

Santa Claus Advises That you begin your shopping right away, before the crowds make selection difficult, also that you come to Santa's headquarters which he has established at our store, where you will find a multitude of practical and self-satisfactory Christmas gift suggestions on our counters.

For instance there are toilet articles of various kinds, styles, and prices, but all well made: Manicure Sets, Stationary, Perfumery, Xmas cards and quick knacks. REMEMBER that this is a very incomplete list of what our store offers you. The full line must be seen to be appreciate.

WILLIAMS DRUG CO.

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

C. H. McClain of Buena Vista announces the arrival of a fine boy at his home Sunday morning.

At the home of Harry Neal near Suver, a girl has arrived to grace the home and Sunday night Dr. Butler was called "post haste" to be present at the ceremonies.

Mrs. M. W. Wallace will sell hats at cost and below cost for the next two weeks. Make your wife an Xmas present of a new hat.

Next door to Post Office. The farmers of Suver and vicinity held meeting Monday afternoon for the purpose of levying a tax to better the roads.

Dwain Hartman has been visiting his sister Mrs. J. Reddicopp of Dallas, formerly Miss Bessie Hartman of this city, during the past week.

Mrs. Claude Skinner and sister were Salem visitors Saturday.

Sol Herzog spent Sunday in Dallas and returned Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McKinney spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. T. House of Highland.

Mrs. Dave Haley made a business trip to Salem Saturday.

Mrs. Elwood Hartman spent Saturday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Porter of Salem.

J. D. Hibbs & Co., announces the cutting of prices on their stock of implements and fencing to cost for the next 30 days. See their ad for particulars.

Monday morning the weather bureau man overslept himself and let the fire get low in the furnace, so it was pretty chilly early in the morning.

A new cement walk is being built on Monmouth street in front of the property occupied by Mr. Rookwell. This was formerly the Dr. Davidson property.

According to late reports Representative Elect Thos. W. Brunk has signified his intention of supporting Representative C. N. McArthur for speaker of the House of Representatives. This action by Mr. Brunk is commended by his many friends in Polk Co.

Independence is commencing to look like toy land.

Claude Fryer is now located at Castle Rock, Washington where he is practicing medicine successfully.

Geo. Krebs of the Buena Vista has p metropolis Friday.

W. E. Williams of Airlie was transacting business in Independence Friday.

Claude Hubbard has been visiting his parents in this city this week.

Mrs. Steele of Salem is visiting her sister Mrs. O. A. Kreamer this week.

Mrs. I. C. Young has been quite ill the last week.

Norman Cairns, the man who never cracks a joke, is now in the Davis pool hall where his seriousness becomes almost a sadness.

Miss Opal McDevitt visited this week in Independence from Dallas.

Don't forget the basket ball game Friday, between Lebanon and the First H. S. team at the auditorium.

KEEP THEM ON THE FARM!

A large percentage of the young men who would leave the farm are those who grew up in an atmosphere of dissatisfaction and discontent with their farming parents. There is no question that the farmer—for health, wealth and happiness—holds a rare opportunity, but not until this opportunity is taken hold of will we become a race of successful farmers and permit perpetuity of a noble calling to the generations yet to come—Kansas Farmer.

RESTORED ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

By ALBERT KENYON

"You must get well for Christmas," said Ethel.
"Why especially for Christmas?"
"Think what a welcome gift your recovery would be to Mildred."
I made no reply to this for a few moments. I was thinking. Mildred was my betrothed. Ethel was a girl my father had taken in through charity some years before. At my death she would be unprovided for, because my property was left me in trust for my children.
"Yes," I said presently, "my being out of danger on Christmas day would be a gift to Mildred in another way than the one you mean. If I get well her future is provided for. If I die she must look elsewhere for an estate."
"I am sure," said Ethel, "that she thinks only of having you spared to



