

THE GOLD LEAF THURSDAY, DEC. 12, 1907.

CHRISTMAS ON SHIP OF ICE.

Strange Story of Skipper Shipwrecked on the Pacific.

Captain S. Hoyt, secretary of the Master and Pilot's association of Seattle, Wash., and possibly one of the most widely known seafaring men on the Pacific coast, has a fund of experiences to draw from when he wishes to while away an hour. Up in the big, pleasant rooms of the association the captain recently told the following tale:

"The approach of Christmas always reminds me of the December that I spent on an ice ship. Never heard of one? Well, they are unusual. I was master of the little brig Holly, and along about the 1st of November we were wrecked away down south of the Horn. The ship went on an ice floe and was battered all to pieces. We did manage to save some tools and food and a part of the cargo. I was put in a small boat with a crew of five. I put the crew to work to cut off a large pinnacle of the berg. Then I set them all to work with axes, and we shaped it into a graceful ship's hull. After that we hollowed it out inside, making cabins and everything like a duck's nest. We were in the water for two days and nights, and I was the only one who was not frozen. I was saved from my vessel we rigged her as a bark, side lights and everything, even going so far as to paint her and name her the Holly. She was a fine craft and floated like a duck when finally launched. We spent Christmas on board of her and had a great time. I loaded part of the wrecked Holly's cargo in her, and we then started for Callao, which was our destination.

"The ice ship sailed fine and was as good a sea boat as any in which I sailed. This was only, however, when we were down south in cold water. The nearer we got to the equator the lighter became our vessel, and I finally discovered that our ship was melting beneath us. Another two days and we were picked up and also saved the cargo. This paid for the loss of the vessel, which was also insured, so the owners came out ahead in the end."

OUTDID UNCLE SAM.

How an Old Lady Found a Person the National Postoffice Couldn't.

"The fates call and mortals obey."

The speaker was a small, precise and elegant old lady whose diminutive stature was quite forgotten by her hearers in the realization of her force and dignity. She had gone to the dead letter sale under protest and was narrating an experience which grew out of the purchase she had made. "I went to that sale not because I wanted to or when I expected to buy anything, but because I've an impertinent grandniece who hinted I was too old to be in such a crowd.

"After while the auctioneer offered a package as big as a sack of flour, and I bought it for 85 cents. Then when I brought it home I found it contained nothing but a lot of worn, threadbare clothing mended almost to death. I was just about to force it on that grandniece of mine and make her distribute it to some poor families when I found in the pocket of the coat. I've kept that letter. The writer was a young girl from down east in Massachusetts. She was sending that clothing as the only Christmas gift she could make for her brother Ben, who lived in a city in Wisconsin.

"Well, when I read that letter I just set down and cried to think that poor girl's sewing had all gone astray. I made up my mind that if the postal authorities could not find that girl's brother I could. So I did up the bundle again, put a letter outside asking the postman to return the package to me if he couldn't deliver it and then addressed the whole thing to 'Mary Burgess' Brother Ben, Wis. Would you believe that that postman at that Wisconsin town really found that poor boy and gave him the bundle? And now I've a letter from the girl in which she tells me both she and her brother are in much improved circumstances, that Ben has a fine position in a furniture factory and that they are soon to be together for good."

THE ACTOR'S CHRISTMAS.

Life on the Boards is Not All a Happy Holiday.

"I like Christmas," said an actor. "No two are ever alike in my business. Last year, for instance, the company I was with was four weeks behind in salaries, and we were simply hanging on with the hope of the big houses Christmas day pulling us out a little. We were playing one night stands and left some little town in New York state for Wheeling, W. Va., right after the performance. It was a trip that called for three changes of cars, and there were no sleepers in any of them.

"Every car on every train was loaded with holiday excursionists, and every holiday excursionist was loaded with red and brimstone. There were fights fresh every half hour, and constables met us with open arms and clubs at every station. No eating stations were honored by us, and we arrived at Wheeling at two to give a matinee performance. Our manager had two black eyes and a broken wrist, and our star had lost a new set of teeth, without that he refused to play at night.

"The report had it that we were all in jail, and there would have been no three benefit performances before we could get money enough to buy tickets to New York, but we got there. However, as I said before, Christmas days are not all alike."—Buffalo News.

A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure, and it is so thoroughly harmless and safe that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation, even to very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountain shrub, furnish the curative properties. Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It cures the cough, and heals the sore and sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract, helps to heal aching lungs. The Spaniards call this shrub which the Doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Always demand Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Sold by Thomas Bros.

