

List of Jurors.

The following is a list of Jurors drawn for August term Franklin Superior Court:

W. J. Jones, J. E. White, J. M. Dickerson, J. R. Earle, W. W. Winston, O. Z. Edwards, F. H. Allen, J. W. Perry, S. H. Dickerson, H. M. Speed, R. C. Perry, R. J. Uchurch, W. R. Rogers, E. S. Moore, J. H. Conyers, G. W. Styles, A. C. Perry, S. W. Fuller, J. A. Spencer, J. C. Strother, W. B. Moore, S. C. Cannady, D. T. Hollingsworth, J. H. Holden, S. R. Perry, W. H. Bledsoe, J. H. Eaves, T. T. Terrell, H. M. Cooke, E. Odom, W. J. Alford, J. C. Bousley, C. F. Faulkner, H. L. Rowland, J. C. Champion, O. E. Ayescue.

The Daniels Family.

Please allow me space to give a little bit of history of my grandfather, John Daniels and his descendants. I never saw him, he died before I was born. What I know I learned from older people. It always interested me very much to hear older people tell of by gone days.

My grandfather was married the 7th of May 1788 to Elizabeth Jordan, of this marriage there were 9 children 5 boys and 4 girls. She died the 28th of September, 1802.

The 13th of September, 1808, he was married the second time to Elizabeth M. Earls, of this marriage there were 8 children, 6 girls and 2 boys. My father, John M. Daniel was the youngest son of the last lot of children. He was born April 27th, 1823. He was next to the youngest child, who was Roxanna P. Daniel, mother of Mr. C. P. Harris of this county and grandmother of Mrs. J. M. Coleman, of Macon, N. C.

Notwithstanding the unusual number of his own children, grandfather, adopted an orphan, a nephew of his last wife, making 18 children reared in one home. Not a single one died in infancy or youth, all lived to be grown men and women before they left the parental roof.

It is said my grandfather was an upright, Godly man. He and his household were Baptist, they held their membership at old Brown's meeting house, somewhere in the direction of Warrenton. I was never there but suppose it has been much changed and remodeled since those days. I have his bible and will give the names of its printers and publishers.

Edenburg
Printed by Mark and Charles Kerr,
His Majesty's
Printers

MDCXCII

In this bible is his family record, his marriages, and the births of his children, done in his own hand writing, the penmanship is splendid.

Mrs. Mary Quincy, mother of Mrs. Julia Quincy Cole, of Wise, attended the marriage of one of the first daughters when she—Mrs. Quincy—was a small girl. Mrs. Quincy and her sister Delia acted as candle bearers at the marriage—the flower-girls of today. It was the custom—I won't say style, for I hope they didn't use that word in those days—then to marry at home, prepare a big wedding supper, and have invited guests.

The bride and groom and attendants usually assembled in an upper chamber, and came down steps to be married in a lower room. The candle bearers descended, before with a lighted candle set in a candle stick carrying it in the right hand, such was part of the little Misses Mary and Delilan Fleming at this marriage. Those two little girls died a few years ago at the ripe old age of 87 and 93 years.

Four of my aunts of the last marriage, married men from Franklin county, near Louisburg, one married a man from South Carolina and another, Aunt Charlotte W. Daniel, married Mr. John R. Shearin, near Macon.

My father fell heir to the home, lived and died there, his brother, James Madison Daniel owned a home adjoining the place.

I have been told the history of the first children, but can't remember well enough to relate.

To say the least of all, there must be many connections somewhere.

MRS. Z. T. TURNER,
Middleburg, N. C.

—Warrenton Record.

Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed and cannot be obtained when on board the cars or steamships. For sale by all dealers.

A man gives orders in his house as if he were a prince, and then goes to his business to take them as if he were a lackey.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

DIAMOND BRAND
Beware of Counterfeits. Relieve all Constipation.
LADIES! Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Black Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS. For twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. TRADE MARK.



A QUAIN OLD TAVERN

The Old Cheshire Cheese, In the Heart of London.

SERVES A FAMOUS PUDDING.

A Noble Pastry It Is, and It Was Sampled by Such Men as Gladstone, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Trollope and Whistler.

