Ghristmas Edition

South of Baltimore,

Dress Goods |

newest weaves. Prominent among these are Chevoits, Bedfard Cords, 'repon Diagonals, Camel's Hair and All-Wool and Silk Warp

Scotch Tweeds and Chev pits.

A nice line of Plaids and Stripes in sub-

made prices so low they will astonish you.

BLACK SILKS.

I carry the largest and most elegant line of Silks of any Merchant in the State, and my stock this Fall surpasses any of my pre-vious purchases. I offer the following Special Bargain:

ALL SILK round cord FAILLE FRAN ALL SILK extra fine-FAILLE FRAN-

GROS GRAIN at 99c.

CAN GROS GRAIN at \$1.25. 25 Pieces Black Silk very fine quality, worth everywhere \$1.25, I offer at 95c.

GOLORED SILKS.

Colored Silks, consisting of Surahs, China Silks, Foulards, Colored Brocades, all in the latest styles, and at prices at which the customer is surprised.

Nothing adds more to the appearance of a lady's dress than nice and suitable trimmings. I am prepared to meet the wants of the fair ones in this line. I have the nicest and most stylish line of trimmings ever shows in this market. I will not attempt ee describe them, but simply say,

"COME AND SEE."

CARPETS,

My Carpet Department occupies a large portion of the third floor and here you will see the most magnificent display of

FLOOR COVERINGS

Ever exhibited in North Carolina. They consist of Velvets; Brussels, Three Ply and Ingram Carpetings in new and handsome

Look at these Prices.

40 Pieces Velvet Carpet, regular price \$1.25 per yard at only \$1. 50 Pieces Brussels Carpet, regular price \$1 per yard at only 49c. In addition to above I offer a large lot of

Floor Oil Cloth at astonishingly low prices.

KID GLOVES.

I sm sole agent for Foster's celebrated Kid Gloves and have just received a large invoice of these goods in all styles and colors, every pair warranted.

MAIL ORDERS.

This department, under the management of a very efficient young man who will take pleasure in waiting on those living at a dissance who will drop us a postal card, stating quality and price of goods desired. From the samples thus sent out customers can make as good selections as though they were in the store. On all cash orders by mail amounting to \$5 and upwards I prepay ex; ress charges.

VISITORS

Are always welcome, and for the benefit of ladies, and especially those living at a distance, I have a nicely furnished ladies waiting room, a luxury which cannot be enjoyed in any other store in the city.

My Sincere Thanks

for the cordial support they have given big, fair baired, blue eyed Saxon husband me in my effort to build up and maintain a being petite and graceful, with a head that dry goods trade that would be a credit to sat like a lily on her slender neck, and the community. Your efforts have so far der brown eyes that were, like her bus aided me that it now requires the assist- band's, full of sorrow. She placed bersell ance of thirty-six persons to carry on the on the arm of his chair, while his aye business, and in conclusion I would ask a sought bers with an unspoken question. continuance of those favors which have! been so bountifully bestowed in the past.

FRANK THORNTON.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C. Sept. 30, 1891.-12m.

CHRISTMAS EDITION,

THE YADKIN VALLEY NEWS.

VOL. 12.

MOUNT AIRY, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1891.



enter faces became joy as they heard him eay pre ently, "I believe she can be cured; but it will take a long time, and I will only actin connection with your regular

The jobiid's look was triumphana. "Didn's I tell you so, mamma! And he must c'e Kitty too."

Then she told the gentleman of Kitty, and both the poor ould's illness had been the mee'bs of their hearing about him, and he agreed to go at once to Gunnison alley to examine Kitty, se Mr. Claus requested

"It is Christmas eve," oried Morgaret. "Tell her you came from Santa Clana, for "Tell her you came from Santa Claus, for you ready do, you know, because I am playing Santa Claus this year. But"—her voke grow very tender—"It isn't truly Banta Claus at all; it's the Christ-child, he puts it into our hearts, you see, and I want y to tell Kitty about him, will you? It bause I can't go. I don't think she's so well acquainted with him as ahe is with I anta Claus. They have the Christ-child in formany on Christmas, and I like it better than Santa Claus." 2 better than Santa Claus."

Well, "Dr. Good," as Margaret chose to

call hin though he wasn't a doctor and his nest) was plain Mr. Goodsell, went to 9 Gunni on alley and made a favorable report of litty's case also. And so touched was be y Margaret's request that be did not forg to tell his new patient about her and the tory of the Christ-child.

