

**Like a Comet**

This famous remedy does for the stomach what the weak and waxy dyspepsia, causing all stomach troubles and digestive disorders.

**Kodol**

supplies the natural juices of digestion and does the work of the stomach, relaxing the nervous tension, while the inflamed muscles and membranes of that organ are allowed to rest and heal. It cures indigestion, flatulence, palpitation of the heart, nervous dyspepsia, all stomach troubles by cleansing, purifying and strengthening the glands, membranes of the stomach and digestive organs.

**Kodol Dyspepsia Cure**

Your Dealer Can Supply You.

Bottles only, \$1.00. Size holding 2 1/2 times the trial size, which sells for 50c.

Prepared by E. G. DAVIS & CO., CHICAGO.

**NEWPORT NEWS.**

**A School Teacher Needed.** Church Altment Out of Debt.

December 15.—The school committee of Newport, N. C., wish to secure the services of a teacher by the first of January. Salary \$40 a month. Write to Mr. W. S. Bell, Jr.

Rev. Mr. Giles has been returned here by his conference to serve another year. His friends are glad to have him back.

Your correspondent was in error about the entire debt on parsonage being paid. It yet lacks a small amount. The ladies and a few determined men have done well to raise so large a sum in such a short time. One church hasn't paid anything, and one owes \$7.50.

Miss Calla Mann has returned from a visit to New Bern and Trenton.

Dr. C. T. Windley has his office opened on Main St., and seems to have all he can do. He and his charming wife are very popular.

The Academy has on Roll of Honor, Advanced Grade—Miss Nettie Garner, Leon Mann, Lloyd Mann.

Intermediates—Annie Hill, Browale Giles, Lucy Edwards, Jane Bell, Susie Hasket, Emma Hibbe, Lennie Garner, Grady Bell, Jasper Hewitt, Ernest Piner, Willard White.

Primary—Leon Fodrie, Atwood Scott, Charile Hill, Jas. Giles, Jimmie Mann, Kate Elliott, Annette Daughy, Myrtle Doughty, Lizale Rodgers, Edna Earl Rodgers, Bertha Hasket, Annie Garner, Emily Morton, Dollie McGain, Lizale Mann.

There will be a basket supper Thursday, December 18th, at 8 o'clock p. m. at the Academy.

The Old Maids Convention meets in Newport next week.

The Methodist Christmas tree will be Tuesday night before Christmas.

**"A POOR DEVIL"**

It was at the Central Home of Rest. Joe Rogers was telling his story.

"The house I was with failed, and I went to the city for work. I kissed the wife and baby and thought I'd send for them sure in a month or two, but it's been two years now, and here I am." He looked at the rude tables and the flickering lights that served only to emphasize the darkness. The stalwart man's face took on a deeper moodiness. The wretched old man opposite him asked in a weak, little voice, "And didn't they wait for you, Joe?"

"She didn't," said the stalwart man. "She wrote me kind letters at first and tried to cheer me when I complained of not finding anything to do, but after six months they changed, and after awhile there were no more. I kept on hunting employment and trying to keep out of bad company until a notice that she was going to bring suit for divorce on grounds of desertion and failure to support was served on me. After that I didn't care and never have since very much—at least not about her. But I don't mind telling you, boys, that I cried for the child. Many a night I've dreamed I felt his little arms about my neck, and when I awoke and missed him I've cried like a child. I heard three months ago that my wife had married the man that had courted her first. I didn't mind blame her, but I hated to let him rule my little one. It nearly drove me crazy."

"I've been in hard luck ever since I lost my job in that little town in Ohio. I've tried hard to get on my feet. You know how it is. But here I am. Along about a week before Christmas I couldn't stand it any longer. I felt that I must see that kid. I couldn't have raised \$5 to save my life. But I haven't been hearing about this country for nothing, and I got over to Ohio on a side door Pullman without much trouble."

"There wasn't any danger of being recognized in the town where I had spent the happiest year and a half of my life. When I was there, I was well dressed and acted as though the earth and the fullness thereof were mine. Now I go at a different gait, and I didn't take the trouble to pull my old hat over my face. The poor clothes would discourage any interest. So they did. I passed some old neighbors on the street, but they didn't give me a glance. You may imagine that I hadn't a light heart that Christmas eve. It wasn't the sort of a return I had thought about all day and dreamed about at night, but I braced up, for I had made up my mind that I would see the baby. They couldn't deny me that."