her. Besides, you know that she has an income of her own sufficient to keep the wolf from the door."
"You haven't anything, and by the terms of my father's will I am unable to provide for you."
"You are only too good to wish to do so. I am sure you would make some provision for me if you could. But I know that is impossible."
I was so weak that even this bit of conversation was too much for me. I closed my eyes, and when I opened them Ethel was bending over me, feet and agony depicted in every feature of her face. But I was too ill to be more than momentarily impressed with her anxiety on my account. I lost power to move or articulate. But I could see and hear as distinctly as ever.
Ethel ran out of the room and returned with everybody in the house. Some one said, "He is dead." Another said, "Get the doctor, quick!"
It was some time before the doctor reached my bedside. When he did he put his hand on my heart and kept it there a long while. Back of him were the members of the household and Mildred, who had been summoned. She and Ethel stood near each other, and I noticed the contrast in the expressions on their faces. Ethel's denoted intense grief, Mildred's something more like awe.
"Is he dead?" asked my housekeeper of the doctor.
No reply was given to the question. The doctor continued to peer at me and kept his hand on my heart. Presently he gave up looking for signs of life and, turning away, said regretfully:
"Yes; he has gone."
I had my eyes on the two girls before me and was watching to see how they took the announcement. A look of infinite pain, longing, despair, came over Ethel's features. Mildred burst into tears. And yet it struck me that they came from strained nerves, the

presence of death, a solemn moment. She turned away with the others and left the room. Ethel was the last to pass out, and just before doing so she turned and looked at me. I shall never forget that look.
I lay in the same condition for some time. Preparations were making for the funeral. A man came in and stood looking at me curiously. I was filled with dread, for I knew what he was there for. He went away, and later the doctor came in with the housekeeper. He stood looking at me for a while, then took my wrist in his hand, then put his hand on my heart. After that he asked the housekeeper to bring a hand mirror and, holding it under my nostrils for a while, examined it carefully.
"Suspend everything for a while," he said to the housekeeper. "It is possible that there is a faint life fluttering within him. But say nothing about this just now. I don't wish to excite any false hopes, especially in his betrothed."
"You're right, doctor—she's wrapped up in him. It's a sad blow to her. If he could only have been spared to enjoy this Christmas with her."
They went out of the room, and I was left alone for some time. Then an old friend of my mother's and a lady I had long known came in to have a look at me. Both stood silently beside me for a few minutes, then went to another part of the room, and I overheard this bit of conversation:
"This is very hard on poor Mildred, isn't it?"
"Well, yes; I suppose it is."
"Why, don't you think it is a great blow to her?"
"She won't be rich, as she would have been had he lived to marry her. But you know Mildred's inclinations have always been for Malcolm Fairchild."
"I didn't know that."
"They were engaged when he was looking toward me, though he was not aware of it."
"I hadn't heard that."
"Malcolm has always been a pet of mine, and he confided his betrothal to me. He was heartbroken when he had to give her up."
"Didn't she love him?"
"I think she did; but, you see, he had nothing but his salary. No girl in her senses would give up a fortune for a salary that must be earned. An income from property is very different. It earns money while one is asleep."
"That's so, but girls are apt to be romantic, you know."
"Mildred is practical. I don't think she will ever die for love."
"I wanted no girl for a wife who had given up some one she liked better. The dialogue continued for a few minutes later, and I heard every word.
"Ethel hasn't been treated right. She was taken in, given a home, brought up in a refined way, and provision should have been made for her."
"Oh, she'll be all right. There's a rich man ready to marry her the moment she says the word."
"Why hasn't she taken him before this?"
"Nobody knows."
I felt like putting in the words "except the dead," but I couldn't, and, besides, I wouldn't if I could.
The speakers fell to talking of the approaching Christmas festivities, mentioning how sad it would be for those in the house of mourning. I had no idea how long it would be till Christmas, but heard one of the ladies say to the other that it was "the day after tomorrow." Persons were continually coming into and going from the room in which I lay, and I heard some one say, speaking of the funeral, "Why are they so long about it, and why don't they have it over with before Christmas?"
I knew it was Christmas eve by the remarks of these persons. I was much depressed at the prospect of the holidays passing and I lying there like a log.
Then I began to wonder if by an effort of the will I might not null myself out of my peculiar condition. I have always been a great believer of the power of mind over matter, and it occurred to me that if I could bring myself to believe that I could throw off my paralysis I would be able to do so. Of course my condition troubled me. Indeed, I was in danger of being buried alive. I determined to make an effort of the will to regain an active condition.

