

MARION PROGRESS.

Formerly McDowell Democrat

VOL. XIV.

MARION, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1909.

NO. 31.

PROFESSIONAL

W. T. MORGAN
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
First National Bank Bldg.
MARION, N. C.

DR. E. J. EVANS,
DENTIST
MARION, N. C.
Rooms 1, 2 and 3, Poteet Building
V. O. Fort second and fourth
Mondays

T. A. MORPHEW
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Over Merchant's & Farmers' Bank.

DR. J. GILLESPIE REID,
DENTIST
Will answer calls at any
hour of the night.
Rooms 3, 4 and 5
First National Bank Building,
Marion, N. C.

SINCLAIR & McBRAYER
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Prompt Attention Given All
Business Intrusted to Their
Care.

DR. W. M. FLEMING
DENTIST
OFFICE IN STREETMAN
BUILDING.

C. E. HOUSE
Surveyor and Draughtsman
MAKE OR COPY MAPS
BLUEPRINTS AND ABSTRACTS A
SPECIALTY.

L. C. GONEKE, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon
OFFICES IN
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
ON FIRST FLOOR

McCall Bros.
UNDERTAKERS
Coffins and Burial Supplies
Any business intrusted
to our care will receive
prompt and careful at-
tention.

Over McCall & Conley's Furniture Store.

Stop!
Look!
Listen!
No danger ahead if you will
remember that I am headquar-
ters for stove pipe and elbows,
and in work of all kinds.
First class plumbing and
plumbing goods of all kinds,
and at prices that defy compe-
tition. All you have to do is
stop at my shop, look at my
goods and listen to my prices
and be convinced that I can
save you money on anything
in my line.
Yours to Please,
L. W. Huffman

A CHRISTMAS BILL.

Dot Was Very Much Worried as to How It Was to Be Paid.

By MARY A. BOWERS.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Asso-
ciation.)

"Two dollars a visit!" cried Dot in dismay, forgetting entirely that she had come to look for a spoon of No. 40 in mamma's drawer, and opening her brown eyes wider and wider as she read the heading of an old bill of Dr. Cogswell's.

"Two dollars a visit!" she repeated. "Oh, why doesn't Donnie get well? And where is all the money to come from?" she asked herself sadly. "We will get very poor," continued Dot, shaking her little brown head slowly over the bill. After thinking awhile she slipped the paper in her pocket and went downstairs.

Mamma and Sister Margie were sewing. Dot went quietly to Mrs. Ledyard and whispered:

"We'll feel very poor afterward, won't we, mamma?"

Mamma smiled a sad smile. Dot thought as she replied: "You're better at guessing than we supposed. Now, why don't you take your trimming, little daughter, and go into the library? There's a nice fire on the hearth, and you can work away like a bee. We'll need it soon, you know," added mamma, for Dot was rather inclined to dream when she was alone.

"We'll need it soon," repeated Dot as she climbed up in the big library chair. "We'll need it soon. Oh, why didn't they tell me? Why did they leave me to find it out for myself? I might have worked yards and yards by this time and sold them for ever so much, but I supposed it was just to give me something to do, and I've sometimes not done more than one scallap in a whole afternoon," confessed Dot as she made her little ivory needle fly in and out of her work, as if any one could ever make up for time wasted.

Tom went into the barn to clean his gun. "I'll ask him," she decided as she put her work hurriedly in a little silk

handkerchief and started with it for the barn. "He won't tease me when he knows how badly I feel!"

It was a very sad little face that peered in at the barn door.

"Hello!" was Tom's greeting. "Been crying?"

"Yes," admitted Dot in a voice that could leave no doubt of it.

"What's up?" asked Tom as he rubbed away at his gun. "Want any help?"

"Oh, yes, Tom. That's just what I've come for. Won't you talk real sober with me?"

"Nary a smile from me," said Tom. Then, glancing sidelong at the little face in the doorway, he added:

"Come in and state your case. Here's a seat on the hay," as he lifted her gently upon a pile he had just brought down for the horses. "There! Are you cold?"

"Not a bit," said Dot.

"All right, then. Go ahead," said Tom cheerfully.

