

CHRISTMAS FURNISHINGS

FOR MEN AND BOYS

WE have put the Prices Right to give you Special Christmas Bargains.

THIS STORE will supply Santa Claus



Early And Late With Christmas Gifts

JUST RUN YOUR EYE DOWN THIS LIST.

YOU MAY FIND SOMETHING Interesting

- Men's and Boys' Ways Mufflers 50c to \$1.00
- Men's Muffler Squares, Newest Patterns and Colors from 50c to \$1.00
- Men's Gloves, lined, from 50c to \$1.50
- Men's Gloves, unlined, from \$1.00 to \$2.50
- Boys' Sweaters from 50c to \$1.00
- Boys' Gloves From 50c to \$1.00
- Men's Winter Vests at \$1.75, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00
- Men's Winter Caps from 50c to \$1.00
- Men's Boxed Braces, just a few Special Lines for Christmas 75c and \$1.00



NECKWEAR

We have the largest Stock in Durham, of Men's Xmas Neckwear. Our Great Variety will give you ample opportunity to make a correct choice.

Prices from 15c to \$1



Slippers & Boots

If you are thinking of boots and slippers, we have the Stock and can suit you in Quality and Price. We keep all kinds; some are Extremely Handsome and all are good value.

HANDKERCHIEFS

We have a very large Stock in 'Excaldas' and Silks from 10c to \$1.00, besides Beautiful Novelties in boxes for Ladies and Gentlemen, 75c, \$1.50 \$2

HARRY BURNETT

The Little Store around the Corner.

The Making of a Successful Wife

By CASPER S. YOST.

PAPA'S CONSENT.—It's All Right if William Loves You and You Love Him and He's Neither a Dead Beat Nor a Spendthrift, but Has a Good Job and a Little Cash on Hand.

[Copyright, 1906, by Casper S. Yost.]

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL—I am simply consumed with astonishment. The idea of my daughter, my little sweet heart, thinking of marriage comes to me like a blow from a pile driver, and you know, my dear, that pile drivers hit a pretty hard lick, especially when you aren't looking. I'm away from home so much that it's mighty hard to realize that you are not my baby any more; that it is no longer proper nor dignified to dandle you on my knee—not for me, at least; that your dresses have lengthened downward until they curl around your dainty ankles, and the golden hair that used to hang down your back like a streak of woven sunshine is now done up in a fashionable something or other on top of your head. I forget that you are a young lady, a graduate from a swell seminary, can hammer the piano to make a Paderewski (I'm not sure whether I spell that right or not) sit up and take notice; can embroider dinky little flowers so faithfully that the honeybees come into the windows to suck the corner drug store perfume from their silk centers; can quote Virgil and Tennyson and Browning and other people that I don't understand and don't care to, but am mighty proud that you do; can write and read such erudite papers on the whitherness of the wherefore at the women's club that all the hearers, I am told, are filled with wonder that so much knowledge could be brought together under such a pretty hat. In short, my dear, I forget that my daughter as an up to date young lady is strictly it.

La me, child, it seems only yesterday that I was reading you fairy stories from a yellow covered linen book and showing you how A was differentiated from B by certain peculiarities of architecture. Don't you remember how you used to hide behind the rosebush by the walk and jump out and frighten me half to death by hollering "Boo!" when I came home in the evening? Don't you remember how you used to climb up into the haymow and slide down with a cry of alarm at the start and a shout of delight at the finish when you landed safely in my arms? Don't you remember—but, pshaw! Of course you don't. You haven't reached the age of memories yet. In your imagination all the beauty and brightness and glory of life are just ahead of you, and you look that way. I pray God that you may always look that way, always see the sunshine a little brighter just beyond until you bask in the light supernal.

The Young Man in the Case.
And now my little girl wants to get married and would like to have papa's consent. Papa's a good deal in the position of the countryman who goes up against the shell game at the circus. The young man in the case is working the shells, and the chances are 100 to 1 against papa. I'm mighty sorry that I don't know him. At least, I don't remember having met him unless he was one of that string of dough faced popinjays that danced around you all the time I was at home last trip and kept me from seeing you when I wanted you all alone. Of all the high collared, turned-up trousers dudes I ever saw that bunch was the worst. But, there; maybe he was one of them, and, come to think of it, my judgment was based on the mass.

