

CHURCH DIRECTORY

Methodist Episcopal Church
Episcopal Church, 9:30 A. M.
Episcopal Church, 11:30 A. M.
Episcopal Church, 7:30 P. M.
Episcopal Church, 8:00 P. M.
Episcopal Church, 8:30 P. M.
Episcopal Church, 9:00 P. M.
Episcopal Church, 9:30 P. M.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. J. W. MANN
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office over Thomas' Drug Store.

DR. S. P. BURT
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office at the Ford Building, corner Main and Third streets, Louisville, Ky.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

C. M. O'NEAL & SONS
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State and in the United States District and Circuit Courts.

W. M. HAYWOOD RUFFIN

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.

DR. R. E. WILDER

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office in Court House, opposite Sheriff's Office.

F. S. SPURILL

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Will attend the courts of Franklin, Vance, DeWitt, Warren and Wake counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolina.

T. W. BICKETT

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Prompt and painstaking attention given to all cases entrusted to his hands.

W. H. YARBOROUGH, JR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office in Opera House building, Court street.

DR. R. D. SMITH

DENTIST,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office in Ford's Building, 2nd Floor.

DR. E. E. KING

DENTIST,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office over Atwood's Drug Company.

HOTELS.

FRANKLINTON HOTEL
FRANKLINTON, N. C.
Good accommodation for the traveling public.

SAM D. MERRILL, Prop.

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

MASSBURG HOTEL
J. P. Masseburg Prop.
HENDERSON, N. C.

Good accommodations. Good fare. Pleasantly situated.

NORWOOD HOUSE
Warrington, North Carolina.
Palatial of Commercial Tourists and Traveling Public.

Good Sample Room.

THE DYING YEAR.

Goodbye Old Year! We speed the parting guest. Although your life was short, you lived your span. And now you have come to the end of the road. You have reached the goal, the end of the journey. You are going to the great beyond. We bid you adieu, and wish you a happy journey.

Halverson's Awakening.

It was all over with Halverson, and over his tossed and harassed brain, seeking some way out, knew it well. He was done. To him it seemed as if the end had come, or must come now, this day. Another morning would be too hateful. Whether fate were unkind or merely remorselessly just was an inquiry he did not seek to make.



SHK BROUGHT IN A LAMP AS HE DREW ON HIS REZON.

for it would be futile. It was too late for speculation. What good to analyze the past for causes when the irresistible, impending effect was upon him—when it had not only knocked at his door, but was actually standing with its foot upon his head, and its hand upon his shoulder, beckoning and impatient? The old year was going out. So must be, too, go out, like a big candle, but whether? What care does old Time have of the children, the coming years? Where do wearied souls find heaven when the clay which gave them being, the clay of this world, is crumbling to dust? He propped his head with pillows and sat up in bed, staring out the window into the falling snow, or the short December afternoon, but seeing not even the scattered flakes of snow banished from a few scurrying clouds marking the winter sky with swift, changing formations. His thoughts were retrospective, but dominating them all in gloomy monotone, like the irrevocable booming of a deep-toned bell marking a sunken reef, the thought of destruction, the thought of the end.

The barren room, in which even for that poor creature, excited his disgust as with a long groan he came back to his surroundings. It smelled evil, too, like a basement dive, for he had slept there long—how long he hardly knew. He had not felt any motion. He got up unsteadily, and drawing on his trousers, flung up a window overlooking the street. The fresh, keen air rushed upon him lightly, but he seemed not to feel its sting. Lightheaded, drunk it eagerly. Lightheaded, filled with home going people who seemed gay, hurried past on North Clark street, parkward, to the rattle chime of the cable, to the clang of the bells the grimace gave voice in warning or in greeting. Most of the passengers carried little bundles. Some of them held bouquets or wreaths of decorative evergreens. Tomorrow would be the New Year. They were going home, content, perhaps with good resolutions. Going where? Home! Where was his home? What was it? He shivered and, shutting down the window, drew to the pile of bundled clothes which lay upon the door beside his bed.

