

# LET US DO YOUR PRINTING

In recent months we have installed thousands of dollars worth of new machinery, putting us in better shape than ever before for filling your orders.

We are now prepared not only to do high class work, but do it quickly and in large quantities.

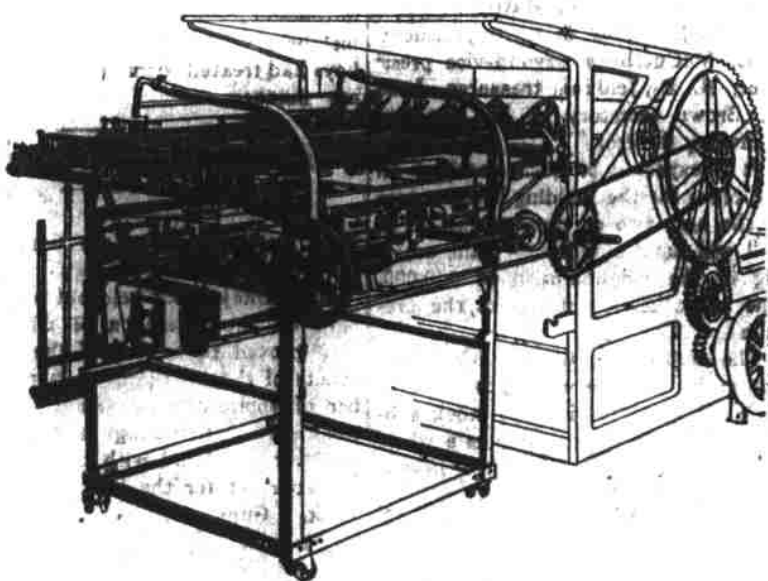
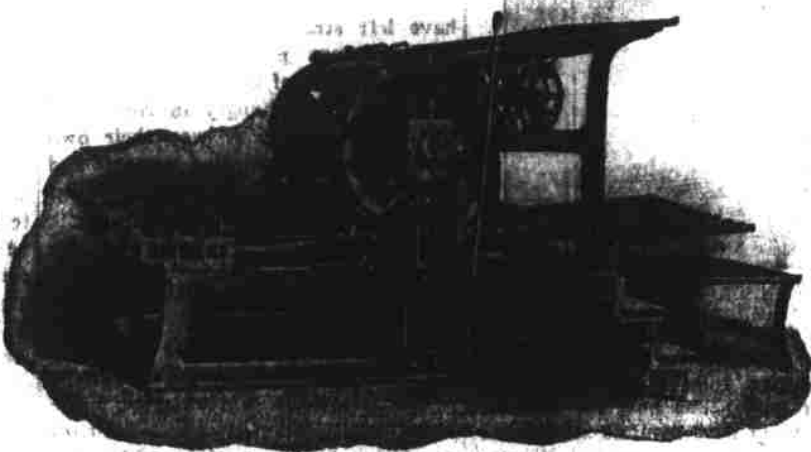


These two illustrations show the Lanston Mono-type Machine, the same being composed of a keyboard and caster. The Mono-type casting machine is a complete automatic type foundry, producing type, borders and spacing material of any size at a speed that makes it cheaper to cast new than to distribute. It will turn a pound of metal into type of the highest quality in less than two minutes. With this machine we are especially well prepared to provide a variety of type for our patrons.



## Monarch Cottrell Cylinder Press

This is the press on which the Daily and Semi-Weekly Journal are printed. It is a new and thoroughly up-to-date machine.



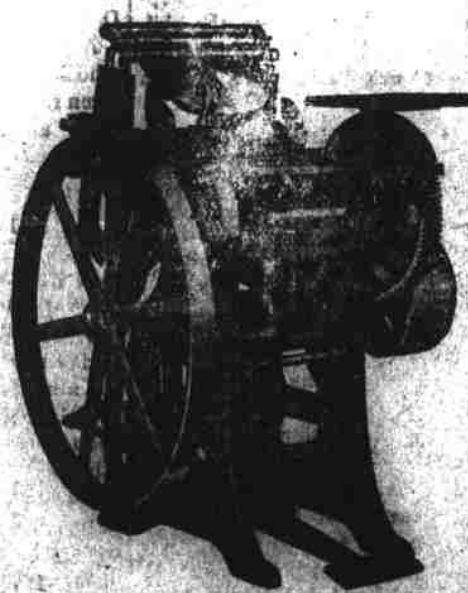
## Omaha Folder.