You say he's the dearest, sweetest, bestest—but, my dear little girl, if Mr. William Jackson Rollins is all that you say he is the morning papers in heaven must be running display advertisements asking for information as to the whereabouts of a lost, strayed or stolen angel. If William fits your description he's got no business down here. His proper job is fitting around the pearly gates shooting away us old sinners who want to break in. But I'm willing to make allowances for superlatives of rhetoric and enthusiasm and consider your prospectus on a 1 per cent basis. Besides, your mother assures me that William is all wool and the proper width, and forty years' experience has taught me that your mother's judgment can be relied on.

Personally I don't think any man that walks—or any that rides—in an automobile, for that matter—is good enough for my little girl—but your old daddy's got sense enough to know it's the way of woman to let some good for nothing cousin trousers carry her

off. Just as I did your mother, though for the life of me I never could understand what she could see in this bundle of bones to hanker after. The Lord did a mighty good job when he made woman, but it seems to me he might have improved upon Adam a little.

I don't expect to find perfection in William. If he's got a sufficient quantity of good, everyday sense, if he's honest and upright, if he doesn't jump backward when anybody says work, and if he really and truly loves you, I reckon that's all that I can reasonably expect.

He Must Be Saving.
I'm not particular about the size of his bank deposit. Just as an evidence of backbone I hope he's out of debt and has a little money laid by. I would hate to see you married to a deadbeat or a spendthrift. One is a moral and the other is a mental delinquent, and you wouldn't be likely to find happiness with either. But given industry and a disposition to spend a little less than is made and comparative poverty in youth is no great drawback. When I married your mother I had a stout heart, a steady job, my trousseau and \$200 in cash. That was all my capital. I have more than that now in cash, but I don't feel as rich as I did then, nor was I in reality. That is a good enough foundation for any youngster to begin married life with, provided, of course, the girl in the case is contented to start with that and be satisfied with what he can provide for her without overstepping his income. So I say that if William is as well fixed as I was I shall have no objection to him on the financial score. But it is mighty important that he have this start. It's mighty embarrassing to a bride to find the tailor's unreceipted bill in the inside pocket of her hubby's wedding coat, and if you discover that William is a little backward in money matters you'd better postpone the joyous ceremony until he can get a move on himself and get ahead of the pay wagon.

On the other hand, my dear, if he has a roll as big as a telegraph pole I wouldn't consider it an insurmountable obstacle. Money is a mighty good thing to have lying around, and I don't know that I would consider it advisable to put a limit on the amount, provided it doesn't pile up around a man's legs so that he can't work. I have taken it for granted, little girl, that you love each other. I don't know why I should, for I am well aware that love is getting to be unfashionable, but I am one of those old fashioned fellows who believe that love is quite essential to happiness in married life and have no patience with those people who hold that mutual esteem is a satisfying substitute. There are lots of men and lots of women that I highly esteem, but I'd hate mighty bad to have to make a contract to live with any one of them indefinitely. Love is an entirely different proposition. It comes to the normal man or woman but once—once at a time, at any rate—and it's the feeling which the good Lord meant should be a prelude to and a necessary accompaniment of the relations between man and wife. It's the real divine fire, little girl, and there are no substitutes that are of as much value as a cockle-bur in a sack of oats by comparison. But young folks are sometimes mistaken in the feeling.

The Genuine Article.
Do you remember how you broke out with the hives at the same time Nannie Jones was down with the smallpox over in the next block and how desperately scared your poor mother was? Lots of people make the same mistake about love. They think they have a very serious attack of the real thing when it's only a case of hives, figuratively speaking. I hope you and William have caught the genuine article. None but the genuine will last; none but the genuine will carry you through the storms and land you safely in the blessed haven. Your mother and I have passed forty happy years together. There have been trials and troubles a-many, God knows, but we braved and breast and surmounted them together upheld by love. That's the main thing, honey. Do you love him, really love him? Does he love you? Money and position and brains are of small importance when compared with love. It doesn't insure happiness. There are circumstances under which love is unhappy, miserably unhappy sometimes, but you certainly can't be happy long without it.

