TO TELLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS. The Superintendent of Public Schools of Franklin county will be in hornsburg on the second Thursday of February, April, July, Sepnember, October and December, and equification three days, if necessary, or the purpose of examining appli-Lauring on Saturday of each to any business connected with my

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SALE OF VALUABLE LAND.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior court of Franklin county, made in the case of F. B. Dancy vs. Mrs. Julia Thomas, I will sell in limble auction at the court house door

December next, the tract of land in Sandy reek township adjoining lands of J. F. Jones and others, containing 115 acres, be-Thomas and wife Julia, to F B. Dancy, and recorded in Register of Deeds office in Franklin county. Terms of sale, one-fourth cash, balance on credit of 12 months with 8 per cent, interest on deferred payment.

E. W. TIMBERLAKE,

Commissioner.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Hester Prynne was now fully sensible of the deep injury for which she was reents to to the hin the Public Schools sponsible to this unhappy man in perof this county. I will also be in mitting him to lie for so many years, or, indeed, for a single moment, at the and all public days, to attend | mercy of one whose purposes could not be other than that

contiguity of his enemy, beneath whatever mask the latter might conceal himself, was enough to disturb the magnetic sphere of a being so sensitive as Arthur Dimmesdale. There had been a period when Hester was less alive to this consideration; or perhaps in the misanthropy of her own trouble she left the minister to bear what she might picture to herself as a more tolerable doom. But of late, since the night of his vigil, all her sympathies toward him had been both softened and invigorated. She now read his heart more accurately. She doubted not that the continual presence of Roger Chillingworth-the secret poison of his malignity infecting all the air about him—and his authorized interference as a physician with the minister's physical and spiritual infirmities—that these bad opportunities had been turned to a cruel purpose. By means of them the sufferer's conscience had been kept in an irritated state, the tendency of which was not to cure by wholesome pain, but to disorganize and corrupt his spiritual being. Its result on earth could hardly fail to be insanity, and hereafter that eternal alienation from the good and true, of which madness is perhaps the

earthly type. Such was the ruin to which she had brought the man once-nay, why should we not speak it-still so passionately loved! Hester felt that the sacrifice of the clergyman's good name, and death itself, as she had already told Roger Chillingworth, would have been infinite ly preferable to the alternative which she had taken upon herself to choose And now, rather than have had this grievous wrong to confess, she would gladly have lain down on the forest leaves and died there at Arthur Dimmesdale's feet.

"O Arthur," cried she, "forgive me: true! Truth was the one virtue which strength to take advantage of it." fast through all extremity, save when "Advise me what to do."

his face in his hands. "I might have known it." murmured "Yes, Hester; but only under the he. "I did know it! Was not the secret fallen leaves!" replied the minister, with told me in the natural recoil of my heart | a sad smile. at the first sight of him, and as often as "Then there is the broad pathway of I have seen him since? Why did I not the sen!" continued Hester. "It brought understand? O Hester Prynne, thou thee hither. If theu so choose, it will little, little knowest all the horror ϵ^t bear thee back again. In our native this thing! And the shame!-the indel- land, whether in some remote rural vilicacy!-the horrible ugliness of this ex- lage or in vast London-or surely in posure of a sick and guilty heart to the Germany, in France, in pleasant Italyvery eye that would gloat over it! Wo- thou wouldst be beyond his power and

this! I cannot forgive thee!" flinging herself on the fallen leaves be | bondage too long already!" shalt forgive!"

this lonely woman—and still she bore it come to an end!"

not bear and live. peated over and over again. "Wilt thou the ship with it, if thou prefer to cross not frown? Wilt thou forgive?"

minister at length, with a deep utter- more with it! Begin all anew! Hast ance out of an abyss of sadness, but no | thou exhausted possibility in the failure anger. "I freely forgive you now. May of this one trial? Not so! The future God forgive us both! We are not, Hes- is yet full of trial and success. There is ter, the worst sinners in the world. happiness to be enjoyed! There is good luted priest. That old man's revenge thine for a true one. Be, if the spirit has been blacker than my sin. He has summon thee to such a mission, the Northern Exchange bought and sold. violated, in cold blood, the sanctity of a teacher and apostle of the red men. Or human heart. Thou and I, Hester, -as is more thy nature-be a scholar

> "What we did had a consecration of its Preach! Write! Act! Do anything, own. We felt it so! We said so to save to lie down and die! Give up this each other! Hast thou forgotten it." name of Arthur Dimmesdale and make

have not forgotten!"

