

KEPT HER AWAKE

The Terrible Pains in Back and Sides. Cardui Gave Relief.

Marksville, La.—Mrs. Alice Johnson, of this place, writes: "For one year I suffered with an awful misery in my back and sides. My left side was hurting me all the time. The misery was something awful.

I could not do anything, not even sleep at night. It kept me awake most of the night. . . . I took different medicines, but nothing did me any good or relieved me until I took Cardui.

I was not able to do any of my work for one year and I got worse all the time. I was confined to my bed for six months. I was so bad with my back that when I stood up I was not able to straighten up again. . . . I decided I would try Cardui. . . . By time I had taken the entire bottle I was feeling pretty good and could straighten up and my pains were nearly all gone.

I shall always praise Cardui. I continued taking it until I was strong and well. If you suffer from pains due to female complaints, Cardui may be just what you need. Thousands of women who once suffered in this way now praise Cardui for their present good health. Give it a trial. NC-138

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Will be in LOUISBURG every
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Wilkins will be with us, and satisfaction
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Betty and the Bird Man

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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Betty's eyes were a wonderful blue. Her hair a dusky brown, her lips like porphy buds and her teeth—but the lonely airman who flew over Betty's garden did not know this. Neither did he know or even suspect that Betty was as lonely as

Betty's garden was walled in by a brick wall. But there was much to do in the garden and the Lieutenant of the American flying corps who had come over to England, to fly with his allies found and watched the pink-clad figure as he flew daily over the Essex homes.

Lieutenant French had sailed on the big Cunarder with many troops some three months before, and each day of the three months had brought a more sickening sense of loneliness. His home in Long Island was just a modest country cottage, but there was a garden, a cat, his dog Binks and a family that the young Lieutenant thought the finest in the world.

He had been flying very low, almost brushing the tree tops of Epping forest, when suddenly at the very edge of the forest he looked down into a garden that made his heart beat with homesickness. There was a pink-clad girl working among the flowers.

That was all he had seen the first day. After that one glimpse of the beautiful Essex garden Lieutenant French flew daily over the spot and watched Betty garden or paint or do bits of carpentering that made him quite desperate to help her.

On days when the wind of rain prevented the great wings of his Bristol from taking him aloft and the big bird was a prisoner in the hangar, the flying man chafed inwardly. When the moon was bright and the stars were making attempts to cross the coast, he wanted only to fly above Betty's garden and, in a sense, feel that he was protecting her and her dear home from harm.

The fruit blossoms were out and billowed out like funny clouds in a sky below him when Lieutenant French had almost come to the conclusion that he would have to come a cropper or drop down into that garden by accident if he were to live on in Essex. He did not know English girls well, and wondered as to how this one in a pink dress would accept a note from him to drop it into her garden.

While the fruit blossoms were swaying beneath him and the sun shining above, the American birdman found a way to drop his note. For the girl in the pink dress was evidently married, and it would be perfectly reasonable to make friends with the wife of a pilot.

She had seen that marriage, I very well do, certainly she had watched a great deal of it. She had seen the man and down the garden path until it rested beneath the feet of trees. And in the chair was an officer, wounded here or there, whom she was wonderfully busy about until she left him comfortably enjoying the sunlit garden and his pipe.

After that she went back to the cottage and returned with chairs and tables, and was soon busily engaged in painting them all a brilliant red.

Lieutenant French could stand it no longer. He had painted garden chairs at home; in fact, he had left paint on almost everything there in the Long Island home, so that nothing would look shabby.

"I say, sir, that Bristol pilot is either trying to sniff our apple blossoms or lift a few bricks from our chimney. Isn't he a 'beast' or a 'bird'?" Dick Raymond exclaimed enthusiastically, and watched the huge wings drop still lower.

Betty and her brother could both see the birdman himself now, and while they waved their hands at him in admiration and greeting he dropped a small package, which landed almost at Betty's feet.

The airplane went up and up, buzzing loudly.

Betty picked up the missive and gave a little cry of delight.