Ring's Little Liver Pills wake up lazy livers, clean the system and clear the skin. Try them for biliousness and sick headache. Price 25c. Sold by Kerney-McVay Co.

QUEER CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Some of the Things Found by the British Dead Letter Office.

During the ten days preceding Christmas about 190,000 parcels are handled every twenty-four hours by British postoffice officials, or approximately 1,750,000 for the entire ten days during which the rush lasts.

The contents of many of the parcels are, to say the least, somewhat curious, says the Pictorial Magazine. A hamper of live leeches, for instance, seems a strange sort of Christmas gift. So does an artificial leg. Yet both of these were among the things found in the British postoffice. Another long coffin shaped box excited suspicion on account of the odor emanating therefrom. On opening it, however, nothing more dreadful was found than a young alligator in a dormant condition. Another evil smelling hamper was found to contain no fewer than 300 dead mice, while yet a third inclosed a defunct puppy consigned for postmortem purposes to an eminent surgeon.

Christmas presents of live animals are constantly being sent through the post notwithstanding the fact that the practice is strictly prohibited. Pigeons, rabbits, white mice, rats, ferrets, silk-worms, lizards, snakes, guinea pigs and even on one occasion a pet lamb have all been dealt with at some period or other.

No longer ago than last Christmas eve a box was intercepted containing 150 live frogs, and a short time before twelve healthy young adders were discovered in an innocent looking hamper which was supposed to contain poultry. Some of the inclosures are decidedly sarcastic. Of this class was a two foot long cane bearing the indorsement: "A Christmas present for Johnny. For Christmas application only. To be well rubbed in."

KING HEROD'S ROOSTER.

The Legend of St. Stephen, First of the Noble Army of Martyrs.

Ever since the first Christmas eve the cock has crowed all night long on the anniversary to keep away evil spirits, for the cock is a holy bird and a knowing one. There is a pleasant tale of him and St. Stephen, the first martyr, whose day is Dec. 26, close by his dear Lord.

St. Stephen was King Herod's steward, it seems, who served him in the kitchen and at table. One night as he was bringing in the board's head for his master's dinner he saw the star shining over Bethlehem. Immediately he set down the huge platter and exclaimed:

"No longer, Herod, will I be thy servant, for a greater King than thou is born."

"What aileth thee?" cried the king wrathfully. "Do you lack meat or drink that you would desert my service for another's?"

"Nay," answered Stephen; "I lack neither meat nor drink, but the child that is born this night is greater than all of us, and him only will I serve."

"That is as true," quoth Herod, smiling the table with the star, and a roast cock on the platter shall crow before us."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the cock stretched his neck and crowed lustily, "Christus natus est!" In this proof that Stephen's words were true, Herod was so angry that he made his soldiers take Stephen outside the walls of Jerusalem and stone him to death. And this is the reason why unto this day St. Stephen is the patron of stonecutters.—Abbie Farwell Brown in Lippincott's Magazine.

THE NEWSBOYS' PIE.

It Took Men Who Looked Like Bingham to Find It.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Two hundred and fifty pairs of little feet, keeping step, are marching to dinner in the New York newsboys' lodging house. Five hundred pairs more are restlessly awaiting their turn upstairs. In prison, hospital and almshouse the great city is host and gives of her plenty. Here an unknown friend has spread a generous repast for the waifs who all the rest of the day shift for themselves as best they can—turkey, coffee and pie, with vegetables to fill in. As the file of eagle eyed youngsters passes down the long tables there are swift movements of grimy hands and swift waists bulge, ragged coats sag at the pockets. Hardly is the file seated when the plant rises: "I ain't got no pie! It got swiped on me!" Seven despoiled ones hold up their hands.

The superintendent laughs—it is Christmas eve. He taps one tentatively on the bulging shirt. "What have you here, my lad?"

"Me pie," responds he, with an innocent look. "I was scart it would get stole."

A little fellow who has been eying one of the visitors attentively takes his knife out of his mouth and points it at him with conviction.

"I know you," he pipes. "You're a p'lice commissioner. I seen yer picture in the papers. You're Bingham!"

The clatter of knives and forks ceases suddenly. Seven pipes creep stealthily over the edge of the table and are replaced on as many plates. The visitors laugh. It was a case of mistaken identity.—Century.

