LOUISBURG, N.-C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1900,

NUMBER 37.

CHURCH DIRECTORY METHODIST.

Sanday School at 9:30 A. M. GEO. S. BAKER, Supt. Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M. Presentay.

every Sunday.

Prayer meeting Wednesday night.

M. T. PLYLER. Pastor.

Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M., Prayer m eting Thursday night.
FORREST SMITH, Pastor.

ÉPISCOPAL. Sunday School at 9:30. Services morning and afternoon, on 1st, 3rd and 4th Sundays.

Evening Prayer, Friday afternoon. ALBIAN GREAVER, Rector.

Professional cards

DR. J. J. MANN,

PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, LOUISBURG, N. C.

Office over Thomas' Drug Store.

DR. S. P. BURT, PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,

Louisburg, N. C. Office In the Ford Building, corner Main and Nash streets. Up stairs-front

DR. R. F. YARBOROUGH, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

LOUISBURG, N. C. Office 2nd floor Neal building, phone St. Fight calls answered from T. w. Bickett residence, phone 74. B. MASSENBURG,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. LOUISBURG, N. C. Will practice in all the Courts of the Sta

Office in Court House. M. CHOKE & 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. cult and District Courts.

DR. E. S. FOSTER. DRS. FOSTER & MALONE.

PRACTICING PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS, Louisburg, N. C. Office over Aycocke Drug Com pany. WM. HAYWOOD RUFFIN.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, LOUISBURG. N. C.

Will practice in all the Courts of Franklin and sijoining counties, also in the Supreme Court, and in the United States District and Circuit Courts.
Office in Cooper and Clifton Building.

THOS. B. WILDER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, LOUISBURG, N. C.

Office on Main street, over Jones & Cooper's

F S. SPRUILL.

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. Office over Egerton's Store.

W. BICKETT,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Prompt and painstaking attention given to every matter intrusted to his hands.

Refers to Chief Justice Shepherd, Hon. John Manning, Hon. Robt, W. Winston, Hon. J. C. Buxton, Pres. First National Bank of Winston, Glenn & Manly, Winston, Peoples Bank of Monroe, Chas. E. Taylor, Pres. Wake Forest College, Hon. E. W. Timberlake.

Office in Court House, opposite Sheriff's.

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ATTORNEY AT-LAW, Building.

W. H YARBOROUGH, JR. ATTORNEY AT LAW, LOUISBURG, N. C.

Office in Opera House building, Court street All legal business intrusted to him will receive prompt and careful attention.

DR. R. E. KING, DENTIST,

LOUISBURG, N. C. OFFI E OVER AYCOCKE DRUG COMPANY.

With an experience of twenty-five years a sufficient guarantee of my work in all the up-to-date lines of the profession.

HOTELS.

FRANKLINTON HOTEL and went back. FRANKLINTON, N. C.

SAM'L MERRILL, Prp'r. Good accomodation for the traveling

Good Livery Attached.

MASSENBURG HOTEL J P Massenburg Propr HENDERSON, N. C.

Good accommodations. Good fare: Po lite and attentive servants

NORWOOD HOUSE Warrenton.

**North Carolina** W. J. NORWOOD, Proprietor. Patronage of Commercial Tourists al Paveling Public Solicited.

Good Sample Room.

RAINDROPS. The raindrops fell, each drop a living soul; Joyfully they left their cloud home Rushing downward through the unknown.

And some fell on the parched ground And gave their new life to the grass, And some into stately, grand souled rivers were one with them; And some into laughing streams lear , ed their lives through, And some into the deep, wild ocean And some into stagnant pools-the quick souled

And when they were tired the wind stooped down and carried the raindrops home.

—Margaret Crowell in Lippincott's.

