

HOLIDAY SHOPPING!

For weeks and months you have been saving money up for holiday shopping. It will surprise you to see how much a dollar will buy at this store, and another advantage you have here, you have such a large stock to select from; and what is better still, the

Bars Have Been Pulled Down

on many lines of goods. We are anxious to reduce our stock on these lines, as we don't want to carry over any winter stock.

Dress Goods.

Our entire line of Fine Dress Goods, Silks and Trimmings are now put on the market at reduced prices. If you need a nice dress for yourself or your little ones here is the place to come. It will astonish you to see how cheap you can buy Dress Goods here now.

Jackets, Suits and Furs.

We now put the knife to our entire line of Ladies' Fine Jackets. The remainder of our stock of Ladies' Ready-Made Tailor Suits will be closed out at greatly reduced prices; they must go.

Suits that sold for \$10 must now be closed out at \$7.50, and \$15 Suits must be closed out at \$10.

If you need a nice, comfortable Jacket or a nice Tailor-Made Suit or a nice Fur, here is the place to come; they must go.

GREAT SALE OF FINE MILLINERY.

Those who need a nice Hat will do well to see our line now as a deep cut has been made in this department. What we have on hand now must go. Old, carried over millinery is valueless to us. We would much prefer half price than carry over Millinery.

Come and get your Hat if you want it cheap.

300 Dozen Handkerchiefs.

For the convenience of holiday shoppers we have just gotten in a stock of 300 dozen Handkerchiefs. Out of this lot you can get almost any kind of Handkerchief you need.

Ladies' pure Linen Handkerchiefs from 5c to 25c each. Gent's Linen Handkerchiefs from 10c to 25c each.

Ladies' fine Embroidered Handkerchiefs from 10c to 35c each.

If you need nice, cheap Handkerchiefs here is the place to fill your wants.

Clothing & Gent's Furnishings.

Our stock of Clothing has been badly broken, but to meet the demand of the holiday trade we have filled in all broken places and now offer a nice line of Gent's and Children's Clothing, Shirts, Collars and Cuffs

Neckwear specially bought for the holiday trade.

H. C. GODMAN SHOES.

Our great line of GODMAN Shoes for Ladies, Boys and Children is complete in every detail; also a large stock of all kinds of Shoes at the lowest possible prices.

If you need Shoes that will give satisfaction, here is the place to get them.

W. E. JENKINSON

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Conducted by Paxville W. C. T. U.

National Motto—"For God, Home and Native Land."
State Motto—"Be Strong and of Good Courage."
Our Watchword—"Agitate, Educate, Organize, Prohibit."
"God helping me, I promise not to buy, drink, sell or give intoxicating liquors while I live; From bad companions I'll refrain, And never take God's name in vain."

The "Whiskey Question."
They tell us our State's unwell. She's sick with indigestion. The cause of which, the symptoms tell, Is naught but "whiskey questions."

The saucer took her temperature And then made bold profession. "Oh, yes, they say, the way To cure the "whiskey question,"

They gave to her dispensary food, Which was a great digestion. To cure the "whiskey question,"

They've treated her without success, Though 'tis a sore confession. For though she has some medicines less, She has more of the "question."

Now, politicians, won't you say, Cure our State's affliction? Take the whiskey all away When cured of "whiskey question."

Oh, take the poison from her blood And give her good digestion. Then she will be in happy mood When cured of "whiskey question."

Oh, give to her, a conscience tells, A dose of prohibition.

Chips and Shavings.
BY DR. D. H. MANN.

In years gone by the great majority of physicians leaned upon alcoholics as the sheet anchor of hope in all emergencies in which a stimulus was required, regardless of the real physiological effects produced thereby. The practice became a general hobby and alcohol was played as the trump card.

No matter what may have been the necessities for the use of alcohol in the past, the best learned in the profession today are independent of it as a remedial agent, as there are now at hand various drugs with which the well-informed practitioner is familiar; that will give him all the beneficial results formerly expected from the alcohol family, without leaving behind them the direful effects that so often remotely followed alcoholic prescriptions.

The knowledge of these restoratives will enable a physician to tide over any case which alcohol could ever have done, leaving the patient free from any injurious effects of the remedy, no danger of alcoholism following, as so frequently observed in the past.

But today there is no excuse for taking the risk of the deleterious results for the little good that can be obtained. As we have so many other and safer remedies.

Medical men should avoid the use of devil water in their practice. When such learned practitioners as Prof. N. S. Davis, Dr. Richardson and those of like men of renown tell us they have found no disease that they cannot treat more successfully without, than with intoxicating liquors, it is about time lesser lights begin to look a little at what they are doing.

addition to the usual damaging effects consequent upon drinking distilled spirits, they also get the wearing effects upon the heart caused by this deluging practice, which overloads the blood vessels and so often leads to diseases of the heart from the over labor thrust upon it, increasing its functional duties in the way of equalizing the redundancy.

