XX.

LOUISBURG, N. C., DECEMBER 18, 1891

NO. 46.

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



ABSOLUTELY PURE

Buffalo has forty-eight public Connecticut's tobacco scop is schools and 155 churches.

worth \$30,000,000.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY

-AT-

H. B. FRAZIER'S

LOUISBURG, N. C.

Solid and heavy plated Gold and Silver-ware of many kinds and novelties. You will be surprised to see how cheap ou can perchase everything in th jewelry line at my store. Gola and sil ver watches for ladies and gents, also chains to match. I also carry a nice line of eye-glass-s very cheap A sele t line of finger rings, gents and ladies pins, charms, &c. All I ask is a t ial and I will guarantre to please you.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY RL-

PAIRED AT SHORT NOTICE.

You Will Fin

\$10 REWARD.

I will pay \$10 for the arrest of John Smith, white, who escaped from Franklin county jail on the 1: th inst:

DESCRIPTION.

John Smith, white, is about 21 years old, fair complexion, dark hair, about 5 feet 10 inches high and weighs about 140 pounds. H. C. KEARNEY, Sheriff

Franklin county.

LAND POSTED.

All persons are forbidden to hunt, day or night, with gun or dog or otherwise trespass on my lands situated in Dunns' township, Franklin county, adjoining the land of Wesley Pippin, Mad White, estate of Becky Bunn, Jack Alford and others, under penalty

W. A. MULLEN.

NOTICE.

Having this day qualified as administrator on the estate of Mrs. Mary C. Harris, this is to give notice to all persons owing said estate to settle et once, and all persons holding claims against said estate o present them before the 19th day of September 1892, or I will plead this notice a bar of their recovery. This the 19th thay of September 1891. M. P. PERSON, Adm'r.

W. M. Person, Att'y.

If you want a pleasant drink

the "good old" always call at

B. H. RODGERSON'S.

ON THE CORNER,

full line of best Wines, Liquor Cigars and Tobacco.

Remember-I WILL NOT BE

UNDERSOLD.

Will Soon Be Here.

CHRISTMAS

And the time is approaching when the appermost subject in the minds of all will be, "What can we get for our Father, Brother, Sister, Cousin, or that other nice person who is somebody else's brother or sister, for a Christm is Present?"

Now what we want to say is, just take a look at the nice display that will be

THOMAS & AYCOCKE'S.

before you decide. While our stock may not be the largest ever brought to Louisburg, yet we have a very nice and varied assortment, suited to the occasion and at prices suited to the times. In addition to this our stock of Toilet Goods will be found very nice and of the very best. And remember, that while we shall give the Holiday Goods attention, we will

lay very strict attention to our

in a first class drug store. Respectfully,

Furman's Old Stand.

THOMAS & ATCOCKE.

Circumstantial Evidence By MARY E. STICKNEY.

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The horses were stopped to rest on the brow of a mighty hill, while, awestruck, Gray and Anita were staring at the

changing glory of the sunset. Anita was weary and dispirited, cramped and tired with the long day's ride, tired above all of Gray. His easy familiarity, with its undertone of laughing tenderness, while it seemed natural enough after their long years of childish comradeship, yet chafed on her nerves; the joking small talk with which he continually interrupted her brooding thoughts filled her with smothered irritation. She was beginning to see the expedition but as an impulse of childish folly. What if she cal sacceed in this scheme of retaliation? cui bono? Would all the jealous anger his heart could hold give her husband bigk to her so that her faith in him could be made whole

again? And what availed anything else? "Do you know," said Gray, dreamily watching the dying sunlight that seemed sifting itself through gold dust in one brilliant spot behind the range, "I think that slang phrase you have here for death-'going over the range'-was born in a poet's brain? Don't it seem as if back?" that range yonder might bound the world?-as if, beyond, the full flood of sunlight might be pouring down upon a celestial city? Ah, well, I'm afraid we shall find it all about as much of a takein when we go climbing up the golden

"Don't, Gray!" a little choke in her voice. To think that but a moment since she had been calling him tiresome in her thoughts, when one could not but guess, seeing his thin, drawn face and too brilliant eyes, how strong the chances were that before very long he might be proving himself whatever might be in 'the great perhaps"-gone "over the

"And why not?" his light laugh broken off by his hollow cough. "Because I have a sore throat do you think it be-hooves me to assume a good-boy attitude? It seems to me that about half the show of piety of the world is built up on this basis-the instinctive thrift that would blindly provide against a possible rainy day-half admitting that the enterprise may turn out a lottery drawing nothing but blanks, yet taking the gainble, since it seems to cost nothing but a little lip service." .