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She Came and Saw and Conquered. \* The news and the dessert were serv-

ed simultaneously. "By George, if I hadn't nearly forgotten!" quoth Stafford pere. He rummaged in an inner pocket. "Can't find the letter. Must have left it at the office. Anyhow, it's from

my cousin, Godfrey Chester"-"Now, Henry," interrupted the mild voice of Mrs. Stafford in amused expostulation, "why will you keep up that fiction about the cousinship?- It is mythical, and you know It?"

"It's certainly remote," conceded the beaming paterfamilias at the opposite end of the table, "but there once was a relationship—a long time ago, I admit. But Chester and I have traced back until we found it. He's a good | child." fellow, Chester. I've always been urging him to manage that our young people may become acquainted. He writes that his daughter will pass through Chicago tomorrow, on the way to New York, and will spend a few days with us. He says he wishes one of my family would meet her. Bless my soul, here's the letter after all!" He put on his spectacles and read aloud: "You can't mistake her. She's a curly headed little girl in a gray gown and a hat with gray feathers. She's a nice child, and I'll be glad to have her meet your

youngsters. There!" "A child!" groaned Ralph, who was 22 and studious. He swallowed his

and rose disgustedly. "Youngsters, indeed!" cried Dick disdainfully. "Does he take us for kin-Ross, who was the eldest, smiled in

quite a superior and disinterested fashion. He boasted a flourishing mustache. He was studying law. Plainly the subject had no interest for him. "But one of you must meet the child!" cried the head of the house. "You'll go, Ralph?"

"Can't, sir. I'm doing an article on the architecture of the tenth century. It takes a lot of research. I'll be all morning in the Newberry library." Henry Stafford, huge of girth, roseate of visage and twinkling of eye, turned

his face imploringly toward his youngest son. "You. Dick?" "Got a golf match on. Can't make it,

"Dear, dear! If your sister were only at home" "She'll be back tomorrow afternoon,

put in Mrs. Stafford "But the little girl gets here in the morning. She must be met. She is from a comparatively small town. She would be quite bewildered were she to find herself alone in Chicago."

He sent the good looking young fellow with the mustache an appealing

"I wonder now, Ross, if you"-Ross laughed leniently. "You poor perplexed old chap! Yes, I'll see that he child gets here all right!"

"Good!" said Henry Stafford, with a sigh of relief. "Good!" But when the western train disgorg ed its jostling multitude in the Union depot the following morning Ross Stafford, standing close by the iron gates, found that he had undertaken a task of greater magnitude than he had at the time imagined. There was such a crush of people, stout and thin, tall and short, big and little. There were childrenprocessions of them. But they all

eemed to belong to the folks who hurried them along. Never a glimpse could he catch of a curly headed little girl in a gray gown, wearing a hat with gray feathers. Or was the dress brown? By Jove! He wasn't even sure of that. The last laggard group trickled away. Ross knew the conductor of the Denver train and spoke to him as he came

hurrying along. "All off your train, Brigham?"

"There was a little girl coming to Chicago-had curly hair, a blue dress, green hat - blest if I remember! Wasn't she on?" "Alone, was she?"

"Yes." "No, sir. Didn't come. Sure? Course

Ross wheeled around. "Well, I'll telephone the folks that she wasn't on. Dad can wire her people and find out-I beg your pardon!" And he suddenly found himself bowing profoundly, hat in hand, before a young woman with whom he had al-

most collided in his haste, a slender young woman, a graceful young woman, a lovely young woman, as his susceptible heart instantly acknowledged. She accepted his apology with a

slight bend of the head and a vivid blush. Half way up the stairs he glanced back and saw her standing

You are waiting I be of service?" "Thank you!" What a sweet voice. "I am afraid there has been a mistake. No one has come to meet me. May I

ask you to call a cab?" And when he had done so, when she had thanked him, when he stood bareheaded on the curbstone as the vehicle

rolled away, he recollected that he had not listened to the address she had given the driver, and he walked off in a owering rage at his own imbecility. Never was there so dreary a day, although the late August sunshine found its way into his office; never had the reading of the law seemed such a dull and tiresome drudgery; never before had the pages blurred into a mass of meaningless black marks, but, then, meaningless black marks, but, then, never before had a bewitching young face come between him and his books, a face with reddish gold ringlets clus-tered around a white forehead and shy eyes the color of woodland violets.