This is one of the latest makes of folder. It is attached to the press and is a labor saver as most folders are detached and require an extra man to operate them.

## New Series

### Chandler & Price Job Press

The cut below also shows a brand new machine—the largest job press we could buy. It will print a small size newspaper.



Another new job press, but smaller size than the other one shown. It is a New Series Chandler & Price, conceded to be the best job press.

Whether you need the ordinary lines of commercial printing or have a newspaper or magazine you want printed, it will be to your interest to see us before placing your order.

THE PRICES WILL BE MADE AS LOW AS POSSIBLE [CONSISTENT WITH THE QUALITY OF WORK]

## E. J. LAND PRINTING COMPANY

Printers and Publishers

45 POLLOCK STREET

NEW BERN, N. C.

## AN INTERRUPTION

By ANNABEL BRINSMADE

Preparations were being made for a funeral in the Margot family. The body of Betty Margot, aged eighteen, was to be buried at 11 o'clock, and it was now 10. A great deal of sympathy was shown the family, for there were very sad circumstances attending the young girl's death. In fact, it was considered a case of suicide.

About a year before Betty began to show signs of despondency. She had left school and was ready to take a social position among the young people of the town in which she lived. Her mother, partly to divert her from her condition of mind, did what she could to induce her to do so. Betty did not refuse to go among those of her own age, but when with them, instead of being the bright, cheery girl of a year before, she was listless. The young men and maidens who had grown up with her endeavored for a while to draw her from her lethargy, but, finding their efforts futile, at last gave up trying.

The family physician was, of course, consulted. He talked with Betty, asked her a great many questions, prescribed a tonic to be taken "three times a day before meals," but told her mother that he could find no organic disease. He thought that change of scene might be beneficial, but the Margots could not afford to take the patient away. Besides, she said she didn't care to go away. The doctor suggested that there might be a young man in the case, but Mrs. Margot declared that her daughter had never shown any preferences for any of her male acquaintances. To this the doctor replied that first love on the part of a young girl from sixteen to twenty was apt to assume very singular forms. He had treated cases of supposed physical malady which eventually had turned out to be simply lovesickness. One of his patients had shown signs of a breaking down in health simply because she could not make up her mind between two suitors and had finally eloped with a third, to whom her parent had no objection whatever.

One morning when the good lady went into her daughter's room with the usual toast and coffee—she would not permit Betty to arise before 11 o'clock—the room was empty. The bed had not been slept in. The frightened matron rushed to the door, calling her daughter wildly. The household, Betty excepted, responded, and eventually the whole town was roused.

The day passed with no word from the missing girl. She must have departed in the night, for no one had seen her go. Every village in the neighborhood received telephone messages describing Betty's personal appearance and inquiring if she had been seen. All her relatives far and near were notified. Not a hopeful word came from any point.

Mrs. Margot, after she became so far calmed as to express an opinion on the cause of her daughter's departure, said she believed that Betty's mind had been affected through some disease which "that stupid doctor" had failed to discover. The people of the town had many and diverse opinions. Mrs. Griffin, across the street, who had heard Mrs. Margot—an impatient, excitable woman—scold her daughter, averred that the latter had been driven away by cruelty. Some of the neighbors—old maids or married women who had adopted dogs in lieu of children—said that Betty had not been properly brought up and had gone to the bad.

One day a fresh impetus was given to these conjectures by the discovery of a body of a woman in the river. It was blotted beyond recognition, but it was about Betty's height, and the hair was about the same color as hers. The consensus of opinion was that it was her remains; that in a fit of temporary insanity she had escaped from home and drowned herself. The sight was so awful that the parents were persuaded not to look at it. An undertaker prepared it for burial, and this brings us to the beginning of our story, which is also the end.

Persons were assembling at the Margot home to pay their last respects to the dead. The clergyman had arrived, the undertaker was going about with soft tread giving directions in a modulated voice, when a young man and woman turned a corner and caught a view of the hearse and carriages standing before the door. The lady sank on the man's bosom with a gasp; but, recovering, the two pursued their way to the house of the funeral. The clergyman was mentioning some lovely traits of the deceased when the chief mourners uttered an exclamation of surprise and made a bolt for the hall, where stood the newcomers.

"Oh, Betty!" exclaimed both father and mother in a breath.

The obsequies were discontinued on account of the appearance of the object for which they were held, and a great relief, a great joy, reigned in their stead. This was Betty's explanation.