Dr. Albert Day, superintendent of Washington Home, Boston, tells us he has treated nearly seven thousand cases of inebriety, and eight-tenths of them were the products of wine and malt liquor drinking.

Men are strange creatures and are ingenious in inventing excuses for evil practices. Were they as diligent in seeking for reasons for living abstemious, respectable, honorable and virtuous lives, what a different home this old world would be to us.

But lo, men drink for joy when the little ruddy young squaker is born into the world, drink over the baptismal rites, drink over the marriage festivities, drink over the funeral obsequies, drink to keep out cold, drink to ward off heat, drink at the fountain of political success, drink over political defeat, drink to ward off disease, drink to drown sorrow, drink to stimulate to deeds of darkness, drink for sociability, drink when they meet, drink when they part, drink privately, drink publicly, drink to arouse the animal passions, and God alone knows for what reasons the knight of the bottle does not drink.

Dr. Benjamin Rush says he has known many persons destroyed by ardent spirits who were never completely intoxicated during the whole course of their lives.

Every time one person treats another to a drink of alcoholics he is tempting him to become a toper, a guzzler, a drunkard. No one ever became a drunkard without taking his first glass, which led on to occasional drinking called moderation, then to inebriation.

Show me the drunkard of today and I will show you the boastful moderate drinker of the not long ago. The moderate use of alcohol never rescued any one from the habit of drunkenness, but it has led myriads through the dark pathway down the road to ruin and damnation.

Drink ruins character, blunts intellect, changes industry into indolence, destroys family ties, makes wives widows and children paupers, incites sensuality and moral corruption, poisons the blood, degenerates the body, impoverishes the mind and damns the soul, and there is no cayon black enough to picture the darkness of the deeds that follow in its wake as the direct results of this world-wide diabolical curse, which destroys more men and women in this country in every half decade than our civil war did during its continuance.

Horace Mann once said: That some live longer in spite of moderate drinking, no more proves the practice safe and healthful than the fact that some soldiers who fought through all Napoleon's wars are still alive, proves fighting to be a vocation conducive to longevity.

It is a statistical fact that about one-fourth of the insanity of the present day is the outgrowth of the drink habit.

Again, if there be any one common result of the habit of drinking, it is laziness, both mental and bodily.

Where in the wide world can be found more indolence and stupidity than among the daily guzzlers who lounge around the miserable licensed grog shops of the day? They are no places in which to look for brilliancy, they never brighten one's ideas, but the contra effect is produced. As well might you look for a horn from a Wall street bull, or feature from the face of nature, as to look among such a company of loungers for increasing intellect, morals, refinement, purity of

thought, industry or ambition. We to the young man who allows himself to become a grog shop lounge. Dr. Adam Clark has said that strong drink is not only the devil's way into a man but it is man's way to the devil.

Yet these men are worth saving and improving. Let us not apply the showman's epithet to them, who, when exhibiting an orang-outang, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is a rare specimen of the animal creation which forms the connecting link that separates mankind from the human race."

Still, men, say Christian men, too, will vote to institute and perpetuate these morality-destroying institutions.

Suppose it were made obligatory that their licenses should be made a little more explanatory; how shocked would be a community to read in the papers the announcement that Mr. A. had been licensed to transform men of his vicinity into idle, shiftless loafers or irresponsible demons; that Dr. B. had been licensed the privilege of making widows and orphans of wives and children, and that Mr. C. had paid a requisite license fee for the legal right to impoverish happy families and drive them from their happy homes "over the hill to the poor house." Every loyal and true citizen would stand aghast at the announcement, and Messrs. A., B. and C. would be hooted from the town, or hung to the nearest tree, while the grantors or license board would skip to pastures new for safety.

But oh, no, we are very fastidious with our appellations. Mr. A., B. and C. have taken licenses for saloons, said to be so necessary for the welfare of the public in their localities, leaving to the imagination to fill up the spectral list of ruined reputations, lost souls, drunkards' graves, widows' tears, orphans' miseries, children's sorrows, desolated homes, wronged and defrauded wives, broken hearts of mothers bereft, blighted manhood, sorrow, anguish, poverty, slavery, death and the lurid pall cast upon the life beyond.

The forecast of sudden changes in the weather serves notice that a hoarse voice and a heavy cough may invade the sanctity of health in your own home. Cautious people have a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure always at hand. E. H. Wise, Madison, Ga., writes: "I am indebted to One Minute Cough Cure for my present good health and probably my life." It cures Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and all Throat and Lung troubles. One Minute Cough Cure cuts the phlegm, draws out the inflammation, heals and soothes the mucous membranes and strengthens the lungs. The R. B. Loryea Drug Store.

