



Far Seeing People Visit First The Cash Racket Stores. Especially about Christmas times. Our three stores are crowded with any and every thing suitable for the Christmas Holidays, and at prices which will astonish you, they are so low. Acting upon the suggestion that "times are hard" we have fixed the prices so as to enable all, rich and poor, to buy something for their friends and little ones as

A Christmas Present. We haven't time to go into particulars and mention the various articles, we only say Come and look through. The Cash Racket Stores, J. M. LEATH, Manager, Nash and Goldsboro Streets, WILSON, N. C.



HE was single and singular. Most women would have called him fine looking if it had not been for his nose. He told Cupid privately that his nose had always stood in his way, and no wonder. It was so long drawn out, so startlingly high as to bridge, but apparently perfect as to draught. Patiently had this nose stood guard below two kind but bashful blue eyes, and sniffed the breezes of fifty summers and winters of single blessedness. Cupid ate his cat, and he also owned a comfortable looking little fat brown earthen teapot. Cupid ate from his master's hand the leavings of his bachelor board, while he sought comfort by drinking all but the leaves in the little earthen teapot. He ended each meal by tipping it up and draining the last drop from its spot.

Cupid always watched this impolite performance with a meditative, wonder-if-that's-good air. After tea he and Cupid used to sit by the window and watch for her across the way.

SHE was not "fat, fair and forty," for the single woman who is forty is yet to be born. Besides being femininely dark as to age and complexion, she was plump and spry, neat as a new pin, and cheery. As she sewed or mended in the evenings, her shadow was thrown on the window shade.

That was what he and Cupid watched for across the narrow way.

HE was lighting her lamp, Cupid—going to mend her stockings to-night. I can see her slip her hand into it and hold it up to the light. A neat little foot she must have, too, Cupid.

She there! will you? Done, by Jove! with neatness and dispatch. Now what? O, I see—going out, and alone too. Demmed shame, Cupid! Eh? Wants to go—of course she does—they all do, Cupid. There she comes to fasten her gloves by the light. A neat fit on that jacket—lucky for us old fellows that she comes between the lamp and the window shade.

Now what is she doing? Putting—no "fixing" her bangs as only a woman can, Cupid—a little, just a little old for bangs. Eh, Cupid? But they'll all do it, even if it does give 'em a "nut-dressed-as-lamb" look, God bless 'em! Now she's turning down the light. The shadow grows dimmer—going, going, gone, Cupid. Well, we will smoke our pipe and think—What do you say, partner?

For answer, Cupid jumped upon his shoulder. Then he lit his pipe and was so busy thinking and smoking that he forgot to pull down the window shade. When his pipe was smoked out, he sat on thinking and mechanically stroking Cupid.

At last he arose and glanced out of the window in the direction of his cheery little neighbor. To his surprise he saw her hastily leave her window and lower the shade. He whistled softly and said: "Do you think, Cupid, that she has been looking at us, that is, at you, Cupid?" and he smiled again.

HEE MUSINGS. He looks as if he might be nice. But such a nose!

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is warranted to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. Hines, Druggist.

Boykin & Co. sell by wholesale all kinds of heavy and fancy groceries.

See Young Bros' umbrellas if you would save money.

"Such a nose!" croaked her parrot from her perch in the corner. She laughed and held out a finger and the parrot was soon perched on it. Had he across the way only known it, this parrot was the gift of a rejected lover. She had at once dubbed the parrot Company. Then she kept her in the dark and drilled her on one significant sentence. When the ex-lover called to see how she took his gift the parrot called out: "Two's a company, two's a company, three's a crowd," while she looked innocent and smiled. So the parrot got her queer name and the ex-lover got his answer. But to return to her musings.

"I'm! His nose and his neckties explain his being single. The neckties could be remedied (here she smiled mischievously and blushed), the nose, well, that couldn't. Well, he looks as if he was lonesome trying to keep house alone. I suppose every room needs a good thorough sweeping and dusting. Men don't know how to keep house, do they, Company?"

"Never! Never out!" croaked the parrot, somewhat irrelevantly, from her perch on the roof.

She laughed. "Yes, but it's 'Never in' not 'Never out' with some men. Well, she consoled for him some way. I hope he didn't see me peeping at him."

But he had, and had plucked up courage at the sight. His opportunity came. He seized it and her umbrella at the same time. It was a snowy, blowy day in winter. She was coming home with her arms full of packages. The wind caught her umbrella as she reached her doorstep and turned it wrong side out. He was watching her from his window.

He heard a faint "O, dear!" gave a jerk to his necktie, forgot to be concerned of his nose for once, and with Cupid at his heels, and another Cupid fielding his heart-strings, rushed bare-headed across the narrow way.

