

**Mrs. Barton's Bonnet**  
By M. QUAD  
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One day, years and years ago, an important event took place in the life of Mrs. Moses Barton, residing in a New England village.

In the days of Mrs. Barton the women of the land, from high to low, wore bonnets.

Mrs. Barton's bonnet, at the time the important event happened, was seven years old. It had gone through many trials and tribulations and had become almost a wreck at last. The good little woman must have a new one, and she sighed at the thought. Moses was a man who hung on to his pennies to the last. The campaign must be got under way, however, and when he came in to rest his back from hoeing in the garden she tremblingly said:

"Moses, I have been looking at my old bonnet."

"Why do you call it old?" he asked.

"Because it's seven years old."

"Well, isn't my Sunday hat nigh fifteen?"

"But other women are getting new bonnets," she mildly protested.

"But you have got nothing to do with other women's souls. If they had rather have new bonnets than go to heaven when they die, that's for them to say. You can have 2 shillings to buy some new ribbons to trim with, but it must stop there for two or three years longer."

That settled it. There were tears, but no mutiny.

Next day the important event took place. Moses wouldn't give up the price because he was stingy. If the wife could get \$4 or \$5 some other way he would probably not object to her investing it in a bonnet. Could she wash and iron for a neighbor? Could she make a new rag carpet for some of them? She was scheming away when the matter was settled for her. Moses was going away for a week to visit a relative, and she would go to the big buckleberry marsh and pick and sell berries.

Providence ought to feel very tender toward a woman with a seven-year-old bonnet, and it surely did in this case. Mrs. Barton arrived at the marsh, but hadn't picked a berry yet when she came upon a horse bogged in the swamp. It belonged to a village merchant and was a fine and valuable animal. The thing to do was to throw away the pill and make tracks and notify the owner of the helpless horse. That's just what Mrs. Barton did, and a lot of men went to the swamp and pulled the animal out.

Of course the owner was very grateful. He knew that a neighbor would not take money as a reward, and he asked his wife what could be done.

"Why, you can present Mrs. Barton with a new bonnet," was the reply.

"I happen to know that her present one is seven years old and that her husband thinks it ought to last seven more."

The merchant kept a general store, which included even millinery, and the wife selected an eight-dollar bonnet and carried it over. There were thanks and tears in return. Mrs. Barton could hardly contain herself until her husband reached home. She had the bonnet on when he entered the house.

"Take it off!" he growled after one glance.

"But it was a present to me."

"Then give it right back!"

The wife told him the story of the bogged horse, but he insisted that an eight-dollar bonnet was an invention of Satan and could not be allowed in the house. Then something almost miraculous happened. The little and humble Mrs. Barton stood right up before her husband and said:

"I shall keep the new bonnet—there!"

"Mary!"

"I shall—I shall—I shall!"

"You will take it back to Mr. Brown and tell him you had rather have \$2 in money."

"I never will!"

"Then I will leave the house!"

Despite the threat she refused to obey, and he went to the house of a sister to pass the night. That sister didn't have an eight-dollar bonnet, and she didn't want her sister-in-law crowding over her, and so she naturally braided the husband up to carry his point.

Almost before breakfast next morning it was known all over the village that Mr. and Mrs. Barton had quarrelled about her new bonnet and separated. The wives naturally said:

"Why, the old curmudgeon! Did you ever hear of the like?"

And the husbands naturally said: "Barton has done perfectly right. These seven and eight-dollar bonnets are bringing ruin upon the country!"

Before the sun went down that evening the villagers were divided into two factions and taking things very seriously.

The row was still on and hotter than ever when Mr. Barton fell into the river and was rescued in a half-drowned condition. Among those who called to see him after the water had been pumped out was his parson.

"Parson, do you think I'm in the wrong?" asked the revived.

"I surely do."

"Where was I wrong?"

"In not spending the same amount of money on new clothes for yourself to match the bonnet."

Two days later the row was at its end and everybody staking hands and borrowing or lending tea and coffee.

**Best Treatment for A Burn.**  
If for no other reason, Chamberlain's Salve should be kept in every household on account of its great value in the treatment of burns. It allays the pain almost instantly, and unless the injury is a severe one, heals the parts without leaving a scar. This salve is also unequalled for chapped hands, sore nipples and diseases of the skin. Price 25 cents. For sale by all dealers. Adv.)

For political indignation just try one of these party harmony dinners.

**Croup and Cough Remedy.**  
Croup is a terrible disease; it attacks children so suddenly they are very apt to choke unless given the proper remedy at once. There is nothing better in the world than Dr. King's New Discovery. Lewis Chamberlain, of Manchester, Ohio, writes about his children: "Sometimes in severe attacks we were afraid they would die, but since we proved what a certain remedy Dr. King's New Discovery is, we have to fear. We rely on it for croup, coughs and colds." So can you. 50c. and \$1.00. A bottle should be in every home. At all Druggists. H. E. Bucklen & Co., Phila. and St. Louis.

Tammany was right in line when Murphy took his shot at Sulzer.

