as if he had been stabled with an icicle.

"You don't mean to tell me that there's any doubt about the road?" he demanded.

Bunker nervously adjusted the bath towel that was tied around his head.

"I ain't been over it but twice afore," he said. "I ain't the regular stage driver. I work for him. I've done a sort of a little truckin' an' ivory business in Bradford. I ain't been with him more'n a month. I come from over Thomaston way."

Wetherell uttered a half articulate prayer that would have been an oath in less desperate circumstances.

"My friend," said Wetherell, "if you new lost in this storm do you know what will happen to us?"

Bunker shivered so that the little icicles on his grizzled beard seemed to tinkle.

"We must come to a house some time," he said.

"We must come to one pretty soon," said Wetherell. "Look at the horses."

"They're 'nigh beat out," said Bunker. "An' so'm I. The worst of it is that in this snow we may pass a dozen houses an' never know it. I can't see the side of the road half the time, an' in this region people build way back an' don't



"Go and Kiss Mr. Wetherell," She Said.

saying, "This is the way. I know it. I'm surprised if you and Miss Amy don't get lost. You'll have to look out for you and a pair of girls who were expectin' you. You ain't seen nothing of 'em, have you?"

"I saw a man get off the train," she replied, "but he was as gray as a mouse. He couldn't have been Wetherell, so close that he must have heard what she had said."

"Do you know," said he to the driver, "where I can hire a conveyance to take me to Bradford?"

"I'm goin' right over there. This is the stage. Cost you only half a dollar to ride with me. I guess you're Mr. Wetherell, ain't you? I was told to bring you over."

Wetherell perceived that he could not press his inquiry without a suggestion of discourtesy to Miss Hunt. She would think he ought to welcome the chance to ride with her. There really was no way out of it. So after involuntarily the whole state of Maine in one living anasthema he stepped aboard the pung.

Wetherell's meditations were interrupted by the loud voice of the stout woman who called from the door of the station demanding to know whether "that thing" was the Bradford stage. The driver said, "Yes," and measured the front seat with a glance of his eye.

"I guess you an' the youngsters will have to bundle in here behind," said he.

"By no means," exclaimed Wetherell, rising. "I could not think of subjecting the lady to so much discomfort. I will find a conveyance for myself."

"Keep your seatin'," said the stout woman, with decision. "Me and the girls would 'so' as soon ride behind you as in front of you."

Wetherell hesitated, meditating flight. The stage driver, whose name was Bunker, and the station agent were approaching with his trunk. The driver summoned all his strength and made a start. Almost immediately he was conscious of feeling better. His blood began to stir. There came to him a strange, youthful sense of pleasure in this novel exploit. This struggle against the storm, this determination within him and the knowledge of the utter dependence of the others.

It seemed a long distance that he had traversed, but it was really not more than 200 yards, when he came to a gateway opening upon the left. He

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Presenting this wonderful Shoe we have placed before you a Shoe of exceptional value for the price, \$3.00.

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was like a starting jaguar who finds a coin upon the street, incredulously, fearing a hallucination. But the gate was really there, and a roadway, dimly defined, led around a clump of trees. Wetherell ran leaping through the snow and presently he came to a large house of a quality he certainly did not expect to find in such a place.

There was a veranda along the entire front, but the snow was banked heavily upon it and against the door which was locked. Yet so great was Wetherell's exhaustion and mind and senses that it did not occur to him that the house was deserted. He rang the bell with evidence and sat down upon the steps of the veranda in the lee of a post to wait for a response. And there in the moment of recent occupancy, and as possible to falling into a sleep which, considering the circumstances, would probably have lasted until the day of judgment. Vague thoughts of the people who were waiting for him in the sled under the spruces roused him just in time.

He sprang up and threw his weight against the door, one twice, and the lock was ripped off the wood. He was in a broad hall quite pretentious in its decorations. A parlor was upon the right, a dining room beyond and a kitchen at the rear. Here he came first upon the sign of recent occupancy, and the whole truth was apparent. This was a summer residence that had been in charge of caretakers who had gone away probably for a Christmas visit.

No human creature is insensible to the joy of bearing good tidings, especially when they relate to his own notable success. Wetherell returned to the spruces with something in his breast that closely resembled a light heart.

"Miss Hunt," he cried, "I have found a vacant palace in the adjoining pasture. I offer you all the comforts of home."

It had been a solemn time in the grove. Mrs. Williams, as Wetherell afterward learned, had displayed a talent for gloomy prophecy quite inappropriate in one so fat and hearty. She had pictured Wetherell walking in circles in the snow until he dropped dead just where he started, and she had fortified the description with so many harrowing anecdotes that the man had the effect of a ghost when he appeared.

The human freight and the baggage appertaining thereto were discharged at the front door of the house, and then the horses and pung were put into the barn. Wetherell and Bunker found the others in the kitchen.

"I've been lookin' around this place," said Mrs. Williams. "The house is pretty well found in the matter of groceries, but there ain't really nothin' to eat. I can make some bread, but that ain't very fillin'."

"There's plenty of coffee and some condensed milk," said Miss Hunt, "but—"

"I want something to eat!" wailed Lucy.

Wetherell felt himself confronted by a new responsibility. He had succeeded in housing the people; now he must feed them.

"Mr. Bunker," said he, with an inappreciable born of necessity, "what are all of those packages in the pung?"

"By Jimminyuddy!" exclaimed Bunker. "I've got a turkey in there. It's goin' to Deacon Dresser."

"I'm glad to hear," said Wetherell, "that it is the property of a professing Christian. He will be glad to relieve our necessities, especially at this time of year. Miss Hunt, with your permission, I will attend to the marketing today. Come along, Mr. Bunker."

They returned presently with the turkey, which was frozen as hard as a rock, but not beyond cooking, in Mrs. Williams' opinion. She and Amy meanwhile had found quite an assortment of vegetables in the cellar.

"I'm going to open all the boxes in the sleigh," said Wetherell. "I have already broken into the largest of them, which, I regret to say, was full of rubber boots."

"Here's a little one that I brought along," said Bunker. "There isn't

[Continued on fourth page]