trunk of the fallen tree. Life had never | thee feeble to will and to do!-that will brought them a gloomier hour. It was leave thee powerless even to repent! Up the point whither their pathway had so and away!" long been tending and darkening ever "O Hester!" cried Arthur Dimmesas it stole along, and yet it inclosed a dale, in whose eyes a fitful light, kindled in Louisburg, on Monday the 4th day of charm that made them linger upon it by her enthusiasin, flashed up and died and claim another and another and after away, "thou tellest of running a race to all another moment. The forest was a man whose knees are tottering beobscure around them and creaked with neath him! I must die here! There is a blast that was passing through it. not the strength or courage left me to The boughs were tossing heavily above venture into the wide, strange, difficult their heads, while one solemn old tree world alone!" groaned dolefully to another, as if tell- It was the last expression of the deing the sad story of the pair that sat be- spondency of a broken spirit. He lacked

And yet they lingered. How dreary looked the forest track that led backward to the settlement, where Hester | Pryune must take up again the burden of her ignominy and the minister the hollow mockery of his good name. So they lingered an instant longer. No golden light had ever been so precious as the gloom of this dark forest. Here, seen only by his eyes, the scarlet letter need not burn into the boom of the fallen woman. eyes, Arthur Dimme, into the total to God

and man, might be for one moment

He started at a thought that suddenly

occurred to him. "Hester," cried be, "here is a new horror! Roger Chillingworth knows your purpose to reveal his true character. Will he continue, then, to keep our socret? What will now be the course of his revenge."

"There is a strange secreey in his nature," replied Hester thoughtfully, "and it has grown upon him by the hidden practices of his revenge. I deam it not likely that he will betray the secret. He will doubtless seek other means of satiating his dark passion."

"And I-how am I to live longer, breathing the same air with this deadly enemy?" exclaimed Arthur Dimmesdale. shrinking within himself and pressing his hand nervously against his heart, a gesture that had grown involuntary with him. "Think for me, Hester. Thou art strong. Resolve for me!"

"Thou must dwell no longer with this man," said Hester slowly and firmly. "Thy heart must be no longer under his evil eye!"

"It were far worse than death!" replied the minister. "But how to avoid it? What choice remains to me? Shall I lie down again on these withered leaves, where I cast myself when thou didst tell me what he was? Must I sink down there and die at once?"

"Alas, what a ruin has befallen thee!" said Hester with the tears gushing into her eyes, "Wilt thou die for very weakness? There is no other cause!" "The judgment of God is on me," an-

swered the conscience stricken priest. "It is too mighty for me to struggle

"Heaven would show mercy," In all things else I have striven to be joined Hester, "hadst thou but the I might have held fast, and did hold "Be thou strong for me!" answered he.

thy good, thy life, thy fame, were put "Is the world, then, so narrow?" exin question! Then I consented to a declaimed Hester Prynne, fixing her deep ception. But a lie is never good, even eyes on the uninister's and instinctively though death threaten on the other sidel exercising a magnetic power over a spirit Dost thou not see what I would say! so shattered and subdued that it could That old man, the physician-he whom hardly hold itself erect. "Doth the unithey call Roger Chillingworth-he was | verse lie within the compass of yonder town, which only a little time ago was The minister looked at her for an in- but a leaf strewn desert, as lonely as this stant with all the violence of passion around us? Whither leads youder forest which-intermixed, in more shapes than track? Backward to the settlement, thou one, with his higher, purer, softer qual- sayest! Yes, but onward too. Deeper ities-was, in fact, the portion of him it goes and deeper into the wilderness which the devil claimed and through loss plainly to be seen at every step, unwhich he sought to win the rest. Never til some few miles hence the yellow was there a blacker or a flercer frown leaves will show no vestige of the white than Hester now encountered. For the man's tread. There thou art free! So brief space that it lasted it was a dark brief a journey would bring thee from a transfiguration. But his character had a world where thou hast been most been so much enfeebled by suffering wretched to one where thou mayest still that even its lower energies were inca- be happy! Is there not shade enough in pable of more than a temporary struggle. all this boundless forest to hide thy He sank down on the ground and buried heart from the gaze of Roger Chillingworth?"