After se had gone another knock sur-prised the Worrella. This time a colored man cane "with Mr. Santa Claus' compli-ments, and he wasn't feelin able to get round to Gunnison alley, but would they accept these, with his best wishes and his particular love to Miss Kitty?" "These" proved to be more things than

sen be described. Edibles, of course, some withderful boys for Kitty, a soft alghan and down pillows for her bed and another burne, not at all like that the quite as sell filled.

The split of Christmas was hovering in the air that night, for in the midst of joyone gift making in richer homes, the ring ing of Christmas bells in towers and steeples and the remembrances for childhood throughout the world, some good angel fortid time to bring a dream to weary, he py Kitty. She saw-not Santa Chas-bet a beautiful child, who held out bands full to overflowing with gifts and blessings; saying, "The Christ-child sends

A year presed. It was Christmas eve again, and there was an air of expectancy noticeable in Mary and Joe Worrell as they moved about their bumble bome Kitty was top engrossed in a picture book to see it. Size set in a reclining chair-Mr. Claus and his wife had spared no pains to make her temfortable and was so interested that she hever heard the rattle of wheels. Joe left the room and went down to help if needed. There was a sound of people climbing be stairs, a vision of loveliness with gold in hair framed in the soft white of floating tenthers and downy furst then a rosy from I maid placed a child before the door and itepped to one side. Joe leaned from the other and gave a sounding knock. It was part of the plan that when it opened Kitty should see no one but Murgaret, ber friend and benefactor, who had grown able to go out and was come to see her for the

Mary three the door wide open, and, smiling, Margaret stepped forward, her hands full of packages. The figure in the thair looked up, and never noticing the alighs limp and bent back, results of the disease which time would cure, gave a

glad ory. "It is my dream, my Christmas dream," she said. "It is the Christ-child." "No. deec, it is Margaret," said Mary gently, with tears in her eyes.
"I saw it just as plain," Kitty went on, "and I never forgot how it looked. Are

you sure this is Margaret?" A merry laugh from the child berself sottled the question, and the two little friends went straight to work to got better acquainted over the contents of sundry Christmas packages.

> The Truth About It. When Uncle Sam was but a bose. One diristmas eve he hung His struling by the old fireplace.

Oh, Sirie Claus! Oh, Santa Claus That posts girls, when I'm a men.
May grow upon my farm."

And that is why old Santa Claus Today is so admired; Because Le gave our Uncle Sam The full ig he most desired.

Ton Language.



Dasheway-Well, Uncle Jasper, how ere you getting on with your Christmas din-Uncle Jasper-Fust rate, sah, Colonel Winterblosson done guv me present of a fipe fat turkey, sah. Dashaway That's strange. I just left the colonel, and he didn't say anything

THE OLD DOLL MILLINER

She sat in a great room near a large bay window busily engaged in the occupation of dressing a handsome wax doll whose smile was lost in the roses of her checks. When the old lady had trimmed the dress and made it set just as she thought it should, she held the doll off at arm's length and looked it over critically. When she was quite well satisfied with it, she touched

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a bell, and a small girl entered with a box. into this box she put the doll carefully on its back in such a way as not to muss or rumple her beautiful pink dress. Then she put on the cover and fastened it in place with a stout bit of twine and wrote

"Eva Williams, Santa Barbara, Culifor nia," at the same time saying to the girl, "Put that in the southern California

The girl disappeared with the doll under her arm, and no sooner was she out of sight than another girl popped in at the opposite end of the room and handed the old lady another doll.

"This," she said, as she looked it over.
"is a doll for a poor child. It is made of common chims—that is, the head and bust are, and the rest of her is linen and saw-dust. But it will probably make the poor girl quite as bappy as the handsome wax doll will the daughter of the rich man."

Then she dressed the doll in calico and a glugham hood, and when she was fluished and put in a box, which was addressed

Emily Lum, Watsersing, N. J., in popped amother girl, who as quickly disappeared with the instructions to put it in the New The old lady was always in excellent spirits, and appeared to take as much gonuine delight in making presents for the poor and rich ailke as many persons find in

bestowing gifts entirely upon the wealthy, and when she had dispatched the little girl with the doll to be put in the New Jersey bin she called for her books, and when they were brought she adjusted her gissees and "We have got to hurry as much as possible or we shall neglect some of our little friends. Russia has not been tenched yet

and the state of New York is in the same condition, with the exception of Callicoon and Painted Post. I am very sorry we are so far behimi, and the summer almost gone too. Come, come, don't stand around looking at each other, but hurry, harry, hurryf As the two little girls were moving away,

she continued "Dolla, dolla, dolla, hurry, hurry, hurry! Bring up ninety-nine cheap dolls and one expensive one, as there is but one wealthy girl to ninety-nine poor ones."

