



**When Croup Threatens**

Quick relief of baby's croup often forestalls a serious situation when this dreaded disease comes in the late hours of night.



**BRAME'S VAPOMENTHIA SALVE**  
WILL NOT STAIN THE CLOTHES

Mothers should keep a jar of Brame's Vapomenthia Salve convenient. When Croup threatens, this delightful salve rubbed well into baby's throat, chest and under the arms, will relieve the choking, break congestion, and promote restful sleep. Taken the place of nauseating drugs.

Used extensively by physicians in combating croup, colds, pneumonia, etc. In children as well as grown-ups.

30c. 60c and \$1.20 at all drug stores or sent prepaid by

**Brame Drug Company**  
N. Wilkesboro, N. C.

**CLEANING and Pressing**

We make old suits look like new ones. And we are equipped to do all kinds of repair work, cleaning and pressing in exceptionally short time and at astonishingly low prices.



Let us tell you how little it will cost you to put those old clothes in good condition before you decide to throw them away.

Why not keep one suit here, so that you can drop in any time and always have a suit that's nicely cleaned and pressed and ready to wear.

**City Pressing Club**

M. F. BURGIN & BRO., Props.  
Phone 82 Kirby Block Court St

**Certificate of Dissolution.**

State of North Carolina, Department of State.

To All to Whom These Presents May Come—Greeting:

Whereas, it appears to my satisfaction, by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution thereof by the unanimous consent of all the stockholders, deposited in my office, that the East Marion Realty Company, a corporation of this State, whose principal office is situated in the town of Marion, County of McDowell, State of North Carolina, (Ferdinand Powell being the agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whom process may be served), has complied with the requirements of Chapter 31, Revisal of 1903, entitled "Corporations," preliminary to the issuing of this Certificate of Dissolution.

Now, therefore, I, J. Bryan Grimes, Secretary of State of the State of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the said corporation did, on the 8th day of December, 1919, file in my office a duly executed and attested consent in writing to the dissolution of said corporation, executed by all the stockholders thereof, which said consent and the record of the proceedings aforesaid are now on file in my said office as provided by law.

In testimony whereof, I have hereto set my hand and affixed my official seal at Raleigh, the 8th day of December, A. D. 1919.

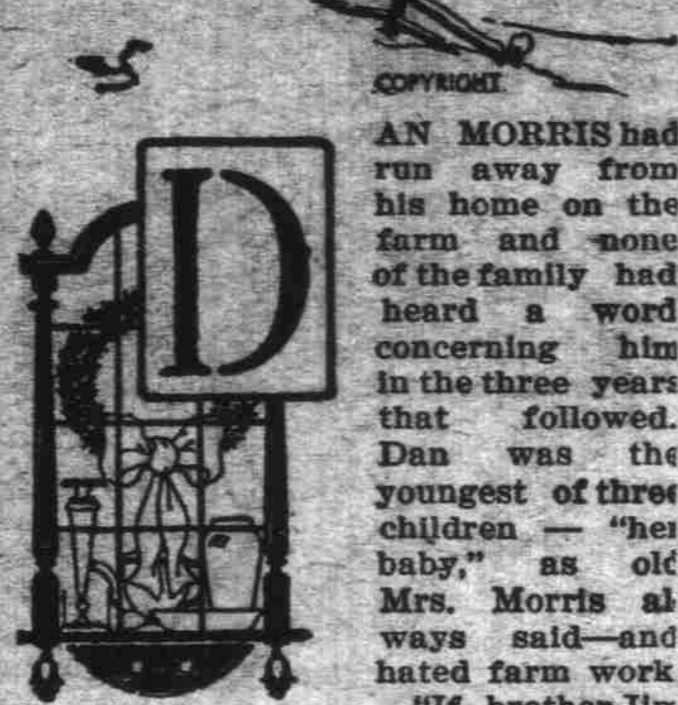
J. BRYAN GRIMES,  
Secretary of State.

**I BUY AND SELL Liberty Bonds OF ALL ISSUES.**

Prices upon application.  
**K. A. KIRBY**  
Marion Pharmacy.

Subscribe to THE PROGRESS.

**A CHRISTMAS for SANTA**



**D**AN MORRIS had run away from his home on the farm and none of the family had heard a word concerning him in the three years that followed. Dan was the youngest of three children — "his baby," as old Mrs. Morris always said—and hated farm work.

"If brother Jim likes it, let him do it," he had told the family defiantly. "I'm going to some big city where a fellow has some chance to see life and make his fortune. I'm through with haying all day long in the scorching sun, milking cows and feeding hogs, and then having to sit in the dark on the porch listening to nothing but frogs and katydids until you have to go to bed if you want to get up in time to do it all over again next day. I'm through. I tell you!"