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Stomach, liver and kidney troubles, weak nerves, lame back and female ills disappear when electric bitters are used. Thousands of women would not be without a bottle in their home. Eliza Pool of Depew, Okla. writes: "Electric Bitters raised me from a bed of sickness and suffering and has done me a world of good. I wish every suffering woman could use this excellent remedy and find out, as I did, just how good it is." As it has helped thousands of others, it surely will do the same for you. Every bottle guaranteed, 50c. and \$1.00. At all druggists. H. E. Bucklen & Co. Philadelphia or St. Louis.

There were 28,000,000 copies of Bible sold last year, thus keeping it several laps ahead of the bad plays written.

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The excuse given for the stealing of the "Mona Liza" sounds about as good as that some girls give for running away.

**Dr. Hobson's Ointment Heals Itchy Eczema.**  
The constantly itching, burning sensation and other disagreeable forms of eczema, tetter, salt rheum and skin eruptions promptly cured by Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. Geo. W. Fitch of Mendota, Ill., says: "I purchased a box of Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. Have had Eczema ever since the Civil War, have been treated by many doctors, none have given the benefit that one box of Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment has." Every sufferer should try it. We're so positive it will help you we guarantee it or money refunded. At all druggists or by mail, 50c. Pfeiffer Chemical Co., Philadelphia and St. Louis.

The bright boy is already picking out the longest stocking.

**Mother Of Eighteen Children.**  
"I am the mother of eighteen children and have the peace of doing more work than any young woman in my town," writes Mrs. C. A. Martin, Boone Mill, Va. "I suffered for five years with stomach trouble and could not eat as much as a biscuit without suffering. I have taken three bottles of Chamberlain's Tablets and am now a well woman and weigh 168 pounds. I can eat anything I want to, and as much as I want and feel better than I have any time in ten years. I refer to my one in Boone Mill or vicinity and my will vouch for what I say." Chamberlain's Tablets are for sale by all druggists (Adv.)

The stocking follows the bag. Shopping weather all the while. No cold storage brand of Christmas trees.

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The Old Standard "Grove's" Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Who's System. 50 cents.

**Electric Bitters**  
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"I was suffering from pain in my stomach, head and back," writes J. J. Brown, Raleigh, N. C., "and my symptoms did not ease, until I took Electric Bitters. I feel better now than I have for years." PRICE 25 CTS. AT ALL DRUG STORES.

**"I AM HIS SLAVE" SAYS ATTORNEY'S AFFINITY**

**"All That Is Mine Belongs [To Him]" Reads Document Found By Daughter Of Dead Lawyer--Expected To Die First Miss Branch Declares**

Monticello, N. Y., Dec. 27.—Miss Adelaide M. Branch, who was the affinity of former District Attorney Melvin H. Couch, secreted herself for three years in a closet-like room in the rear of Couch's law office in the Masonic Temple, willed to him all her little property.

The document written by the woman which was found this afternoon by the lawyer's daughter, Miss Louise Couch, who since her father's sudden death last Sunday morning has taken charge of his affairs, revealed that the lawyer so completely demoralized his captive that she was willing to give her life for him.

Miss Branch hoped that her death would come before that of her "master." She believed that, although he was sixty-five years old and she was twenty-five years his junior, his remarkable vitality would give him at least twenty years more of life.

"Mel, at his age, was stronger than the average man of thirty years," Miss Branch told Dr. John S. Curlette. "I never dreamed that his heart had weakened so as to cause instant death. It is true that he complained of not feeling quite well the night before he died, but he seemed as strong as ever when he returned from the room of John H. Smith, who lived in the Temple.

The determination to bequeath her property, which, so far as is known, consists of mortgages aggregating \$642, three suits of clothes and a few books, was reached just before Miss Branch left Couch's room last July to seek for a few days the companionship of a woman in Ellenville, N. Y.

"I loved him all through and to him rightfully belongs everything I possess in this world," Miss Branch wrote in her will, according to Sheriff Kinnie, who took possession of the document. "I only wish that I had more than I possess to give to him. I am his slave and what is mine belongs to him."

Sheriff Kinnie declined to make public the entire contents of the will, but

said Miss Branch designated as heir of her clothing, as well as the mortgages in the paper, which did not bear the names of witnesses.

Miss Louise Couch spent most of the day rummaging through papers in her father's private safe. She came upon the will when she accidentally upset a letter file.

Miss Couch failed to find a will signed by her father, but she is confident his legal widow will have no trouble in obtaining possession of his property, which amounts to less than \$5,000, according to the family's estimate.

"Mel never spoke to me about a will and I made this one eagerly because I loved Mel and wanted to leave him something in case I should die when he had become an old man," Miss Branch said to the Sheriff today. "Mel fascinated me more than any person can imagine. His presence was the joy of my existence. All I desire now is to be left alone with my grief and to get away from the prying public, which cannot realize how much I have loved and lost."

Miss Branch's only joy was the return of a photograph of Couch which had been taken from her effects in the attorney's office. Mrs. Couch got possession of it and refused to give it up, but Miss Branch pleaded and threatened, and late this afternoon Mrs. Couch sent the picture to her.