And off popped the little girls in great haste, and no sooner were they gone than back they came skipping with a clothes basket brimful of dolls between them. The old lady sintled pleasantly when the has ketful of dolls was deposited at her feet, and lost no time in commencing the operation of adjusting the dresses, of which she bad a great variety in every bureau drawer.



There was something miraculously swift dressed the dolls. She seemed as though under a spell of enchantment, for she sang songs and kept time with her needle, that flashed in the light as she plied it to and fro. When she had finished about the fiftieth doll in the banket, she exclaimed: "It is now August and I am so far in arrears with this work that I cannot take the time to go to dinner. Therefore, bring me a cup of strong green

tea." One of the plumpest of the little girls brought the tea as requested, and when the old lady had enjoyed a sip or two of it she was emplied to work faster than ever. Finally she dressed the inst one in the basket, and when they were all boxed and addressed, some one rang the "Say I am not able to see any one today."

The little girl backed out of the room, and then the old lady smiled a pleasant smile, while working away with renewed energy. Even when she came to a Japanese doll, which she did occasionally, she dressed it with as much skill as a Jap could have done. She never paused in her work upon the day when she reflected that it was late la August, with Russis untouched and New York in the same condition, with the exception of the towns of Callicoon and Painted Post, until an expressman called with a large load of dry goods to be converted into dolla' dresses. Then she paused long enough to examine

the goods contained in the package, and she smiled as only a woman can smile while examining silks and satins, or even

"Of course I am the leader of the fash-ions in dolls' clothing," she sollioquized with great pride, "and I must keep the dolls in such charming gowns that they will command the admiration of all lovers of-dress from Paris, France, to Paris, Ky. I pever grow tired of dressing dolls, and I eften feel thankful that I have nothing else to do and that wothing can interfere with its progress." Just then it began so rein "Suster" shouted the old lady, "run and

the dolls got their hats or dresses wet. Run nulek!" "They are all covered with oil silk!" re plied the little girl.

aext the door, are protected?" The little girl replied in the affirmative. "Then get me another pot of tea. I am way

behind now, and August is almost over, with Russia untouched and New York in with Russia untouched and New York in the same condition, with the exception of Callicon and Painted Poet. Come, nurry with the pot of green tea, for I must eatch up if I have to work all night?"

Often she will arise at 4 in the morning and go at her work and keep it up some-times must after midulable. One day a

times until after midnight. One day a little waif came to ask for something to est, and when she saw the old hely dressing the dolls she uttered an exclamation of joy. "I have often seen them in shop windows, but I never had one to my bands before," said the little waif. And when she old indy gave bur a doll all bur bunger left her, she was so happy. And then she apoke of the great number lying around. "I do nothing but dress doils all day," said the old lady pleasantly.
"You must have a very large family,"

remarked the girl innocentity.

"In one sense I bave," said the old lady,
"and I am working day and night for its
fittle members. You know sometimes on
Christmas Sauta Glans never exists at some

GOOD TIMES TO EAT! "He never called at mine yet," mur-

"Well," explained the old lady, working harder than ever, and surprising the child with the swiftness of her fingers, "when Santa Clans doesn't call at every house it is because he hasn't enough to go around."
"Is that the reason?" seked the wall.

"That is the reason," replied the old EVERYTHING IN THE LINE OF lady, "and I am doing my best to see that Santa Claus has dolls enough to go "Do you know Santa Claus?" asked the

child in wonder. "Know him?" responded the old lady pleasantly. "Why, I am Mrs. Santa Claus, and when the little girls are romping the green fields in summer I am dressing the dolls that Santa Claus distributes among

them on Christmas eve. R. K. MUNKITTHICK.



Head of Firm-You had better give the office boy a couple of dollars, Mr. Pen-

Mr. Penwiper (the bookkeeper)-I think we had better make it a New Year's gift, gram, and I don't think be will get back by Christman sir. I have just sent him out with a tele-

The Old Rural Christmas.

