

The Roxboro Courier.

Noell Bros., Proprietors.

Home First. Abroad Next.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance

VOL. XXIX

ROXBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, Wednesday Evening, Dec. 25, 1912.

No. 52

MIRANDY ON CHRISTMAS.

By Dorothy Dix in Good Housekeeping.

"Well, Sis Mirandy," says Sis Araminty to me the odder day, "de merry Chris'mas-tide is al mos' upon us."

"Dat's so," I spona. "When ever yer sees a woman wid a wild look in her eye floppin' up an' down de aisles of a departmen' store lak a chicken wid hir's haid cut off, or yer notices dat mos' of yo' lady frien's is dat worn out an' narvous dat dey jumps when yer speaks to 'em, an' has de jeneral appearance of havin' jes' been through a long spell of sickness, yer don't need nobody to tell yer dat Chris'mas is comin'."

"Dem am signs of Chris'mas dat never fails, for ef dere is any one thing dat's mo' wearin' on de constitution dan anythin' else, hit is tryin' to spread fo' dollars an' seventy-five cents over de Chris'mas presents for forty 'leven people, an' 'zit somethin' for each one of 'em dat'll look lak hit cost forty-seven dollars an' fifty cents. Hit ain't no wonder to me dat hit runs folks batty, an' I bet dat ef we knowed what de mos' of de folks in de bug-house was doin', we'd find out dat dey was a beatin deir haid up against de padded walls, an' a sayin', 'Whut'll I git dat'll be a sweet remembrance of dis happy Chris'mas for Uncle Simon, an' Aunt Sue, an' Cousin Maria, an' little Willie, an' all my in-laws, whut ain't gwine to lak whut I gits 'em, no matter whut hit is?'"

"Yes, Sis Araminty," I goes on, "hit ain't no wonder to me dat reason topples on his throne, as Bro Jinkins says, when we starts out to spend de money we can't afford, buyin' Chris'mas presents for dem as don't want 'em. I finds myself goin' roun' in circles, a tryin' to decide whedder hit would be mos' appropriate to present my Aunt Mildy, whut's been ned ridden for de las' ten years wid a misery in her back, wid a safety razor, or a umbrella, as a slight token of how I thought of her at dis blessed season."

"Dat's de true word," spona Sis Araminty; "hit suttinly am curious de way yer mind wuks at Chris'mas. All de balance of de yeah I can remember de taste an' needs of my friends, an' my fambly, but when I starts out to buy a Chris'mas gift I dest loses my rabbit foot an' I caint recol-

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Near where the shepards watched by night
An' heard the angels o'er them,
The wise men saw the starry light
Stand still at last before them.
No armored castle there to ward
His precious life from danger,
But wrapped in common cloth, our Lord
Lay in a lowly manger.
No bling bells proclaimed His birth,
No armies marshalled by,
No iron thunders shook the earth,
No rockets clomb the sky.
The temples buildd in His name
Were shap'less granite then,
And all the choirs that sang His fame
Were later breeds of men.
But, while the world about Him slept,
Nor cared that He was born:
One gentle face above Him kept
It's mother watch till morn;
An' if His baby eyes could tell
What grace and glory were,
No roar of gun no boom of bell
Were worth the look of her.
Now prate to God that ere His grace
Was scorned and He reviled
He looked into His mother's face,
A little helpless child
An' praise to God that ere men strove
About His tomb in war
One loved Him with a mother's love,
Nor knew a creed therefor
—JOHN CHARLES McNEIL.

lee... give my life, whut a single... An' for dat reason I des pitches in to de bargain counter an' fights wid de odder women over de fust thing I gits my hands on, an' de pusson dat I sends hit to, wid my love, on Chris'mas mawnin' spona de balance of de yeah hatin' me, an' hopid' dat I'll git run over by a automobile, or somethin' befo' nex' Chris'mas."