"How can you be so cynical-so unjust?" in shocked expostulation. "And life is so wretchedly short!"

"You mean we ought to make hay while the sun shines, so to speak, and swallow orthodoxy while we have time. I can't, Nita. I think a man must be happy to be religious-to feel that he has something to thank God for. But for me, I am not happy. Are you, Nita?" "Ah, who is?" returned Anita senten-

tionsly. "It is not necessary." "No, but very desirable. And when some of us can see so clearly just what is lacking to give us perfect happinesswhen it seems as if one might almost reach out his hand and take it-it seems a little rough, don't you think?"

"None of us know what is good for us," returned Anita sagely, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"But we suffer just as much from baffled desire if we only think we know,' persisted Gray, touching up the horses. "And in that connection I have often wondered and now I want to know," turning to her determinedly, "if you had been left to make up your mind alone, would you have married me?"

"Oh, Gray," in distressful embarrassment, "what is the use of raking up that old affair!"

"And what is the harm, since it is an old affair, past and done with Call it an idle curiosity if you like. I don't see why you should mind telling me now." "I wish you would put on your over-

coat, Gray. It is growing cold," nervously buttoning her jacket. "That is not answering my question." "Which you have no right to ask."

"I know that," humbly, "but I have so longed to know. One thing," searching her face eagerly, "you do not say you

would not." "No: because"— stopping with a swift blush as she saw whither her words

tended. "You would!" cried Gray, his face

"Not at all. I did not say so." sharply, but relenting a little as she met his reproachful glance. "There was only the smallest possibility, the merest scrap of a chance, that if Uncle John had not been so opposed to it, and Aunt Aunie had not preached in its favor so continually, that-well, perhaps I might." "Oh, Nita, you dear, dear girl!" with

passionate joy. "If you could understand what this small admission is to me, you could not regret it. To think that you really cared enough for me"-"But I did not," she quickly protested, frightened at the passion in his eyes. " never cared for you as much as you did

for a moment." "If you cared a quarter as much it was enough," he doggedly retorted. "You cared enough to marry me; you have

for me. I could not have pretended it

a cat and dog life we would have led to cerned.

"It would have been heaven," he passionately retorted. "You would not have married me if you had not been a little fond of me, money or no money. I know you better."

"I wish you would put on your overcoat," she abruptly interposed. "Bother the overcoat!" with an unsteady laugh; "but of course you must

have your way." "We are almost there," she remarked, thinking to bring the conversation to safer ground, as he stopped the team to find the garment and put it on. "From the top of this hill we shall look down directly upon the park; and, do you know, I am beginning to think it is rather a poor place after all? I am al-

most sorry we came." "Well, my anticipations were coppered to start with," he coolly returned. lifting the reins as if to turn the horas

around. "Let's go back." "Go back now!" cried Anita sharply, laying a remonstrant hand upon his arm.

"What an idea!" "The time to go back is when you discover that you don't want to go ahead. wherever you are or whatever the enterprise. Life is too short to fool it away going one way when inclination pulls you another." There was a world of meaning in his tones, freighted with passionate tenderness, his eyes glowing into hera. "Come, Nita, can't we go

"Of course not," brusquely, reaching for the whip in her impatience, to touch the horses herself. "Don't be a goose,

"Would you like to drive?" with sulky

courtesy offering the reins. Opportunely at that moment, from a bridle trail emerging upon the road ahead, appeared three horseback riders -Mrs. Rogers, her husband and a clerical looking stranger. The lady and the doctor, after a glance of recognition,

"Can it be actually you?" cried the vivacious little lady, all smiles and dimples, reining up beside them. Anita was glad for even this interruption, greeting her with unwonted cordiality.