"It is the only thing I care for on earth," Miss Branch said tonight. "It is the best Christmas present I could have received."

Sheriff Kinnie's wife who has been in almost constant attention on the woman, told Miss Branch that she might expect her brother Herbert to visit her tomorrow. Branch, who is postmaster of Hartwick, N. Y., a village near Cooperstown, notified the Sheriff today that while he would come to the aid of his sister, he will not make a home for her.



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**NUISANCES IN DAILY LIFE**

Many People Who, Through Thoughtlessness, Allow Themselves to Be Guilty of Discourtesy.

In the Woman's Home Companion appears an article entitled, "Little Courtesses of Social Life." In the course of which the author mentions, as follows, a few people who make nuisances of themselves:

"Other discourtesies you meet in private as well as in public. Do we not all know the man or woman who takes up a book or paper and reads while others in the circle are talking? Do we not meet every day the persons who discuss together people and places and things they know and we don't? Does any one of us escape the trial of the interrupted who breaks in upon our best story with an irrelevant remark, or who snaps our most telling argument in two to interject comment, humorous or otherwise? Or of the chronic story-teller who can hardly wait for the conclusion of our anecdote because of his eagerness to cap it with one he believes better? We have all met just such people who have done these very things, thoughtlessly, no doubt, but not the less unpleasant for that reason.

"These and many others are always with us, and all are guilty of discourtesy and genuine bad breeding. The only way to eliminate them and their breaches of manners is by individual effort with our families, our friends—and ourselves."

**IS WORLD'S LARGEST LATHE**

Immense Piece of Machinery Turned Out for Use of United States Government.

Those who live inland, and, in fact, all who are not fairly familiar with the large guns used for sea coast defense, can hardly appreciate the huge size of lathe necessary to turn and bore them. The lathe being designed and built by the United States Naval Gun Shop at Washington, D. C., by the Niles-Bement-Bond company, at the Bement works, is the largest made. The lathe is so long that the preparations for its installation including the construction of a tunnel extending out under a highway, as there was not room for it between the walls of the shop.

The lathe bed itself is 175 feet long and is made in five sections, but the total over-all length, including projections at the end of the bed, brings it up to 155 feet. The main portion of the bed on which the carriages travel has three broad shears, the total width being 108 inches, or 9 feet, and the length 103 feet. The rest of the bed extends under what is called the boring bench, which has two shears. The total width of this is 63 inches and the length 75 feet. The weight of the machine complete with electrical equipment is 800,000 pounds, or 400 tons—American Machinist.

**Children's Valuable Find.**

A group of children playing in a plantation at Stonecreek, near Bolton, turned up a gold and unworked what they thought was a valueless medal. They found others in the same way, and played at keeping shop with them. The coins were sovereign pieces of the early part of Queen Victoria's reign—the latest was dated 1852—and the report getting about people hurried flocked to the plantation in search for more. A party of colliers even deprived the children of their's with the tale that they were going to give them to the police. Altogether, it is thought, about fifty were collected, but the police, who when they heard of it went round the district collecting the coins, only regained about thirty of them. The explanation given is that in the early sixties of last century a Bolton manufacturer was robbed on the highway not far from the toll-bar which used to exist hereabouts. But as, according to local history, the highwayman got clear away and was never traced, it is difficult to imagine why he should have troubled to bury the money.

**Love-Making Over the Phone.**

Letter writing—love-letter writing—has degenerated into a despised necessity to be made use of when one is without the one—either geographical or financial—of the telephone, local or long distance. A fascinating "Hello" traveling over hundreds of miles of wire now produces more ecstasy in the manly breast than did the old-fashioned scented note, written on pink paper and filled with pressed forget-me-nots and heartsease.

And the maidenly heart, too, is stirred more quickly by the thought that somebody cared enough about her to spend \$5 on a telephone call from the ends of the world than it is by the sight of a pile of letters two inches high.

There is no so bewailing this sad state of affairs. Doubtless Cupid can balance on a wire as well as he can hide in a scented envelope.

**Hoods of the Colleges.**

"If you have taken a degree in divinity at Oxford," you are entitled to wear a red hood."

The speaker was Ethelbert Red, the Duluth psychologist. He continued: "Wearing a red hood myself. I take a natural interest in hood stories. There is one about a man who complained to his bishop that So-and-so, though not of Oxford, was wearing a master's hood."

"And I call it, bishop," said the complainant bitterly, "wearing a tie on his back."

"Oh, don't use so strong a word as that," said the bishop. "Just call it a blue hood."

**Diarrhoeas Quickly Cured.**

"I was taken with diarrhoeas and Mr. Varkis, the merchant here, persuaded me to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After taking one dose of it I was cured. It also cured others that I gave it to," writes M. E. Gebhart, Oriole, Pa. That is not at all unusual. An ordinary attack of diarrhoeas can almost invariably be cured by one or two doses of this remedy. For sale by all dealers.

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