He leaped from his seat as a bright

nought struck nim. 'He could nunt up the cabman. That was the thing to do! But, although he hung around the depot for two whole hours and ques-tioned every jehu within reach, he could not find the man he sought. It was evidently that particular cabman's

busy day. Tired and disgusted, Ross Stafford took a plunge at the athletic club, got himself home, shrugged himself into his evening clothes, for he was going out after dinner, and went down to the parlor to find himself face to face with the divinity of the red gold ringlets and the violet eyes!

"Ross, my dear," cooed Mrs. Staf-ford, "let me introduce you to Miss Chester, whom somehow you managed to miss this morning. Why, you"-For they were smiling at each other

merrily, spontaneously.

"Indeed, no, mother!" Perhaps he held the pretty hand she gave him a little longer than was necessary. "I met Miss Chester this morning. Did she not tell you I put her in a cab?" Miss Chester laughed. Ross Stafford aughed. And the bewilderment of the

head of the house of Stafford, of the golfing son, and the studious son, as they in turn were presented, set them laughing again. "Lord bless me!" cried Stafford senior, ruffling his hair, "your father said you were a little girl!"

"Oh, I shall never be grown up to papa!" cried Miss Chester. "He said," stammered the young gentleman who was getting up an article on the architecture of the tenth century, "that-that you were a nice

"Don't you think," queried Adele Chester mischievously, "that I'm Whereat Ralph grew guiltily red.

Helen Stafford reached home before dinner was over. Her brothers' rapturous reception amazed her. Neverhad she know how they missed her! Nor could she dream that each of three young hypocrites was saying to him-

"She won't go east in such a hurry if she and Helen take to each other." They did take to each other. Ross found it was not necessary to keep his engagement that evening and permit- which guines pigs play a prominent ted his friend to cool his heels alone at part. They started to "hook" the learned his tenor went wonderfully well with the pure soprano of their guest. And Dick was so anxious to initiate Miss Chester into the mysteries of flashlight pictures that he made himself no end of a bore. The country cousin of the Staffords did not go east that week nor the next. When she did go, all the mirth and laughter of the Stafford domicile seemed to go with her. One morning a week after her departure Ralph and Dick said some bitter things when they discovered that Ross had found out he must attend to business in New York and had left for the city on the midnight train. And when Ross returned, silent, but smiling and exultant, they were not at all

backward about telling him with true fraternal frankness their opinion of his "You were awfully good to go to meet that little country lassie," commented Ralph witheringly. "I believe you

knew all the time she was the prettiest kind of a girl!" "Kindness-sheer kindness on my part, dear boy. But, as I have striven

to impress on you, virtue is ever its own reward." "Oh, come off!" entreated Dick. "You just got the inside track, and you kept

Ross pulled his mustache. "I assure you in taking my late hasty trip I had only the best interests of my brothers at heart. My sole ambition was to secure you the most charming sister-in-law in the world." Helen jumped up.

"Oh, Ross! Did you-did she"-He laughed quizzically. "Adele gave me a message for you, my dear. She said to tell you that you are to be"-"Bridesmaid."—Buffalo Commercial.

Humiliated. "I have a young professional friend," said the veteran lawyer, "who is very bright mentally, but an abominably poor story teller. In fact, I believe it is his mental activity that makes him s bore in that regard.

"The other morning I met him on the way down town. He greeted me cordially and with the air of a man who had something good on his mind that he must share with some one else. "'Say,' he said, 'I'm going to tell you the best story you ever heard.'