Where Bells Ring Underground. Near Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, England, there is a valley said to have been visited by an earthquake several hundreds of years ago, and it is now usual on Christmas morning for old men and women to tell their children and young friends to go to the valley, stoop down and hear the bells ringing merrily in the ruins of the church under the ground.—Tit-Bits.

An English Superstition. The most popular superstition in many parts of England is that every remnant of Christmas decoration must be removed before Candlemas day. Should a sprig of holly or other evergreen be left in any house one of its occupants will die within the year.

Whenever you feel that your stomach has gone a little wrong, or when you feel that it is not in good order as is evidenced by mean headaches, nervousness, bad breath, and belching, take something at times, and especially after your meals until relief is afforded. There is nothing better offered the public today for stomach troubles, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc., than KODOL. This is a scientific preparation of natural digests combined with vegetable acids and it contains the same juices found in every healthy stomach. KODOL is guaranteed to give relief. It is pleasant to take; it will make you feel fine by digesting what you eat. Sold at Parker's Two Drug Stores.

RINGS DYSPEPSIA TABLETS. Relieves Indigestion and Stomach Troubles.

Miss Ackermann's Christmas.

By Mrs. MOSES P. HANDY.

MISS ACKERMANN opened her eyes to the sunshine with a startled feeling of having a present brought her. She closed them again at the sound of the chimes from the church around the corner, for it was Christmas day, the one day, barring Sundays, in the year which she could really and truly call her own. She was that overworked individual, a popular dressmaker, going out by the day, and she sometimes wished, with E. P. Roe's old doctor, that people would send for somebody else sometimes and let her rest. On the last Fourth of July she had been in the country sewing her dear life in order to finish a belated bridal trousseau, and on Thanksgiving she had worked until dark to accommodate a customer who wished to outshine her sisters-in-law at a family gathering at the house of her husband's father, but on Christmas day not even the most exacting customer could send her away.

Really, Miss Ackermann told herself, she had no business to be low spirited; she was a very fortunate person; think how many people were staying for lack of work, and all that, she concluded vaguely as she finished her breakfast. The tea, which she made in her room, heating the water on a small gas stove, was excellent. She was fidgety

about tea, and she felt better after drinking it. Altogether she was in quite a cheerful mood when the little daughter of her landlord came to wish her a merry Christmas and bring an invitation from her mother for Christmas dinner with them. Dinner would be at half past 2. Miss Ackermann thanked them very much and would dine with them with pleasure. Then she gave the little girl the present she had ready for her, a stylish young lady doll dressed in the latest fashion, with coat and hat complete, a gift which made his recipient radiant, and sent her off to exhibit it at once.

The sermon "God's Christmas Gifts," from the text "Walk upon the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thy heart," made her honest neighbor the desire of her heart seemed so exceedingly far off. Miss Ackermann was not one of those who forget, hard as she had tried not to remember. She found her thought straying back ten years to the seaside, to her old home and Jack. Their parting was a bitter one. Her father and mother lived in the little fishing town and took boarders in the season. His father was the farmer who supplied them with vegetables and fruit. Jack drove the wagon which brought the daily supply to the cottages. They would have known each other in any case, but the morning interviews over lettuce and strawberries, melons and tomatoes brought them closer together.

Every one approved of their engagement, but the day was set, when a great misfortune happened—her mother and oldest sister were killed in a buggy which they were driving by a train at a railroad crossing. This was bad enough surely, but "troubles hunt in couples," and the blow seemed to affect her father's mind. He became almost childish, took to his bed and would have no one but her wait upon him. To complete the rod of disaster her brother suddenly brought home as his wife a girl whom none of his friends would have chosen, and the old man would not let his daughter-in-law come near him. To tell the truth, she had no desire to help Miss Ackermann for a step up and said plainly that she did not mean to slave to please anybody.

"You see how it is, Jack," Miss Ackermann said, with streaming eyes. "I cannot leave my father, even for you."

"Bring him to our house with you," replied Jack. "There is plenty of room, and father and mother won't mind."

"No, Jack; think ever so much, but that wouldn't do any good. Father wouldn't be satisfied. Besides, he takes up so much of my time that I couldn't do any duty by you." And Jack had to submit with the best grace he could muster.

Unfortunately he consulted the doctor who attended Mr. Ackermann as to the probable duration of the old man's illness.