Nearly all Americans when they go to London make it a point to visit that quaint old tavern in the heart of the newspaper and printing business, the Old Cheshire Cheese, to partake of its famous pudding.

It is the Londoner's delight when he gets back to Fleet street to make a rush for the pudding, and it is almost the last thing he eats before leaving it. Travelers in the Sahara have seen mirages of that pudding, and during the Boer war the men shut up in Ladysmith and Mafeking dreamed of it at regular intervals.

Precisely at 1 o'clock p. m. Tom conveys the pudding from the first to the main floor. It is a big pudding, and the price of it is just 2 shillings—that is to say, a feed of it is 2 shillings, as much as you please, as many shares as you ask for, cut and come again, all for 48 cents of American coin. Cheap, ay, and, oh, how good it is! It is worth crossing the Atlantic to get a sniff of it, and the aroma lingers in the memory for many a day.

Big? The dimensions are Falstaffian. It is a round earthen vessel something more than two dozen inches deep, with a diameter of about eighteen inches. A noble pastry, my masters!

When it is placed upon the service table an elliptical white crust meets the hungry gaze. Tom and his myrmidons take their places in front facing the host, who, knife and spoon in hand, poses with gentle dignity and benignant mien. It is a moment of solemn thought when every man hopes that his portion will be larger than his friend's and that he will be blessed with an abundance of gravy. But they ought from years of acquaintance with the host to understand that his hand is as steady as his judgment is impartial.

No more and nothing better for one than for another. He waves his weapons, and the first onslaught is made. The room is full of a delicious steam bearing with it the concentrated essences of ambrosial substances. The guests sniff it up and murmur choice blessings on the cook, the original inventor, the house and the host. It is a time when men feel good, one toward the other.

One smell of that pudding makes the whole world kin. This famous pudding, which has tickled the palates of thousands, is thus compounded:

- A crust of flour, water and suet.
- Beefsteak.
- Sheep's kidneys.
- Larks.
- Mushrooms (freshly gathered).
- Oysters.
- Stock.
- Pepper and salt.

But it is the boiling that does it. For at least twelve hours this heaven sent pudding is kept slowly simmering in an immense copper specially constructed for the purpose. It must not boil quickly, but the same temperature be kept up the whole period. The steak assumes a juicy tenderness; the larks—not sparrows, as some malignant spirit has suggested, although sparrow pudding is not to be despised—are seethed to the bone, and you can chew up each little songster without an effort; the kidneys are soft and mushy and offer no resistance to the digestive organs, and the oysters, despite their lengthened cooking, are not leathery. The amalgamation and assimilation of the variety of constituents are perfect; the result is bliss.

There is a story told of one eminent litterateur who had seven helpings of the pudding and still yearned for more, and there is another remarkable narrative of four men who ordered a pudding of the regulation size and finished it among them.

J. Pierpont Morgan praised the pudding, and Theodore Roosevelt was delighted with it. Lord Beaconsfield bestowed his approbation thereon, and Gladstone thought it far superior to his famous "three courses." Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith, Swinburne, Tennyson, Trollope, Whistler, Leighton, Sala, Phil May—all sorts of the best of men of their day have fed upon the pudding, and it no doubt helped to inspire their work.

Apparently any cook can fashion it, mix it, fix it, boil it. Let any cook try it. Lots of cooks have tried it, but the results have not been satisfactory. There was a man who once ran the Old Cheshire Cheese, and in his day the pudding first achieved its great fame. When he sold the old hostelry and took a house in the financial district he announced that the same pudding—the same in every respect—would be served every Saturday.

Many of the Cheese's old patrons came around to celebrate. There was the size, but the aroma was wanting; there were the identical materials, but the flavor was not in them. It was not the same, not a bit of it. There was something missing. It may have been the shades of the departed great ones of a bygone time. And so it is that today the famous dish of the Old Cheshire Cheese tastes as of old, and its devotees cannot be seduced by any designing invitation based upon "just as good" simply because there is nothing just as good.—Philadelphia Ledger

Thoughts are mightier than the strength of hand.—Sophocles.

PERSIAN WEAVERS.

The Way the Carpets Are Made by the Hand Workers.

