

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS.

The Superintendent of Public Schools of Franklin county will be in Louisburg on the second Thursday of February, April, July, September, October and December, and remain for three days, if necessary, for the purpose of examining applicants to teach in the Public Schools of this county. I will also be in Louisburg on Saturday of each week, and all public days, to attend to any business connected with my office.

J. N. HARRIS, Supt.

Professional cards.

C. M. COOKE & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.

Will attend the courts of Nash, Franklin, Orange, Warren and Wake counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and the U. S. Circuit and District Courts.

D. R. J. MALONE,
Attorney at Law,
Office two doors below Thomas & Aycocks' drug store, adjoining Dr. O. L. Ellis.

D. W. H. NICHOLSON,
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN,
LOUISBURG, N. C.

WHAT IS IT DONE CAN IT DO

The original and only genuine Compound Oxygen Treatment, that of Drs. Starkey & Palen, is a scientific adjustment of the elements of Oxygen and Nitrogen magnified; and the compound is so condensed and made portable that it is sent all over the world.

It has been in use for over twenty years; thousands of patients have been treated, and over one thousand physicians have used it and recommended it—a very significant fact.

"Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results," is the title of a book of 200 pages, published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent and a good record of surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases—many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. Will be mailed free to any address on application.

Drs. STARKEY & PALEN,
1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
129 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Please mention this paper.

The Central Saloon.

I desire to say to my friends and customers that I have moved my Saloon on Court street, in the house formerly occupied by Ferrell Parrish, where I am better prepared to accommodate them. My Saloon will hereafter be known as

THE CENTRAL

and I propose to deal out to my customers the very BEST AND FINEST LIQUORS. My special Brand is Nathan Gilmore's B.V. 8 years old. It is extra fine. In fact all of my whiskies are top and contain no "head-sches."

Respectfully,
J. W. POSTON,
Proprietor.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.....	4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY.....	4 00
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Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

ONE MILLION LADIES

ARE DAILY DISCOVERING THE BENEFITS OF DR. J. C. WELLS' PINKETTES FOR PALE PEOPLE.

It is a pleasant, agreeable, and effective medicine for the cure of all ailments of the bowels, and is especially adapted to the treatment of the female sex.

It is sold by all druggists and is the only medicine of the kind that is so widely known and so generally used.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Wells, Lowell, Mass.

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BUILDING FOR OTHERS.

What if I build for others,
And the walls of the building stand
Long after I am forgotten
By the dwellers within the land—
Long after the buildings have crumbled
That were founded upon the sand?

What if I build for others,
And the building shelters me not,
And within the home I have builded
I shall have no part or lot,
And the dwellers who have their homes there
Through all time shall know me not?

Yet these the years shall have faded,
And beneath the roof tree's shade
The children of generations played,
In their childish days have played,
And have passed from under the roof tree
And vanished into the shade.

Some dweller beneath the roof tree,
Thinking when it was new,
May say as he thought to turn backward,
Keeping its age in view:
"The builder who built this building
Built better than he knew."

And I, though I have passed onward,
Tearing the Master's call,
May know, though it may not matter
To me what the building befall,
It is better to have builded for others
Than not to have built at all.

—E. N. Gunnison in Boston Transcript.

The Language of Animals.

It used to be told in the fairy tales that the hero could hear the grass grow and speak with the animals. In reality it is not likely that we shall ever develop the sense of hearing sufficiently to hear the grass grow, but it is quite likely that we shall be able to converse with the beasts of the field. Did the beasts have a language? He would be bold indeed who would deny it point blank. We observe all around us too many indications of conscious communication between them to have a right to say "no" absolutely. To be sure, some animals are silent, totally, it seems. But may they not convey their "thoughts" in some way—for instance, as the deaf mutes do? Or may they not use a secret language, one like that of lovers, employing gestures and looks? When we speak of language in this connection, it must be understood that we do not mean articulate speech. We take the word in its broadest sense as an expression for the means of mental communication existing between one creature and another.—Copenhagen Family Journal.