The doctor assured him that the trouble was chiefly hypochondria, and that he might live for years in the same state or might possibly recover so suddenly as he had collapsed. At all events the patient was in no immediate danger.

The inquiry would have done no harm had it not been that the doctor had a talking wife, to whom he told everything, so before long the whole neighborhood was saying that Jack Halston had been asking how long old man Ackermann could live. Of course the story came to Miss Ackermann's ears, for her intense indignation and still greater grief. Jack could not deny it in toto, and short of positive denial she would listen to no explanation. There was a quarrel, a broken engage-

ment, and Jack Halston went west, leaving his sweetheart with aigh broken heart, with only duty to console her, and sometimes duty is the best consolation one can have.

If he had been less impatient there would have been no trouble. Dr. Bland did not understand the effect which a broken heart sometimes produces upon the body. Mr. Ackermann died before the winter was over. Jack Halston came home as soon as he heard the news, but Miss Ackermann had gone to the city with a cousin of her mother and was obdurate. Her filial affection found satisfaction in refusing to forgive the lover who had deserted her father's death. She would not even see him, and so the affair ended.

Well, it was too late now, and she was a fool to be dreaming of it. The sermon was ended, and the music of the organ roused her to the consciousness of things present and to come. She took part with the congregation in the rest of the service and then hurried home to make a hasty toilet for dinner.

There was only a quiet family gathering. The fiancé of the oldest daughter, a traveling salesman in the employ of a wholesale house, was the life of the party. He was considered a very bright young man and a good talker. He was at his best today and kept all the guests with attention. He had to travel, so that Miss Ackermann had only to listen to a semblance of interest.

"By the way, Miss Ackermann," he said presently, "I met an old friend of yours on this last trip. Halston was the name—J. W. Halston. It was in Idaho, Boise City. He is doing well in mines out there and is quite chummy with one of my best customers, who has some money in his business. The two were together at my rooms in the hotel, and he saw Miss M. in the picture on the wall, which she had brought to keep me out of temptation—guardian angel business, you know, Miss— and he saw it. You know people say you two look alike, and the likeness comes out strong in that photo. It struck him all of a heap. 'Excuse me,' he said, 'I will give you my whole fortune, that is, I'll look you up, just like some one I knew ten years ago.'"

"Certainly," said I. "That is my best girl. She is thought very much like a lady who lives in the same house, Miss Ackermann, from New Jersey. Well, it turns out to be the very same. He asked lots of questions about you, especially whether you were married. I gave you a good character, and I guess you'll be hearing from him before long. Ross says he is a bachelor."

Miss Ackermann controlled herself sufficiently to smile. "Thank you, we were friends and neighbors when I was a girl," she replied, and in a moment more they were all laughing at a comical anecdote which the drummer was telling in his best style. It was alone in the world.

Really, Miss Ackermann told herself, she had no business to be low spirited; she was a very fortunate person; think how many people were staying for lack of work, and all that, she concluded vaguely as she finished her breakfast. The tea, which she made in her room, heating the water on a small gas stove, was excellent. She was fidgety

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STOMACH IS SEAT OF HUMAN LIFE

New Theory Advanced by Young Man Is Spreading Over Entire Country.

L. T. Cooper's theory concerning the human stomach, which he claims to prove with his new medicine, is being given more respect and comment every day.

Cooper claims that 90 per cent. of all ill health is due to stomach trouble. When interviewed about his theory recently, he said: "Stomach trouble is the great curse of the 20th century, so far as the civilized races are concerned. Practically all of the chronic ill health of this generation is caused by abnormal stomachic conditions. In earlier days, when the human race was closer to nature, and men and women worked all day out of doors, digging, hoeing, and plowing, the stomach was not so tired, groggy, half-sick people that are now so common, did not exist."

"To be sure, there was sickness in those days, but it was of a virulent character, and only temporary. There was none of this half-sick condition all the time with which so many are afflicted nowadays."

"I know positively that every bit of this chronic ill health is caused by stomach trouble. The human stomach in civilized people today is degenerate. It lacks tone and strength. This weakness has gradually come through a century of idleness. I further know that few people can be sick with the digestive apparatus in perfect shape. The sole reason for my success is be-

cause my New Discovery medicine tones the stomach up to required strength in about six weeks' time. That is why I have had more people come and thank me wherever I have gone to introduce my medicine, than I have had time to talk with."