man, woman, thou are accountable for knowledge! And what hast thou to do with all these iron men and their opin-"Thou shalt forgive me!" cried Hester, ions? They have kept thy better part in

side him. "Let God punish! Thou | "It cannot be!" answered the minister, listening as if he were called upon With sudden and desperate tenderness to realize a dream. "I am powerless to she threw her arms around him and go! Wretched and sinful as I am, I pressed his head against her bosom, lit- have had no other thought than to drag tle caring though his cheek rested on on my earthly existence in the sphere the scarlet letter. He would have re- where Providence hath placed me. Lost leased himself, but strove in vain to de as my soul is, I would still do what I so. Hester would not set him free lest | may for other human souls! I dare not he should look her sternly in the face. | quit my post, though an unfaithful sen-All the world had frowned on her-for tinel, whose sure reward is death and seven long years had it frowned upon dishonor, when his dreary watch shall

all, nor ever once turned away her firm, "Thou art crushed under this seven sad eyes. Heaven likewise had frowned | years' weight of misery," replied Hester, upon her and she had not died. But the fervently resolved to buoy him up with frown of this pale, weak, sinful and sor- her own energy. "But thou shalt leave row stricken man was what Hester could it all behind thee! It shall not cumber thy steps, as thou treadest along the "Wilt thou yet forgive me?" she re- forest path; neither shalt thou freight the sea. Leave this wreck and ruin here "I do forgive you, Hester," replied the where it hath happened. Meddle no

and a sage among the wisest and most "Never, never!" whispered she renowned of the cultivated world "Hush, Hester!" said Arthur Dimmes- thyself another, and a high one, such as dale, rising from the ground. "No; I thou canst wear without fear or shame. Why shouldst thou tarry so much as They sat down again, side by side and one other day in the torments that have hand clasped in hand, on the mossy so gnawed into thy life!-that have made

neath or constrained to forebode evil to (energy to grasp the better fortune that

seemed within ms rouse. He repeated the word.

"Alone, Hester!" "Thou shalt not go alone!" answered she in a deep whisper. Then all was spoken!

CHAPTER XIII.

A FLOOD OF SUNSHINE. Arthur Dimmesdale gazed into Hester's face with a look in which hope and joy shone out indeed, but with fear betwix: them, and a kind of borror at her boldness, who am

vaguely hinted at, but dired not speak, But Heste! Prynne, with a mind of native courage and activity, and for so long a period not merely estranged, but outlawed, from society, had habituated herself to such latitude of speculation as was altogether foreign to the clergyman. She had wandered, without rule or guidance, in a moral wilderness; as vast, as intricate and shadowy as the untamed forest, amid the gloom of which they were now holding a following that was to decide their fate. Her intellect and heart had their home, as it were, in desert places, where she roamed as freely as the wild Indian in

For years past she had looked from this estranged point of view, at human institutions, and whatever priests or legislators had established; criticising all with hardly more reverence than the Indian would feel for the clerical band. the judicial robe, the pillory, the gallows, the fireside or the church. The tendency of her fate and fortunes had been to set her free. The scarlet letter was her passport into regious where other women dared not tread. Shame, despair, solitude! These had been her teachers-stern and wild ones- and they had made her strong, but taught her much amiss.

The minister, on the other hand, had never gone through an experience calculated to lead him beyond the scope of and bright in Arthur Dimmediale st generally received laws; although, in a Hester looked at bun with the thrill Every court here been single instance, he had so fear, ally trans of another joy. gressed one of the most sacred of them

Thus we seem to see that, as regarded Hester Prynne, the whole seven years of outlaw and ignominy had been little other than a preparation for this very hour. But Arthur Diminesdale! Were such a man once more to fall, what plea crime? None; unless it avail him somewhat, that he was breken down by long and exquisite suffering, that his mind was darkened and confused by the very remorse which harrowed it; that, between fleeing as an avewed crushnal and remaining as a hypocrite, consecution might find it hard to strike the balance that it was human to avoid the petil of death and infamy and the in or table machinations of an enemy, that, faally, to this poor pilgrim, on his drary and descrt path, faint, sick, miserable, there appeared a glimpse of Juman affection and sympathy, a new life and a true one, in exchange for the heavy doom which he was now exparing. And be the stern and sad truth spoken, that the breach which guilt has once made into the human soul is never in this mortal state repaired. It may be watched and guarded. paired. It may be watched and guarded, so that the enemy shall not force his way again into the citadel, and might even in his subsequent assaults select some other avenue in preference to that where he had formerly succeeded. But there is still the rained wall, and near it there forest.

It was part to great the great to great the forest formerly succeeded. But the forest.