Asking Questions of the Cuckoo.

"In Denmark," said Augustus H. Schneider of San Antonio, Tex., at the Lindell, "when the voice of the cuckoo is heard in the woods in the springtime every girl and boy lies their hands and ask, 'When, cuckoo, when shall I be married?' The old folks, wearied with disease and age, inquire, 'Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be released from this world's care?' And the bird continues to sing 'cuckoo' as many times as years will elapse before the objects of these desires come to pass. And as some old people live to become advanced in years, and many of the girls die old maids, and the boys find bachelors graves, the poor cuckoo has so much to do in answering the questions put to her that she has no time to make her nest, but lays her eggs in that of the hedge sparrow or the linnet that make the same territory their home."—St. Louis Republic.

Choosing a Wife.

An excellent man was wont to observe that when he chose a wife he should look for mental rather than physical graces. "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain," he quoted grandly, "but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised." His sisters, finding him slow to designate the future companion of his travels through the world, kindly indicated to him a certain irreproachable Miss Ursula, as devoutly good as she was unfortunately angular and plain. And very malicious was their satisfaction when the bachelor brother exclaimed: "Great Scott, there is reason in all things! A man wants something besides piety in a wife!"—Harper's Bazar.

Bricks For Paving Streets.

The vitrified brick is taking the place of the Belgian block in street paving in a number of cities. Cincinnati, Chattanooga, Macon, Augusta and other northern and western cities are already using the vitrified brick with great success, and the demand for that sort of pavement is so large that the manufacturers are millions of bricks behind in their orders. The brick is made of a low grade of fire clay, is almost as hard as flint and is impervious to moisture.—New York Tribune.

Doubtful Employment.

In the majority of the so called social functions of the city there is no time for conversation in the true sense of the word. It is a few hurried exclamations, a few stereotyped expressions and pass on. Yet no one in the swim actually believes that any one out keeps out from chance.—New York Evening Sun.

The Oldest Woman Voter.

Mrs. Catherine Stearns, an inmate of the aged woman's home in Boston, is distinguished as being the oldest living woman voter in this country. She was born on June 23, in the year 1800, at Georgetown, Me.

To Irrigate Successfully.

Water must come from regions of perpetual snow, and the title of the soil who depends on this supply, have constantly within sight of a river that is grand, varied and awe-inspiring.

There are many trials of quinine in the market now, which would quickly take its place if the price advanced material. Its freshness today makes quinine so universally popular.

The great painter, Razzi, filled his house with all sorts of animals and taught his raven to cry, "Come in" whenever there was a knock at the door.

Soot mixed with twice its bulk of dry earth may be used for a top dressing in the garden with good results.

CAME TO LIFE.

An Affecting Scene of a Tragedy Broken Up by the Principal Character.

Many amusing incidents are recorded of the laughable blunders caused by doubling parts. Among them is a story of George Powell, an old English actor, who was among the great men of the stage in 1700. The play was Rowe's "Fair Penitent," in which the haughty, gallant, gay Lothario is slain at the close of the fourth act, but his corpse figures prominently in the concluding scene. The stage directions provide for a room hung with black, with Calista in a similar case. It was clearly unnecessary for the impersonator of the Holy Lothario of the fourth act to represent his dead body in the fifth. It was usual, therefore, to allow the actor's dresser to perform this delightful duty. Now, Mr. Powell's dresser was a rather timid young man by the name of Warren, and on the occasion recorded was lying on the bier waiting for the curtain to go down on the fifth act.

Powell, forgetful that his attendant was employed in impersonating the corpse of Lothario, was impatient to be gone and called loudly for his dresser. He was a very passionate man and when enraged quite violent. He opened his door and called for Warren and threatened him with the severest of punishment if he did not immediately come to his assistance.