She unfurled a small American flag and waved it aloft. Her brother grinned appreciatively.

"American!" they exclaimed in unison.

Betty opened the letter and read aloud: "May I come this afternoon and get acquainted? Am far from home and horribly lonesome. Hoist the Stars and Stripes if I may come, please."

"Poor duffer," said Dick; "I hope you won't turn him down, sis."

But Sis was very far from turning him down. She was, in fact, ready to shed a few tears for this lonely American. For answer, she just climbed up on her step ladder and flung the small flag at the top of a young cedar tree.

Swooping down again, Lieutenant French waved joyously, then flew awa toward the aerodrome.

In the afternoon he gave himself the most unusual pleasure of taking some exquisitely fresh jonquils to lady. He quite revelled in the thrill emotion that beset him as he carried them toward the garden over which he had so often flown.

He was greeted as an old friend and taken directly into the small home circle.

"Yankees! What luck!" he exclaimed the moment he had shaken hands. "This is too good to be true," and he found himself more than ever at home.

"I have only been over about four months," said Betty, after they had wheeled Dick into a comfortable nook beneath the fruit blossoms and were talking as fast as only the Yankee tongue can move. "My brother was so badly wounded that he was allowed to cable to me—said he couldn't pull through to fight some more if I wasn't here." She laughed softly toward her brother.

"What ship did you come on?" asked the birdman, realizing already that he was more than glad to know Betty and her brother. He was discovering the wonderful charms that had been hidden to his bird's eyes. He would be disappointed now to hover so far above Betty and her garden.

"The Adriatic," said Betty. "Good Lord, so did I! We must have been on the same trip. How in the name of—Did you arrive just after Christmas?"

"I certainly did," exclaimed Betty, "and we mere civilians were mighty tired waiting for you military people to disembark. You must have been ill all the way over, or assuredly I would have seen you, even on so crowded a ship."

"That's a little hot air for you, French," laughed Dick. "Betty's good at that."

"I was in my bunk the entire trip," said French; "didn't even know there was a woman on board, except the stewardess."

"Neither did I," laughed Betty; "there was so much khaki I had no time even to glance about for girls." "She evidently had the time of her young life," commented Dick. "Here I was waiting in ghastly fear of her being torpedoed, and all the time she was firing her head off with our best uniforms, and some of the British as well. From the number of letters the post girl brings here from France, I think my sister knew every officer on the ship."

"Don't mind me," put in French. "Officers who are sancked don't count." Betty told him, but the engine room glances she sent into his eyes were a complete contradiction to his words.

"I was a poor sailor," the lieutenant laughed, "but as a birdman I'm a good one. Dick, I find the only garden in the British Isles, and like a large bee, come straight to the flower honey."

"I had better be getting the tea," Betty replied, and a distinctly maternal color appeared on her cheeks.

For in an English garden—isn't this great?—and the birdman unconsciously it for her, while Dick Raymond gave him a thorough inspection and came to the conclusion that French would be a fine nut for himself, and for Betty—well, he figured that his sister would like her best victim better than the last, anyway, and if she brought on her little pipe for four or five minutes a day, a good, relaxing smoke and a little bird talk to be had, then she would have decided to like Lieutenant French much better than the last.

When the tea was served, a white kitchen Betty reached up for the pipe.

Executive Notice.
Having qualified as executor of the estate of Mrs. Louisa H. Pleasants, late of Franklin County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of Nov. 1918, at this office will be filed in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted by said estate will please make immediate payment. This Nov. 15, 1918.
J. MARVIN PLEASANTS, Ex'r.
Wm. H. & Thos. W. Ruffin, Attys.