I commenced on Christmas eve by driving all thought or fear of interment out of my mind. After awhile I began to think that I could move my muscles, though I didn't try. I fell asleep feeling less troubled and awoke in the morning refreshed as I had not felt since I had lost muscular power. I remembered that it was Christmas morning, and I was still apparently a corpse.
The door opened, and Ethel entered. Casting a glance at the sunlight coming through a window, she moaned:
"Oh, what a Christmas—the brightest without, the darkest within!"
She came to the bed and stood looking down upon me. She did not speak, but I could interpret her thoughts from her expression. She looked at my cheek and seemed surprised. I wondered if she did not see a tinge of color in it. She started for the door as though to call some one, then stopped, hesitated and came back to me. Kneeling beside me, she took my hand. She must have felt some warmth in it, for she began to rub it. I felt a current, a nerve current, a current of life passing from the hand that held mine and coursing up through my arm to my heart. For the first time since I had been stricken I had power. My hand began to tighten on hers.

She gave a low cry, but I did not know if it sprang from joy or fright. She made as if to rise. I suppose to call others, but I held her. Then I made an effort to speak, but could only whisper:
"Put your arms about me."
She did so.
"Lay your cheek against mine."
This, too, she did. I felt the life coming back to me. I made no effort for awhile, permitting the vigor I was drawing to accumulate. Then I spoke again:
"Dear heart, the life you have recalled is a gift to you on this blessed Christmas morning."
The food of her

joy, love, that well-ed up in her rushed to me and spread itself through my being. Within a few minutes more I could move any muscle I chose. And I was there, on Christmas day, restored, with the girl whom I knew loved me and for whom there had been born in my heart an equal passion.
Mildred married the man whom she had discarded for me—or, rather, for a fortune. If that fortune had been vested in me to do with as I liked I would have settled a part of it on her. I came back from the dead on Christmas morning, and on the next Christmas morning our first child came to Ethel and me from out the great ocean of life.

Gifts of Quality FOR CHRISTMAS

The only goods I handle are **GUARANTEED GOODS** goods that are guaranteed to me by the manufacturer, so I can in turn guarantee them to my customers.

I have a fine new line of Stone Rings, Signet Rings, Bracelets, Fobs, Elgin Watches, Lockets, Neck Chains, Cut Glass, Hand Painted China, Silverware and many other things.

CLEAN UP SALE
On Toilet Cases, Glove Boxes, Smoking Sets, Padded Books, etc., etc.
AT YOUR OWN PRICE
These are all new goods nothing Shelf Worn



AFTER you put your next meal on the table just sit down and consider the layout for a moment. Ask yourself earnestly, 'Have I got the greatest value for the money expended on this meal?'

If you buy your groceries at this store only one answer can be given.

We carry quality foods, the kind you all come back and buy again. That's why our business is growing.

FLUKE & JOHNSON

Rowe's Jewelry Store
"Where a Dollar Does Its Duty"

Fred Neeley and several others started for Raymond Wash., where they will work in the saw mills.

Jim Thorpe, the greatest athlete the world knows, and an Indian has decided to give up athletics owing to the notoriety he is getting.

FOR RENT
One furnished room with private family. Lady room preferred. For particulars inquire at this office.

WANTED:
A lady for general house-

work. For particulars inquire at this office

AT THE M. E. CHURCH
S. S. at 10: A. M. Classes for all.

Public Worship at 11. Sacramental service at tis hours
Theme—The Spirit Fill. life.

Epworth League at 6:30.
Evening Worship at 7:30
Theme—The Conscience—is it a safe guide?

F. N. Sandifur, Pastor.
Theme—The preaching for the times.

MAKE THIS XMAS A HAPPY ONE

Now and seasonable suggestions for Christmas. We offer you gifts that will make you happy both in the selection and in the giving. Have you a special to select? Then come here. We can satisfy your desires and offer you just the kind of a present that will delight the recipient and please them thoroughly.

A Toilet Set for Christmas

Supreme elegance and the highest utility are combined in the sets as well. Each and every piece is carefully made and designed in a way that assures the owner of greatest service, satisfaction and convenience. Toilet sets in Parisian ivory, ebony silver and rose wood.

Our Prices are right Brown's Pharmacy

TO YOU MR. MAN who feel that you can not afford more than \$15.00 for a suit we extend a special invitation to look over our **CLOTHING DEPARTMENT**

Our \$12.50 and \$15.00 Suits are models of perfect tailoring, made of **All Wool Material and ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED.**

We carry the most complete stock of Underwear in the city, and quality considered, our prices are the lowest. From 50c. to \$2.50.

OUR HOLIDAY GOODS are arriving daily. Come in and take a look.

WM. HERZOG LEADING CLOTHIER
INDEPENDENCE DALLAS