"Well, you know, Tom," began Dot in her sweet, timid voice, "there's a secret in there," pointing toward the house, "and I never found it out till this morning."

"So you found it out, did you? Well, I told 'em you would."

"I wouldn't but for the bill."

"You wouldn't what?" asked Tom, who was rubbing away again.

"I'll tell you about that afterward. When I went into the sitting room mamma and Margie were sewing."

"That certainly didn't surprise you!" laughed Tom.

"Oh, Tom! How can you make fun of it all? Mamma looked just ready to cry, and—oh, oh, oh! What can we ever do about it?" as she threw herself face downward on the hay and sobbed as though her little heart would break, while Tom stood by in speechless astonishment.

"Does she know after all?" he asked himself. "I mustn't forget my promise to mother, but I must give the child some comfort." He thought as he went over to the little blue cloak on the hay.

"Come, Dot," said he tenderly.

"Don't cry. You haven't told me yet what the matter is. Now, well, sit right up here while you tell Tom all about it."

After awhile Dot managed to say "Does Dr. Cogswell charge people who are ill \$2 every time he goes to see them?"

"Something like that, I believe," answered Tom wonderingly.

"It's exactly that," said Dot, feeling for the bill. "Oh, Tom, we must owe him hundreds of dollars!"

There was a queer look in Tom's eyes.

"I suppose we do," he said. "But have we got the money to pay him?" questioned Dot, the brown eyes swimming again.

"No, I don't believe we have."

"Then what are we going to do?" said Dot, with another sob.

"There, Dot," said Tom soothingly. "Don't be so foolish as to cry. It's all coming out right. I can't tell you just now, but take my word for it!"

"Tom," called Mrs. Ledyard, "they're all waiting for you."

"The boys have come, Dot," said Tom, giving her a hasty kiss. "Now remember not to worry. It's coming out all right."

Dot sat a long time on the hay. "Tom always thinks everything's going to come out all right," she said, determined to be miserable. "He doesn't know anything about money. Margie says so, and I know myself he doesn't."

She thought of the \$2 he had given her last week, and then when she thought of the bill he'd forgotten all about it and said I must have dreamed it.

"He's gone off now to sleigh ride and doesn't care how hard we're all working," and the little needle flew faster than ever. "I just know he thinks Dr. Cogswell isn't going to charge, but he is, for here's one bill, and he's probably got another all ready."

"He could just as well not charge," she went on. "For Edith Olicott told me he was ever and ever so rich and that he's got a house in the city even prettier than this. But how could one be so rich?" she wondered. "How could any room be lovelier than the one Mrs. Crane took Edith and me into the other day, the little one with the window looking on the lake, and the little bed with curtains and everything blue, carpet and all? Dr. Cogswell calls it his little sister's room, and she's coming in the spring."

The little fingers never did better work than that day, for "mamma wouldn't have told me they needed it if they didn't," Dot kept assuring herself. "Tom just wanted to comfort me. He doesn't know how hard they are working and crying."

That night Dot added to her prayer the words, "O God, please don't let it be more than we can pay."

"Let what?" asked mamma as she tucked her in bed.

"The doctor's bill," whispered Dot, her arms very tight about Mrs. Ledyard's neck.

Mrs. Ledyard smiled. She thought Dot was half asleep, so she tipped quietly downstairs to the library and there found Tom telling Margie about Dot's trouble.

The young doctor must have been there, too, or heard of it in some way, for he happened in the next morning right after breakfast, and the first thing he said was:

"I'm going to have my bill settled today, little Miss Dot," as with quite a grave face he took out a memorandum.

"Let me see," he mused. "I began coming in May. Two visits a day till—why it's nearly Christmas, isn't it? Now, how much should you think it would come to?"

"Hundreds!" said poor little Dot faintly.

"We want to be businesslike," said Dr. Cogswell. "Suppose you get your slate and figure it."

Dot ran. "He isn't going to let us off a penny," she moaned.

"Now, let's do a little sum in arithmetic," said the doctor. "What does M. stand for?"

"One thousand," said staggered little Dot, pushing the crocheted work way down in her pocket.

"Very good," said the doctor. "Now, what does C. stand for?"