The unhappy dresser could not help overhearing his raging master, yet for some time his fears were surmounted by his sense of dramatic propriety. He tremulously longed for the fall of the curtain. Powell threatened to break every bone in his skin, which threat he, in his dresser's opinion, was a man quite likely to carry out. The situation finally became unbearable, and, with a cry, "Here I am, master," Warren sprang up, clothed in the sable draperies which were fastened to the handle of his bier.

The house roared with surprise and laughter as the dead Lothario, encumbered with his charnel house trappings, fled from the stage. The play, of course, ended abruptly, and for once the comber tragedy of the "Fair Penitent" had a mournful conclusion.—New York Herald.

A Famous Fire Rescue.

In the forenoon of Jan. 81, 1893, the old building at Park row and Esplanade street caught fire. The 6-story building had only one stairway and was filled with people. The flames spread rapidly, and many people found that no human being could escape death through the window in an upper window. The firemen quickly brought ladders, but the lowest reached only half the distance. In the crowd a colored bootblack, Charles Wright, saw that fastened to the roof of the building, just above the window where the men were, was a telegraph wire, and that this wire ran across the street to the top of a telegraph pole in City Hall park.

He saw that if the wire was cut in the park it would fall right across the window, so that the men could descend by it. In an instant he seized a fireman's wrench that lay near by, ran across the street and began to climb the tall, smooth telegraph pole. It was not easy in the wind and snow, but by hard climbing Wright soon reached the crossbars. Quickly he twisted the wire rope off. Down it fell, right across the window! The crowd shouted for joy as one after another the three men came down in safety. For a moment only the boy was forgotten. It was not long before every one had heard of Charles Wright, the boy who saved three lives.—Cor. New York Press.

Greeting a Bunko Steerer.

Sometimes the bunko steerer meets his match. Recently ex-Judge Thomas Lawrence, who has been a practicing lawyer in this city for many years, but now resides in his beautiful home in Nyack, had an encounter with one of Hungry Joe's confederates in which the latter acknowledged defeat. The ex-judge is a Quaker and wears a starch hat and Joshua Whitcomb clothes. Passing through city hall park an elegantly dressed young man said: "What! Do my eyes deceive me? You are!" But Mr. Lawrence seized the fellow's hand and broke in: "Why, I am glad to see thee, friend. Thou hast changed thy clothes since I saw thee last on Blackwell's island." Slapping Mr. Lawrence on the back, the would-be swindler laughed and said: "That will do, old Quaker; I see you are on my game."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Woman and Politics.

According to the story of a man from Wyoming, woman suffrage has not materially changed the nature of woman. The surest way to get an indifferent woman to vote is the threat of a neighbor to kill her husband's vote by another. Straightway the chief woman will put on her hat and go to the polls. Every woman, however, takes pains to register to be prepared for any emergency, and politics is the chief topic at the sewing bees, church circles and at the dinner tables. The women had some trouble with the Australian ballot, and private rehearsals were held in every house.—New York Evening Sun.

Adulteration of Mustard.

Mustard, especially that which has been adulterated with flour—which, in consequence, also would look sickly pale—is brought up to the original color of genuine mustard by the addition of tumeric, and a similar practice is beginning to be adopted in the pepper trade.—Food, Drugs and Drink.

The Color of the Hat.

Centuries ago the color of a hat or cap had its significance. Cardinals first began to wear red hats in 1559. In Italy for ages members of the Holy Roman Empire were known by the yellow cap they wore, it being mandatory for them to wear them.—Philadelphia Ledger.

NORTH CAROLINA EDITORS

EX-MILITIA COLONELS TO THE FRONT.

Dr. Kingsbury's Unselfish Work—Jernigan's Timely Warning—Tribute to the Democratic Quill-Driver in the State.
Cor. Charlotte Observer.

When I read the letters of Washington correspondents, I find that the name of General Axtell is being urged for a place of honor and big profit under Mr. Cleveland; that Colonel Williford is spoken of by his numerous admirers for a foreign mission; and that Major I. Wantland is mentioned for a collectorship.