"And did you meet Don?" "Donald-has he gone?" faltered Anita,

"Actually done gone-could not live without you for another day," in her tone of laughing raillery. "And here you are! What a joke on him!" "But when did he go? I don't under-

stand," looking puzzled. "He started this morning: but he said he should take the blazed trail over the hills, so of course you would not have

met him," explained the doctor. "He must take the shortest cut in his uncontrollable patience, you see. Ah, nobody could doubt that 'His heart was. true to Pell'-you know the song," showing all her pretty white teeth in a laughing side glance at Gray, who was appreciatively regarding her. "I presume you will be obliged to curb your impatience to turn around and follow him until tomorrow at least; so we will see you again," with a laughing nod as she rode on ahead. And as she swiftly passed from sight beyond the brow of the hill they could hear her singing, her little lilting voice as full of joyous abandon as a child's:

His 'art was true to Poll, His 'art was true to Poll. No matter what you da If your 'art be true.

And his 'art was true to Poll. "And who is her ladyship?" queried Gray, when his fixed gaze had lost sight of the dainty figure in its trim-fitting habit. Anita did not hear him.

"She called him Don!-to my face!my husband!" she exclaimed, in a white heat of anger. "What a vulgar, ill bred little wretch she is! To think of being compelled to know such a person!"

There was a wicked light of laughter

in Gray's discreetly averted eyes. He had made a discovery. "Awfully pretty, though, Nita—give the what's his name his due," he said demurely. "Just the kind of woman, I should say, to raise the devil with some men. Who is she? Tell me about her."

"There is nothing to tell," with cold disgust, "except that" "My diagnosis was correct?-she does "Precisely."

CHAPTER IX.



A man who has been always favored owned that, Nita, and you can never of women, though he may have been take it back. Nothing on earth can rob given the best of reasons to know that me of that crumb of comfort now. You would have been mine—mine, Nita," with a sharp drawn breath, his fingers closing on the reins as if he were hold-Prescription and Drug Departments

Closing on the reins as if he were holding himself back from catching her in his arms, "and you would have been but his arms, "and you would have been but for that pack of meddlers—damn them!"

"Don't, Gray. Can't you see that it was all for the best?" in cool, dispassionate reasoning. "I would have married you for your money—to have had a hand-ber cousin had once loved her Donald ber well, but she had not loved ber beauty to an armor of self confidence too flearly in plans fell flat at the outset. That her cousin had once loved her Donald beauty well, but she had not loved ber beauty to an armor of self confidence too flearly you for your money—to have had a hand-ber cousin had once loved her Donald beauty well, but she had not loved ber beauty to an armor of self confidence too flearly you for your money—to have had a hand-ber cousin had once loved her Donald beauty to an armor of self confidence too flearly you for your money—to have had a hand-ber cousin had once loved her Donald beauty to an armor of self confidence too flearly you for your money—to have had a hand-ber cousin had once loved her Donald beauty to an armor of self confidence too flearly you for your money—to have had a hand-ber cousin had once loved her Donald beauty to an armor of self confidence too flearly you for your money—to have had a hand-ber cousin had once loved her Donald beauty to an armor of self confidence too flearly you for your money—to have had a hand-ber cousin had once loved her Donald beauty to an armor of self confidence too flearly you for your money—to have had a hand-ber cousin had once loved her Donald beauty to an armor of self confidence too flearly you for your money—to have had a hand-ber cousin had once loved her Donald beauty to an armor of self confidence to flearly you for your money—to have had a hand-ber cousin had once loved her Donald beauty to an armor of self confidence to flearly you for your money—to have had a hand-ber cousin had once loved her Donald beauty to an a "Don't, Gray. Can't you see that it was all for the best?" in cool, dispassionate reasoning. "I would have married you for your money—to have had a handsome home of my own—that is the truth of the matter; and that sort of marriage is always a failure. It would have been to an armor of self confidence too flearly invulnerable. And thus Anita's vengence ful plans fell flat at the outset. That her cousin had once loved her Donald knew well, but she had not loved her cousin—poor devil! and that settled the matter; and that sort of marriage is always a failure. It would have been matter so far as Donald Bartels was con-

It was disappointing to come into the oppressive loneliness of the silent house, but the explanation of the servant seemed perfectly simple and satisfactory. It was quite to be expected that Anita should have gone on to the park to meet him according to his plan, and he was amiably pleased that the opportune visit of her cousin had arranged the trip so

agreeably for her. Not to miss a mail he roused himself at daybreak the next morning to scratch a hasty letter, bidding her stay at the park, and-this was Saturday-the nextweek he would ride up to spend Sunday with her, and if she liked bring her home. He was afraid that, finding him gone, she might be disposed to return; and he wanted her to enjoy an untroubled holiday.