ELEVEN DEAD IN SOUTHERN WRECK

Southern Railway Train Plunges Down Embankment.

HAPPENED THURSDAY

Train No. 11 Jumped Track Owing to Broken Rail. Cars Plunged From Reedy Fork Trestle.

List of Dead and Injured—Geo. Gould on Train.

By Associated Press.

Reidsville, N. C., Dec. 23.—Before most of the passengers in two sleeping cars had been awakened, and while the occupants of two passenger coaches were beginning to stir after a night's ride, the four rear cars of train No. 11 of the Southern railway, were derailed down a 50-foot embankment, from Reedy Fork trestle, ten miles from here and 12 miles north of Greensboro, killing ten men and injuring 35 other passengers, early today.

The cars that left the track landed in a creek which flowed beneath the trestle. The wildest scene of panic prevailed, as the sleeping passengers attempted to escape from the cars amid the scenes of death.

Among those reported killed were:

LIST OF DEAD.
John A. Broadnax, of Greensboro, N. C.

V. E. Halcomb, a lawyer, of Mount Airy, N. C.

Edward Sexton, of Bertie, N. C.

Frank W. Kilby, formerly of Portsmouth, Va., present address unknown.

A. P. Stone, superintendent of the Richmond Division, Chesapeake and Ohio railway.

D. C. Lolan, conductor of one of the Pullman cars.

H. C. White, traveling agent for the Southern railway.

A flagman, name not ascertained. The names of the other two reported killed are unknown.

LIST OF INJURED.
George W. Gould, the New York millionaire, and his son were passengers in one of the sleeping cars bound from Norfolk to Danville, N. C. Both were slightly injured.

The wrecked train was operated locally between Richmond and Atlanta, and carried sleepers from Richmond to Charlotte and from Norfolk to Charlotte.

At the Reedy Fork creek trestle after the engine and the mail and three baggage cars had passed over the trestle in safety, the two coaches and two sleepers were derailed from some defect not yet ascertained.

The injured passengers and trainmen were taken to St. Leo's hospital, Greensboro, N. C., where they were cared for.

Flagnat Bagby, of Richmond, was probably fatally injured, while Conductor G. H. Coble, of Richmond, was slightly injured and had a narrow escape from drowning.

LIST OF INJURED.
The following is a list of the injured, carried to the hospital at Greensboro:

W. T. Carter, of Danville.

Richard A. Dobie, of Norfolk, father of Richard Dobie, who was today married to Miss Gilman, of Concord, N. C.

C. S. Candler, general agent Southern.

G. B. Wagner, of Danville.

Thomas B. Chalen, Richmond.

H. L. Wood, Norfolk.

STICK TO THE FARM

Saving Rural South to the White Race.

MONEY IN FARMING

Interesting Article from the Progressive Farmer, White South, No. 12, 1909.

By Associated Press.

Washington, Dec. 23.—The Progressive Farmer, White South, No. 12, 1909, is a most interesting and valuable publication for the farmer.

It is a weekly paper published by the Farmers' Union of America, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

The paper is published in English and Spanish, and is one of the best papers published in the South.

Build Your Home

The Money you Pay for Rent in a few years would Build you a Good Home

Hay Oats Corn and Feed Stuffs

BUFFALO & HEWITT

NEAR DEPOT PHONE 127

Christmas is Mighty Near

Newest and Finest Jewelry

J. FRED SPRAGUE

JEWELER and OPTICIAN
MARION, N. C.

Call on the Normal School

Special Course for Teachers

R. I. MADISON, Principal
CULLOWHEE Jackson County, N. C.

YOUR BUSINESS

No One Knows Your Business So Well As You Do Yourself

A Careful, Conservative, Legitimate Banking Business Conducted.

The First National Bank

W. A. LINDSEY, President
J. W. WHITE, Cashier

No one should be without A Checking Account

It is not only good business but SAFE, as your canceled checks from the bank will save you from paying a bill the second time. DO IT NOW!

THE MERCHANT'S AND FARMER'S BANK

MARION, N. C.
T. F. WHEELOCK, President
Geo. W. CROSBY, Cashier

(Continued on sixth page)

(Continued on sixth page)