"Hit's my opinion," says I, "dat Chris'mas is de time dat all of yer enemies takes to git even wid yer, an' to do de thing dat dey don't dast to do de balance of de yeah. I tell yer Sis Araminty, dat when I sats down an' looks at my Chris'mas gifts I am filled wid a deep, dark suspicion. You needn't tell me dat dat cat of a Eudory Johnsing warn't a castin' asparagus on my figger, which is built after de pattern of a fadder bed instid of a telephone post, when she sent me one of dese heah fancy belts whut I caint get much mo' dan git aroun' my waist alone my waist."

had my eye on da... Gladys Maude... who's always... me a Chris'mas... ole lady's... got on dem... slippers. Lakwise... derin' ef Bro' Jink... mulgatin' anythin'

dan de compliments of de season, when he sent me on Chris'mas mawnin' a book wid de entitlement of 'De Art of Silence, or How to Rule by Genuleness, a well knowin' dat I is a lady whut is got de full use of my tongue, an' dat when me an' Ike has any little fambly argyment, I put my faith in de rollin' pin an' de flat-iron."

"An' furdermo', Sis Araminty, his Christmas gift kind of shakes yo' faith in de husband of yo' bosom. For why, I want to know, does Ike up an' present me wid a new cook stove an' set of washin tubs, ef hit warn't a kind of a hint to me dat I warn't a lady love no mo', but dest a performer on dem instruments? I lay dat ef he had a sent me a Chris'mas present of a cookin' stove an' a wash tub as a Chris'mas gift befo' we was married dere wouldn't have been no weddin', I would have busted dem over his haid."

"I ain't a tryin' to account for curious peculiarities of husbands, which is de mos' ondiskiyvered nation of people dere is," says Sis Araminty, "but one of de strangest things 'bout 'em is dat befo' yer is married to one of 'em, he can always remember dest whut yer should lak to have for a Chris'mas gift, an' he'll break his neck to git hit for ye, an' after yer is married to him he never can call to mind anythin' dat yer has spona yerself as wantin', an' de onliest way dat yer can corkscrew a Chris'mas gift out of him at all is by remindin' him ev'y mawnin' for six months befo' hans dey is gwine to celebrate Chris'mas on de 25th of December dis yeah."

"By doin' dat, ef yo' se got energy enough, yer can wuk him up to de pint whar a week befo' Chris'mas he'll throw a dollar in yo' lap, an' say for yer to go an' git yo'self a Chris'mas present, dat he don't know whut yer want, an' dat yer couldn't hire him to resk his life in one of dem apartment sto'es."

"Siz Araminty," says I "I don't know nothin' dat is mo' calkilated to bust up love's young dream dan de way yo' husband acts at Chris'mas time. Why, heah I've been a discousin' to Ike for de las' six months on de subject of dese heah weepin' willer fadders, which I suttinly does hone after, but yer reckon dat man is gwine to have gumption enough to take dat hint dat I knocks him down wid ev'y mawnin' at breakfas,

an' surprise me wid one of dem fadders for a Chris'mas gift?"

"Naww. Hit's dollars to doughnuts dat he'll come smirkin' in wid a red flannel petticoat, or a set of union underwear fo' my Chris'mas gift, an' den be mad becaze I don't throw fits of gratitude, an' say how was he to know dat I wanted a weepin' willer fadder."

"Well," says Sis Araminty wid mournful air, "I reckon dere ain't none of us dat wouldn't shed tears over our Chris'mas presents ef we did whut we feels lak doin'. I knows I never does look at de lot of fool frash dat ain't good for nothin' in dis world but to clutter up de house an' gether dust, dat folks sends me an' dat dey has wasted deir good money on, wid-out wishin' dat I could trade hit all off for one good pair of stockin's, or somethin' dat had some sense an' use to hit."

"Same heah," spona I, "an' I of en-thinks of whut a grand an' glorious season Chris'mas would be ef ev'ybody took de money dat dey was gwine to spen' on junk for odder folks an' spent hit on demselves for de things dey wanted demselves. Den nobody wouldn't go in debt, an' nobody'd git de wrong fixin', an' hit would save a lot of hard feelin', an' war an' an' on shoe leather for de bill collectors."

