

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

JAS. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

THE COUNTY, THE STATE, THE UNION.

SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.00 Per Year, Strictly in Advance.

VOL. XXIX

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1899.

NUMBER 30.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

METHODIST.
Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.
GEO. S. BAKER, Supt.
Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M., every Sunday.
Prayer meeting Wednesday night.
G. F. SMITH, Pastor.

BAPTIST.
Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.
THOS. B. WILDER, Supt.
Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M., every Sunday.
Prayer meeting Thursday night.
ROBERT SMITH, Pastor.

PROFESSORIAL CARDS.

D. J. J. MANN,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office over Thomas' Drug Store.

D. R. S. BURTT,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office in the Ford Building, corner Main and Nash streets. Up stairs—front.

D. R. P. YARBOROUGH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office 2nd floor Neal building, phone 39. Night calls answered from T. W. Bickett's residence, phone 74.

B. S. MARSHBURN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and in the United States District and Circuit Courts.

C. M. CROOKER & SON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Will attend the courts of Nash, Franklin, Granville, Warren and Wake counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and the U. S. Circuit and District Courts.

DR. E. S. FOSTER, DR. J. E. MALONE
D. S. FOSTER & MALONE,
PRACTICING PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office over Aycock's Drug Company.

W. M. HAYWOOD RUFFIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Will practice in all the Courts of Franklin and adjoining counties, also in the Supreme Court, and in the United States District and Circuit Courts.

THOS. B. WILDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office on Main street, over Jones & Cooper's store.

F. S. SPRULL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Will attend the courts of Franklin, Vance, Granville, Warren and Wake counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolina. Prompt attention given to collections.

T. W. BICKETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Prompt and painstaking attention given to every matter entrusted to his hands.

W. M. PERRON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Practices in all courts. Office in Neal Building.

W. H. YARBOROUGH, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office in Opera House building, Court street. All legal business entrusted to him will receive prompt and careful attention.

D. B. D. T. SMITHWICK,
DENTIST,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office in Ford's Building, 2nd floor. Gas administered and teeth extracted without pain.

D. R. E. KING,
DENTIST,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
OFFICE OVER AYCOCK'S DRUG COMPANY.

HOTELS.

FRANKLINTON HOTEL,
FRANKLINTON, N. C.
SAML MERRILL, Prop'r.
Good accommodation for the traveling public.
Good Livery Attached.

OSBORN HOUSE,
C. D. OSBORN, Proprietor,
Oxford, N. C.
Good accommodations for the traveling public.

MASSBURG HOTEL,
J. P. Massenburg Prop'r
HENDERSON, N. C.
Good accommodations. Good fare. Polite and attentive servant.

NORWOOD HOUSE,
Warrenton, North Carolina
W. J. NORWOOD, Proprietor.
Patronage of Commercial Tourists and Traveling Public Solicited.
Good Sample Rooms.

ARP ON POLITENESS.

Bill Says It Costs Nothing And Pays Well In The End.

Politeness costs nothing and pays well. Whether it is natural or artificial, it always makes an agreeable impression. The oldtime negroes are yet the politest people I know, but they have nearly all passed away. There are two that we meet or pass almost every day, and they are favorites with my folks because they bow humbly and give the sidewalk with alacrity. One of them goes bent with age and deformity. His body is nearly at a right angle to his legs. He is set just right for digging a ditch or chopping wood and makes a fair living at it, for he is no beggar and says he loves to work when he is well. Sometimes I drop a dime in his trembling hand he always says "God bless you, massa; you is a gemmen, sir." His gratitude and his compliment always reward me. The other day I overtook him as he was struggling along and, as usual, he shuffled to the edge of the sidewalk to let me pass. "I didn't have a dime, but a half-dollar came into my hand. Out of mischief I said: 'Uncle Jordan, didn't you drop this money back there on the sidewalk?' 'No, sir; no massa. I knows I didn't, for bless God, I didn't have no money like dat. I je had two nickles, sir, and Ise got dem yet. I was jes going to Mr. Stanford's sir, to buy some bread for Sunday.' 'I reckon you must have dropped this money,' said I, 'but it you didn't, you had better take it. You will want some meat to go with the bread.' His old gray head, his bent form, his astonishment made a picture. I would give a dollar for it in photo. I looked back at him and he hadn't moved. He hadn't taken it all in and seemed afraid lest it was a trick to get him into trouble. That old negro carries me back to the days of my boyhood, when I went to school with his young master, Roddy Gresham, at the Manual Labor school in old Gwinnett. The Greshams were good people, and old Jordan was happy until free dom came. Nobody cares for him now, save charity—the charity of the old-time white folks. It has always seemed strange to me that negroes were so indifferent to the poor and afflicted of their own race. They will bury them with great satisfaction and ceremony. They will hire the finest hearse and carriages and buy a coffin with silver handles and have a dress parade and weep and wait at the grave, but that is all.