He seized her umbrella, and turned it so quickly and skillfully in the opposite direction that it was right side out, if that had been his name.

Instead she blushed and thanked him prettily, while he stood bare-headed but triumphant in the falling snow and gazed admiringly, not at the umbrella, exactly. Then she (necessitated, of course) dropped one of her packages.

Said he: "Let me help you into the house. You have too much to carry alone." So she opened the door and he, she, Cupid, the umbrella and packages disappeared inside.

HE, SHE, CUPID AND COMPANY. New Year's day, 1894, dawned brightly in the street where he and she lived. In the window of her house there was a For Rent sign.

But dainty muslin curtains were up at his window and the sun looked in at a happy group.

He sat before the cheerful grate fire in the little parlor that had been touched and transformed by a woman's deft fingers.

She sat in his lap, and adjusted to her fancy a new necktie she had suddenly produced from behind her. Cupid, resplendent in a red leather collar, dozed on the cushioned window-seat in the sunshine, and purred contentedly at the new order of things.

He and she were laughing at Company swinging in her ring at the other window. He had just said to her: "What a happy New Year this will be for you and me—for Cupid and for Company."

But at the sound of her name Company had promptly croaked: "I doubt if I doubt it! Two's a company! Two's a company!"

Then he and she laughed and their laugh had a Many-Happy-New-Year's ring to it that augured well in these panicky times for the firm of He, She, Cupid & Co., in spite of Company's croaking.

The Advertising. Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason because it is true; it always appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which, in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes! Go to Young's. If you want a baby carriage see Young Bros.

A MUTUAL SURPRISE.

HOW pleased Maria will be," chuckled Mr. Piffkins, making his toilet on the morning of the 1st of January, "and how surprised. This is the first New Year's day in ten years that she hasn't quarreled with me about giving up tobacco, and

now I've done it of my own accord. It was customary with the Piffkins to exchange New Year's gifts and not to make the presentation until after breakfast. Therefore, when Mr. Piffkins entered the dining-room, Mrs. Piffkins was apparently unconscious that he carried a bulky parcel, while he in turn was quite unaware that a small, queer-shaped package lay beside his wife's plate.

"My dear," remarked Mr. Piffkins, as he set down his coffee cup and rolled up his napkin, "during our married life there has been only one serious cause for contention—well, perhaps two—but no matter. I intend to remove that cause."

"I have also determined to turn over a new leaf, as you will presently see," and she nodded mysteriously toward the queer-shaped package.

"I have resolved during the coming year to discontinue the use of tobacco. And he awaited the burst of delighted surprise to follow.

Mrs. Piffkins turned pale, doubtless with joy, replying tremulously: "I cannot accept this sacrifice; but I have resolved to yield to your entreaties, abandon society and devote myself in future to my home."

"Say no more, Maria, I have hitherto preferred to remain at home in order that I might smoke, but—"

"No, Silas, it is I who—"

"In token of reformation I have purchased with money I would have squandered on the weed the silk evening dress you so desired."

"And I," cried Mrs. Piffkins, "have also prepared a surprise for you. With the money I had saved to give a reception I have bought you a—a meerschaum pipe!"

A GOOD RESOLUTION BROKEN. As individuals, the New Year opens to us boundless opportunities. If it brings sorrow, is not woe the fire that is to burn the dross from our souls? If it brings riches, are not riches only for their power of conferring happiness and enlightenment upon the world. Death may be its end of healing, yet there is no death, but the cessation of endeavor; leaving this fair earth is no more death than merely living upon it is life.

False was the song of the poet who said that the New Year is a "Time for memory and for tears." For memory it is indeed a time, for the gleaned sheaves of the sweetness of past days is an imperishable possession, but tears—even though their waters surge over the fragments of shattered resolve and self-murdered hope, are vain and idle. Then let us give Time a benediction as he turns his glass, for he has mingled the bitter in our draught of life with sweet, and as the hithe New Year assumes the robe and crown shout with earnest hearts: "Let rest most, vive le roi!"

The Opening Wedge. Miss Pinkery—Have you made any New Year's resolution, Mr. Tutter? Tutter—Yes, Miss Pinkery. I have solemnly resolved not to be so bashful. Miss Pinkery—How nice! By the way, have you seen the arm-chair papa gave me for Christmas? It's big enough for two.—Truth.