"Siz Mirandy," says Sis Araminty, "is you ever made any of dese heah Chris'mas gifts dat dey tells 'bout in de newspapers whar you takes a tomato can, an' some velvet, an' ribbon, an' lace an' tinsel, an' embroidery an' makes a perfectly lovely shavin' mug out of hit? Dem ideas for home-made Chris'mas gifts suttinly does read grand."

"Not me," says I, "becaze hit takes de grace of God to forgive dat kind of a Chris'mas gift, an' I ain't got confidence in none of my friends bein' able to do hit."

"An' yet," says Sis Araminty, "who would do widout Chris'mas if dey could? no matter ef deir friends did send 'em embroidered whut-you-may-call-ems dat dey don't know de name of, nor whut dey is for."

"May be so," I spona, "for I notices dat ev'y year at Chris'mas present, an' dat 'bout dis time I begins to hant de sto'es, an' run aroun' wid de odder women a-lockin' for I don't know-whut to give to I don't know-who. But dere's de Lawd's mercy in dis thing, dat Chris'mas don't come but once a yeah."

Mrs. Gwynn Entertains.

On last Friday afternoon in the parlors of the Hotel Jones Mrs. Z. V. Gwynn entertained in honor of her sister, Mrs. J. A. Long, Jr. There were about forty guests, the evening being spent in playing Rook. Mrs. G. W. Thomas won the prize, Mrs. J. A. Long, Jr. the guest of honor was presented with a box of silk hosiery.

The Following young People are at Home for the Holidays.

Misses Edna Bradsher, Lillian Farley, Lucile Winstead, Ester Winstead, Bera Garrett, Mabel Harris, Hallie Jones, Sue Merritt, Kathryn Bradsher, May Wilson, Myrtle Pass, Bessie Winstead, Lucile and Maegie Newton and Breta Noell Messrs. Marner Morton, J. J. Hambrick, Elbert Brooks, Willie Niehols, Cliff Winstead, and Connor Merritt.

Banks Will Observe Holiday Hours.

Beginning on Dec. 26th the Peoples Bank and the Bank of Roxboro will be open only to 12 o'clock each day until Jan. 2nd, 1913.

Annual Meeting of Stockholders.

The annual meeting of the stockholders and directors of the Peoples Bank will be held in our office on Saturday, Jan. 18th, 1913, 12 o'clock noon.

J. A. Long, President.

Annual Meeting of Bank of Roxboro.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Bank of Roxboro will be held in office of the Bank on Saturday Jan. 25th, 1913, at 1 p. m.

E. B. Reade, President.

FROST PROOF CABBAGE PLANTS.

Early Jersey Wakefield. Get my prices before you buy elsewhere, I can save you money on plants and express charges. Send for free price list today. Please mention this paper.

W. L. WATTERSON, Baskerville, Va.

LOWEST PRICES ON

Alpha Cement	Hearth tiles	Plumbing
Blinds	Heat flooring	Rough lumber
Boxing	Inside flooring	Sash
Brick	Ivory wall plaster	Sash cords
Cast iron	Lime	Sash weights
Ceilings	Looks & hinges	Screen doors
Church pews	Mouldings	Screen windows
Colonial columns	Oak mantels	Shingles
Cypress siding	Pine mantels	Stair balusters
Door frames	Plastering hair	Stair rails
Felt roofing	Plaster of Paris	Tin shingles
Gable ornaments	Porch balusters	Ventilators
Gable sashes	Porch brackets	Weatherboarding
Gav'd roofing	Porch columns	Window Frames
Glass	Porch rail	Wood & glass doors

Everything to Build with.

Watkins & Bullock,

PHONE 94. PHONE 94.

A Happy Christmas

AND

Prosperous New Year

TO ALL.