The door behind him opened softly, letting in a shaft of yellow light from the room beyond, and it threw across the floor, even to his feet, the shadow of the woman who loved him. As she stood there, looking uncertainly into the dusk where he sat obscured, his eyes were still bent upon that all-bonneted, picture on the coarse matting her wavy hair, her fair outline, all grace and dear womanhood, all in the pearl he had won as prize in life's lottery and being won by him.

"George!" his wife called gently. "Are you getting up?" He grunted roughly, for in truth a new kind of emotion choked him, and he would not stir. As if in echo of his voice there came from the lighted room the sound of clattering blocks and falling tin, a swift pat of little feet and an eager, childish treble crying out gleefully: "Oh, mamma, in papa's eye!" A boy of 6 years ran past his mother and, with instinctive seeking, like steel to magnet, plunged through the semidarkness straight into his father's arms with a shout of joy. The man clutched him close, but beneath his breath uttered something like an agonized groan. "Santa Claus is coming tomorrow, papa!" the child said, and as the man sat still, only hugging him closer, he went on: "Because you know, he couldn't get here Christmas, he was so busy, and there were so many poor children he had to see. But he's coming tomorrow. Mamma said so, didn't you, mamma? And, say—he put up his lips confidentially and whispered: 'We got a chicken and some nuts.'" "Bring in the lamp, Kate," said Halverson hoarsely, struggling up from the clinging child. "I've got to dress and go."

"I cannot help it," he muttered. "I'm not his father. It's the cursed luck!" he ended vaguely. "Yes, it's the cursed luck," the other answered, echoing his own inborn thought. "Whose cursed luck? Yours, dear," he said, with a bitter sneer, "or was it the country agent? What's all this talk about Santa Claus anyway? Have you been mocking your own child again? Aren't things bad enough without that?" His tone was harsh, and the woman smiled pathetically. She answered George: "A mother doesn't mock her baby. George will have all he has been led to expect tomorrow anyway. And it's the New Year, George, dear—she rose and came to him, putting her hand on his shoulder—"It's the New Year, full of hope, if not of promise. Can't we be brave together? You always have said you wanted only a chance that something 'just came out' happens it will be the New Year, and it will be the New Year, and it will be the New Year. He shook the hand away, and the razor cut his cheek. "You must have had a windfall," he sneered as he stanching the wound. "You are the man who might be a boss. It wasn't the neighbors, then?" "There was no windfall," she answered slowly. "I was only trying to hold on for your sake—and his. I had a ring, you know."

Her voice faltered, and he wheeled sharply, looking into her face. She held up her bare left hand and smiled into his eyes bravely for one fitting moment. Then she hung herself prone upon the bed, shaking with convulsive sobs. The child ran to her and, burying his face in her skirts, cried too. Halverson made haste to finish dressing. As he hurried into his sister's wife rose quickly and staid him with a gesture. "You won't stay?" "I can't," he muttered sulkily. "I have an engagement." "You'll be back tonight?" "Where else could I go?" he answered, but his eyes evaded hers. "George," she said pleadingly, "remember what I've said to you. There is something I wish you would bring me home tonight for a New Year's gift. Will you?" His wife clung to him as she spoke, both arms around his neck. "What is it?" he asked. His throat was full of husks, but his manner softened. The boy crept to him and wrapped him tight. "A new man, George," she said brokenly.

He kissed her, stooped and kissed the boy and went out without a word. Halverson walked with uncertain, hesitating steps eastward in the dim bystreet to Clark. Empty cars were running northward, but the street was full of husks, but his manner softened. The boy crept to him and wrapped him tight. "A new man, George," she said brokenly. He kissed her, stooped and kissed the boy and went out without a word. Halverson walked with uncertain, hesitating steps eastward in the dim bystreet to Clark. Empty cars were running northward, but the street was full of husks, but his manner softened. The boy crept to him and wrapped him tight. "A new man, George," she said brokenly.

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NEW YEAR'S IN SCOTLAND.

Bringing in the New Year at Tranter Church, Edinburgh.

