

J. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

With Malice toward none; With Charity for all.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM, In Advance.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

A kind word will go farther and strike harder than a cannon ball.

Seeking happiness simply to have it is a very bad kind of selfishness.

Advertisement for P.P.P. Cures Scrofula, Blood Poison, Eczema, etc.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY

H. B. FRAZIER'S. LOUISBURG, N. C.

Solid and heavy plated Gold and Silverware of many kinds and novelties.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY RE-PAIRED AT SHORT NOTICE.

NOTICE OF MORTGAGE SALE.

By virtue of a mortgage deed executed to S. J. Crump by Richard Wood and transferred to me, and recorded in the Register's office of Franklin county, Book 90, page 93, I shall sell to the highest bidder for cash, at the court house door in Louisburg, on the 7th day of December 1891, a certain tract of land in Duram township, containing about 20 acres, known as the Hicks tract of land on Millard, and adjoining the lands of W. K. Phillips, Calvin Priest, Rosa Johnson and others.

W. L. JOHNSON, Mortgagee. Oct. 28, 1891.

STILL HERE. I am still at my shop where I will be glad to repair your buggies, wagons, &c. I am also prepared to repair and put your harness in good condition.

FOR SALE. A good "Turpentine Place" in Laurens county, Georgia.

You Will Find

RODGERSON'S BAR. If you want a pleasant drink the "good old" always call at

B. H. RODGERSON'S. ON THE CORNER, a full line of best Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobacco.

Remember—I WILL NOT BE UNE Satisfied.

J. D. & R. S. CHRISTIAN Wholesale Grocers, RICHMOND, VA.

Prompt attention to orders and satisfaction GUARANTEED.

CRUCIAL EVIDENCE. BY MARY E. STICKNEY.

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Anita knew what this trip meant to him who loved the freedom of the woods with the ardor of a schoolboy, to whom trout fishing was the only pursuit worthy the name of sport.

"But you are quite wrong," she eagerly protested. "You do not know my face yet, dear, if it can deceive you then that of course I want you to go, and I am delighted at this opportunity for you."

"If I could only have you with me!" she said with a tender little laugh, "you remind me of one of the Pompey boys whom I was reading this morning, who was according to Bronck, so good and beautiful, and so delightful to women, that they all longed to kiss him."

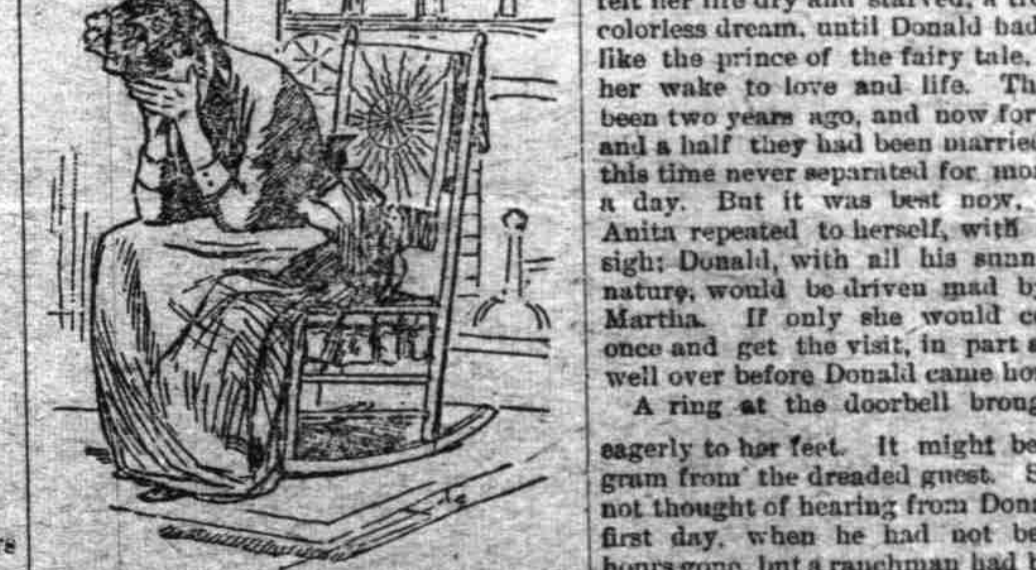
"Oh, thank a awfully," laughingly feeling in his pocket as though to settle the score. "What do you want for it?"