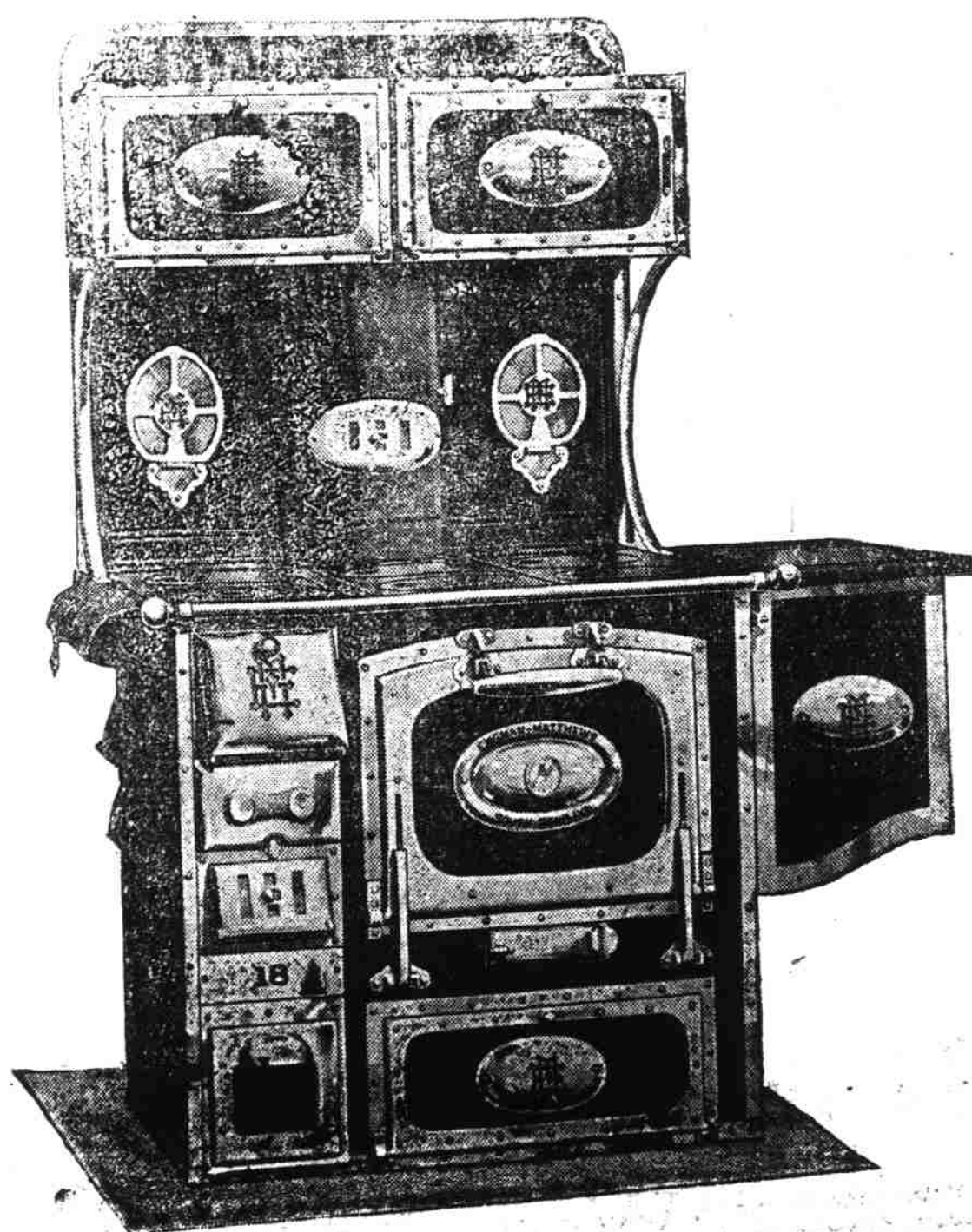
We wish for you all good things, but we wish especially that this may be the happiest Christmas of your life and that 1913 will be the best year of your life to date.

We also thank you heartily for your patronage and good will during the past.

Again wishing you a Merry Christmas and Prosperous New Year, we are always pleased to serve you.

Harris & Burns

THIS IS THE RANGE---
THE RANGE ETERNAL



For Christmas.

What is nicer or more useful for a Christmas present than a nice China Dinner set, a Rochester Percolator, an Oil stove, a Range or Cooking stove, Guns, Leggins, Razors, Pocket Knives or Carving Sets?

If you are going to give your mother, father, sister or brother a present come to see us and get something that will be useful and appreciated.

LONG, BRADSHER & CO.