It you give the average youth the forest formerly succeeded. But the forest. there is still the rained wall, and near it the stealthy tread of the fee that would

The struggle, if there were one, need not be described. Let it suffice that the clergyman resolved to flee and not of the world into its became the DISAUTOINTED IN THE WEST,

"If, in all these past seven years." thought he, "I could recall one instan" on the kindert of its mossis to we could of peace or hope, I would yet endure, her. . . for the sake of that earnest of heaven mercy. Dut now, since I am irrevocably doomed-wherefore should I not snatch the solace allowed to the condemned be the path to a better life, as Hestewould persuade me, I surely give up and fairer prospect by pursting it! Neither can I any longer live without her companionship; so powerful is she to sustain-so tender to soothet O thou to thou yet pardon mer"

"Thou wilt go!" said Hester calmly,

as he met her glance. The decision once made, a glow of It was the exhibarating effect-upon a prisoner just escaped from the dangeon of his own heart-of breathing the wild, free atmosphere of an unredeemed, unchristainized, lawless region. His spirit rose, as it were, with a bound, and attained a nearer prospect of the sky than throughout all the unisery which had kept him groveling on the earth. Of a

dering at hiniself. "Methought the germ of it was dead in me! O Hester, thou art my better angel! I seem to There is one worse than even the pol- to be done! Exchange this false life of | have flung myself-sick, sin stained and sorrow blackened-down upon these forest leaves, and to have risen up all made anew, and with new powers to glorify him that hath been merciful! This is already the better life! Why did we not

find it sooner?" "Let us not look back," answered Hester Prynne. "The past is gone! Wherefore should we linger upon it now? See! With this symbol I undo it all, and make it as it had never been!"

So speaking, she undid the clasp that fastened the scarlet letter, and taking it from her bosom threw it to a distance among the withered leaves. The mystic token alighted on the hither verge of the stream. With a hand's breadth farther flight it would have fallen into the water and have given the little brook another woe to carry onward, besides the unintelligible tale which it still kept murmuring about. But there lay the embroidered letter, glittering like a lost jewel, which some ill fated wanderer might pick up, and thenceforth be haunted by strange phantoms of guilt, sinkings of the heart and unaccountable BUSICIPIE

The stigma gone Hester beaved a long.

deep sigh, in which the burden of shame and anguish departed from her spirit. Oh, exquisite relief! She had not known the weight until she felt the freedom! By another impulse she took off the formal cap that confined her hair; and down it fell upon her shoulders, dark and rich, with at once a shadow and a light in its abundance, and imparting the churm of softness to her features. There played around her month and beamed out of her eves a radiant

and tender smile that seemed gushing from the very heart of womanhood. A crimson flush was glowing on her cheek that had been long so pale. Her sex. her youth and the whole richness of her beauty came back from what men cal: the irrevocable past, and clustered themselves with her maiden hope and a happiness before unknown within the magic circle of this hour.

And, as if the gloom of the earth and sky had been but the effluence of these ty. two mortal beerts, it vanished with their sorrow. All at once, as with r sudden smile of heaven, forth burst the sunshine, pouring a very flood into the other shoulders. obscure forest, gladdening each greet leaf, transmuting the vellow failed one trunks of the solemn trees. The objects, the general public, f r its com sector to the property of the propert that had made a shadow hitherto embodied the brightness new. The course of the little brook might be traced by when legislatures have to legislatures are most embedded as the legislatures have to legislatures are most embedded as the legislatures are the legisl its merry gleam afar into the weed's late laws to govern undividuals every maker P P to a toest of mystery of joy.

that wild, heathen nature of the forest never subjugated by haman law, tor il lumined by higher truth-with the blise of these two spirits! Love, whether grettes, when their fathers be newly born or aroused from a deathlike fore them smoke, seems asking wasslumber, must always create a sunshine filling the heart so full of radiance that too much of a secretice a literary of it overflows upon the outward world of the parent. How ight has a Had the forest still kept its gloom is expect the State to the for him would have been laught in Hester's eves

"Our balle Pearl! Thou hast seen har - c garetts to loys. The yea, I know it-but then will see her farce. The lays -me see . . . now with other even. She is a straugchild. I hardly comprehend her. Buy same and will some glass help a thou will love her dearly as I do, and reads fail to enter a wedge to wilt advice me how to deal with her." this bus; even

glad to know may asked the muniter A "time tasses in the fact somewhat un add to have been legislature we have beginning shrunk from chadeen because they often die-bed see to show a district sa backward as to is familiar with the district even been roam over the see.

mother. "But so will love thee dearand thou ber. She are trar off town. The men of tool of the win to a

a bright app reled vision in a sunorani

Pearl had not found the hour pass and the rope he wants you may denote an free er. This section wearsomely while he mother satisfies expect hour to hang house if the way a statisfies and the way of the section of the win over again his unforgotten triumph, ing with his cleraymen. The great black forest estern as it showed itself to FX. those who brought the guilt and trouble-

> young waist, and became a nyinph child.
> or an infant dryad, or whatever else was or an infant dryad, or whatever else was in closest sympathy with the antique. Then you think you made a New Barber Shop.