New Year's is the great Scottish holiday. Christmas is of course an official holiday, and in the large towns, despite old prejudices, its observance is becoming more recognized among the better business houses. But for the general population of the country the New Year is the great holiday festival. Although temperance sentiment is making its way, there is still a great deal of hard drinking at this season. It is no use the fact, however, that the spread of temperance education and the better arrangement of the people are gradually having their influence in making New Year's less of a saturnalia and more of a festival.

ROMAN NEW YEAR'S.

Various Dates Celebrated at Different Periods.

The good old Romans, who had some local custom in the fashioning of their self-conceit, believed thoroughly in New Year's day. They were characteristically careless as to when it should be celebrated, and sometimes it was held at various dates of the year by communities living at no greater distance from each other than a railroad train would take them in two days in a few hours. But so long as they got the full number of high days and holidays into the 12 months of the good old Roman calendar little matter they adhered strictly to the almanac or not.

Even now, the other cried, with energy, turning Halverson to him, so that they looked in each other's set face, "a sweet faced woman kneels before the altar, and she weeps from her eyes upon a little, restless child, who sits and snuggles to her, asking, with shut eyes, 'is papa home yet, mamma?'" "God!" Halverson burst out in agony, stretching forth his arms. "The other caught his hands and held them tightly. "You made a promise," he said very softly. "You sealed it with a kiss. Kate begged of you a New Year's gift."

He kissed her, stooped and kissed the boy and went out without a word. Halverson walked with uncertain, hesitating steps eastward in the dim bystreet to Clark. Empty cars were running northward, but the street was full of husks, but his manner softened. The boy crept to him and wrapped him tight. "A new man, George," she said brokenly. He kissed her, stooped and kissed the boy and went out without a word. Halverson walked with uncertain, hesitating steps eastward in the dim bystreet to Clark. Empty cars were running northward, but the street was full of husks, but his manner softened. The boy crept to him and wrapped him tight. "A new man, George," she said brokenly.

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NEW YEAR'S VOWS.

Good Advice For Those Who Would Lead Better Lives.

Young men, would you swear off indecency? Think of your mother, her white hair and countless wrinkles. Think of your stalwart father, stern, but just, and prouder of you than any earthly fame or name. Think of the men your sins damn. Think of the men your good life would redress. You can't save the race, a sturdy city even, but take some life tomorrow and unite it with your own. Say to your neighbor at your desk: "Tom, old boy, you are in trouble. I have known it for some time. I want to help you. Don't be afraid of me. Don't laugh at me. Tell me what is wrong. I'll help you bear it. I am not saving myself, but I mean to be a better man." You will get him if he is worth saving. Take a single family of poor ones, scolded sorely this hard winter. It is too late now for a Christmas dinner, but eat and drink and be merry with them. You will have them for good and true.

A BULKY RECEIPT.

The Bank Officer Had Something to Show For His Money.

A man with a German accent and a severe red mustache walked into one of the banks the other day and announced that he wanted to open an account. He was directed to the proper official and from a wall west wall extracted a \$500. This sum he handed through the window. The bank official showed the big signature book toward the depositor, and his signature. Just then the official's attention was attracted in another direction. When, a second later, he turned around, the man with the red mustache was coolly walking toward the door with the book, which contained the signatures of all the depositors in the bank tucked under his arm. The assistant cashier yelled: "Hold on, there!" "Hold on, there!" "The man pursued his even course toward the street. The official rushed from behind his counter and caught the man depositing just as he reached the door. "What are you doing with that book?" demanded the bank official angrily, laying hold of the precious volume. "Why, I thought that was the receipt for my \$500?" answered the German, completely bewildered. In the same bank a well dressed woman called to deposit \$500. The assistant cashier pushed the signature book toward her, after receiving the deposit. "Sign your name there," said the official, indicating the proper place. The woman took up the pen and made a show of writing, but the steel point never touched the paper. After a few more feigned flourishes in the air the woman handed back the pen, saying: "Last summer I used to write my name all right, but for some reason I can't do it now."

