

**God Drops**

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS, CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Signature of **Dr. J. C. Hathorn**

NEW YORK

15 Doses - 75 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

**CASTORIA**

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of **Dr. J. C. Hathorn**

In Use For Over Thirty Years

**CASTORIA**

THE GENUINE COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**LIST OF LETTERS**

Remaining in the Post Office at New Bern, Craven county, N. C., Dec. 18, 1905.

**MEN'S LIST.**

B—R. E. Bryant, Rev. M. E. Bryant, J. Biver, Dan Bell.

C—Capt. C. C. Collins, Vessel C. T. Stran.

D—Arri Dudley, E. D. Davis, John Duster.

F—Harry M. Frankfort.

G—Wm. Gaston, Griffith St. Charles, Mondes Gonalves, Geo. Green, (col.)

H—Mr. Henry, Prof. G. W. Herring, Tomms Hines, J. T. Hill, Wm. Howell, Lem Harrison, J. F. Harrell Geo. Harden, T. J. Hawkins.

J—W. E. Jones, George Johnston, South Front St., No. 290, P. P. Johnson, Jno. Joseph.

M—Mr. Maek care Agr. Wks., F. D. Mahony, W. J. Moore, John Moore.

O—J. L. Oldham.

R—E. M. Rowals, J. H. Robbins. Jules Raynor, 23 Paater street.

T—Alfred Trotman, J. U. Turner Eddie I. Turner.

N—J. W. Van Valkenburg.

W—Jas. A. Wiggins, J. H. Woollen, S. S. Warzet.

**WOMEN'S LIST.**

A—Annie Avery.

B—Mrs. Laura Burden.

D—Mrs. Alice Dunn, care E. D. Brock.

G—Lovesy Gatlin, L. L. Graham, care Deacon Deery Jones.

H—Annie G. Hill.

I—Bettie Ipeck.

J—Mrs. Carolina D. Jones, Louisa Jones.

K—Mrs. J. Kennedy, Jane Keere, 9 Broad St.

L—Mary J. Lawrence, 96 Metcalf St., Fannie C. Lawrence 96 Metcalf St., Miss Levena Lorence.

M—Rosetta Murrall, Mrs. Kate Manson, Sarah Moye, Mrs. E. B. Moore, Jasper, N. C.

P—Nancy Patrick, Mrs. Nannie Peal.

R—Mrs. Baly Robinson, Tin Cup Alley, Mrs. M. A. Richard, Mrs. L. M. Ruffin, Rose Rebbeatt, 195 Broad St.

S—Fattie Soppie, Minnie Smith, 91 Middle St.

W—Mrs. C. T. Willis, 9 Short St., Mrs. Jas. W. Williamson.

Persons calling for the above letters will please say advertised and give date of list.

The regulations now require that (1) one cent shall be collected on the delivery of each advertised letter.

S. W. HANCOCK, Postmaster.

**Wards Mill**

December 19th

Christmas is on its way here. Dr. Mumford was called to Jacksonville one day last week on professional business.

Mr. C. Smith will move into his new house soon.

Messrs. John and Embry Rogers are building a church for the Unitarians at Bar Creek.

A basket party at Smith Academy will be given Friday night Dec. 22nd. Miss Annie Trot will conduct the entertainment.

There will be a Christmas tree and grand entertainment at the Swansboro Methodist church. Among the other enjoyable features will be a carnival and Japanese wedding.

The Baptists of Swansboro are preparing for a big festival.

**OYSTERS AND AN OLD SHOE.**

ivolves Cling to a Cast Off Shoe With the Tenacity of a Puppy to a Root.

There is nothing an oyster loves so dearly as an old shoe; there is nothing man loves so dearly as an oyster; therefore man loves an old shoe. The cause of all this flow of logic is the appearance of an old shoe taken from one of the oyster beds on the sound with thirty oysters fastened on the sole and a part of the upper. Some oyster men brought the curiosity to M. B. Gowdy who says he has never seen anything like it before.