Among the immense numbers of people who are now strong believers in Cooper's theory and medicine is Mrs. M. E. Delano, a prominent resident of the suburb of Brookline, Boston, Mass. She says: "For several years I was broken in health, caused primarily by stomach and nerve troubles. I gradually became worse, until recently I was compelled to go without solid food for days at a time. I had severe stomach palpitation of the nerves of stomach and heart, dyspepsia, and extreme nervousness. I suffered terribly with insomnia, and my liver, bowels, and whole system gradually became deranged. I felt instant relief the first day I began this Cooper medicine. I now feel like a new being. Today I walked all over town, shopping—something I have not done for years. I make this statement wholly from a sense of duty. I feel I owe it to anyone who might find relief and renewed happiness as I have done."

The record made by the Cooper medicine is astonishing. We will take pleasure in discussing it with anyone who wishes to know about them. —Melville Dorsey.

THE CHILDREN LIKE IT KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

A Real Wonderland. South Dakota, with its rich silver mines, bonanza farms, wide ranges and strange natural formations, is a veritable wonderland. At Mount City, in the home of Mrs. E. B. Clapp, a wonderful case of healing has lately occurred. Her son, named near death with lung and throat trouble. "Exhausting coughing spells occurred every five minutes," writes Mrs. Clapp, "when I began giving Dr. King's New Discovery, the great medicine, that saved his life and completely cured him." Guaranteed for coughs and colds, throat and lung troubles, by Dr. King's New Discovery. 50c. and \$1.00. M'ville, Mo. Drugist, 50c.

Canada's Christmas Stamp. The Only Known Postal Memorial of the December Holiday. Stamp collectors say that the greatest Christmas gift ever made was a postage stamp of the value of 2 cents. On Christmas, 1898, Great Britain presented to all her thirty-seven colonies a Christmas gift in the form of two cent letter postage in place of the rate of 5 cents, which for decades had existed.

In honor of this event Canada placed on sale on Christmas morning, 1898, a Christmas postage stamp, the only stamp of the kind ever issued by any country. In many respects it is unique among all postage stamps.

It was larger than our Columbian stamps, it showed a map of the world with the possessions of the British empire printed in bright scarlet. The oceans appeared in a bluish green, and the frame of the design in black.

Across the top was the inscription "Canada Postage," with a crown resting on a laurel wreath, flanked in the words. At the extreme lower part of the design is the declaration, "We hold a vast empire that has been," above this, "Xmas, 1898," and a figure "2" in each lower corner.

It is worthy of note that this Canadian stamp was printed by a bank note company in the United States. It marked a new epoch in stamp production, having three colors. Bicolored stamps are not uncommon, but up to that time no country had ever attempted a three color stamp.

This Christmas stamp was probably the most expensive ever issued, costing the Canadian government four times as much as the ordinary single color stamp. Although issued on Christmas, the stamp's availability for postage uses is unlimited.—New York Herald.

Henry Perry, Insurance. A strong line of both LIFE and FIRE COMPANIES represented. Policies issued and risks placed on the best advantage. Office: : : : In Court House.

BUCK'S STOVES & RANGES THE PEACE MAKER. Do you want to own the most beautiful stove in all the world? Then buy one bearing this trademark. For parlor, kitchen, store, office hotel laundry—there are one thousand styles and sizes to choose from. And a single dollar a week will pay for your choice. DANIEL & CO. The Buck's Store where you can get Anything in Hardware

LOANS! Now is the time to let your money be in circulation. Don't hold it like the miser. We guarantee you 6 per cent. interest for every dollar invested with us. For further information call on R. S. MCCOIN, Secretary and Treasurer. HENDERSON LOAN & REAL ESTATE CO.

Watkins Hardware Company. Retailers of Quality and Price. Beautiful line Coal and Wood Heating Stoves. Variety of Oil Heaters and Oil Cooking Stoves. Ranges and Cooking Stoves on exhibit. Azurelite and Limonite Tinware. Silverware and Table Cutlery. Everything in fact to be found in a modern well stocked Hardware establishment. Call and look for yourself.

If you buy a Corbitt Buggy at 25 cents a lb. THE CORBITT BUGGY CO., HENDERSON, N. C.

WHY DO YOU USE KEROSENE AND SMOKE YOUR CEILINGS, CURTAINS AND WALLS? See us and we will convince you that ELECTRIC LIGHTS are better and frequently cheaper. HENDERSON LIGHTING & POWER CO. Telephones—Nos. 6, 21, and 48.