"I made straight for the house of the man my wife had married. It was a cottage set back from the street a little, among evergreen trees. It was a better home than I ever could have provided for them. My heart softened a little toward my wife as I opened the gate. One could not blame her, after all. She was a good woman, but a light one, one of those who never get beneath the surface of things. She may have believed that I wasn't doing my level best to get something together for the baby and her, though God knows I did. My hunger was not for her, but the baby."

"A light shone from one of the side windows. I made my way around to the tree that cast its shadow on the window. A terrible thought came to me as I put out my hand to lean against the tree. It had never seemed to me that the baby could be dead. What if it were? I felt as though some one had struck me a fearful blow. It was so sudden and so strong that I staggered and gripped the tree harder. Then I got courage to look at the window."

"A boy stood with his back to me. He was watching the woman, once my wife, who was clearing the table. She spoke to him, and as she leaned over him I caught sight of her face, changed very little since I met her first, three years ago. Women like that get few lines on their faces. They can't suffer much. The boy still stood with his curly, yellow hair toward the window. I remember thinking in a stunned kind of way that all the sunshine of my life was imprisoned in that little head. I prayed for the first time in my life, and God, answered my prayer. The little fellow turned around and pressed his face to the window. It was my boy, bigger and stronger and older than when I kissed him goodby two years ago. It was the same sweet baby face, and he was smiling."

"He must have discerned some shape in the darkness, for he pecked his little lips into a suppressed 'Oh!' His mother came to the window and drew down the shades. It was the second time she had shut out all the light from my life. That was all, boys. I felt for a minute that I would cut my throat and let them find my body on the doorstep for a Christmas present. Then it came to me that I ought to go back to this place. As a man I promised me work as soon as the winter is over. I thought I would wait for it, for, fellows, I don't want that boy to be any more ashamed of his father than I can help when he grows up. Good night."

"He climbed the rough board stairs to his bunk, the hopeless, battered wreck looking after him. The wretched old man sighed. "Poor devil!" he said.

**NEW SHORT STORIES**

**Enlightened Self Interest.**

Professor Powers of Cornell does not favor the killing of the weaker of mankind in order to improve succeeding generations, though the newspapers quoted him last year to that effect. He has many radical ideas, however, on sociological subjects, and one of these is that the man of the present day must learn to "fit in," to lose his individual identity and become a cog or a lever in some huge industrial machine. With those persons who lack perspective he has little patience.

Last spring in one of his lectures at Cornell on "The Modern Regime" Professor Powers told of such a person, whom he met in a western town. He got off at the station in one end of the town and learned that the station of the other railroad on which he was to continue his journey that morning was, for no apparent reason, at exactly the other end of the village, two miles distant. He took the bus and while waiting for his train at the end of his ride engaged in conversation with the bus driver, who was also the bus owner.

Professor Powers asked him if he did not think that some day the two railroads would consolidate or at least use the same station. The idea had evidently never occurred to the village man, for, folding up both hands, he assured his questioner, with decided emphasis, that that would never come about. "Why," he said, "what would become of my stage line?"

**PEOPLE OF THE DAY**

**Dr. Loeb Goes to California.**

Dr. Jacques Loeb, the noted physiologist, who is going from the University of Chicago to the University of California in order to have better opportunities for his marvellous research work, is regarded as one of the most interesting personalities at the Midway university. Although the scientific announcements he makes from time to time are of the most intense human interest, he has during his ten years at Chicago consistently refused to discuss them for the popular press. He is an M. D. from the University of Strasburg, Germany, and observes the etiquette of his profession in the most minute details. Often in the classroom he will stop in the midst of a lecture and spend several minutes in deep thought. He tells his students that the trouble with Americans is they read, read, read, but do not take time to think.



DR. JACQUES LOEB.