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

It takes a pretty clever artist to draw a salary.

Having a Great Run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Manager Martin, of the Pierson Drug Store, informs us that he is having a great run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sells five bottles of that medicine for one of any other kind, and gives great satisfaction. In these days of influenza there is nothing like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to stop the cough, soothe the throat and loosen the chest. It works in a very short time. It is also a great remedy for influenza and all the troubles that come with it. It is sold by all druggists.

AN AUSTRIAN MILL MAKES 2,500, 000,000,000 MATCHES ANNUALLY.

Bismarck's Iron Nerve.

Was the result of his splendid health, indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success that brings, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25 cents at W. G. Thomas Drug Store.

ELECTRICAL POWER CAN BE PROFITABLY TRANSMITTED 80 MILES AND USED AS STEAM IN FACTORIES.

It has been demonstrated repeatedly in every state in the Union and in many foreign countries that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a certain preventive and cure for croup. It has become the universal remedy for that disease. Dr. W. G. Thomas, of the firm of Chamberlain, Druggists, New York, Va., only repeats what has been said around the globe for a great number of years. He has been a general practitioner for 40 years, and has seen a great many cases of croup. He believes that it is not only the best cough remedy, but that it is a sure cure for croup. It has saved the lives of his children a number of times. This remedy is for sale by W. G. Thomas Drug Store.

THIRTY-FIVE RECRUITS HAVE LEFT CINCINNATI TO JOIN THE BOER ARMY.

I want to let the people who suffer from rheumatism and sciatica know that Chamberlain's Pain Balm relieved me after a number of other medicines and a doctor had failed. It is the best treatment I have ever known of. J. A. Donnan, Alpha City, Ga. Thousands have been cured of rheumatism by this remedy. One application relieves the pain. For sale by W. G. Thomas Drug Store.

ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF PRETENDING TO BE OTHER THAN WHAT YOU ARE.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by J. C. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only medicinal cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists. 75 cents per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A CAPTURED OSTRIK ALWAYS MEANS A FEATHER IN SOMEBODY'S CAP.

Volcanic Eruptions Are grand, but skin eruptions rob life of joy. Bookler's Analac Salve cures them; also, old, running and fever sores, ulcers, boils, felds, corns, warts, etc. Burns, scalds, chafes, chapped hands, chills, bites, etc. Sold by all druggists. 25 cents per box.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

I hereby give notice to Executors, Administrators and Guardians that they must make reports, as required by law, immediately, and all who fail to report by January 1st, will have to suffer the penalty of the law. W. K. A. WILLIAMS, C. S. C.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as Administrator of E. G. Jackson, deceased, I hereby give notice to all persons owing him to pay the amount due, or those having claims against estate, to present them on or before Feb. 20th, 1900, or their claims will be barred of their recovery. This Dec. 10th, 1900. A. S. WATSON, Administrator.

FEED SALE & LIVERY STABLE.

HAYES & FULLER, Proprietors. OUIBURG N. C.

GOOD TEAMS AND POLITE DRIVERS.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION TO TRAVELING MEN.

A FINE LINE OF HIGH GRADE BUGGIES ALWAYS ON HAND.

We always keep good horses for sale, at very reasonable prices.

WAREHOUSE.

LOUISBURG, N. C.

Headquarters for HIGH PRICES.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Notice.

DR. J. H. McLEAN'S LIVER AND KIDNEY BALM.

WHY? Because your Liver and Kidneys are out of order.

DR. J. H. McLEAN'S LIVER AND KIDNEY BALM.

FOR SALE BY W. G. THOMAS, DRUGGIST.

HEADQUARTERS FOR PLEASANTS.

WAREHOUSE, LOUISBURG, N. C.

Headquarters for HIGH PRICES.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Notice.

BACKACHE.

WHY? Because your Liver and Kidneys are out of order.

DR. J. H. McLEAN'S LIVER AND KIDNEY BALM.

FOR SALE BY W. G. THOMAS, DRUGGIST.