At 11:30 P. M. George—Well, the old year will soon be going out. Ethel—Yes a splendid custom, isn't it? Why don't you follow the example?—Truth.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick-headache, indigestion.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE



History has set the last word on the scroll, has rolled it and sealed it, and Time places it among the myriad other mysterious records which fill his treasure-house. The year has gone, or rather let us say, the year has become our own forever; no mutation nor accident can take from it the days and hours. Looking back at this season over the centuries of the world's history, we see ourselves the crown and glory of them all, at the apex of human greatness. That for which the dreamers yearned in the old times, when men were "girl with doubtful light," has become a reality, that for which the great of earth prayed, when ignorance and brutality reigned supreme, stands glorious and permanent in the sunlight of the smile of the Creator. The Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God are recognized as great facts all over the earth to-day.

A retrospect fills us with awe and wonder at the mighty forces, the Omnipotent Power that have led the world through fiery trials and conflicts, to the glad Present and the hill-top of Hope, from which we may view the Beulah land of the glorious future. In the immutable purpose spanning through the way and woof of human history, we see the sign of the Divine hand upon all nations. Throughout all the ages, up to this very hour when we stand upon the verge of a new year and a new epoch, man's errand has never been able to thwart that purpose, though they have made suffering a necessity in the purification of human ideals.

Our own nation has become the heir of the world's noblest heritage both in spirit and in material. Every new year has marked a stride forward of liberty under law, of culture and prosperity. But little more than a century ago, the patriots of our land looked forward to the new year with doubt and almost despair. Hosts were on every side, ready to invade and desecrate the home of freedom, which was then comprised in a narrow strip of thinly settled country on the shores of our eastern ocean. To-day the temple of liberty is a solid, well-structured edifice from ocean to ocean, and it is filled with the fairest trophies of man's endeavor. Art, science, literature and religion have been revived by the breath of the republic, which, like the Hercules of the fable, has strangled the lion of tyranny, has performed the labors deemed impossible, and reigns the ideal of government in every land, a vital force in the world, a center of impulse and aspiration.

A sunny pause to take breath, a bird's flight cannot be straitly upward, or its wings will weary, and now and again fate lays her hand upon nations that they may pause to view whence they have come and whither they go. The year just past has witnessed such a halt in our own career of material prosperity. Though financial distress was widespread, and the wheels of commerce almost idle, though the palsy of inaction seized upon our legislators, even this pause in the race has made its contribution to our national greatness. The people of our country have seen with swelling hearts the patriotism of the leaders of the masses rising above all political and personal motives and the noble charity of the favored of fortune, let us the poor and unfortunate has quickened the fraternal spirit and softened class prejudice. Public and private beneficence has reached a height never before witnessed in any country, and the narrow lines of difference have been erased or dimmed by the chastening touch of adversity.

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TWO ANGELS.

BY SUSAN MARR SPALDING.

Angel of the parting year, Winged back to Heaven thy flight, Sad the burden thou must bear From the cheer here and the light; Burden of my wasted days, Fragments of my broken hours, Dearest promises my brow Never into fruit or flowers:

Happiness I might have won, Worthy deeds I might have wrought, Wrongs I hate, but did not shun, Good I crave, but never sought; All my proud and lofty aims, Withered now to vain regret—Foolish, foolish, as the will To no noble purpose set.

Take them all, my griefs, my joys, Lay them at the Father's feet; He will search if yet there be "The cheer here and the light." He will fan my faint resolves To a purer flame and clear, Bear to Heaven my heart's desire, Angel of the parting year!

Angel of the coming year, Though thy face is veiled, I see By the glory round thee shed, Thou hast some good gift for me, Good or power, or fame, Perfect peace from toll or care? Or some sweeter, greater bliss I had never hoped to share.

Nay, I know 'tis none of these: Still I walk my narrow way; Still does lowly labor fill All the measure of my days; This the treasure thou has brought, Prized in every age and clime, Life no greater boon can crave—God's most precious gift of Time.

Time to shape my common cares Into duties high and sweet; Time to learn that patience smooths All rough ways for feet; Time to master here and there, By the wayside, love's small seed, Knowing lowly hands may oft Minister to highest need.

So may each day be a cup With life's sweetest flavors fraught; Every hour a shining pearl; Stringing a golden thread of thought; Every flower a bright flower Shedding perfume far and near, By thy grace to make it so, Angel of the coming year.

—Congregationalist

THEIR NEW YEAR'S DINNER.

The young man was sitting at the club window cogitating.

"Hello," said his friend coming in, "what are you thinking about?"

"A few good resolutions I have made for the New Year."

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Break them, I suppose."

"Why do you do that?"

"Blamed if I know. I've been in the resolution manufacturing business for years, turning out the very best brand I could, but all in vain; they won't stand the test. I wonder if it would be any use to offer a reward for a patent resolution warranted not to break?"—Detroit Free Press.