The shoe was of leather probably No. 8 size, and had been in the water many weeks—possibly months. The oysters had attached their suckers to the leather and clung to it very closely.

**Supreme Court Decides Favor North Carolinians.**

Washington, Dec. 18.—The Supreme Court of the United States today affirmed the decision of the Supreme Court of New York in the case of the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company of New York vs. Henry C. Birch, assignee of a number of judgments upon contracts for life insurance, adding 10 per cent. for damages, as well as interest and cost, to the verdict against the company.

The insurance policies were issued in North Carolina and the company sought to evade payment on the ground that it had no authorized agent in that State when the policies were issued. There was no written opinion in the case.

**Vestmen St. Cyprian's.**

At a meeting of St. Cyprian's church last night the following Vestrymen were elected for the ensuing year:

L. Harris.

H. W. Thompson.

J. T. York.

I. H. Smith.

Alex. Williams.

N. H. Styron.

C. M. Sanders.

**Shipwrecked Crew of Belgian Steamer Arrive at Norfolk.**

Norfolk, Va., Dec. 18.—Seventeen members of the crew of the Belgian steamship Antigon, Captain Calmelet, which is a wreck on the Virginia shore, at Little Island life-saving station, arrived in the city this afternoon, via the Chesapeake Transit Mine from Virginia Beach. The men in their baggage piled out on City Hall Avenue attracted a great deal of attention. They came here for the purpose of being sent to their homes by the Belgian consul. Captain Calmelet was not in the party, but one of the men said that he was in the city arranging for their transportation. Only the second man was left at the scene of the wreck.

**SKIDNEY CURE**

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

**Where It Belonged.**

An amateur author who had submitted a story to a magazine without hearing from the editor concerning it. Finally she sent him a note requesting an early decision, because, as she said, she "had other irons in the fire."

"Dear Madam—I have read your story, and I should advise you to put it with the other irons."—Harper's Weekly.

Lower California is the home of a species of lizard which appears to be at least a second cousin of the famed "Gila monster." It is of a mottled yellow and brown color and only about fifteen inches long. The natives of that region have given it the terrible name of "man eater," because it has a habit of attacking every human being it sees, going at one upon another, but does not appear to mind either wild or domestic animals. The man eater's body is almost as brittle as that of the mythical "joint snake."

**Put Them Off Till Tomorrow.**

Some things are very much better put off until tomorrow. Among them are the reprimand you mean to deliver, the defiance you mean to express, the resignation you mean to hand in to a heartless employer. Put off doing these and you'll probably discover that you don't have to do them.

**The Sin of It.**

Maud—is it true that Millie's engagement is broken off? Clara—Yes, she got tired of stealing a kiss. Maud—Why, that's nothing, surely. Clara—Ah, but she stole it from another girl.

Memory is the primary and fundamental power without which there could be no other intellectual operation.—Johnson.

**Good For Baldness.**

"Say," said the man who was beginning to have a bare spot on top of his head, "can you tell me what is good for baldness?"

"Yes," replied the barber, "a cheerful determination to make the best of what can't be helped."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Vicious Suffering.**

"What's the matter, old man? You look bad!"

"I'm suffering a good deal from tooth-ache these nights."

"Didn't know you ever had it."

"Don't, but my wife does!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**His Strong Face.**

"What a remarkably strong face young Rutenbernd has."

"Yes. At the game the other day I saw two players jump right on it, but apparently neither of them succeeded in making the least impression."—Boston Transcript.

**The Retort Cutting.**

The tailor who made an excuse to Rear Admiral Barker "that the doctor said he had a swelling of the head" was not overjoyed at the reply:

"Of course there's nothing in it!"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Wisdom of Youth.**

"Remember, my son," said the sage of Sageville, "that money is not the end of your existence."

"Of course not," rejoined the young man. "It's only the means."—Detroit Tribune.

**Mean of Him.**

Singleboy—What suitable wedding present could I give Dobbs?

Doubleman—Send him half a dozen bill files.

**Free of Cost.**

Knecker—So Jones has a cheap scheme to dig the canal?