The family had tried to reason with Dan, but it was of no use. One morning they found him gone, leaving only the briefest note of good-by to his mother. And now the third Christmas since his going had come and the family itself was going in to the big city to spend holidays with Julia, who had married and lived there.

Ordinarily Julia and her husband, with little Bobbie, came out to the farm visiting the old folks and brother Jim at Christmas, but this year Julia had a new baby, scarce four months old, and hadn't felt equal to the trip. So father and sweet-faced mother Morris—their hair already white and with the years' anxiety for their missing Dan reflected in wrinkled faces—packed up all sorts of home-made eatables in baskets and had sun-burned brother Jim take them for the first time to the big city.

It was a bewildering adventure to those simple souls; each incident of the journey and novel sight after arrival was a never-to-be forgotten experience. Fred, Julia's brisk and



"I'm Bobbie Wallace," hearty husband, welcomed them at the station and thrilled them with a ride out to their daughter's apartment on the elevated railway. It was a joyous reunion, but—as mother said with a sudden break in her voice—"It can't be as if my baby, our Dan were here with us too."

"There, there, mother," said father Morris, patting her quivering shoulder consolingly. "You mustn't think about Dan just now. He'll return to us some day when he's become rich and famous. Just look here, Julia—and you too, Fred!—all the mouth-watering stuff that Ma's brought you from the farm. Home-churned, uncolored butter rolls those are! And here! three stuffed six-pound turkeys that were gobble-gobbling around the barns not many days ago. Hey, little Bob! Do you see those pots of jam and spiced watermelon pickles? An' here are the Christmas presents all wrapped and tied ready for the tree, but not to be opened by anybody

until Christmas morning. Here's—why, mother! You've got one parcel here marked wrong! It has Dan's name on it!"

Mother Morris dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Please, don't laugh at me, children," she said sadly. "It's my Dan's Christmas as much as it is that for any the rest of us, and I—I was hoping that maybe we'd find him here in the city now that we've come here ourselves."

It was pathetically absurd, that barren little hope of the bereaved old mother, but none of them even let her see them smile at it.

The afternoon before Christmas Julia persuaded her husband to take little Bobbie downtown so that he could not surprise her trimming the tree. Brother Jim and the old folks went along.

Little Bobbie naturally was most of all interested in the toy departments and hardly could be made leave hold some of the playthings he most fancied.

"Oh see, daddy! A horse that rocks, with a mane and bridle and ever'thing!... And oh, grandma! lookit! lookit! There's a real live Santa Claus talking to those other little boys and girls!"

It was indeed. The big store had hired a rather shabby-looking young man that week, who for \$15 was supposed to sit at the door of an imitation snow house and solemnly encourage visiting youngsters to tell him their fondest wants in the line of presents. Little Bobbie was impatiently waiting in line, holding fast with one chubby fist to his father's hand, in no time. Mother and father Morris, and big brother Jim watched and waited smilingly for them on the edge of the crowd.

"Well, my little man, what is your name?" asked the scarlet-coated and long white-whiskered Santa Claus in a tired, husky voice when Bobbie's turn finally came.

"I'm Bobbie Wallace, dear Mr. Santa Claus, and I live at 5601 Byrne street," the boy chirruped at him, round-eyed and devoutly believing in the identity of Santa. "My mamma's name is Julia Wallace and I've got a little baby sister now, too."

The long-whiskered Santa patted his head in perfunctory weariness.

"And what do you most want me to put in your stocking this Christmas Eve, Bobbie?" he asked with a side-long glance at the tolerantly smiling father.

"We—er—er," drawled Bobbie uncertainly, "there are lots and lots of things I want awful, awful much, Mister Santa Claus, but I heard my mamma say this morning that it's ever so much nicer to wish for things for those that love you than for yourself. So I—I guess, I ought to ask you to keep my poor old grandma Morris, who's got white hair now, from worrying and crying any more over her boy Dan. You see, Mister Santa, my uncle Dan ran away from home a long, long time ago, before I was born, and my grandma keeps saying she can't rest until she sees him again. She's visiting my papa and mamma at home now, and I saw a present she has all wrapped up and labeled for uncle Dan if you'll be good enough to find him and bring him out to our house tonight. Won't you do that, please, mister Santa?"

With a choking cry the white-whiskered one stumbled to his feet, nearly upsetting his little snow house and searching Bobbie's wonder-rounded eyes in hungry disbelief.

"You are Julia Morris' little boy?" he muttered dazedly. "And you say that... that your grandmother really wants her worthless runaway Dan to come back to her?... is waiting here in the city for him now? Oh, my God!"