The other negro whom we pass and re pass is a curiosity in his way. He is love crazy—as crazy and as devoted as Shakespeare's Orlando who wandered about carving the name of his love on the bark of the beech trees. This darky flame is a cook for one of our neighbors, and she will not notice him. In fact, she hides from him. Day after day he walks past the house to get a glimpse of her ebony face. The corner of my garden overlooks the backyard of this neighbor and there he comes and stands and poses in romantic and pathetic if it were not so ridiculous, for he goes dirty and ragged and is mortal ugly. But he is always humble and polite and that will give favor and a friend even to a vagabond. These old-time negroes will soon be the missing link between the slave and his master. Shuck footmats and horse collars and baskets and brooms have already gone.

The new set have neither good manners nor politeness. Education and the ballot have alienated them. Our children and the children of the old slaves have no common bond to bind them, and the animosity between them deepens and broadens as the years roll on. I reckon it is time to separate, but how is it to be done and who is to do it? Of course these good old negroes will not wish to go, and it would be cruel to force them. I remember when the Creeks and Choctaws were forced to go and how some of the old Indians were left behind. I remember old Sawny on Sawny mountain near Commieg, and how his old wife and four of his grandchildren were allowed to stay with him. When the old folks died these grandchildren followed the tribe. But, of course, force is not to be used with the negroes, and it is not certain that any considerable number will go. Bishop Turner says they will; Booker Washington says they will not. One negro paper in Atlanta professes to be in favor of going. The other is opposed to it. Their exodus is yet afar off, for congress will not vote a dollar to it, but if their ballot is eliminated maybe we can get along in peace. Suppose we try it. White primaries should be the watchword in every town and county, and then we can elect legislators and municipal officers who are not afraid of the negro. As it is now, neither our lawmakers

nor our mayors or marshals will do their duty for fear of offending the negro and losing his vote. Dirty, odiferous negro men and boys no give the sidewalk to white ladies on one of our business streets. There is a regular den on another street that leads to two churches and all the negro vagrants of the town gather there and as many as possible stick their feet or their posterior on the railing of the piazza and spit tobacco juice on the sidewalk to the disgust and annoyance of the ladies who have to pass there. The ladies have complained time and again, but this den can't be abolished while the negro has a vote. When the trains arrive for the ladies can hardly get on or off for the negro brigade. There is a dozen on one of our business streets, and they are always in the way. As the Constitution said recently in a well considered article, we must have white primaries, not partisan, but white, to purge the town of negro indolence and negro insolence. They must be eliminated from the polls just as they have been in Atlanta. The dens must be broken up, the sidewalks kept clear for ladies and the passways to and from the trains unobstructed.

Ben Franklin said idleness was the parent of vice and crime. The young bucks who congregate at this den are either living off of some hard-working man or some cook or washerwoman, or they are s-e-a-l-i-n-g from somebody. Every vagrant should be arrested and put to work or we will soon hear of some outrage and have another lynching. These are perilous times. The old devil seems to be unchained and is going to and fro upon the earth and walking up and down in it. The daily papers are full of crimes. White and black seem demoralized, and we are getting hardened to the sinful and bloody calendar that every day meets our eyes. When will this thing stop? I started to write a little essay on politeness. The lack of it among our young white men is painfully observant. Last week, when the day was hot and the dust was deep, a young man with his best girl dashed by two of our ladies in a buggy and almost stifled them with dust. They had to stop, for they could not see. He made no apology nor said please excuse me, and yet he was from a neighboring city and Polis means a city and politeness comes from Polis.