"Of course I inwardly resented this statement, though I said nothing. He started with his story, but he had not gone very far before he made a lengthy and tiresome discursion from the subject. He jumped the track two or three times in this way, until finally his story, as far as he had progressed, was a mere jumble of words. Suddenly, as we reached Grand Circus park, be stopped and began to smooth his knees and rub his hands in the most peculiar fashion.

"What in the world are you doing that for? I asked. "I'm trying to express my humilia tion,' he replied meekly. 'Blamed if I haven't forgotten the rest of that story." "-Detroit Free Press.

Ancient Origin of Military Salute. When did the military salute come into use? It certainly dates from the earlier half of the fifteenth century, says the London Chronicle. In where he had left her. He hesitated | the "Speculum Humanse Salvationis," which was issued before the invention e? Can of printing by movable types, there is an exceedingly quaint illustration in which Abraham is represented as sa-luting Melchisedec. The patriarch is in mediæval armor and apparently on guard, and it would seem that Melchisedec is bringing him refreshments of water, and the salute is distinctly the military one still in use.

> The Earth's Shadow. The earth has a shadow, but few ever see it except in eclipse of the moon. Nevertheless many of us have noticed on fine, cloudless evenings in summer, shortly before sunset, a rosy or pink are on the horizon opposite the

Ils Gigantic Intellect. She-What are you thinking about,

She—Aren't you afraid of overtaxing vour brain, dear?—Detroit Free Press.

It Showed the Bashful Youth a Happy Way to Pop the Question. "It's a go," announced the young man with beaming face, "and the happy day has been set!"

AN INSPIRATION.

"So you got your courage up to the point at last?" said the friend who understood the situation.

"Yes. Say, it isn't hard when you get started. But it is a wonder I didn't get nervous prostration before I made the plunge! I was six months trying to get courage enough to ask the all important question. But every time that I opened my mouth to speak I simply broke out into a cold sweat and couldn't say a word for the life of me. I would have retreated a dozen times bag and baggage if I could have done so gracefully. Not that I didn't want the girl, but simply for the reason that I despaired of ever being able to ask her to be mine. The girl acted, too, as if she had a right to hear something to the point. But I could only sit there like a chuckle headed idiot and abuse the weather. I would have been right there in the same horrible situation if something hadn't happen-

ed to break the ice. "One night last week we were sitting side by side on a sofa and during one of those blissful moments when nothing was being said I chanced to notice the girl's eyes intently fixed upon a motto that hung on the wall opposite and which read, 'Love One Another.' I'll be hanged if I ever saw that motto before, but it gave me an inspiration, and I leaned over and murmured. 'Shall we?' and she murmured, 'I don't mind,' and it was all over but the shouting!"-Detroit Free Press.

ONE ON HIS FATHER.

Smart Youth Is Caught, Then Victimizes Parent. The 12-year-old son of a Van Buren street fond parent recently became the proud possessor of some guinea pigs. A day or two after the same were safely corralled in a cage he went about bragging of his new acquisition among his playmates. Now, it seems these youngsters knew of a "sell" in

hard. He felt so bad about it that he started in turn to "sell" some one else. His father was the victim. "Did you know, papa, that if you hold a guinea pig by the tail its eyes

will drop out?" His father laughed outright. "Why, who in wonder told you such stuff. Louis?" "The boys all say that," answered Louis, sober as a judge, "and it's so,

yes, sir." "Oh, nonsense," said his father, still laughing. "Well, you go to the cage and hold one up and you'll see." Just to humor the boy the father

went out. In a moment he came back

looking-well, looking just like a man that's been badly sold. "The little rascal got me that time," be replied to a friend. "But I don't see the point," said the

"Don't you?" "No." "Well, guinea pigs have no talls."-Topeka Capital.

friend.

The Magie Lantern. How many of us while using magic lanterns have wondered how they were first made? Indeed they are of very respectable antiquity. As early as the seventeenth century a Jesuit named Kircher constructed one. It was a very crude affair, and as he was not unwilling to excite the fears of the persons who witnessed his exhibitions throat. The Englishman, a newspaper he called it a "magic" lantern, and so

it has always been called. There are reasons to believe that the lantern was in use even earlier than smoke hiding the lantern.