Yes, my little girl, you have my consent full and free. I wish I had more tight. I wish that my judgment could be based more upon personal observation than in my confidence in your mother's good sense, strong as that is, and in your own well tried discretion. I would like much to see and know the man of your choice before I handed you over to his keeping, but I am so situated that I cannot do as I wish. I must go it blind, my dear, and perhaps it is just as well. If I were at home I would doubtless do just as your mother and yourself desired me to do, and whether we know or whether we don't we must still to a certain extent go it blind in this matter of matrimony. We have to take a good deal on trust anyhow, and we can only hope and pray that your married life may be as happy as free from care, as your mother and I have tried to make your childhood days; that your husband may be and always be, all that you now believe him to be, and that as wife and mother you may reach as near to perfection as the dear one who gave you birth.

A Thoughtful Wife.
"I was cured of an annoying propensity to sleep at the wrong time in rather an original way," said Snoozer. "Some time ago there were a number of nights when I could not sleep until just before it was time to rise in the morning. Then, of course, it was hard to wake me. My friends advised all sorts of remedies, but my wife set her wits to work and found the right one. The next night I fell into a light doze after I got into bed, but in less than twenty minutes I was as wide awake as ever, pitching and tossing and unable to close my eyes. Well, my wife got up, struck a match and pretended to look at her watch. Then she said: "I wouldn't try to go to sleep, dear, as it will soon be time for you to get up now."

"That settled it. In three minutes I was asleep and slept like a log. This was repeated once or twice, and now I get my regular sleep every night. The best of it was that I didn't know for a number of days the little ruse that had been employed to send me to sleep."—Perrison's.

Cutting Both Ways.
A company promoter who advertised for an office boy received a hundred replies. Out of the hundred he selected ten, who were asked to call at the office for a personal interview. His final choice fell upon a bright looking youth. "My boy," said the promoter, "I like your appearance and your manner very much. I think you may do for the place. Did you bring a character?"

"No, sir," replied the boy. "I can go home and get it."
"Very well. Come back tomorrow morning with it, and if it is satisfactory I care say I shall engage you."
Late that same afternoon the financier was surprised by the return of the candidate. "Well," he said cheerily, "have you got your character?"
"No," answered the boy, "but I've got yours, an' I ain't comin'!"—Ladies Home Journal.

And now, little one, as to your wedding. I don't believe in long engagements, but don't be in a hurry. The engagement is a period of trial that is a mighty valuable preliminary to marriage. It gives you a chance to get better acquainted with one another, to get a closer view of the other's qualities, to find out whether you are really fitted for life together. There's no rush about it. The person isn't going to leave town. And whatever you do, honey, don't sneak out the back door and get married by a justice of the peace with a deputy constable as the witness. That isn't a real marriage. It's just a going through some legal forms that enable you to live together without being interferred with by the sheriff. Her wedding should be the greatest event of a girl's life—something that will be full of pleasant memories for her in after years; a memory of pretty dresses and a prettier bride, a memory of joyous music and glorious flowers, with the odor of orange blossoms hovering over all and scenting the years like a breath from the blessed land, and, above all, a memory of solemn ceremony and of holy vows so impressed upon young hearts by the beauty and sublimity of the surroundings and the service that time cannot efface them.

You Are Worth Waiting For.
You can't afford to miss the material pleasures of the preparation; the hours of shopping with your mother, the making of plans and specifications for the bridal gown, the building of weird and wonderful garments immersed in oceans of ruffles and laces and ribbons, the delightful little perfunctory social events with which your friends honor you—you mustn't skip all these just because William is impatient. Give him to understand that anything worth having is worth waiting for as well as working for, and if my little girl isn't worth having I don't know anything on this green earth that is. No, sweetheart, take your time and get married right. I haven't any use for these impromptu weddings. "Let's go out and get an ice cream soda, and while we're about it we might as well tie up." That's the kind of stuff that fills the divorce courts and the newspapers with harrowing tales of unhappiness. Don't do that, dearie; it doesn't pay. Besides, I want to have you for my own a little longer, and when you do get married your old daddy wants to be there to be permitted to walk down the aisle of the church with you



Embarrassing to a bride.



Can hammer the piano.



Your old daddy wants to walk down the aisle with you on his arm.

on his arm and to give you away while pride and sorrow and joy are rolling over one another in his heart. Yes, little girl, you have my consent, and may God ever bless you. Your affectionate father.

JOHN SNEED.
P. S.—I have just received a manly, sensible, modest letter from William—just the kind of letter I should want to get from my future son-in-law. It gives me the impression that his friends call him Bill, and I like that. If his name had been Reginald or Algernon I should have felt compelled to go home on the first train to look him over.



Up against the shell game.