But I find no sprightly urging by numerous admirers and many friends of Democratic editors. Now and then a conspicuous quill-driver appears among the vagaries of official preference. But he soon vanishes. In the sphere in which he shone dimly and from which he was quickly evolved, we behold, a-blasting, with martial glory, some proud ex-militia colonel, who vested with the divine right of rank comes to stay, while valiantly confronting the seat of honor and stretching a reaper's gathering hand toward a golden harvest of official stipends.

"I don't want an office," was the reply of Doctor Kingsbury of the Wilmington Messenger; and the ripe old belles letter-scholar was in earnest. He had rather write for North Carolina, for the whole South, for Democracy, for higher education and for moral truth than to gather political spoils. During the campaign he wrought tirelessly for his party—wrote chastely, but with power. His good heart throbs out streams of patriotism which run down his arm, off his pen, and thence into columns of political and literary strength and beauty, which will remain as pleasing examples of strengthful, gossipy, cherry and bubbling thought when the doctor has dropped his stylus, and has followed the sign of the Cross through the mists of the evening, and out, out, and yet beyond, into the pure, white light of Perfect Day.

"I suppose that you will be a candidate for the consulate you filled under Mr. Cleveland's administration," I said to Thomas R. Jernigan, the able editor of the Raleigh Chronicle.

"I want no office in the gift of Mr. Cleveland," was the response of the brilliant editor.

"Why?" I asked.

"For the reason that I have dedicated my life to journalism. I want to make my paper as perfect as a newspaper may be had in North Carolina. I can serve Mr. Cleveland and Democracy by staying in this country, right here in Raleigh, that's what I want to do; that's what I intend to do. I am here to stay."

I really think it charming Democracy when men, entitled to reward for valiant services, find pleasure in serving their party along the lines of personal sacrifice rather than in the luxury of honorable office and fine salary. I wonder if the Democracy of North Carolina remembers the trenchant editorials which Jernigan wrote from Morehead City, in the summer of 1891? They appeared as letters from a staff correspondent in the News and Observer, when Jernigan and Ashe were jointly editing that paper.

These articles were aptly headed, "Uncover the Conspiracy." Mr. Jernigan was at Morehead in reportorial capacity at the meeting of the State Alliance. Then and there, he heard and saw things, and perceived the meaning of certain intimations. In short, he discovered that the integrity of Democracy was menaced by traitors, who were seeking to bind the party and deliver it to the common enemy. Jernigan gave an alarm that spread through the ranks of the faithful and carried dismay into the camp of the conspirators. Every Democratic club retain-

ing a post campaigning organization ought to procure and keep these letters on file. Every Democrat who would preserve valuable political literature should secure copies. In retrospect, the strange things which North Carolina Democracy confronted and overthrew, these letters are a source of sore prophecy of what, in the memorable struggle of 1892, became peacefully oblivious and alarmingly menacing. *

In my rambling about editors and their freedom from ambition for office, I wish I could control the space to follow my inclination. I want to say something of the veteran Ashe, of the versatile Fairbrother, and of the brilliant Duffy, of the Star. If I had the space I would talk of the work of the land, our little Celtic gentleman, Joe Robinson, of the Argus, and of the knightly manner in which Joe Daniels stood by the cause with pen and by public speech.

Clinging in my memory are the names of many erudite and faithful North Carolina editors. Many of them I know as personal friends, with a few I have no personal acquaintance, but even of these I may say, I have seen their Democracy shimmering in their columns and flung great white lights of truth into dark and crooked political ways. But I cannot write of each now, though, in my heart, I subscribe to each a share of honor for the great victory.

JOHN R. MORRIS.
Love Me, Love My Dog.

Greenville (S. C.) News.