It Told the Truth. A countryman on a visit to Glasgow, while walking along Argyle street reading the signboards and the tickets in the shop windows, said to his companion: "Hoe can a' thae ham shops be the best and cheapest? Every yin o' them says that, and the same wi' the clothes shops the. They are jist

a lot o' leears." They continued along the street until, coming opposite a plumber's shop with a big bill in the window with the words "Cast Iron Sinks" printed in letters on it, he exclaimed: "Well, Jock, here's yin that tells the truth at ony rate. But any danged fool kens that cast iron wad sink."

Her Choice. Once upon a time a Young Person, by Dint of Frugality, had accumulated a Wad, and, the season of Millinery Openings having come, it was now Up

"Shall I," she mused in no small anxsety, "make my Wad look like 30 cents, or shall I trim my own hat and thus make myself look like 80 cents?" As the Shrewd Reader will doubtless have conjectured, the Upshot of the matter was that the Young Person purchased a Lovely Imported Creation, costing \$50 .- Detroit Journal.

Stern Father-Now, now, my boys. Quarreling again-and for a miserable little halfpenny? One of the Boys-Well, you said, father, the less we quarreled about the better!-London Tit-Bits. A Sweet Emerson.

"Yes. Isn't it lovely? It's a candy box."-Indianapolis Journal. It Happened in a Drug Store,

"What a beautiful volume of Emer-

son's 'Essays' you have, Miss Madge."

"One day last winter a lady came to my drug store and asked for a brand of cough medicine that I did not have in stock," says Mr. C. R. Grandin, the popular druggist of Ontario, N. Y. "She was disappointed and wanted to know what cough preparation I could recommend. I said to her that I could freely recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and that she could take a bottle of the remedy and after giving it a fair trial if she did not find it worth the money to bring back the bottle and I would refund the price paid. In the course of a day or two the lady came back in company with a friend in need of a cough medicine and advised her to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I consider that a very good recommendation "One day last winter a lady came to

AFRAID OF BEING KISSED.

Clever Story of a Man, a Maid and

an Iron Kettle.

Here is an ingenious Circassian story: A man was walking along one it gased up to the calm, cold sky road and a woman along another. The road and a woman along another. The roads finally united, and the man and the woman, reaching the junction at the same time, went on from there together. The man was carrying a large The breeze thus laden kinsed a child iron kettle on his back. In one hand who played in the meadow and, page he held by the leg a live chicken, in the other a cane, and he was leading a goat. Just as they were coming to a deep, dark ravine the woman said to Leaped forth to meet approaching death,

the man: "I am afraid to go through that dark ravine with you. It is a lonely place, and you might-overpower me and kiss

The sweetness of its final rest. How came I to know it? Twas told by the dew me by force." "If you are afraid of that," said the man, "you shouldn't have walked with me at all. How can I possibly overcome you and kiss you by force when I have this great iron kettle on my back, a cane in one hand and a live chicken in the other and am leading a goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot." "Yes," replied the woman, "but if

you should stick your cane in the ground and tie the goat to it and turn the kettle bottom side up and put the chicken under it, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resist- I put the question: an!" said the man to himself. "I should never have thought of this expedient."

And when they came to the ravine he the woman, saying, "Hold it while I why the turkeys were always on the cut some grass for the goat," and then, | run when I saw them: lowering the kettle from his shoulders, he wickedly kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.-Stray Stories.

THE- UNTOLD.

Why Mrs. Cavil Falled to Be Inform ed by Her Husband. didn't tell you, did I, Mildred, said Mr. Cavil to his wife, "that I saw your sister Jane down town this day week?"