How many of the young people know that some forty years ago ploe-tenths of the children in America had to enjoy Christmas with only such sums as thes had saved up for months, often a penny at time! Yet so it was. Not one father in ten thought of giving a boy "Christmas noney;" the big family dinner and such fun as cost nothing was enough.

Indeed, save for candy and fire crackers, there was little to spend money for. "Bob-inson Crusce" and "Parley's Tales" were almost the only story books, though the people had some old stand bys on their shelves and the "Old Engilsh Reader" was like other poor, always with them. There were "Moral Lessons," a few, and tracts enough; but no gorgeously lettered volumes of childish song, no fairy stories shining in covers of blue, green and gold.

The story that artists for the earliest juventle books had to label their pictures "This is a borse," "This is a cow," etc., is no doubt an exaggeration, but the toys really needed in. Many allithe girl made a doll by dresding up a crook necked squash. "Rag bables" were the rule. A foll such as any chik! of parents above the grade of panpers may now have for Christmas, would then have excited the arnasement of the neighborhood, and a doll that would open and shut its eyes-well, language is lacking to set forth the furore such a wonderful creation would have ex-

It is an actual fact that the purchase of such a doll by order from Cincinpati-at a cost of two dollars-was made matter of church discussion in our town as late as 1848. "The neighbora" finally decided it was all right, as the man's little girl was an invalid and needed amusement. She certainly got it, if company was any amasement, for every child for mile around was crazy to see that doll. As for paying ten dollars for a doll, the people would have asked the court to name a guardian for the man who did it, as one unfit to manage bis own affairs. Ten doilurs would buy an acre of good timbered land in half of the country.

Wood curving was an envied accom-plishment in those days. The "bired haud" who had some skill with a jack-knife had a crowd of chikiren after him on all possible occasions; the father who could carve a buman looking figure out of walbut bark was a hero to his benilly.



Our Christmas Edition.

Warsteds, Malasson, Checks, Sugars, Coffees.

GENER'L MERCHANDISE Try us once and if we don't suit you

then don't try us again. M. A. ROBBINS & CO.,

Mount Airy, N. C.

SEND YOUR ORDERS TO

Ninety eight cents a pair for Ladies Undressed Mosquitaire Gloves, in all colors.

One Dollar and Seventy five ets. Hook Gloves, in all colors, absolute convenience. No bother to fasten.

Fur and Feather Trimmings !

Deep Fur Shoulder Capes Four Dollars each. Sold elsewhere at seven dollars.

Forty-nine cents each for Felt Hats in all the Leading Shapes and Colors, for Ladies, Misses and Children Our Trimmed Pattern Hats for \$3, \$4 and \$5 each. Worth double.

Thirty-nine cents for Ladies Undervests. Twenty-five cents for Children's Undervests in

Fifty cents each for Men's Heavy Mixed Angora Wool Shirts and

Twenty-five cents for a Ladies Corset, in all sizes, also a full line of all the Leading Makes

Ribbons, Laces, Velvets, Velveteens and Silks in all colors. Samples sent free on application.

Just received direct from Europe The Largest Stock of Toys

Ever shown in North Carolina, together with all the Novelties of the Season.

MERCHANTS are cordially. invited to give us a call or send for Price List.

Post Money Order or Registered Letter Order will reach us and receive our prompt and careful

Everything sent as advertised and Satisfaction Guaranteed.



118 to 120 Market Street, Wilmington, N. C.

THE PIEDMONT CAROLINA

East Bend, Yadkin County, N. C. Special Attention will be Given to Instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music.

The Session for 1892 will commence on Tuesday, January 5th. and Continue 4 Wooks, Closing Thursday, Feb. 2nd.

EXPENSES:

TUITION-Full Course. - -For Night Class.

For Organ, Plano, Violin or Cornet, per Lesson,

For Organ, Plano, Violin or Cornet, per Lesson,

Bet Per It Lesson,

Beard, Jest 199 11

J. R. PALL HANDSHIRE, VA.,

MAMMOTH DRY GOODS STORE Nos. 7 and 9 Hay Street,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., which is the Largest, Handsomest and Best Equipped Dry Goods House

the Largest and Most Magnificent Stock of Fall and Winter Goods ever shown in this

an unusually nice selection of the latest and mest atylish fabrics for autumn and winter wear, consisting of full lines of plain materials of the most approved colorings and

In mixtures and small effect suitings, the latestare Relief Stripes, Ziz Zag Suitings, Cheveron Mixtures, Serpentine effects and

dued and rafined combination. I also show a splendid selection of all-wool domestic Dress Goods in Plaids, Stripes and Mixtures. These goods were selected with the greatest care, and I have

ALL SILK very heavy AMERICAN ALL SILK Catchemire Snish, AMERI-

I also show a very liberal assortment of

Dress Trimmings.