**Courtesy in Passing.**

When the late Samuel G. King was mayor of Philadelphia, he was walking out Chestnut street one afternoon with William S. Bunn, who had for the time being given up candidatorial politics for weekly journalism. It was early in King's administration, and the question of negro policemen was one of general local interest. He and Bunn talked on the subject from the mayor's office, then at Fifth street, until they neared Broad, when they were bumped against by a couple of skylarking gamblers, a newsboy and a shoeblack. The dignified old mayor turned, patting one of the boys on the head and asked: "Now, what is your name, my son?"

"Carney—Dick Carney," replied the gambler, eyeing his honor suspiciously.

Bunn, too, was puzzled, but his amazement grew when the mayor turned, faced him, pulled the boy gently around and went on: "Well, Mr. Carney, permit me to introduce my friend, Mr. Bunn, formerly governor of Idaho. Mr. Bunn, Mr. Carney."

Bunn and the shoeblack gasped, mechanically shook hands and stared at the mayor, who courteously raised his hat and said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Carney," and then continued on his walk, taking up the discussion of the "force" where he had been interrupted by the collision.—Philadelphia Times.

**Didn't Want Either.**

Captain Uriah B. Dodge, an elderly son of the sea, who has been taking sailing and fishing parties out from Block Island ever since that place has been a summer resort, had with one of his parties last week a lovely old lady who hates liquor worse than Carrie Nation ever did, but the captain did not know that. He was gazing abstractedly up at the belling sail of his big Cape Cod catboat when the old lady, waking from a reverie, said: "Captain, have you any life preservers on board?"

"Yes, marm," replied the captain, suddenly brought back from his day of dreaming, "whisky and Medford rum. Which will you have?"

It took the good captain five minutes to convince that dear old prohibitionist that he had not insulted her, but had simply put a sailor's interpretation on her question.—New York Times.

**The Lion's Share.**

One night an officer lay sleeping on a camp bedstead within an inclosure in Louisa. A lion on the prowl sniffed the whereabouts of the white man and greatly desired to make much closer acquaintance with him. So he leaped over the inclosure, but it was the force of its spring that it turned the bedstead upside down, thus unknowingly protecting the sleeper. The lion, however, thought it was sure of its prey and, hastily snatching up the pillow, bounded away with it into the desert—to consume it at its leisure. But the pillow must have proved a very queer titbit.

**Kodol Dyspepsia Cure.**

Digests all classes of food, tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs. Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Stomach Troubles, and makes rich red blood, health and strength. Kodol rebuilds worn-out tissues, purifies, strengthens and sweetens the stomach. Gov. G. W. Aikinson, of W. Va., says: I have used a number of bottles of Kodol and have found it to be a very effective and, indeed, a powerful remedy for stomach ailments. I recommend it to my friends.

**Stomach and Blood.**

Commander Robert E. Peary, Arctic explorer, says it is his best place on earth for persons afflicted with pulmonary disease. In proof of the health giving conditions there he said that nearly everybody who went up there came back weighing more and in a much better state of health generally. He did not bring any Eskimos south for the reason that those he brought several years ago experienced a hard time, many of them having succumbed to pulmonary disease.

**Some Ancient Buttes.**

Edward Roen of Ray county, while cleaning out an old well one day recently found a bucket of butter that had been in it for fifteen years. Mrs. Roen accidentally dropped the bucket one day, and it was never recovered. When taken out of the water, Mr. Roen says, the butter was as well preserved as the day it was dropped into the well. The Ray County Review vouches for this story.—Kansas City Star.

**Mark Twain's Latest.**

Mark Twain in a humorous communication to Harper's Weekly in the guise of an advertisement requests all newspapers that have standing obligations of him ready for sudden use to please publish them now and send him marked copies, so that he may edit, them and get them right, not as to facts, but as to the verdicts of the writers.

Mr. Twain says he makes this request because he will soon be seventy, and he offers a prize of his own portrait, done by himself with pen and ink, for the best obituary—"one suitable to be read in public and calculated to inspire regret."

**Admiral Dewey on the Maneuvers.**

Admiral Dewey, commander of the four squadrons composing the fleet assembled for the maneuvers in the Caribbean, said just before leaving Washington: "The maneuvers will undoubtedly be of great value to the navy, and the public ought to look on them with as much interest as do the officers and the men. As to their scope and purposes, first and most important are the assembling and mobilization of the fleet. To bring together these important commands and form a fleet of this magnitude at a given place and a given time will be a valuable experience."