Not long ago I was coming from Atlanta and a Marietta man who sat behind me elevated his dirty shoes to the top of the back of my seat and kept them there within six inches of my head while he gassed away to his companion until the cars reached his town. I looked daggers at him, but it did no good. I leaned as far away as I could, and felt like treating him like I did a c-w-j boy once in Texas. The cowboy stuck his big boots and spurs on the back of my seat and I deliberately got up and—went over on the other side. I would have done this tough, ill-mannered rough the same way, but the seats were all full. Young men can show their breeding anywhere—in the cars or at church or at the post-office while waiting for the mail to be opened. A true gentleman will fire and fall back and while waiting for his man give somebody else a chance to look into their box, but a selfish ill-bred man won't. He will stand up close and cover half a dozen boxes and peep through the glass at the post-master until he gets his own. The best-mannered man at the postoffice in our town is the oldest. There are a few well-raised lads in our town whom it is always a pleasure to meet. They make a gentele bow and tip the hat and smile a pleasant greeting.

There was a rich old bachelor who died in Jefferson some years ago, and he left \$10,000 to a poor young woman because, as he said in his will, "She always gave me a pleasant smile when she met me." The Irish, as a race, are naturally polite. "Pat," said a good lady, "you passed me on the street yesterday and never even looked at me." "Ah, me sweet lady, I was in a great hurry and I knew that if I looked at you I couldn't pass you." My good father was an old-time schoolmaster in the days when manners and morals were taught as well as books. The first day of his employment down in Liberty county he made the boys and girls talk, and said the boys must make a respectful bow and the girls a courtesy to him before they took their seats in the morning. All completed pleasantly except the biggest boy in school, who said he bedogoned if he was gwine to make a bow to anybody. Father gave him a talk next day, but it did no good, and two other boys quit bowing. That evening at the close of school father told him to wait a few minutes. He reluctantly waited. After the other scholars had all gone out father closed the door and father told him he had either to bow or take a whipping or quit the school. He studied awhile and said: "I'll be darned if I'll do either." Then the

THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Prizes And Their Pursuit.

Highly Praise by a South Carolina Paper—The Commendable Offer to Educate the Poor Boys of the State Generously Applauded—North Carolina Has No Stronger Claim on the Admiration of the Public than this.

Raleigh Post.
More liberal and unstinted praise, although, fully deserved, than this I have not rested mine eyes upon in a year's reading.

Alluding to the recent statement of President Winston of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, printed in the Post, explaining the terms upon which boys, especially those unable to meet the expense of an education, will be admitted, the Charleston News and Courier contains the following editorial recognition of the liberality shown to this class of boys—words of praise that every North Carolinian will read with satisfaction and a sense of State pride.

Under the Caption of "A Noble School" the News and Courier says: North Carolina has at Raleigh a State college which corresponds in respects of its character and purposes with the State college at Clemson, South Carolina. It is known as the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, and, as explained, "it offers to youth of the State not only a thorough English and scientific education, but also a practical training for all trades and business including especially cotton manufacturing, stock, dairy, fruit and truck farming; civil, electrical and mechanical engineering; architecture and mercantile business." Boys who are unable to take the full course "can take one of the short courses, or as special students, devote themselves entirely to some one subject in which they need special training."

So far the North Carolina school does not differ from Clemson and other like schools in the South. But it has one fine feature, which we believe is peculiar to it, or is shared only by another North Carolina State college, and is set forth as follows: "No deserving boy will be excluded from the college for lack of means." Work is furnished the most deserving. Examinations will be held on Saturday, August 19, 1899, at the Court House by the county Superintendent. Let every boy who wishes an education that pays come and try the examinations. Some one will have a chance to secure the county scholarship. Others, if prepared to enter, and too poor, will be credited for tuition and room rent until they have earned the money, which will not be long, as any graduate of the College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts quickly finds profitable employment.