Fred, Bobbie's father, caught at the Santa's arm as he reeled unsteadily sidewise as if about to faint, and in so doing knocked off the bushy white whiskers.

"Aw!" wailed Bobbie, facing his first childish disillusionment, "he isn't a real Santa after all!"

Back through the amazed and rather indignant crowd of shoppers old mother Morris was coming as fast as her trembling legs would permit, and above the noise and calls of clerks at the counters, could be heard her thrilling, quavering outcry:

"Danny! Oh, Danny! Danny! I've found my lost boy at last!"

Farmers Union Meeting Dec. 20.

There will be a meeting of the McDowell County Farmers' Union at the warehouse in Marion on Saturday, December 20, at 10 o'clock for the purpose of electing officers for the year and transacting other important business. Full attendance desired.

G. W. LITTLE, Pres.,  
C. M. POOL, Sec'y.

Has your subscription expired? come in and renew it next time you are in town

**Christmas Gifts**

We have just opened up our Christmas Cards, Seals, Tags, Folders, etc. Now is a good time to buy before they are picked over.

We have a lot of useful things suitable for gifts—Toilet Sets, Manicure Sets, Military Brushes, Tourists sets, Shaving sets, Ash trays, Stationery, Books, Games, Pictures, Fountain Pens, and many other things. Don't wait until it is too late.

**Marion Book and Art Store**



**Ship your rats to "SHUBERT"**

**"Shubert" Wants NORTH CAROLINA FURS**

ALL YOU CAN SHIP  
And Will Pay These Extremely High Prices  
GET A SHIPMENT OFF-TODAY

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|  | №1 EXTRA LARGE<br>EXTRA TO AVERAGE | №1 LARGE<br>EXTRA TO AVERAGE | №1 MEDIUM<br>EXTRA TO AVERAGE | №1 SMALL<br>EXTRA TO AVERAGE | №2<br>EXTRA TO AVERAGE (AS TO SIZE & QUALITY) |
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**MUSKRAT**

|        |              |              |              |              |              |
|--------|--------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| Winter | 4.25 to 3.75 | 3.50 to 3.00 | 2.75 to 2.50 | 2.25 to 2.00 | 1.75 to 1.25 |
| Fall   | 3.50 to 3.00 | 2.80 to 2.40 | 2.30 to 1.80 | 1.70 to 1.30 | 1.50 to 1.00 |

**MINK**

|             |                |               |              |              |              |
|-------------|----------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| Fine, Dark  | 15.00 to 12.00 | 11.00 to 9.00 | 8.00 to 7.00 | 6.00 to 5.25 | 6.00 to 4.00 |
| Usual Color | 11.00 to 9.00  | 8.50 to 7.00  | 6.50 to 5.25 | 5.00 to 4.00 | 5.00 to 3.00 |
| Pale        | 8.50 to 7.00   | 6.75 to 5.75  | 5.00 to 4.00 | 3.50 to 3.00 | 3.50 to 2.50 |

**RACCOON**

|              |                |               |              |              |              |
|--------------|----------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| Black        | 15.00 to 12.00 | 12.00 to 9.00 | 8.00 to 7.00 | 6.50 to 5.50 | 6.50 to 4.00 |
| Heavy Furred | 10.00 to 8.50  | 8.00 to 7.00  | 6.50 to 5.50 | 4.50 to 4.00 | 4.50 to 3.00 |
| Ordinary     | 8.00 to 7.00   | 6.50 to 5.50  | 4.75 to 3.75 | 3.50 to 3.00 | 3.50 to 2.50 |

These extremely high prices are based on the well-known "SHUBERT" liberal grading and are quoted for immediate shipment. No. 3, No. 4, and otherwise inferior skins at highest market value. For quotations on other North Carolina Furs, write for "The Shubert Shipper," the only reliable and accurate market report and price list of its kind published. It's FREE—Write for it.

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THE LARGEST HOUSE IN THE WORLD DEALING EXCLUSIVELY IN  
**AMERICAN RAW FURS**  
25-27 W. Austin Ave. Dept. 275 Chicago, U.S.A.

**United States Railroad Administration**  
Director General of Railroads.

Passenger train service which was withdrawn by Southern Railroad Lines account the coal shortage, will be restored effective 12:01 a. m., Monday, December 15th, 1919.

Trains 137 and 138 between Washington and Atlanta.  
Augusta Special train 32 will be operated on regular schedule.

All Pullman sleeping car lines withdrawn December 9th, 1919, are restored.

For detail information and schedule call on Local Ticket Agent.

**Southern Railroad Lines**