Bocker—Yes; simply start reports of buried treasure.—Puck.

**FAIR EXCHANGE.**

**A New Back for an Old One. How It Is Done in New Bern.**

The back aches at times with a dull, indescribable feeling, making you weary and restless; piercing pains shoot across the region of the kidneys, and again the loins are so lame to stoop is agony. No use to rub or apply a plaster to the back in this condition. You cannot reach the cause. Exchange the old back for a new and strong one. Follow the example of this New Bern citizen.

**A Natural Inference.**

Six-year-old Fanny, just returned from Sunday school, seemed to have something on her mind.

"Mother," she said after awhile, "they must have had very large beds in Bible times."

"Why?" asked her mother.

"Well, our teacher told us today that Abraham slept with his four fathers."—Harper's Weekly.

**Hot Water.**

Nothing is better to take on rising than a cupful of hot water. One hot drink on an empty stomach clears the system for the day, and for many persons a tablespoonful of lemon juice increases the efficacy. Taken on going to bed without lemon, it will help to induce sleep. Both night and morning it has the effect of helping to clear the complexion.

**How It Happened.**

"I suppose he clasped you in his arms when the canoe upset?"

"No; quite the opposite."

"Quite the opposite?"

"Yes; the canoe upset when he clasped me in his arms."

**No Opium in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.**

There is not the least danger in giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to small children as it contains no opium or other harmful drug. It has an established reputation of more than thirty years as the most successful medicine in use for colds, croup and whooping cough. It always cures and is pleasant to take. Children like it. Sold by Davis Pharmacy and F. S. Duff.

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**Hanks-Ellington.**

The following account from the Raleigh News and Observer of the marriage of a former well known New Bern young man will be read with interest by the many friends of the groom.

"There was a quiet but pretty home wedding here yesterday afternoon at six o'clock when at the residence on New Bern Avenue, Miss Ella Rookh Ellington, daughter of Mr. J. C. Ellington, became the bride of Mr. Ellsworth Horton Hanks, of this city.

There were in attendance many intimate friends and relatives, and the wedding scene was a lovely one. The folding doors between the hall and the parlor were thrown open and the color scheme of red, effected with an artistic combination of holly, mistletoe and palms was very artistic. In the parlor there was a canopy of red and under it swung a wedding bell of red with red mistletoe as a clapper. Beneath it the happy couple stood as the wedding vows were taken before Rev. J. C. Masse, of the Tabernacle Baptist church.

Before the bridal party appeared Miss Nina Watson Green sang delightfully, "Thy Name" and "When Love Was Borne." The wedding march of Mendelssohn was rendered by Mrs. J. B. Blades, of New Bern and as it began there first came down the stairway from the hall on the second floor the maid of honor, Miss Placide Upchurch, the sister of the bride, who was charmingly attired in white silk, and a coronet of white flowers, and a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. The groom entered with his best man, his brother, Mr. Hubert Hanks, of New Bern.

There were many lovely wedding gifts sent by friends to the young couple, who are fortunate in having so many to show evidences of love and esteem. The bride is a young lady of many personal charms whose winning manners have bound to her many friends. She is the daughter of the late Hon. J. C. Ellington, who in the last session of the General Assembly represented Wake county in the State Senate, and who was a very popular man. The groom is a young man of business ability, and is very highly esteemed. Mr. and Mrs. Hanks immediately after the wedding left for the South and will visit Cuba on their honeymoon trip."

**POINTED PARAGRAPHS.**

When you die, you will die as dead as anybody.

We all have enough to be cross about. Still, it isn't a good idea to show it.

People like to be called enthusiastic, but how they hate to be called "gushing."

The only difference between the modern family row and that of the older days is that the modern one isn't as big a family.

The "good fellow" you slap on the back and tell your troubles to may seem good natured, but he complains of you to his wife.

There is nothing so disappointing as to have one take you aside to tell you a great secret and then discover that you already know it.—Athens Globe.