We had hoped for a break in the long monotony of canine triumphs in North Carolina. There the press unanimously and mournfully howled for a dog law. The Alliance appeared to favor it—everybody appeared to favor it. Yet when it came before the Senate that body clasped the familiar yellow dog of the rural districts—the dog declared in rabbit season to be infallibly truthful touching the whereabouts of "possums and in 'possum season to be a temporarily quiescent streak of destruction on rabbits—to its yearning bosom and gave him renewed life.

We all know that dog—that creature of mixed blood and mysterious derivation representing more strains than a kitchen cullender, that lingers about the brick kitchen steps by day, disappears on furtive errands by night when supposed to be on watch over the premises; that comes to town under the wagon and loses himself. Why he should be the object of so much legislative affection we do not know. Yet he is. And he stands guard faithfully throughout the South against sheep husbandry and woolen mills.

Farming is a Business.

Farm and Fireside.

Farming is a business and the man who would make a real success of it nowadays must be a good business man. He must be an all-round good business manager. Besides buying and selling and the employment of labor, there are the planting, cultivating and harvesting of crops, the breeding, feeding and care of live stock, the use of machinery, and a hundred other important things that require intelligence, skill and executive ability of a high order. There are a thousand and little details of the business to be carefully looked after to make the farm do its best. Taking everything into consideration, the wonder is that there are not more failures on the farm than there are. No business in the city would stand under the easy going management of the average farmer.

The stormy winter with its rains, and snows, and rushing blasts serves timely notice on all persons who think life worth the living that they must keep on hand a supply of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the infallible cure for cough, cold and insipient consumption, or suffer the consequences of their temerity.

CURE THE COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY

License the Drinker Instead of the Seller.

Cor. of the Charlotte Observer.

Dr. N. D. Fetzer, of this place, has made the license question a special study for some time, and comes to the conclusion that the best way to deal with the liquor business is to license the man who drinks and not him who sells. He wants any one who wishes to drink to go before the county commissioners and get his license to do so and then present it to the bar keeper and get his drink. He also wants this system so enacted that when a man drinks over a certain quantity he forfeits his license. Under his system the names of those who are licensed drinkers will be published in the papers quarterly. He thinks, also, that this would bring a larger revenue into the treasury than the system now in vogue and would forever settle this perplexing problem. He hopes the Legislature will consider this system and if found to be constitutional enact it into a law.

Served Him About Eight.

Washington Star.

A school teacher in Kentucky, who was of a sportive disposition started out to have some fun at the expense of an unsuspecting dog. He tied a Roman candle to the dog's tail, fired the fuse and waited developments to see the effect on the dog. The dog didn't go off and neither did the candle. While investigating to see what the matter was it did go off, went into the teacher's mouth, down his throat, and burned him internally so badly that he died from it. As the dog wasn't hurt he had the job on the teacher.

Electric Witters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special notice. All who have used it for the relief of the same kind of disease—A paralytic disease does not exist—will be surprised to do all that is claimed. Electric Witters will cure all kinds of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum, and other ailments caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well cure all natural fevers.—For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Witters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price \$1.00 per bottle at Thomas & Aycock's Drugstore.

Policeman Parker was shot and killed by a negro thief at Augusta, Ga., last week.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that most terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourself if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a million bottles were sold the past year. It relieves cough and whooping cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it.

Four persons were burned to death in a hotel fire in Cincinnati last Thursday.

It "rots there" every time—Mr. Anton Marx, 2425 DeKalb St., St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have suffered with rheumatism for the last two years, and have doctored considerably but Salvation Oil is the only remedy that has effected a cure."

Foot ball on horse-back is an innovation in New York athletic sports.

To all whom it may concern.—A pain of the wrist or ankle is not an uncommon occurrence. It is well to know that a few applications of Salvation Oil will rub in will invariably produce the desired result—an entire cure. 25c

Mrs. W. L. Greene, of Wilkes, gave birth to three babies recently. All living and doing well.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaints.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call on our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you nothing, \$5.00 by Thomas & Aycock, Louisville, and T. C. Joyner, Franklinton.

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