CHAPTER XIV. THE CHILD AT THE BROOKSIDE. sat watching little Pearl. "Dost theu not think her beautiful? And see with en miles away." what natural skill she has made those "That's a great hard-lip, of FullPMINT was the trace inevitably a tinge of the devotional in his mood.

"Do I feel joy again?" cried he, won-her better. She is a splendid child. But

thur Dimmesdale with an unquiet smile. The beaves off of an acre of trees and pull things are by the save and pull things are beautiful.

The beaves off of an acre of trees and pull things are beautiful.

The beaves off of an acre of trees and pull things are beautiful.

The beautiful trees and pull things are beautiful trees and pull things are beautiful. a thought is that, and how terrible to prairie land, with sheeredy a A Beautiful Stylish Shee dread it!-that my own features were tree in sight, and cases, don't ingly that the world might see them! do me a mite ogral. It makes partly repeated in her face, and so strik-But she is mostly thine!"

"No, no! Not mostly!" answered the mother, with a tender smile. "A little longer and thou needest not to be afraid." But perhaps though will imto trace whose child she is. But how prove strangely beautiful she looks, with those

TO BE CONT NUED Words of Wisdom.

Work for eternity must rest on a

hunting for flowers. There is a gospel in the right he'll only cum this way!" kind of a handshake.

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

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Every legislature that meets finds some measure proposed looking to legislating merali-

responsibilities to be delegated to

It is right, just and necessary Measure Lappron Bros Savariah da to gold and gleaning adown the gray to legislate for the protection of in those matters that per'am to more recovery a small one twee Such was the sympathy of nature- home raising, it is been mangaret-

> To stop boys from such it g cigwhat he could do for a second.

"Thou must know Pour!" sail she or two against land. "

afraid of lattle Fourt." wherever their free as a series

call her! Fearl! Pearl?

"I see the child," observed the minister. "Youder she is standing in Astrona making the country what is see a fixed so for sunshme, a good way of a the their are not men, who spend their side of the brook. So thou thinkest the child will love me?

In the division of the proof. The proof of the brook. So thou thinkest the child days and health as many the pearly that the proof of the brook. So thou thinkest the child are not town days and health as many the pearly that the pearly is a first and the pearly in the pearly Hoster smaled and ugain called t boys are now deing.

Pearl, who was visible at some distance | A man diesn't have to be very as the minister had described here like old to hock around home and lock which fell down up a few through as, backward as I then be propered ancher bendle. The my quarered to be testify to great former. Her than the abstractor of

playmate of the lone by rafant as we has it knew how. Somiler as it was it put on the kindert of its moods to welcome her.

And she was gentler here than in the grassy margined streets of the settle ment or in her mother scottage. The about the country at 1 its prise. flowers seemed to kie with and one unifects, "we are all poor critters culprit before his execution? Or, if this other whispered as she pased, "Adorn Warrant in a absolute what it has been what thyself with me, then lead in the pieces is best forms. There our letters the hour file hours to pieces them Pearl pathered the violets and an introduced allowed as letters and a second of the property of the hours of the hour emones and columbus and some twice it hit to do sunthin or 2 t some sent many with tested in his pair se trees held down before hereyes. With whar, as disterward it proves to Leak out fittle sar of the whom I dare not lift mine eyes, wilt these she decorated her hair and her be the wass thing we could hev

wood. In such gause had Pourl adorned unistake in moving out here from . I have powers burkership in Lone strange enjoyment threw its flickering herself, when she hand her mothers the east?" I queried "The react and more than the street of the east?" I queried "The react and more than the street of the east?" I queried the east? Slowly, for she saw the clergyman. mistake of my life, stranger, the wolfnest specific persons to me Back than in low a I could hear to My rar re are sharp, and i g ac the church bells n-rangin' every the estate of the "Thou wilt love her dearly," repeated Sunday mornin' for clurch, while Hester Prynne, as she and the minister out here the nighest church is lev-

me homesick every time I try

"Melibe so, but I doubt it wild flowers in her hair! It is as if one Back thar every stranger who of the fairies, whom we left in our dear, who comes along was willing to old England, had decked her out to neel off his coat and try to lick me, but out here I can't git up no row with nobody. I'm a homesick, discouraged, disheartened critter, and if you happen to meet a feller who thinks this world is going to end up in about two weeks please direct him here te Bees fed on sugar soon stop find my shanty, and tell him that all I have shall be his'n if

Love and necessity are the only cures for laziness.

SATANNAH (in April 26, 1889). Having used three tottles of P. P. for impure blood and general weakness, and using derived great benefits from the Too much of it causes the home : meaning it to all unforcements like

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