At humble doors and stately gates With patient grace the Christmas waite-Let each home blossom, by returns! Wreathe bolly where the hearth fire burner In lowly guise the day foretells Its feast and cheer! Swing swift, pobelle-Ye glad, exukant Christmas belief For joyless hearts that ache and mourn, For lives with burthens overborne,

RING, CHRISTMAS BELLET

While Night in tenderness yet dwells

And slow-ye welcoming Christmas bells

Celestial hosts have brought the morn,

Immanuel, his name excels
All clse of peacel ring lond, ye balls
And long—ye joyful Christmas balls!

And polor sees and desert sonds

The sun persuades its centlest glow.

From zone to zone the story swells

In flight of song! clang on, ye bells-

And peal triumphant, Christmas bellel

That so each soul the day may knowl

Anear the dawn, ring soft, ye bells-

Glow yot afar, then heavenly gem

Within the broad eternal sky The East Sear walts to glorify

That ushers in the coming days

Each MmM, smilt, rosy ray

And hely star of Bethlehe

And unto us is Jesus born

For wanderers gone and estray, At stroke of sorrow's deathful knells, May some poace be! Ring on, kind belis-Ye gently singing Christmas belis! Let all rejoice in carolings That eanctify each one who sings; Ring out the tidings far and wide-

Hath come again, the Christohild dwells In every heart! Chime on, je bells— In prayers and praise, ye Caristmas belief Hannier Maxwell-Converse.

S. CLAUS LETTER.

BY ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS. (Copyright, 1891. All rights reserved.) IL SIMON CLAUB sat in his perfectly ap pointed Hbrary through whose windows came a flood of sunlight, increased by reflection

from dezgling snow outside. Not naked. withstanding his surroundings, donr was a sad nok in Will you ask him to come!" And he, to his blue eyes. Presently be roused himself and began opening a pile of letters that lay near. They were variously ad-dressed: "Simon Claus, Esq.," "Mr Simon Claus," "Hon. Simon Claus," and to forth.

Finally be took up one which bon in a boyish hand the words "Mr. S. Claus, Esq.," and the name of the city. The letter run thus: DEER MR. S. CLAUS-Kitty is swile bad, this is to tell you so you word bring ber a good Chrismuss. If you ould bring something that wood make her well Id like it if not bring comething she kin play with to forgit liging still. There's a man kin ours her. He presspinel people. A boy told me. he live on ward St. Im going to earn enuff to payim.

Ms. Simon Claus' preoccupation was only slightly interrupted by the quint letter, decidedly unusual in his bushess mail. "Pil see what the little woman kys about it," was his passing thought. Then he straightway forgot it, as he had the bat Just then "the little woman" came soft;

Yures truley, JOE WORRELL, 9 Gunnison aley.

"The doctors have gone," she said "They will be back this afternoon." "How le she?" the man asked. She is very ill, Simon. I believe they have to them. The family physician west up "Just the same. I wanted you to know.

to say good afternoon to his little patient. "Goodby, Dr. Montague," said Margaret. little hope. "I was cowardly to come off here," he Will you care very much if I have ansaid buskily, "but I could not bear it. Oh, ther doctor? I'm going to get a new one, and he will cure me." The parents started a her confident worth, and Mr. Clans folmy baby! My only child! If money could make you we'l!"
"We cannot depend on money now," said

the wife very sweetly and solemnly. "There is but one place to look for help." There was a short silence, and then the indy's wandering eyes caught sight of the

soiled paper lying in front of her husband.