A Cold Wave.
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In January the death rate from accidents is slightly greater in rural parts than in cities; in February the death rates in city and country are similar; in March the country is more dangerous; in April the rates balance again; in May and June the city leads; in July and August the country leads; in September the city is ahead; in October and November the country is more fatal; in December the city takes the lead again.

When you wake up with a bad taste in your mouth, go at once to The K. B. Loryea drug store and get a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. One or two doses will make you well. They also cure biliousness, sick headache and constipation.

ONE WOMAN'S VENTURE.
How Miss Bernice Bardine Made Money on Pecans.

Bernice Bardine, a Texas girl, who is not yet 20 years of age, has displayed business acumen of a higher order than a score of male competitors who are engaged in the same business that occupies her attention at the present time.

Last year Miss Bardine and her brother, who is younger than herself, made a little money gathering pecans. Since then she has been studying the business and laying plans for future operations. During the last summer she carried on an extensive correspondence not only with mercantile establishments in various cities that handle pecans, but with reliable people who reside in regions where the nut grows. In this way she became thoroughly posted in all matters pertaining to the present crop.

Feeling confident that pecans would command a good price, she set to work some weeks ago, and, aided by her brother and a few trusted assistants who were sworn to secrecy, she quietly leased every pecan grove of any value in the Colorado valley.

When buyers appeared in the country, starting the ranches by offering to engage pecans at 7½ cents a pound, those who make a business of gathering the nuts were astonished to find that a young girl had entered the field and cornered the crop so far as this particular region is concerned. A little investigation showed that this energetic young woman is in a fair way to make a fortune in a few months. It is known that she got a great bargain in nearly all of her leases. As a sample of the shrewdness that she displayed, it has leaked out that she leased one forest for \$100 in which there are several giant trees that will yield twenty bushels or \$80 pounds of pecans. At a low estimate the profits accruing from this single transaction will fall little short of \$6,000.

When it is remembered that nothing of marked value is subject to such fluctuations of price as pecans, there is not much matter for wonderment in the fact that the people leased their forests for so little money. Only a few years ago there was an abundant crop, and yet for some unaccountable reason the nuts were allowed to rot where they fell. There were no buyers and no market.

Aside from scooping the crop this courageous Texas girl has distinguished herself in other ways. A pecan crop is not easy to gather. The work is attended with great danger and many hardships. The harvesting is

generally done by vigorous young men and athletic boys. Not many young women would exchange places with the fearless Texas girl though the profits were doubled. Those who are engaged in the business, have to camp out in the woods, often many miles from a ranch or a town.

After Miss Bardine became convinced that pecans would command a fair price she at once set to work to discover some method through which she hoped to gather the crop in some way that would be an improvement upon the old plan of operations. This led her into a venture that nearly cost the brave girl her life.

The largest and best pecans grow upon the topmost bows of the tallest trees, often a hundred and fifty feet from the ground. A daring athletic climber of light weight gets a few bushels of these "top gallants," as they are called, but ordinary threshers are forced to shake their fists at them and walk away. They often leave from \$20 to \$50 worth of pecans in the tops of the taller trees. Few boys can be found who dare to ascend to such dizzy heights.

Miss Bardine determined to harvest the crop clean. "I will have those big pecans in the tops of those trees if I have to go after them in a balloon," she said. Her assistant laughed at this idea, but after she had tried various ways to accomplish her purpose without success, this irrepressible genius actually concluded to construct a small balloon. Her friends looked on in amazement and many of them advised her to abandon the dangerous project. "Those pecans," she said, "are worth several thousand of dollars, and I need them in my business."

The experiment was made at Granite Shoals on the Colorado river, where there is a large forest of the tallest pecan trees in Texas.

Miss Bardine's people had already gathered the nuts from the branches of the giant trees as far up as the threshers dared to venture. They estimated that there were at least 500 bushels of pecans yet remaining beyond their reach.

The balloon was transported

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. Atkinson, 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. The R. B. Loryea Drug Store.

to Granite Shoals and inflated with hot air from a furnace constructed in the midst of a grove of the tallest trees. The girl, armed with a long threshing pole stepped into the basket, and when her assistants, who were holding the anchor-rope announced that they were ready, the signal was given, and the airship rose swaying and jerking to the tops of the trees. The men who held the anchor-rope had taken a halfhitch around a small oak, and they found that they could easily control the ascent of the balloon.—Chicago Tribune.

What's In a Name.
Everything is in the name when it comes to "Witch Hazel Salve." E. C. DeWitt & Co. of Chicago, discovered, some years ago, how to make a salve from Witch Hazel that is a specific for Piles. For Blind, bleeding, itching and protruding Piles, eczema, cuts, burns, bruises, and all skin diseases DeWitt's Salve has no equal. This has given rise to numerous worthless counterfeits. Ask for DeWitt's—the genuine. The R. B. Loryea Drug Store.