**A Bit of Westmoreland.**

The Westmoreland hills are the remains of an infinitely older world—giants decayed, but of a great race and ancestry. They have the finish, the delicate or noble loveliness—one might almost say the manner—that comes of long and gentle companionship with those chief forces that make for natural beauty, with air and water, with temperate suns and too abundant rains. Beside them the Alps are indubian, the Apennines mere forest grown heaps, mountains in the making, while all that Scotland gains from the easy enveloping glory of its heather Westmoreland, which is almost heatherless, must owe to an infinitude of fine strokes, tints, curves and groupings, to touches of magic and to lines of grace, yet never losing the wild energy of precipice and rock that belongs of right to a mountain world.—Mrs. Humphry Ward in Century.

**Like DeWitt's Little Early Rise**

Like DeWitt's Little Early Rise

A Play of High Ideals.

That there is a tendency towards the acceptance of the higher ideals in dramatic art is evident from the unanimous success with which Creston Clarke, in the beautiful comedy romance, "Beaucaire," has met wherever this unusually high class combination has appeared this or last season and judging from the substantial interest being manifested in this city in the forthcoming visit of this artistic actor in the above named gorgeous production, a large attendance is assured.

"Beaucaire" is just such a creation as fits the genius of Creston Clarke, inasmuch as it combines all the requisites of a wide range of acting, blending the humorous and grave in adroit fashion.

**Pirating Foley's Honey and Tar.**

Foley & Co., Chicago, originated Honey and Tar as a throat and lung remedy, and on account of the great merit and popularity of Foley's Honey and Tar many imitations are offered for the genuine. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar and refuse any substitute offered as no other preparation will give the same satisfaction. It is mildly laxative. It contains no opiates and is safe for children and delicate persons. For sale by Davis Pharmacy.

**Candy for Christmas.**

We wish to call the attention of the public to our stock of fine candies, put up in a beautiful packages suitable for Christmas presents.

The candy is the very best made and we will sell it at the very low price of 60 cts. per pound.

We respectfully ask you to give us a look before buying. We also sell ice cream every day. You all know what we mean when we say cream.

CRESCENT TOBACCO CO.

W. D. Barrington, Man

**MR. NEXT ON CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.**

By BILLY BURGUNDY

Copyright, 1905, by the Cosmopolitan Press Association, New-York

"To save my soul," remarked Mrs. Next, "I cannot see why every one has been so polite and obliging for the past week or so. The children are as obedient as they can possibly be, the servants can't do enough for me, and the grocer's boy and the letter carriers are just too nice for anything."

"That little attack of astigmatism which keeps you from seeing the 'why' of it all," replied Mr. Next, "will be all gone within the next twenty-two hours. Don't worry, you will understand it all in that time."

"This is the one week in the year in which we can always get a civil answer without paying for it in advance. This is the week in which everybody is doing their level best to show you how much they like you and how nice to you they can be. This is the week in which you hear the nicest kind of things said about you. This is the week in which you get perfectly delightful letters from friends who have not written to you for ages. It is the week in which your neighbor sends you a bowl of chicken broth because she thought she had heard some one say that you were no very well, although you told her only day or two ago that you never was in

other then. There is no earthly way to escape them. When you do see them, it's up to you to give each one the pleasant little surprise that he is expecting from you.

"Let me tell you something else; Christmas isn't the only thing that falls on the 25th of December—an awful lot of hope falls on the same day. Why? Why simply because everybody hopes to quit winner on the exchange of presents and they all quit loser.

"Widow Hardup sends to her brother, the Standard Oil man, a dressing gown that cost her her last spare penny, and in return she gets an illuminated volume on Spiritual Compensation, or James Whitcomb Riley's 'Ode to Summer Squash.'

"Mr. Newlywed presents to his bride a priceless set of furs, and in return he gets a box of El Stinkodoro de Espanola that didn't cost a bit more than seventy-nine cents.

"Miss Steeltrust presents to her intended a diamond studded cigarette box, and in return she gets a shell comb that does not even match her hair.