"I want you to listen to reason, my man. I want you to accept the mountain plan as a settled thing, without further argument. And I shall not be alone in a day or two, you know, or, if she does not come, I would go up the last of the week and join you at the park, as you suggested."

"And will you, my dear girl?" tenderly drawing her to him. "And you will not get blue and lonely through the long days if she does not come? You will not be sorry that you sent me away?"

"Sorry," her face glowing with the unconscious eloquence of strong passion. "How could I grudge you any pleasure, when I love you so? How could I be lonely, knowing you happy in good company? Ah, no, sweetheart, rubbing her cheek softly against his, "never, for a moment, let me seem to be a drag upon your pleasure. Your happiness must always be reflected in my heart, and whatever enjoyment may come to you can only make me unselfishly glad."

And she thought she meant it, every word. It would seem that the recent angel should have smiles in turn, as well as tears, for the foibles of human nature.



Back again in her own darkened home. Two-thirds of the warm summer day Anita had spent in the hot kitchen, "doing up" wild plans, and now her weariness sustained by a comforting sense of duty done, she was prepared to enjoy a well earned rest in the large hammock that was swung across the shaded sitting room.

The innovation of this hammock in the house, with its suggestion of tropical indulgence, would be a thing to stir up Aunt Martha's most outspoken disapproval, the niece reflected as she slowly swayed herself back and forth with the sway of one slipped foot. Ah, well, she was now Mrs. Bartels and this was her own home, thank heaven with a thrill of exultation at the thought. It was for her to say how her house should be arranged—injury unquestionable after the repression of her girlhood.

Notwithstanding her brave face to Donald, Anita was by no means well pleased at the prospect of entertaining

Longman's for grab. They say the fish-in's way up this year," he added indignantly, turning to go. "but I ain't keepin' cases on trout myself. Dried herrin is good enough for me, and lots easier to catch," with a parting grin, as he ambled off.

The note proved to be no mere afterthought of tenderness on Donald's part. It was altogether practical and to the point.

"I had nearly forgotten my field glass. Please send it over to Mrs. Rogers, who will see that I get it. Hastily, Dos."

But of course there had been no time for philandering. Anita disappointedly reflected. He had scrawled his request on the back of an old letter while the ranchman, no doubt, impatiently waited. Naturally, he could not fill the page with love-making.

She decided that she would do Donald's errand herself, partly because at the moment there was nobody available to send, but more to satisfy an acknowledged curiosity to know what especial means of communication Mrs. Rogers was to visit on a ranch in another direction, might enjoy with these ramblers in the mountains. In the subtle distinctions of the fountain mind a certain degree of friendly intimacy suggested "just running in without stopping to dress," as one friend says to another, in half apology for the call in cotton gown.

Mrs. Rogers, in her easy way, might visit Mrs. Bartels in this wise, but Mrs. Bartels was stately and unapproachable in her elegant toilet when she went to see Mrs. Rogers.

Dr. Rogers' residence was in rooms adjoining his office, on the main street of the town, although somewhat removed from the business center. Mrs. Bartels found the small woman coolly encoined on the door steps, lazily waving a palm leaf fan.

"Have you come to mingle your tears with mine?" she called out, as soon as Mrs. Bartels was within sound of her voice. "It is another in the house. But I suppose you would not care to have me invite you to spread your face on the door step. How did you ever get courage to put it on such a day as this? Indolently scrambling to her feet and holding open the screen door, Mrs. Bartels shuddered at the tone of familiar good fellowship.

"I won't consign you to asphyxia," she said, with a chill smile. "I have only come on an errand, and I cannot stay. I have a small package for Mr. Bartels, which he said you would see that he received."

"Oh, then he told you how they persuaded me to change my plans at the last moment and tag after them? Do you find that he could have the cabin right now, and nothing would do but I must pack my baggage? He never can be trusted to go anywhere without me. I tell him it would be a good deal better if he would be as sensible as your husband."

"Unless Mr. Bartels went without me now it would have been impossible for him to have gone at all. His wife explained, her manner a degree more chill. "I am expecting a visit from an aunt, and it was impossible for me to go with him."