**Leopold and the Anarchists.**

Replying the other day to a deputation from the chamber, King Leopold said that anarchists and agitators were doing their best to disturb the order of things. Then he said: "These agitators find in their path the heads of states. If they fail to reach them, they attack their wives. I am nearing the end of my life. I do not know how long I shall live, how long they will let me live."

**Miss Astor's Visitor.**

Miss Pauline Astor, daughter of William Waldorf Astor of London, is visiting in New York. This is her first visit to her native country since her school days, and she is now just twenty. On her voyage across the Atlantic she was accompanied by her governess and a maid. She wasn't met at the steamer by her grandaunt, Mrs. William Astor, or by any one representing that lady, which society gossip says was due to the fact that the old quarrel between Miss Pauline's mother and Mrs. William Astor has never been patched up. The dispute was over the question of which

**A Million Voices.**

Could hardly express the thanks of Homer Hall, of West Point, Ia. Listen why: A severe cold had settled on his lungs, causing a most obstinate cough. Several physicians said he had consumption, but could not help him. When all thought he was doomed he began to use Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and it cured him. "I am completely cured and saved my life. I now weigh 237 lbs." It's positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and Lung troubles. Price 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at C. D. Bradham's.

**Best for medicinal uses**

Your physician will tell you that you should always have some good whiskey in the house. For accidents, fainting spells, exhaustion, and other emergency cases, it rallies and revives. But you must have good whiskey, pure whiskey, pure whiskey, adulterated whiskey, may do double harm. HAYNER WHISKEY is just what you need for its direct from our own distillery to you, with all its original strength, richness and flavor, carrying a UNITED STATES REGISTERED DISTILLER'S GUARANTEE OF PURITY and AGE and saving the dealer's enormous profit. We have over a quarter of a million satisfied customers, exclusively family trade, who know it is best for medicinal purposes and prefer it to other uses. That's why YOU should try it. Your money back if you are not satisfied.

**Direct from our distillery to YOU**

Saves Dealers' Profits! Prevents Adulteration!

**HAYNER WHISKEY**

PURE SEVEN-YEAR-OLD RYE

4 QUARTS \$3.20 EXPRESS PREPAID

We will send you FOUR FULL QUART BOTTLES OF HAYNER'S SEVEN-YEAR-OLD RYE for \$10, and we will pay the express charges. Try it and if you don't find it all right and as good as you ever used or can buy from anybody else at any price, send it back at our expense and your \$10 will be returned to you by next mail. Just think that over ever. How could it be fairer? If you are not perfectly satisfied you are not out a cent. Better let us send you a trial order. If you don't want four quart bottles, get a friend to join you. Shipments made in a plain sealed case with no marks to show what's inside.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for \$4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for \$16.00 by Freight Prepaid.

Write our nearest office and do it NOW.

**THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY**

ATLANTA, GA. DAYTON, OHIO ST. LOUIS, MO. ST. PAUL, MINN.

DISTILLERY, TROY, O. ESTABLISHED 1868.

**SEE Hackburn's**

Display of China and Glassware at prices to suit everyone, from 10c to \$5 00 each.

A store full of Holiday Goods. A look through each department will remind you of many things that you can buy for a Christmas Gift at a very small cost.

In addition to the above our Dress Goods and Trimmings are complete and up-to-date. A look through this department will be worth your while.

Broad Cloth in all shades:  
52 inch Broad Cloth at \$1.00.  
52 " Granite " " 90  
52 " Ladies " " 65.

Taffeta Silk in all shades at 40c, 50c, 65c, 75c, 85c.  
36 inch Black Taffeta, guaranteed the best, at \$1.25.  
35 " " Beau de Soie, \$1.35.  
20—22 inch Black Beau de Soie, at 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, extra heavy.

A Beau de Soie Silk will make a nice Xmas present for your wife, daughter, mother or some loved one.

**JUST IN.**

A nice lot of Jamaica Oranges, Fine Baldwin Apples, Extra Fancy Large Lemons, Raisins—layer and seedless, Cleaned Currants, Crystal Citron, Cranberries.