No deserving boy is excluded from the college for lack of money to pay for his tuition and room rent. If he is too poor to pay the charges for those things he is not turned away and is not required to declare himself a pauper and accept tuition and shelter as a grudging State charity. He is admitted on his word of honor to pay when he can, after he has been trained to earn money, and work is furnished by the college to pay those who need it most to help them pay for their board and clothing while he is training.

"No deserving boy is excluded from the college." The legend is well worthy to be inscribed in letters of gold over the doors and gates of the noble school. It honors the college, the State, and every citizen of the State, far more than if the school were built of marble and were endowed with the most lavish generosity. It is a message of hope and encouragement to every humble home in the State. It affords the promise of a useful and honorable and happy life to every poor boy in the State who finds no such promise in his narrow and hard environment. All praise to the people of the Old North State, who have established such a school on such a foundation.

They have many claims on the respect and admiration of their fellow countrymen, but none that is stronger and greater than this.

He Fooled The Surgeons.
All doctors told Benick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 15 months from Bental Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Beck's Arotia Salts, the surest pills ever on earth, and the best in the world. 25 cents a box. Sold by W. G. Thomas, druggist. Guaranteed.

Glorious News
Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile, of Washita, I. T. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of scrofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help, but her cure is complete and her health excellent." This shows what thousands have proved—that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion build up the strength. Only 50 cents. Sold by W. G. Thomas, druggist. Guaranteed.

THE ANTI-DEMOCRATS DESPERATE.

The following true and timely observations are from the editorial columns of the Fayetteville Observer:

When we had occasion to refer to the opponents of the Democracy it used to be sufficient to name the Republicans. Now that certain persons, who believe in the doctrines of the Republican party—the protective tariff, the gold standard, etc.—persist in calling themselves Democrats, it is more exact as well as more comprehensive to call them anti-Democrats.

These anti-Democrats spend their time in manufacturing stories about Mr. Bryan and Chairman Jones and Vice-Chairman Stone.

Now Mr. Bryan is about to destroy himself by going to canvass for Goebel; now, he has been frightened away by the anti-Goebelles, or by the recommended McKinley contingent, who, as their habit in the different states, scream so virtuously whenever it is suggested that Bryan is about to put his national finger into the Democratic local pie.

Now, Chairman Jones is so ill—that he has finally resigned his chairmanship of the national committee; now Vice-Chairman Stone is scheming to succeed Chairman Jones and to defeat Bryan; now, as Attorney-General Davidson, of this State, and other well known southern Bryan men are hobnobbing with the Crokerites at Saratoga in Van Wyck or Gorman.

It seems to make no difference to these desperate anti-Democrats that their stories have not a word of truth in them; they go merrily on with their entertaining prevarications. Fortunately they have begun their campaign so far in advance that their methods will be thread-bare before the real battle is joined.

There is one fact that stands clearly out of all the muddles which these busy-bodies are engaged in making, and that is that Bryan for the Democratic nominee and Jones for the Democratic national chairman are the men, they chiefly fear.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of F. J. CHENEY & CO. doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and that he has read and signed and said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every copy of Calahat that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATHARTIC CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1898.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Cathartic Cure is taken internally and acts on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75 cents.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Never twit your wife because of her foolish actions. But for them the chances are she wouldn't have married you.

License Tax Notice.
The attention of all persons in Franklin County practicing any trade or profession, or using any franchise taxed by the Revenue Laws of North Carolina, are hereby notified to procure a license, or pay the tax imposed by law; and their attention is specially called to Section 71 of the Revenue Act of 1899, which makes it a misdemeanor for failure to do so.