"Certainly, I understand," with her brilliant smile, "and I tell the doctor that a sensible man should be glad to escape from his wife sometimes. It turns my head." Mrs. Bartels moved restlessly, turning as if to go. "And are you going soon?"

"Tomorrow. I am going to drive up with Christine—my girl—the cart loaded up with boxes and bundles, like an emigrant outfit. The boys will fish in the morning and wait for us at Sunset Galesh, where we are going to cook our trout over a camp fire and have a jolly picnic dinner. So awfully sorry you can't be with us."

"Thanks," with a shadowy smile. "But since Mr. Bartels will be there, can't I add to your load a luncheon for him? Unspeakingly hateful the thought that Donald must partake of this woman's salt."

"No, indeed, don't think of it. I have prepared an abundance of everything; and I have tried to remember the things that Mr. Bartels used to like. We once thought ourselves quite well informed as to his tastes; you know, with her careless, childlike smile, "and I suppose it is safe to assume that he has not outgrown all his old likings, a faint emphasis on the "all."

ECHOES FROM THE ELECTIONS.

The potent factor behind the Republican throne in Ohio was what is modestly termed by Chairman Hahn, "his campaign fund." It is estimated that the amount spent in Ohio to elect McKinley far exceeds that of the last five campaigns in the aggregate. The returns show that the Republicans voted the Republican ticket as they have always been doing, and that if Democrats expect to achieve financial reform they must remain united and vote to a man against the Republican nominee. There is no other hope.—Ex.

Hon. Jeremiah Simpson, of Kansas, lectured in New Orleans Thursday night in the interest of the people's party movement. He said he was surprised at the defeat of Governor Campbell and disappointed at the small vote for the people's party candidates in Ohio. In Kansas he said, the fusion of the Democrats and Republicans injured the Alliance party.

His address ought to have been entitled Expectation and Realization. He expected the third party to get over 200,000 votes in Ohio. They got 11,000. Mr. Simpson is not good at figures.

Of the situation in Ohio, a dispatch from Columbus says: Governor Campbell takes the situation philosophically and says that the Democratic party was laboring under too great a handicap in Ohio because of lack of funds to pay the legitimate expenses of the campaign. He says they have made the best fight they could in face of a Republican majority of 11,000 to start on, and the combined opposition of manufacturers and capitalists; Besides all this it was a life and death struggle with the Republican party, one of its national leaders and the representative of its chosen idea of protection, meant the downfall and disintegration of the party itself. Party lines were closely drawn.

Mr. Cleveland has expressed his opinion of the result of Tuesday's election as follows: "Of course every one has a right to put his own construction upon the result, and I am not anxious to obtrude my ideas, but it seems to me some things ought to be no longer doubtful. Any man who still thinks that tariff reform is a settled and obsolete issue, or that the importance of sound and safe money is a question upon which the people can be blinded, is either willfully wrong or dangerously dull."

"It seems to me, too, that Democrats ought to be satisfied that a staunch adherence to the principles of their party does not require the abuse of those who show an inclination to help us."

"I very much regret the defeat of Gov. Campbell. He has been a brave and honest official. This and the splendid canvass he made entitled him to success. While the election of Flower, Russell and Boies ought to cause the utmost rejoicing among Democrats, they should not forget that with these things comes the obligations to be true to the people, honest in the advocacy of our principles and decent in all things."

The gay young bicyclist he's in his bed. Not for him is the spring sun shining. He has been flung and is sore in body and head. But Salvation Oil will make him smiling.

"I've got it at last," said the fellow who found his cough subdued by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

People who ride hobbies never pay much attention to the scenery. The healthy growth of the baby's dependent upon its freedom from the pernicious effect of opium. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is the best remedy known for the diseases of early childhood.

For children the best remedy for catarrh or influenza is Old Saul's Catarrh Cure.

TO THE PUBLIC. I wish to say to the public that I have a supply of men's clothing on hand, which can be bought cheap. All those who have second hand clothing of any kind, which they desire to sell, should bring them in to me at once. I have added new features to my business and can supply my customers with soap, cakes, and almost anything they want. Call and see me over the post office. Respectfully, MARTHA ETHRIDGE.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.