Too Much For The Minister.
A clerical correspondent of the London Express tells of a wedding ceremony in which he officiated, and in his zeal for rubricated observances laid himself open to a comical and crushing rebuff.

"I was then curate of a small country parish in Somersetshire and one day a couple presented themselves, after due preliminaries, for marriage in the village church.

"All went well until the moment came when it is directed by the rubric that the man shall place the ring upon the fourth finger of the woman's left hand, but then trouble began. The yoke, apparently from nervousness or ignorance, laid hold of the right hand of his expectant bride and placed the ring there resolutely.

"No," I said, with quiet firmness, "you must put it on her left hand." To this his only reply was a stolid stare. Thinking he had not understood me, I repeated my words, but with no better effect.

"With as much warmth and insistence as was justified by the occasion, I now took firmer ground and said, 'If you do not put the ring on her left hand I must stop the service.'

"And then the climax came. With a complacent smile, that seemed to show his satisfaction at having for the moment 'bested' the parson, the bridegroom settled the point for all time with the words, 'Please, sir, she ain't got none!'

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
J. C. Watson

HAVE AIDED JUSTICE.
Pictures That Helped in the Detection of Criminals.

For their success in securing their quarry the police at times owe not a little to the enterprise of the press. Percy Lefroy, the murderer of Mr. Gold, was captured through the publication of his portrait in The Daily Telegraph, which, coming to the notice of the landlady of the house in which he was hiding, was recognized by her as that of the self-styled engraver, Park, who for a few weeks past had been her lodger. She gave notice to the police, who promptly arrested the wretched man.

Mr. W. P. Frith, R. A., tells in his reminiscences of a friend of his named O'Neil who was attacked one night by a footpad and robbed of his watch. The assault chanced to take place beneath a gas lamp, by the light of which the victim sufficient of the thief's face to jot down a rough sketch. This he carried to the police, who by its aid soon afterward arrested his assailant.

In the possession of the writer is a watercolor drawing by the late William Hunt, which was the means of trapping a dishonest valet who had robbed his master. The fellow had eluded the vigilance of the police, and the gentleman had given up all hopes of bringing him to justice, when, happening to visit a friend's house, he saw on the walls of the dining room a speaking likeness of his rascally servant in the guise of an Italian shepherd. The following day he called upon the artist, who, on hearing the facts of the case, supplied him with the address of the original, who was duly arrested and received his just deserts.

Even more curious is the history of the sketch of a spaniel made by Sir Edwin Landseer, in which a detective who chanced to see the picture recognized the property of a man of whom he was in search. The address of the then owner of the dog was ascertained and the animal, being surreptitiously taken from his custody unconsciously betrayed his master by guiding the officers of the law to the very house where he was hiding.

Horace Nernet, the celebrated French painter, was amazed to notice the effect that the picture of a brigand had upon a lady who had called at his studio. On his inquiring the cause of his visitor's perturbation the latter replied that a week previous her house had been broken into by a masked man, whose eyes—so malign and ruthless were they—had stricken her with a sickening terror—a terror which had been strangely revived by the eyes of the portrait

before her. This story so interested the artist that he communicated it to the police, who, acting on his suggestion, searched his model's lodgings, with the result that a great part of the stolen property was found on the premises.

Many years ago the late George Cruikshank told the writer that a gentleman who was glancing through one of his sketch books was so struck by a man's head that he, with visible trepidation, inquired the name of the original. Cruikshank, surprised at his emotion, answered that the portrait, the result of pure imagination aided by abstract observation, was intended to represent a typical criminal, and demanded the cause of the other's so anxious inquiry.

"Only that it bears a striking resemblance to my butler," was the reply.

"In that case your butler's assuredly a thief," said Cruikshank. "Keep a sharp eye on him."

Which the gentleman did, with the result that the artist's statement was soon justified.—London Tit-Bits.

CASTORIA.
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
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His Dog, Moreover.

"What's your dog's name, Uncle Lazarus?" asked the man, according to Brooklyn Life.

"Boss, dat purp hez got er Bible name."

"A Bible name?"

"Yes, sah, Massa. He's got de same name as Laz'rus dog got, wot we read 'bout in de Bibul as lay down afore de rich man gait."

"But the Bible does not give the name of any dog. It only says that they came and licked Lazarus' sores."

"Boss, yent yent read um right."

"Well, What is your dog's name?"

"Moreober. I yerry my mistiss read um what hit says: 'Moreober de dog came and licked de sores.' Yent yera see? My name Laz'rus an' my dog name Moreober. Bress de Lawd."

Better Than a Plaster.
A Piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on the affected parts, is better than a plaster for a lame back and for pains in the side or chest. Pain Balm has no superior as a liniment for the relief of deep seated, muscular and rheumatic pains. For sale by The R. B. Loryea Drug Store, Isaac M. Loryea Prop.

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