The attention of Justices of the Peace, Town and Township Constables, and Bonded Officers, is called to the following Sections of the Revenue Act of 1899, and I earnestly ask their co-operation in enforcing the same:

- Section 18. Skating Rinks, Bagatelle Tables, Hobby Horses, Shooting Galleries, Stands or places for games with or without name.
- Section 25. Peddlers, on foot or with vehicle, of Drugs, Medicines, Goods, &c.
- Section 26. Sewing Machine Agents.
- Section 27. Selling Pianos or Organs.
- Section 48. Auctioneers, Selling Goods, Wares or Merchandise.
- Section 49. Agents Selling Bicycles and Supplies.
- Section 56. Agents Renovating Feather Beds.
- Section 58. Photographs, &c.

H. C. KEARNEY, Sheriff.
Franklin County,
Louisburg, N. C.,
August 22nd, 1899.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

ABSOLUTELY PURE.
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

Too Much Divorce.

Wilmington Star.
The Greensboro papers say there are fifteen divorce cases on the docket of Guilford county for trial at next term of court. Papers in other counties also note the number of cases where people are seeking to have the consubstantial knot loosened, and this is construed by some as an evidence that North Carolina must be morally, socially and domestically on the down grade; but we think it will be found that a very large majority of these cases are colored, fact which is not usually as plainly stated as it should be by the papers in making mention of the applications for divorce. This would be true, we believe, of the whole South. The fact that the largely increased number of divorces is noted, and commented upon without reference to the color of the applicants leaves the impression that they are white, and that our people are becoming demoralized.

There is no doubt that the comparative ease with which divorces may now be obtained has had a tendency to increase the number of suits, but, eliminating the colored element, not to such an extent as to indicate or portend social wreck. But very little of this is too much, and instead of letting down the legal bars to make jumping over easier they should put up, and, as the old legal phrase has it, make them "bull high and pig tight."

Many people, of course, put too high a value upon goals and correspondingly depreciate the value of the training required in their attainment. As a result they are injured morally and fail to obtain the benefits which accrue even from unsuccessful but honest effort. There are sportsmen whose only object is to win, but they are not the kind of sportsmen who win enduring fame. They think too much of the goal, too little of the training and discipline required to make one excel his fellow-men in athletic exercises. What is true of the sportsman is true also of the business man, though it is less obvious, chiefly for the reason that the goal is less definite and the preparation for distinguished work in the field of business more complex.

It may be affirmed, however, that the business man who thinks too much of the goal success will neglect the means of obtaining it. He will fail to attend to the little things which demand his present attention while he frets about the culmination of his desires. Yet it is the little things of the present which furnish the exercise, training and discipline required to fit one for the larger things which lie beyond. Those who neglect the little things either miss their goal, or, if they should by some good fortune attain it, find that it is valueless without the training and knowledge ordinarily required for its attainment. Reasonable ambitions are to be encouraged, but always with the understanding that the prize, whatever it may be, is but the representative of labor and study, and that it is these things, and not the prize, which have permanent value and afford real enjoyment.

CASITORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature
of
W. G. THOMAS, DRUGGIST.

Some people are so busy criticizing casitors that they have no time left for practical religion.

A WONDERFUL CURE OF DIARRHOEA.

A PROMINENT VIRGINIA EDITOR Had Almost Given Up, but was Brought Back to Perfect Health by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

READ HIS EDITORIAL.
From the Times, Hillsdale, Va.

I suffered with diarrhoea for a long time and thought I was past being cured. I had spent much time and money and suffered so much misery that I had almost decided to give up all hopes of recovery and await the result, but noticing the advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and also some testimonials stating how some wonderful cures had been wrought by this remedy, I decided to try it. I took a few doses and I was entirely well of that trouble, and I wish to say further to my readers and fellow sufferers that I am a hale and hearty man to-day and feel as well as I ever did in my life.—O. R. MOORE, Sold by W. G. Thomas, druggist.

About the time a man's first baby gets old enough to say things other men begin to shun him.

A Life and Death Fight.
Mr. J. W. A. Hines, of Manchester, La., writing of his almost miraculous escape from death, says: "Exposure after exposure induced serious lung trouble, which ended in consumption. I had frequent hemorrhages and coughed night and day. All my doctors said I must soon die. Then I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which completely cured me. I would not be without it even if it cost \$5.00 a bottle. Hundreds have used it on my recommendation and all say it never fails to cure throat, chest and lung troubles." Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at W. G. Thomas' drug store.