Commissioners Sale of Land.
Under and by virtue of the authority vested in us by a decree of the Superior Court of Franklin County, in that action entitled M. T. Hawkins vs. Della Wright, Administratrix et al., we the undersigned commissioners will, on Monday, the 9th day of December, 1918, at or about the hour of noon, at the Court House door in Louisburg, N. C., offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following described real estate, to-wit: Situate lying and being in the County of Franklin, State of North Carolina, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a Locust tree on the Haysville road, corner for M. T. Hawkins, thence about south to a point about three feet west of a pine in S. Y. Macons' line; thence about east to a stake, corner for S. Y. Macon and M. T. Hawkins; thence about north to a rock on the said Haysville road, corner for S. Y. Macon; thence in a northwesterly direction along the said Haysville road to the point of the beginning, containing by estimate about twenty (20) acres, more or less. It being the tract of land known as the B. F. Wright Home Place. This the 8th day of November 1918.
W. H. YARBOROUGH, Com'rs.
E. H. MALONE,
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For Sale.
One Ford roadster apply to
F. J. BEASLEY,
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Riverside Warehouse.

666 cures Chills and Fever.

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The buying public in Franklin and adjoining counties are beginning to appreciate the fact that we have the cheapest store in town, when quality is considered, and are coming here to make their purchases. See the wonderful prices below:

Extra Specials

Children's Black 25c Hose, pair	14c	Ladies' White Hemstitched	1c
Men's 25c Hose pair	18c	Double Knit	1c
Ladies' 25c Hose, pair	14c	50c Pin	24c
Pearl Buttons card	2 1/2	50c Button Sewer	5c
Men's and Boys' 50c Caps	23c	2c Talcum Powder, can	9c
Men's Hats, \$1.00	48c	Canvas Gloves, per pair	2 1/2
Men's 25c Suspenders	13c	Knit Cotton, spool	15c
Men's 50c Neckwear	23c	Knit Cotton, spool	15c
Cuff Links, 25c value	11c	Knit Cotton, spool	21c

MEN'S AND BOYS CLOTHING

All-Wool Blue Serge Suits, \$18 today's value, go at	\$11.95
Men's Suits, \$11 to \$12.50 value, in sale	\$6.95
Men's \$12.50 Suits, High Grade, merchant tailoring	\$11.25
Men's Suits, values \$9 and \$10.00	\$5.80
Men's Overcoats, \$11.90 and \$10.40 down to	\$3.95
Men's Dress Shirts, choice dollar value	50c
The very best Work Shirts, the strongest \$1.25 kind	35c
Men's 75c Sweaters	35c
Boys' 25c Blouses	25c
Men's \$1.00 Dress Gloves	49c
Men's 15c Garters, per pair	9c
\$7.00 Boys' Suits of Fine Serge	\$3.98
\$4.00 Boys' Suits	\$2.98
\$6.00 Blue Serge Suits, the new Norfolk	\$3.95
Boys' Pants, 85c Value	45c
Boys' Suits, worth \$2.00, now	\$1.00
Finest Suits made, high grade, worsteds, \$7.50 value	\$4.95

Men's, Women and Children's Underwear.

Boys' Fleece-Ribbed Union Suits	39c	50c Union Suits	39c
Men's \$1.25 Heavy Fleece Shirts and Drawers	89c	Ladies' Fleece Ribbed 75c	
Boys' Heavy Fleece, Shirts and Drawers	75c	Shirts and Drawers	99c
Ladies' Fleece Ribbed		Suit \$1.25 Union	75c
		Girls' Extra Heavy Fleece 75c	
		Shirts and Drawers	29c

DRESS GOODS FOR THE LADIES.

Good Sheetting, 25c value, per yard	17 1/2
50c Mattress Ticking, per yard	25c
Turkish Towels, each	15c
25c Apron Gingham, per yard	17 1/2
25c Outing Flannel, per yard	18c
35c Dress Gingham, per yard	21c
Wool Serge, 75c value, per yard	49c
25c Curtain Serim per yard	14 1/2
New Fall 1917 Dress Goods, value 50c to \$1.00 yard	59 and 23c
"De Lux" Hats for Boys	25c
Men's \$1.50 Sweaters	75c

Our lines of Coats, Suits, Shirtwaists, Skirts, Millinery and Sweaters are complete and are being sold at bargain prices. Come in and see our lines. See our line of Men's Women and Children's Shoes before you purchase your winters footwear.

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