WHY HE WAS HAPPY.

Oh, see the man! Why does the man dance and look so happy? The man dances and looks so happy because his wife forgot to buy him a useless New Year's present out of his hard-earned gold. Happy man!—Judge.

New Year's Day in the Dime Museum. "A happy New Year to you," said the Living Skeleton to the Fat Woman; "and may your shadow never grow less."

"I wish you a happy New Year, too," was the reply, "and what you fall off in flesh may you make up in salary."

Wool—Having New Year's come right after Christmas is a mighty good scheme.

Miss Van Pelt—Why? Wool—Oh, it's so much easier to be good when you're broke.—Jury.

How Not to Break Resolutions. Ah, glorious resolution—Would you know how not to break it? On, friends and fellow citizens, The way is set to make it. —Detroit Free Press.

On Tim's Anxious. Fosdick—Well, the New Year arrived on time. Rickotts—Yes; right on the second. Fosdick—You are wrong. It came on the first.—Judge.

All miserable sufferers with dyspepsia can be cured by Simon's Liver Regulator.

Christmas IS GONE,

—BUT THE—

Grand Display

At Young Brothers. STILL ATTRACTS A CROWD.

Our counters are loaded with useful as well as ornamental presents.

MAGNIFICENT LINE SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.

A Perfect Line of Umbrellas.

COME AND SEE. Young Brothers.

All is Grist to the Grindstone.

Flossie—(little daughter of a newspaper woman)—Oh, mamma, Mabel and I have a lovely secret about our dolls. I'd like to tell you, only— Her Mother—Only what, Flossie? Flossie—Only I'm afraid you'd write it up.—New York Times.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, now have the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised druggist and get a Trial Bottle, Free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills Free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, Free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing. All Druggists.

An Economical Wife. He—I can't send my clothes to the tailor's every time they need a button. We must economize. Can't you sew on these suspender buttons yourself? She—Here, my dear; fasten them up with a hairpin. That will save thread, you know.—New York Weekly.

Little Johnny, on seeing a skeleton for the first time, exclaimed, "Why, but they skinned her mighty close, didn't they! She looks worse than Aunt Jane did before ma gave her that bottle of 'Favorite Prescription!'" "Aunt Jane" was so completely worn out, by prolapsus, periodical difficulties and nervous prostration, that she was a constant sufferer, night and day, but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription acted so favorably and promptly upon the uterus and other organs, that she suffers no pain at any time, and her general health was never better. As a remedy for all female weaknesses, as a strength-giving tonic and quieting nerve, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or price (\$1.00) refunded.

A Far-sighted Man. Fogg—Munnivorth was always a far-sighted man, and his ventures were almost invariably successful. Figg—But what good is he to society? He will give money for the heathen, thousands of miles away, but he never can see the suffering right at home. Fogg—I said he was a far-sighted man.—Boston Transcript.

Facts speak louder than words. Simon's Liver Regulator does cure bowel disorders.

Ladies' hats, latest styles, at Young's.

Treble and Bass.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are." In treble sweet piped little grace. "Catarra, catarra, catarra, catarra, What a horrid pest you are." Growled dear papa in lowest bass.

When papa learns this he will learn how to get rid of the pest. By its mild, healing, antiseptic, and cleansing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases. This infallible remedy does not, like the poisonous, irritating snug, "creams" and strong caustic solutions with which the public have been so long humbugged, simply palliate for a short time, or drive the disease to the lungs. It produces a perfect and permanent cure of the worst cases of Chronic Catarrh. "Cold in the head" cured with a few applications. Catarrhal Headache relieved as if by magic. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, smell or hearing, watering or weakness of the eyes, and impaired memory, when resulting from catarrh. Only 50 cents, by druggists.

No Place for Exercise. A little boy—Has you folks got a phno lamp? A second little boy—No. First little boy—What do you do when you wants to climb?—Good News.

Bunker—Don't you think that cigar is a daisy? Hill—Yes. It tastes like it.—Detroit Free Press.

Simon's Liver Regulator

The Old Friend

And the best friend, that never fails you, is Simon's Liver Regulator, (the Red Z)—that's what you hear at the mention of this excellent Liver medicine, and people should not be persuaded that anything else will do.

It is the King of Liver Medicines; is better than pills, and takes the place of Quinine and Calomel. It acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels and gives new life to the whole system. This is the medicine you want. Sold by all Druggists in Liquid, or in Powder to be taken dry or made into a tea.

BEVERLY PACKAGES Has the B. H. in red on wrapper. J. H. ZEHLAN & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.