"Wanamaker Ribboncounter presents to his best girl a celluloid comb and brush set that set him back a week's wages, and in return he gets one of those Christmas cards representing a snow scene in the country with a frozen mill wheel in the background and a robin rodbreast in the upper left hand corner.

"I am giving it to you straight, there is no more sentiment attached to the exchange of Christmas presents. It's nothing more nor less than a game of

trade eight-in-seen, with every one who takes a hand in it. And as I said before, every one gets the worst of it. That is, they think they do.

"I have a hunch that it would be a good idea to scratch the custom of exchanging Christmas presents. If you give a present to a friend, that friend is assumed to look you in the face for a month, because he wasn't able to do as much for you. If a friend sends you a present, you feel like a cheap skate whenever you meet him, because you didn't do as much for him. And so it goes.

"Mark my word, I am through with the game. Not another Christmas present will I buy."

"Why in the world," asked Mrs. Next, "didn't you tell me that before I bought you those lovely embroidered slippers?"

"Don't worry, dear," replied Mr. Next, "I made up my mind after buying you a diamond sunburst."

It is the week in which you actually under obligation to them.

"Yes, things are certainly coming your way this week, but for Heaven's sake don't forget that it will be up to you to make good on the 25th inst. Christmas falls on that day; and if you haven't a present for each and every one of those polite and obliging persons you had better have a nervous headache or some other good excuse for remaining in the background. It takes an awful lot of nerve to face the average American citizen on Christmas morning unless you are prepared to make good.

"Mark what I tell you, every single mortal that has made himself agreeable to you during the past week or so will have some lame excuse for wanting to speak to you about something or

another. There is no earthly way to escape them. When you do see them, it's up to you to give each one the pleasant little surprise that he is expecting from you.

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"Mr. Newlywed presents to his bride a priceless set of furs, and in return he gets a box of El Stinkodoro de Espanola that didn't cost a bit more than seventy-nine cents.

"Miss Steeltrust presents to her intended a diamond studded cigarette box, and in return she gets a shell comb that does not even match her hair.

"Wanamaker Ribboncounter presents to his best girl a celluloid comb and brush set that set him back a week's wages, and in return he gets one of those Christmas cards representing a snow scene in the country with a frozen mill wheel in the background and a robin rodbreast in the upper left hand corner.

"I am giving it to you straight, there is no more sentiment attached to the exchange of Christmas presents. It's nothing more nor less than a game of

trade eight-in-seen, with every one who takes a hand in it. And as I said before, every one gets the worst of it. That is, they think they do.

"I have a hunch that it would be a good idea to scratch the custom of exchanging Christmas presents. If you give a present to a friend, that friend is assumed to look you in the face for a month, because he wasn't able to do as much for you. If a friend sends you a present, you feel like a cheap skate whenever you meet him, because you didn't do as much for him. And so it goes.

"Mark my word, I am through with the game. Not another Christmas present will I buy."

"Why in the world," asked Mrs. Next, "didn't you tell me that before I bought you those lovely embroidered slippers?"

"Don't worry, dear," replied Mr. Next, "I made up my mind after buying you a diamond sunburst."

It is the week in which you actually under obligation to them.

"Yes, things are certainly coming your way this week, but for Heaven's sake don't forget that it will be up to you to make good on the 25th inst. Christmas falls on that day; and if you haven't a present for each and every one of those polite and obliging persons you had better have a nervous headache or some other good excuse for remaining in the background. It takes an awful lot of nerve to face the average American citizen on Christmas morning unless you are prepared to make good.

"Mark what I tell you, every single mortal that has made himself agreeable to you during the past week or so will have some lame excuse for wanting to speak to you about something or

another. There is no earthly way to escape them. When you do see them, it's up to you to give each one the pleasant little surprise that he is expecting from you.

"Let me tell you something else; Christmas isn't the only thing that falls on the 25th of December—an awful lot of hope falls on the same day. Why? Why simply because everybody hopes to quit winner on the exchange of presents and they all quit loser.

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"Miss Steeltrust presents to her intended a diamond