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SANTA CLAUS has left with us a complete stock for the "LITTLE FOLKS" comprised of all sizes. SANTA CLAUS has also cautioned us to make our prices moderate in order that all of his little people may have one.

Come to see us and let us show you what we have.

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## FROM THE OLD HOME

By L. O. HUME.

There is no more lonely experience than being among strangers in a large city, upon a holiday; so thought Lydia Hargrave, as she started out for the matinee one Thanksgiving afternoon, in a brave effort to enjoy the day, in spite of her lonely condition. Lydia belonged to an old cultivated family of Hartford, but, like so many of our old eastern families, the strength of the Hargraves had been given to the accumulation of culture rather than the accumulation of dollars, and Lydia had accepted a position in a young ladies' boarding school in Buffalo.

Mr. Joshua Wheeler, middle-aged, well-to-do and a merchant of Hartford, found himself held in Buffalo over this same Thanksgiving day. He did not know that Lydia was in Buffalo—indeed, he had not seen nor thought of her since she was a child.

Lydia, as she turned down Genesee street, headed for the Star theater, was delighted to see some one from her old home, and approached Mr. Wheeler with happy confidence. As she came near enough to speak to him, she saw plainly that he did not recognize her. She hesitated, and filled with embarrassment and indignation, hurried on. She had not gone far, when she heard rapid footsteps behind her, and turning immediately, discovered Mr. Wheeler. In his most suave manner Mr. Wheeler raised his hat and inquired if she was going to the matinee.

"Yes," said Lydia, tentatively.

"May I join you?" murmured Mr. Wheeler.

"I should be most pleased to have you," she replied.

Lydia had been rowing her own boat for over six years and had learned to steer.

Mr. Wheeler secured their seats and they were comfortably settled with some minutes to chat before the curtain went up. Lydia could not feel certain that Mr. Wheeler did not know her, and in order to test the point, said:

"Now you must tell me who you are."

Mr. Wheeler hesitated, then with emphasis that was slightly overdone, said:

"Calhoun—Calhoun; I haven't a card with me, but I'm Calhoun—William Calhoun."

Then she knew.

"And where are you from, Mr. Calhoun?" sweetly murmured Lydia.

"I'm from New York."

"New York city?"

"Yes, from the metropolis. And now you must tell me your name."

Lydia could not think of any high-sounding, romantic name, so she chokingly murmured: "Jones, Mary Jones."

"O, come now, your name isn't Jones; tell me what it really is."

"But it is Jones, and it is unkind of you to doubt it. It is bad enough to have to go through life with such a plebeian name without having people make personal remarks about it."

Here the curtain went up and their conversation was interrupted. Just before the last act her escort said:

"I'm going to take you home."

"No," said Lydia, trying to fence, "it is so far out to my house that you would get lost, and perhaps never get back."

"I'm going to take you home. You have led me to believe that I might, and I don't intend to let you go alone."

"But your interpretation is wrong."

"What other interpretation is there?"

"This. I had every right to speak to you—every right to let you go to the matinee with me, for I have enjoyed your acquaintance, and the acquaintance of your wife and daughters, for many years, Mr. Joshua Wheeler, of Hartford."

Lydia donned her wraps, and still smiling broadly, extended her hand.

"I thank you for the jolliest afternoon of my life. Now will you take me to my car?"

"In heaven's name, who are you?" ejaculated Joshua.

"Mary Jones, of Buffalo," smiled Lydia. "Will you take me to my car?"

"I will."

And he did.

To Honor Schiaparelli.

A committee comprising the heads of leading Italian scientific institutions and presided over by the king of Italy has been formed to obtain money by public subscription for paying suitable honor to the memory of Prof. Giovanni Schiaparelli, the distinguished astronomer. It is proposed to erect a monument to him at his birthplace, Savigniano, in Piedmont, and to place a memorial tablet in the Brera palace at Milan. He was connected with the observatory of Brera for 40 years, most of the time as director. To the world at large Schiaparelli was chiefly famous for his discovery of the so-called canals of Mars in 1877.

Game Did Not Appeal to Them.