The stock exchange is a place where lots of men exchange their money for experience.

"They are simply perfect," writes Robt. Moore, of La Fayette, Ind., of DeWitt's Little Early Balm for rheumatism, neuralgia and all liver ailments. Never gripe. W. G. Thomas.

The age long struggle between the rains and the camp meetings is on again this year, with the camp meetings still on top.

"Best on the market for coughs and colds and all bronchial troubles; for croup it has no equal," writes Henry R. Whitford, South Canaan, Conn., of One Minute Cough Cure. W. G. Thomas.

The man who never tries to do anything and the man who tries to do everything are both foolish.

E. H. Turner, Compton, Mo., was cured of piles by DeWitt's White Head salve after suffering several years and trying over twenty remedies. His hands and surgeons endorse it. Beware of dangerous counterfeits. W. G. Thomas.

The worst that can be said of little vices is that they won't stay little.

DeWitt's Little Early Balm permanently cures chronic constipation, biliousness, nervous and worrest feelings, cleans up and regulates the entire system. Small, pleasant, never gripe or sicken—"famous little pills."—W. G. Thomas.

Subscribe to the TIMES. Only one dollar a year.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

ABSOLUTELY PURE.
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

There are numerous cures for rheumatism, and it usually lingers long enough to give the victim a chance to try them all.

DeWitt's Little Early Balm cured me of a severe case of indigestion; can strongly recommend it to all dyspeptics. "Digests what you eat without aid from the stomach, and cures dyspepsia." W. G. Thomas.

The picture of health is often a genuine work of art.

DeWitt's Little Early Balm cured me of a severe case of indigestion; can strongly recommend it to all dyspeptics. "Digests what you eat without aid from the stomach, and cures dyspepsia." W. G. Thomas.

Noah was evidently in the pickling business—at least he filled the ark with preserved pairs.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is a scientific compound digesting the endorsement of eminent physicians and the medical press. It "digests what you eat" and positively cures dyspepsia. M. A. Keturba, Bloomington, Tenn., says it cured him of indigestion of ten years' standing. W. G. Thomas.

FRANKLIN DIVISION
PEOPLE'S MUTUAL
Benevolent
Association,
LOUISBURG, N. C.

OFFICERS:
W. J. BYERLY, Treasurer and Gen'l Manager.
C. C. HARRIS, Special Agent.

This division has secured the services of Mr. C. C. Harris, a Special Agent to work in this Division only, and Mr. Harris will enter upon his duties in a few days. It is the intention of the officers of the Division to increase the number of our policy holders to one thousand members as soon as possible, thereby making each policy worth \$1,000 to the beneficiary in case of death.

There will be some changes made in the management of the Division, and the principal one will be to do away with directors, as this feature has proven to be a failure in the way of passing all kinds of diseased people. In the future we will have a board of health composed of three, and they will pass upon all applications for insurance, and in case of death of assured the beneficiary named in such policy, or the nearest relative of the deceased will notify us immediately after death, and we will send our Special Agent to make investigations and report to us accordingly, and upon receipt of such information to this office we will forward check for one-third of the value of the policy, and the remainder in thirty days as heretofore.

We also wish to state that we will have but one agent in this Division, and that will be Mr. Harris.

He is a gentleman who is well known to the people of Franklin and adjoining counties, and whatever he tell you in regard to the policy of insurance will be carried out to the letter.

W. J. BYERLY,
Treas. and Gen'l Manager.

Liver and Kidney

Diseases are manifested by
Backache,
Rheumatism,
Loss of Appetite,
Foul Tongue
and Weakness
DR. J. H. McLEAN'S
LIVER and
KIDNEY BALM

It is the remedy you need, of equal service in mild or chronic cases.

1000 PER BOTTLE.
FOR SALE BY
W. G. THOMAS, Druggist.

The TIMES is \$1.00 a year. Cash in advance.