In describing Persian Industries Mrs. Hume Griffith, in "Behind the Veil in Persia and Turkish Arabia," tells how the beautiful carpets of that country are made, of course, without machinery of any kind. The warp is stretched on a loom, which is merely a frame. The woof consists of short threads woven and knotted by hand without the aid of a shuttle. When a row is finished it is pressed tightly to the rest of the web by means of a comb inserted into the warp.

The weaver does not see the pattern as he works, for he sits with the reverse side of the web toward him. The looms are generally kept in an underground vaulted room, often with water running through the center. At each loom three or four weavers sit, according to the size of the carpet. Sometimes the workers consist of one man and two children, and occasionally the owner uses boys and girls only for the weaving.

"I sat on the high stool by the side of a tiny girl, whose fingers were working away so fast I could hardly follow her movements. The overseer was walking up and down the room calling out instructions to the workers. To me it sounded a horrible, incoherent jumble, but the children seemed to understand it perfectly.

The overseer held in his hand a paper, from which he was apparently reading out instructions. It was something like this:

"To No. 1, three blue threads, one white, two green; No. 2, four yellow, one white; and so on, each child repeating after the 'master' the instructions given. As it was all said in a high pitched monotone the result was confusing and deafening. But there the little weavers 'sit, day in, day out, week after week, in this dark, gloomy cellar, kept hard at it by the overseer."

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

THE chief questions on which the Democratic platform takes clearly defined and distinct issue with the Republican declaration of principles may be briefly stated thus:

The removal of the tariff from trust products.

The physical valuation of railroads as a basis for rates.

The abolition of labor injunctions and jury trial for indirect contempt of court.

The rights of the states as opposed to the encroachment of the federal government.

Shakespeare's Last Illness.

According to a tradition handed down by Ward, the vicar of Stratford, Shakespeare's last illness was a fever brought on by a "merry meeting" with Drayton and Ben Jonson. Another authority, Halliwell-Phillips, says that the great poet died of typhoid, caused by the filth and bad drainage about New Place. Like nearly everything else about Shakespeare, the question of the character of his last illness can be answered only conjecturally.

At the Wind's Mercy.

"Scroggins is always boasting about his new balloon."

"That's all it's good for."

"What's all it's good for?"

"To blow about."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Use For Them All.

"You have three pairs of glasses, professor."

"Yes; I use one to read with, one to see at a distance and the third to find the other two."

There is nothing worse for mortals than a vagabond life.—Homer.

Facts

YOU LOSE MONEY

when you allow any of your stock or poultry to remain sick a day.

They give you less results in beef, pork, work or eggs, when they are not in perfect health. Take a little interest in your own pocket book and doctor them up with

Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine

It will pay you to do this.

It has paid thousands of other successful farmers and stock and poultry raisers.

This famous remedy is not a food, but a genuine, scientific medicine prepared from medicinal herbs and roots, acting on the liver, kidneys, bowels and digestive organs.

Sold by all druggists, price 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1. per can.

Write for valuable book: "Success with Stock and Poultry." Send free for a postal. Address: Black-Draught Stock Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sale Continued ONE MORE WEEK

Our special price of 50 cts each on all LADIES HATS, which originally sold for \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50 has been a success from every standpoint, so we have decided to continue the sale another week.

All 6c, 7 1-2c and 8 1-3c LACES now per yard **4c** Persian Lawn sold at 12 1-2 and 15c, now **10c**

LEONARD, SHAW & DEAN OXFORDS for men and boys, all sizes, worth \$3.50, \$4 and \$4.50, now \$1 for your choice.

60 PAIRS OF ZIEGLERS SHOES AND OXFORDS for Ladies, worth \$2.50, \$3 and \$3.50, now your choice for \$1, sizes 1 1-2 to 4.

All Cambric and Nainsook edge and Flouncings, worth 15c, 20c, 25c, now at **10c** All flowered Laws worth 12 1-2c and 15c now your choice at **10c**

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Hollingsworth's Furniture & Music House

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New Talking Machine Records. 10 inch records plays on both sides 60 cents. Talking Machine Needles 5 cents per box. We have just received a new lot of those

Hand Made Chairs and Rockers

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