Four Armenians sat in a Manchester park the other day watching the bowling-green, says the Manchester Guardian. Their calm faces betrayed no curiosity. But then some one paused by them to watch the game, the oldest Armenian rose and put a polite question: "Sir, please do they pay money to do that?" "Yes, they pay money." A flash of amazement passed over the Armenian faces. One could see that, for the first time, they realized the folly of the Anglo-Saxon race.

## REFRESHMENT FOR ONE

By CLARA POEHLMAN.

"Mother wants to know if she can have—" began small Clara, trotting into Mrs. Brown's back hall. Then she sniffed.

"Um—I guess I smell fudge!" she exclaimed, stepping slowly but surely toward the kitchen door. "I haven't had any fudge for the longest time."

"It isn't fudge? Well, I'm sure it smells like fudge. What is it? Chocolate. Well, I like that, too."

"Oh, no, I'm not hungry. That is, I am hungry, but I don't think I'd better take any chocolate. Well, I would like a cup, maybe. It smells like fudge and chocolate soda. I had a chocolate soda last night."

"What's that in the little pan? It's such a cunning little pan. Eggs? Why don't you just boil them in the teakettle? I don't see why it wouldn't be clean. I'm sure my mother does. Anyway, she would if she thought of it."

"Oh, what's that cunning little brush? Why, it's a toothbrush, isn't it? Do you brush your teeth out here? Oh, you use it for vegetables! Do some of them have teeth the same as potatoes have eyes? I'm sure my mother doesn't brush our vegetables' teeth."

"Oh, yes, I see. You scrub the dirt off them. That's nice. I just hate to find sand on my baked potatoes."

"But I think the toothbrush for the vegetables is fine. Is it yours or Mr. Brown's?"

"Oh, I thought it was just a worn out one you were using up out here. You know, sometimes the bristles get old and fall out—and stick into you—but they wouldn't hurt the vegetables, would they? I think it is a very good way to use up your old brushes—and Mr. Brown has such big teeth that he must use up lots of them. Oh, yes, I forgot; you did say this was a new one. But I think when I tell mother she'll use old ones, for we've got so many around."

"Once I brushed my teeth—that's how I know about the loose bristles. I don't know whose brush it was, but it was the nicest looking one in the bathroom, so I took some of mother's new face cream and put on it and then brushed the baby's teeth. He made such a fuss that I just brushed my own to show him it was all right—only, of course, I didn't use face cream on my teeth. I could tell from the way the baby acted that it didn't taste as good as it smelled. But the bristles came out all over my mouth—"

"He Made Such a Fuss."



and I was sorry I'd brushed my teeth.

"That chocolate was awfully good. Were you making it for lunch or just for us for a between meals lunch? If it was just made for us, I'll drink another cup with you."

"Why don't you drink any? You want to save some for Mr. Brown? Sometimes my mother does just like that. She says she gauges things wrong. That's what you did, isn't it? I should think you'd make a big panful for any one as big as Mr. Brown."

"My mother puts more cream in chocolate than you do, but I like this just as well."

"Don't you make any dessert for lunch? I don't like to eat very well without dessert. I like pie with ice cream on it, but I guess it costs a good deal."

"Mr. Brown doesn't like dessert? Oh, he's fooling you. Don't you believe him."

"I thought I saw some cake over there. Oh, that's for company tonight? I see. Would you call me company when I just came up in the morning? Would you like me to show you my doll tonight?"

"Oh, there's my mother calling. She asked me to come here and get some—I forgot what. I'll just run down and ask and then I'll come back."

"Shall I bring my doll to show your company tonight?"—(Chicago Daily News.)

Sure to Do Good Work.

Warden (to new prisoner)—What work can you do? What was your occupation?

Prisoner—I was a 'cellist in an orchestra.

Warden—Well, then, we'll set you to work sawing wood.

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## PRIZE WINNERS

We wish to announce the winners of the three prizes offered by us.

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Jas. F. Johnson, Snow Hill, N. C.,  
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Peter Ellison, colored, Bruce, N. C.

We wish to thank our friends and patrons for their patronage for the past season and trust that we shall have the pleasure of serving you during the next year.

MARKET OPENS MONDAY, JANUARY 12TH, 1914.

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