"No, you didn't, Charles Augustus Cavil," replied Mrs. Cavil. "Why didn't you?" "Well, you see"-"Yes, I see. You meet the only sister slightly disturbed the brim of my hat. I have in the world, and instead of He saw it and immediately took coming straight home and telling me flight. about it the same day, as any respect-

keep the matter secret a whole week and then ask carelessly if you have mentioned the fact that you saw her." "But, my dear"vil. I have no doubt that she sent me a message by you, and you not only failed to deliver it, but by this time

you have forgotten what it was about. Tell me if this isn't the case." "My dear, it was this way"-"Don't tell me it was that way, Charles Augustus Cavil. I know exactly how it was. You simply didn't care a straw whether I knew that you had seen Sister Jane or not or you would not have waited a whole week to tell me you had seen her."

"But I didn't say I saw her," Mr. Cavil said at length. "Then I'd like to know what you did say, Charles Augustus Cavil." "I asked you if I told you that I saw ber," explained Mr. Cavil.

"Well, why didn't you tell me?"

"The reason I didn't tell you was be-

cause I didn't see her; that's all." Mrs. Cavil gasped and was speechless.-Boston Bazar. A Trick of Indian Thieves. In some of the thieves' schools in India a regular course of training is gone through in the art of "pouching," or concealing articles of value in the

published in Calcutta, thus describes the process: "At first a small piece of lead, attached to a thread, is swallowed and the seventeenth century and that the guided by the action of the tongue to mysterious figures which the old as- the orifice of the sac in the throat. As trologers produced in the smoke of soon as this has been thoroughly learntheir mystic fires were produced in the | ed the lead is coated with lime. This same way as Kircher produced his, the eats into the sac and enlarges it. The size of the article to be pouched is gradually increased until it is said that many of the Indian thieves can

pouch 8 or 10 rupees at once."-Toronto Mail and Empire. Casting Metals. As is well known, some metals are unsuitable for casting, while others, like iron, can readily be cast in any desired shape. The property of casting well is said to depend upon whether the metal contracts or expands on solidifying from the liquid form. Iron, like water, expands in solidifying, and hence the solid metal may be seen floating in the liquid iron about it. The expansion causes it to fill the die into which it is poured, and so it can be cast easily. Gold and silver contract In cooling and therefore are not suita-

ble for casting. As to Strikes. "What's the matter with that man?" asked the clock. "He doesn't seem to have anything to do but wind me up." "No." replied the calendar; "he isn't working. He and his companions struck some time ago."

"Huh! Suppose I should stop working every time I struck?" "That's so, but I notice it freshens me up every time he takes a month off."-Philadelphia Press.

Hoax-Borrowell gets a lot of credit for the way he keeps his family dress-Joax-Yes; they tell-me there are two or three collectors at the bo every day.-Philadelphia Record.

Corroborative Evidence.

Very Special Delivery. "Did she get your bill?" "Yes: I directed it to her husband and marked it 'personal.' "-Chicago Do not get scared if your heart troubles

Do not get seared if your heart troubles you. Most likely you suffer indigestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and gives the worn out stomach perfect rest. It is the only preparation known that completely digests all classes of foods; that is why it cures the worst cases of indigestion and stomach trouble after everything else has failed. It may be taken in all conditions and cannot help but do you good. W. G. Thomas. CASTORIA It seems paradoxical, but a law lives

only when it is executed When you have no appetite, do not reliab our food and feel dull after eating you may now that you need a dose of Chamberlain's tomach and Liver Tablets. Price 25 cents. amples free at W. G. Thomas' drug store.

And gave to the breeze every crimson flake; "Twas all it had, for memory's sake. No eye ever mw ft, no mind ever guemed

low sweet is Remembrance, and I tell you. —J. B. Delany in Guidon. WALK BLINDLY TO DEATH.

One of the Keenest Birds Is Often Deceived by His Visual Organ. After trudging all day along the top of the mountain with no success at all, masmuch as I had shot several times, but failed to bring down my game, I ran across an old hunter, J. W. Hyde. After the usual greeting we seated ourselves on an old log to exchange notes.