Anita's first impulse had been, indeed, to return at once, but Gray said decidedly that the horses must rest for a day, and when Donald's letter came she indifferently acquiesced in his plan. It was but a choice of evils at best, she told herself. She dreaded to meet her husband, anger still burning at her heart, as much as she feared Gray's reawakened passion. And Gray did his utmost to keep her fear of him in abeyance. His attitude was simply that of a | 204 kindly kinship, his attentions only such as common courtesy demanded. As if unconsciously he seconded all her efforts | 208 that they should not be left alone together, devoting himself, with his fine talent of flirtation, to every weman who

smiled him a welcome. And Anita, indignant at first for the indiscreet admission into which he had led her, reassured by his indifferent attitude, grew to regard him more kindly 218 as the days wore on. If the fear that 219 lurked in her heart tended to make his 220 presence irksome, there was always his 222 weakness to plead for him. Gray was 223 undeniably seriously ill. Everybody ob- 224 served it. Pitying glances were tinually reading the story of the fever flushed cheeks and the too brilliant eyes; | 228 and strangers, with blundering kind- 229 ness, went out of their way to scrape acquaintance and suggest their remedies for his cough. But it was growing bet- 233 ter, Gray each day brightly declared. with that strange self eleception that seems a part of pulmonary disease, each day seeming a little thinner, a little weaker; while Anita's heart, as it grew heavier for him, yet turned to him the 340 more in pitying tenderness.

We are never so oppressed with the 243 cruel inexorability of nature's laws as when we see our friend, glowing with the full joy of life, blindly hurrying on 247 to the vast unknown whence no one may | 248 come back to fell us it is well with him; 249 when we know that the hand warm in our clasp is already chilling with the 252 creeping clutch of death; when we must | 253 see that, were our love as wide as the 254 world, it could not hold him back for a moment against that invisible grasp that | 257 is drawing him down as in a quicksand | 258

before our eyes. And this was Gray-dear old joyous hearted Gray, who had played with her. 262 and loved her, and shouldered the blame | 263 of many of her small sins when they had been children together; when death had seemed an intangible something that | 267 belonged to age, that wever by any chance would touch their happy youth. And now presently the air would be 271 meeting together in the little space filled | 272 with his happy life, as if he had never | 273 been, and she would be living on to see how little the world had need of him, or of any one of us. She did not need to 276 love to feel the pitifulness of it.

For two days it had rained, a merciless, steady down pouring that mocked at every tradition of Colorado's fair 281 climate; two days of confinement in the 282 bare ranch parlor, where, among all the cane seated abominations, were but two 285 chairs really comfortable to tempt the 286 selfishness of a dozen unhappy people— 287
where every game invented by man 289
failed to offset the torture diabolic im- 290 pulses were continually evoking from 291 the decrepit piano. For Anita there 292 was a bit of silver lining showing 293 through the clouds, in that Mrs. Rogers was kept shut up within her cabin, a 296 quarter of a mile away. That vivacious 297 little person rather haunted the ranch hostelry, where she came for her mail, for milk, butter and other necessariesmost of all, it was whispered by the observers, to carry on a sort of aesthetia flirtation with a consumptive young clergyman, with a side glance to spare for Gray Van Zandt's blase beauty. Had there been a hundred men in Eden, would Eve ever have rested until she had beguiled every last one of them into 311 a bite of her fatal apple? In Gray, however, the little coquette | 814

had found one who was fully alive to the flavor of the fruit she had to offer. Nothing he could have done would have won him more favor in Anita's jealous heart than the cold shoulder be turned upon this woman whom she counted her rival. By no means as guileless as the dove was this young man; but in the ways of women he was as wise as the serpent that won the first weak one to

To BE CONTINUED.

Chinese Cures. Indigestion, such a baneful disease

where cooks do not mind their parts, is cared by the Chinese with a powder of dried horned toud, provided it has been carefully caught and prepared when the

moon is on the wate.

Centipedes, which in life produce agonizing blisters in the neighborhood of their bites, still carry with them in the powdered state the faculty of raising blisters when made into a poultice.—San Francisco Chronicle.

ACCORDING TO LAW OF THE AMOUNT OF EACH ACCOUNT CLAIMED AND ALLOWED BY THE BOLES OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF FRANKLIN COUNTY, AND TO WHOM ALLOWED, BEGINNING OF THE FIRST MONDAY IN DECEMBER 1890, AND ENDING ON THE PIRST MONDAY IN DECEMBER

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