Sing of Christmas! Averthe Song

All the story long ago was sold

Children sing to days in chorur

full the goings are fadiless in their

Still the children love to hear the

Chant they now as angels chanted

Chowling Peace on Tarthy good will

Angels sang in chong when

She took it up and read it mechanically. "That's a singular letter," he said, as he saw her reading. "I don't understand it." Her woman's wit did. He was writing to the children's patron sains of Christmas, don't you see," she said-"Santa Claus! I wonder, now I think of it, that you have never before had lettermintended for him. Probably because the dears who write them throw them into the chimney place or do not put good stamps on them. I will see to this, but

come, let us go up stairs to Margaret. And," she added, leaning over to kiss him before she rose, "let us have mighty hope and faith for the result of the consultaquisite setting for the jewel it held, the mest precions one in the wealthy marchant's possession-his only child. She lay like a flower among the rose colored

tion of their bue could bring color into the pale face lighted by large brown eyes and short gold carls. Three of her ten years had been spent in pain, which instead of making her selfish had done the very opposite, and she was eager and loving with the little services

hangings and furuishings, but no reflec-

she could render, especially to the poor whom her mother helped. "Mamma," she called, as the parants entered, "are all the things ordered for Christmas!

"Yes, darling." "How long : it till Christmas, mamma the little voice continued. "A week, Margaret." "I'm so glad it's near," she said, with a

"Here is a new person to help," the mother said, thinking to divert her. She read Joe Worrell's letter. Margaret was at once deeply interested, and began to plan what they should send to 9 Gunnison alley.
"I'm so glad I can play Santa Claus,

mamma," she said happily. "Don't you remember I used to think we were some relation to him? I wish some more letters would come. After she had decided what to send Joe and Ritty, her thoughts reverted to the

letter.

"Papa, can't I have the doctor that the boy told about?" she saked suddenly. "Why do you want him?" the father "The tellow didn't say that he was a doctor. I wouldn't think of it new, "Yes, yes," she persisted: "I want him.

soothe the child, promised.

SHE LAY LIKE A PLOWER

That afternoon the physicians pe

"Out sailing papers. He'tl come by and by. He's swful good to me and Mary. Mary's my big sister. She's out to work. Joe's going to save all the money he can to get that doctor. And I guess I'll tell you a secret," she went on. "Joe wrote to Santa Claus and saked him to bring me some thing for Christman. That isn't any harm, is it? Don't you believe be's glad to hear of little girls that want presents?" guest, greatly touched. to say they could do no more for the child. The spinal trouble must, sooner or later, end her life, for there was no remedy known

> that Margaret had sent. She could not wait until Christmas to Legin playing about it. Santa Claus. The bentgo face of a middle aged man

lowed the physician ontside to tell him how it was. "I had to promise, in order to quiet Margaret. If she forgets, I shall not emind her," he said. "She will probably not forget," replied Dr. Montague; "and my friend, if I were you, I'd do whatever she asks. Only keep

"When did you send the letter, Joo!"

me informed."



"Well, I won't," said the child patiently. "I have to go out now," continued the "It's til a for my route." They kissed each other, and then velve-year-old departed to sell evening papers, while the afflicted eight-year-old tried to go to sleep to pass away the time

until the older sister and hoad of the famfly should come. Number 9 Gunnison alley was always pheerless in cold weather, and the top floor back was especially cheerless, for Mary Worrell was out sewing every day, and had to do her own housework at night. There was little fire in the stove this afterpoon; the stove needed blacking and some sahes had fallen out over the hearth. The principal article of the scanty furniture

they had not been poor at the best, but since they had been orphans they had fallen gradually down, down in the matter of comforts, and even necessities. Soon after Jie went, Kitty heard a knock "Who's there?" she called. The visitor, no other than Mr. Simon

Class, replied: "A friend. Do Joe and

"Yes, but the key is to Mrs. Mulitar'

room at the end of the hall. I'm looked

Kitty Worrell live here!"

was the bedsteed on which Kitty had lain

Kitty couldn't remember a time when

for two years.

When Mr. Clans bad let himself in she looked up at him without fear, the excitement of a guest making her obseks flush.
"So you're keeping house alone today,"
be said. "Yes. I do every day, most, and they

"Why can't you walk?" he asked. "Weil, you see, my back sches all the time and my feet flou't go right. Once I fell, and most ever since I have had a lame back. But Joe knows some one that can "Ah, yes; I came especially to see Joe.

"Yes; I know he is," replied Kitty's When Mary Worrell returned the strap ger told ber quietly what his prraud was, reserved the needed direction and departed, first putting toto Kitty's thin hand a purse

Uncle Jasper-No, sah. He's got to count dem turkeys fust.

Bingo-Mine.

look at all the stalls, and see that pope of "Are you sa. * that Spain and Wisconsin.

Kingley-I suppose you have bought all of your wife's Christmas presents, haven't Bingo-All but one. Kingley-Which one!

J. R. SNYDER, East BESS, N. C.

to Par further Information, address,