Why are the turkeys always on the run when I see them?" The old man spit through his teeth changed his position, laid his long. muzzle loading rifle on the ground, put stuck his cane into the ground and the fourth portion of a plug of tobacco tied the goat to it, gave the chicken to in his mouth and proceeded to tell me

> "Of all the game I have ever bunted turkeys display the most wonderful power of vision. I cannot tell just why this is. I have made a microscopical examination of the eyes of the hawk, eagle, fox, weasel and owl, but find no material difference in the lens and reting. The ciliary muscles and and retina. The ciliary muscles and the iris are exactly the same, yet none of these keen visioned creatures can compare with the turkey in point of seeing. I remember the acuteness of sight displayed by one old gobbler. I had carefully concealed myself, and no part of my body was visible but the upper part of my head. A puff of wind

"On another occasion I was hunting in the mountains in Georgia. I was lying able husband would have done, you behind a log and was carefully hidden, all but the upper part of my face. A turkey was slowly coming in response to my call and was carefully noticing "Don't but me, Charles Augustus Ca- for signs of danger. A mosquito was stinging me fearfully on the forehead. | GOOD TEAMS AND I raised my finger slowly to crush it and as soon as the finger came within range of vision cluck went the turkey

> "Now, the most inexplicable thing in regard to hunting turkeys is that, with all their acuteness of sight, the surest way to get a shot is to sit down in an open place with your back against a tree, in full view, and, strange to say, they will walk up within ten steps without seeing you."

Just then we noticed that the sur was down. The old hunter invited me to spend the night at his camp, which I did and had a most pleasant time.-Forest and Stream. A Big Grasshopper.

A geographical expedition which set out for Australia from Boston on an exploring and mapmaking tour had engaged a negro cook, who took great interest in everything he saw. While the party was en route a kangaroo broke out of the grass and made for the horizon with prodigious leaps, an event that interested the colored gentleman

from the Hub exceedingly. "You all have pretty wide meadow hereabouts, I reckons," he said to the native who was guiding the party. "Not any larger than those of other countries," returned the guide most po-

"Well, there must be mighty power ful high grass roundabouts, beh?" he "Not that I know of," replied the "Why do you ask such odd "Why, I'll tell you, boss. I was think

in of the mighty uncommon magnitude

of them grasshoppers."-Kansas City

Knocks Their Shoes Off. Strange as it may seem, people killed in a railroad wreck are generally bereft of their shoes by the shock. In commenting on this peculiarity an old killed in a railroad accident seldom dies with his boots on. I don't know is particularly true in the case of man who is struck by an engine and killed. In nine cases out of ten, when the body is picked up, it will be found minus shoes. Even men wearing beavy have to ask somebody who is wiser than I am."—Philadelphia Record.

Try It. One can hear better with the mouth open than shut, a fact which may be verified by stopping the ears while passing through a railway tunnel and alternately opening and shutting one's mouth. The increase in the volume of sound while the mouth is open must be experienced to be appreciated.

A Tumultuous Moment. Doctor-I'm afraid your husband doesn't get enough exercise Mrs. De Style-Well, he'll be exercis ed enough when my dressmaker sends in ber bill.-Chicago News.

The greatest number of races ever won by a jockey in one season was the 246 by Fred Archer, 1885. An Irish philosopher says there is no

blessing like health, especially when a

fellow is sick.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Many times fame has an amber color because it is a mere sham. This is the season when mothers are alarmed on account of eroup. It is quickly cured by One Minute Cough Cure, which children like to take. W.

"Apples are now recommended by physicians as a brain food." Some of the advocates of McKinley should subsist entirely on apples.

Torturing skin eruptions, burns and sores soothed at once and promptly healed by applying DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the best known core for piles. Beware of worthless counterfeits, W. G. Thomas,

Everything felt bad over the drought, even the corn was shocked.

Question Asswered.

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