"George met me when I was a schoolgirl, and we loved. Then that horrid Kate Baxter came between us, and for a long while I was afraid she'd get him away from me. But one day he wrote me that she had been telling lies about me, and I concluded to go and give her a piece of my mind. The result was that George and I thought we'd better be married. So here we are."

The doctor's diagnosis of the case was: "The insanity of juvenile love."

*His Advice Worked.*  
"And don't forget to climb, boy," said the late day Polesius as he parted from his college-bound son: "climb and keep a-climbin'."  
"I won't forget, dad," said the boy: "Goodby."  
He didn't forget.

Three days later he climbed over the prostrate forms of twenty-seven disabled sophomores and, climbing the greased pole to the hated upper class emblem, yanked it from its fastenings thereby winning a place in the esteem of his fellow students that a score of scholarships couldn't equal.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

*Dead as a Doornail.*  
"As dead as a doornail" at first seems utterly senseless, but becomes lively and picturesque when we remember that knockers were once universally used. Beneath the knocker in order to prevent disfiguring the door, a large nail or bolt was driven. An impatient caller, waiting for the door to be opened, would frequently use the knocker with great force, and the irresponsiveness of the nail gave rise to this expression.

*Writing on a Pillow.*  
Every one who has had occasion to write while riding in a railway train will be interested in the fact that the disagreeable effects of the jarring of the carriage are greatly mitigated by writing on a pillow. The pillow may be either held on the lap or placed on a table. The pad of paper and the arm which guides the pen or pencil should both rest on the pillow.

In this manner it will be found possible to write legibly and with comfort in a train flying at full speed.—London Answers.

*Poor Mamma.*  
The Dear Child—Oh, Mrs. Bloom, when did you get back? Mrs. Bloom—Bless you, dear, I was not away anywhere. What made you think so? The Dear Child—I thought you were. I heard my mamma say that you were at loggerheads with your husband for over a week.

*Original.*  
"Was there anything original in his speech at the banquet?"  
"Well, he admitted that he knew he was to be called on."—Detroit Free Press.

*Well Instructed.*  
Miss Fifth Avenue—Maudie claims to be an uneducated delegate. Miss Beacon Street—Impossible! She's from Boston.—Life.

*Behavior is a mirror in which every one displays his image.—Goethe.*

## HOW-WHEN-WHERE?

After all that has been written of the sinking of the TITANIC, with a loss of over 1600 lives, here are some facts that may interest you.

Three hundred and sixty six of each 1000 accidents happen while at HOME, on the STREET or while taking part in GAMES and RECREATION.

BUT wherever they happen, ALL will be paid benefits under our Accident Policies.

They are so cheap, so reliable and so complete in the protection given, that it is cheaper to carry one than to TAKE CHANCES.

REMEMBER, one person in every seven is injured every year.

**BAIN & STYRON**  
GENERAL INSURANCE.  
Broad and Middle Streets  
New Bern, N. C.

New Bern  
FINE MALAGA GRAPES  
20 cents per lb.  
PRUNES, [LARGE] 2 LBS.  
for 25 cents.

ORANGES [FLORIDA] 35  
and 40 cents.  
FRESH EGGS.

L. S. GRANT & COMPANY  
24 Middle St. Phone 25.

## For a Christmas Present

Get something useful so you will be longer remembered and your friend benefited.

FOR INSTANCE A good Hair Brush and Comb is better than the usual kind found in "Toilet Boxes." A nice bottle of Perfumery is always a pleasure to the recipient and marks good taste and delicacy in the giver. For a man, a box of nice cigars, not too many. For a lady, a box of Huxley's Candy are always in order.

Bradham Drug Co. have a full stock of the best of all these and will sell at all the year-round prices.

Bradham Drug Co.  
All cars stop at Bradhams corner.

## WATCH THIS SPACE

for prices we will offer you  
**SATURDAY, DEC. 28TH.**

when we start our  
**\$22,000**

## BANKRUPT STOCK SALE

Remember The Date and Place  
Save money by waiting  
for this sale

**Chas. Ellis & Bro.**  
72 Middle St. New Bern, N. C.

All Pork Sausage  
No CEREAL Filler Used  
MEAT SOLD FOR CASH  
New Bern Produce Co.

## I HAVE OPENED MY TOY STORE

in Trent Hotel building and as usual have the most complete line carried in the city. Don't wait for Xmas to buy but come early and pick out what you want. We will deliver it when you want it.

**C. J. McSORLEY**  
SANTA CLAUS' HEADQUARTERS.