Also a fresh lot of National Biscuit Co's Cakes—The Magnolia Pound Cake in 1 lb packages are extra fine; Graham Crackers; Social Teas, 5 o'clock Teas, Banquet Wafers, Uneda Ginger Wafers, Oatmeal Crackers, &c.

Let your orders come this way, they will be filled promptly and carefully.

Yours truly,

**McGehee & Willis,**

Broad St. Grocers. Phone 137

**Tucker Bros.,**

Wilmington, N. C.,

THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR

**Monuments, Headstones,**

and all Cemetery Work at Bottom Prices.

Branch yard at Goldsboro, N. C.

**A Drop of Ink**

Makes People Think, so do Our Low Prices

In our clothing department they are speaking in highest terms of the quality as well as our Low prices.

**MENS DEPARTMENT.**

25 Mens Suits worth \$7.00, out price \$4.75	
25 " " " 5.75, " " 3.99	
15 " " " 4.00, " " 2.99	
50 Overcoats, " 10.00, " " 6.75	
15 " " " 7.50, " " 5.00	
15 " " " 5.00, " " 3.75	
35 " " job, worth from 9.00 to \$15, " 5.99	
75 prs Creedmore Shirts, worth \$1.50 " .99	
60 " Black Vic Kids, " 1.00 " 1.00	
50 " Veal Calif. d. sole, " 1.00 " .99	
150 " Vic Kid Patent, " 8.00 " 5.99	

**LADIES SHOES.**

50 prs Ladies Vic Kids, worth \$2.50, at \$1.95	
50 " " " 3.00, " " 1.45	
75 " " " 1.50, " " .99	
500 prs Childrens School Shoes, " 1.50, " .99	

Space will not permit us to name more prices here. See our large circular.

Goods delivered to any part of the city.

Yours Respectfully,

**S. COPLON,**

75 Middle St., next to Gaslight Bldg. Co., New Bern, N. C.

**COVE.**

Dec. 16.—Mr. W. H. Robinson and Miss Ella Hawitas were married last week (Wednesday) by Mr. J. W. Alford. After the ceremony a very fine supper was served on a good musical program rendered.

A concert was given in the school house Saturday. The which was highly enjoyed.

Sixty-two bales of cotton will here yesterday at eight cents.

We are having very good weather now.

We are expecting a cold time tomorrow and hunting will be the order of the day.

**CASTORIA.**

The Kind You Run Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

**W. H. H. well, Houston, Tex., writes—**

"I have used Little Early Risers Pills in my family for constipation, sick headache, etc. To their use I am indebted for the health of my family. F. S. Duffy.

**YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING**

When you take Grover's Tasteless Chill Tonic, because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

**Cures Cancer and Blood Poison.**

If you have blood poison producing eruptions, pimples, sores, swollen glands, bumps and rashes, burning, itching skin, copper-colored spots or rash on the skin, warty patches in mouth of throat, falling hair, bone pains, old rheumatism or foul catarrh, take Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). It kills the poison in the blood; soon all sores, eruptions, swellings, abscesses, ulcers and pains stop and a perfect cure is made of the worst cases of Blood Poison.

For cancers, tumors, swellings, eating sores, ugly sores, persistent pimples of all kinds, take B. B. B. It destroys the cancer poison in the blood, heals cancer of all kinds, cures the worst humors of suppuring swellings. Thousands cured by B. B. B. after all else fails. B. B. B. composed of pure botanic ingredients. Improves the digestion, makes the blood pure and rich, stops the awful itching and all sharp, shooting pains. Thoroughly tested, for thirty years. Druggists, 10c per bottle, with complete directions for home cure. Sample free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice also sent in sealed letter. For sale by F. S. Duffy and C. D. Bradham, New Bern.

**What's in a Name?**

Everything is in the name when it comes to White Hazel Salve. F. S. Duffy & Co. of Chicago discovered, some years ago, how to make a salve from White Hazel that is a specific for Piles. For Blind, bleeding, itching and protruding Piles, Hemorrhoids, itching sores, burns and all skin diseases DeWitt's Salve has no equal. This has given rise to numerous worthless counterfeits. Ask for DeWitt's—the genuine. F. S. Duffy.