# THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

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### 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.
M. T. PLYLER, 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.
FORREST SMITH, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL.

Sunday School at 9:30.
Services, morning and afternoon, on 1st, 3rd and 4th Sundays.
Evening Prayer, Friday afternoon.
ALBIAN GREAVES, Rector.


### Professional cards

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

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FRANKLINTON HOTEL
FRANKLINTON, N. C.
SAM'L MERRILL, Prp'r.
Good accomodation for the traveling public.
Good Livery Attached.

MASSENBURG HOTEL.
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Good accommodations. Good fare: Polite and attentive servants.

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


### FATE'S TABLET.

You must have known her had you seen her face,
That moment turned away, as by she passed;
It must have told you, that confiding grace,
Of one could not but love you to the last.

And had you heard her voice you must have known;
She little talked and softly all that day.
Something, perhaps, was on the June wind blown
To her could not but love you aye and aye.

You did not see her, and you did not hear;
She saw not, heard not, you as by she passed,
And it was once more written, "Year to year
Two shall go, seeking, seeking to the last."

—John Vance Cheney in Harper's Bazar.

## "BY ORDER OF THE BOARD."

BY M. QUAD.

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For seven years old John Fosdick had been paying teller of the First National bank in a western town. Previous to his taking the place he had been a private banker and merchant and had played in hard luck. He had secured the place through having the friendship of the president, but there had been a "ring" against him in the bank. The place had been promised to a relative of the cashier's, and old John was looked upon as an intruder. Without the president behind him, even after he had held the place for three or four years, he would have been fired by those in authority. He was a man who said but little and rendered faithful service. As he grew old they tried to make his age a point against him, and, not succeeding in that, it was hoped that he might get caught

"HANDS UP AND MONEY OUT!"

up on a forged check or some other act of carelessness. He went his way without fighting back. If he lost his place, it meant poverty to himself and wife in their old age. He was prompt, careful and systematic, and the plans of his enemies were defeated.

The seventh year was drawing to a close when old John was caught up. A stranger presented a check which he hesitated to pay and about which he consulted the cashier. Later on the cashier stated that he had ordered it to be held pending examination. Old John said that he had been ordered to pay it at once. The check was paid, and, being spurious, the bank was $800 out of pocket. It was a question of veracity between cashier and teller, and it was decided within the bank that the cashier had the better of it. Just then, too, old Fosdick slipped in a wrong figure in making up his day's account, and, though it made only a difference of 7 cents in the total, it seemed to prove that old age and carelessness had unfitted him for his position. The president being in Europe, the board took the case under advisement, and "by order" the old man was fired out into the world to begin life anew. There were resolutions, of course, and one of them was to the effect that the bank presented him with the sum of $100 for long and faithful services. He put on his hat without protest, and he left the bank without taking the money. At his humble home an old and anxious wife met him and, wifelike, gave him sympathy and encouragement first of all.

"Never mind, John; never mind," she kept saying. "We have a few dollars ahead, and you are only 55 years old, and something good is sure to turn up. You have fought too long to give up now."

But the weeks went by, and nothing turned up. The business world has very little use for an old man who has no capital. John Fosdick's savings were gradually used up, the generosity of his few friends exhausted, and there came a day when the question of food and fuel became a serious one. He was not one to sponge or turn beggar. If the world would not let him earn his food, at least he would go out of it and hope that his going would open the hearts of men toward his widow. After pondering for an hour he started out with the firm intention of drowning himself in the river. It was a blustering November day, and as he passed the bank with bowed head, bent shoulders and well worn garments even those who had deprived him of his place felt a touch of sympathy. He was making for the suburbs and a highway bridge and wondering how long it would take to drown and what men would say of him when dead when he caught sight of men and horses skulking behind an abandoned factory. It was singular, bound on such a mission as he was, that he should have seen or wondered and speculated on why those men and horses were there, but he had scarcely passed the old factory when he suddenly turned about and ran for the business part of the town with speed that astonished himself.

In the vaults of the First National bank was a sum close upon $300,000, deposited there temporarily by a railroad company. Outside the vault was a big safe containing $25,000 more. It was a quiet afternoon, with few people moving about. Over 100 of the men living in town had gone over to the new town of Prairie Flower at an auction of real estate. There hadn't been a better opportunity for years to make a dash at the bank. It was a civilized young city, but within striking distance of No Man's Land and a hundred desperate outlaws. Of a sudden old John Fosdick, bareheaded and his gray hair flying, burst into the bank. He was speechless with his running, but he did not try to use his voice. He dashed open the gate and seized the heavy doors of the safe and closed them with a bang. Several employees tried to seize him, thinking he had gone crazy, but he shook them off, and just as firing and yelling were heard on the street he slammed the doors of the vault. He had only turned from it when four border ruffians dashed into the bank, each with a pistol in hand, while three others remained outside and fired at every pedestrian in sight.

"Hands up and money out!" shouted one of the three who entered the bank, and in an instant every official and employee was covered.

The cashier wilted, and the others followed suit, but old John Fosdick stood up gamely under the deadly revolvers and quietly said:

"Gentlemen, this bank is closed for the day."

"Open the safe and vaults or I'll blow your brains out!"

"I have a key to neither."

"You liar! Take that!"

The old man sank with a bullet in his brain, and the white faced cashier would have opened safe and vault with his own hands but for the arrival of assistance. A few citizens had gathered and killed one of the watchers and wounded another. This caused a stampede on the part of the desperadoes. They did not even grab the money packages in sight, but hastened to get away as fast as possible. John Fosdick had not drowned himself, but he lay dead. He had been discharged on account of old age and carelessness, but his speed and acumen had saved the First National bank from being cleaned out. He wondered what men would say of him after death. They said he was a hero. He had hoped men would have pity on his aged widow. When he had been laid away, the bank voted her a life pension, the citizens and the railroad company made up a public purse, and she wanted for nothing the rest of her life.

**Changed Their Drinks.**

"A number of years ago," said a temperance advocate, "the Rev. Thomas Colson was out west. He stopped off at a town which was the loafing place of a large number of cowboys when they were off duty. These rough looking fellows, with revolvers strapped to their sides and wearing belts filled with cartridges, met Mr. Colson and asked him to take a drink. He declined at first, but they insisted, and he went along with them. When the party reached the saloon, the biggest of the three called out, 'What are you going to have?' The other two said, 'Whisky.'

"'Give me whisky, too,' he said.

"'What's yours?' he added to Mr. Colson.

"'Water.'

"'Water, eh!' exclaimed the big fellow. 'See here, stranger, you drinks what them other gents drinks or I'll spring a few leaks in your swallow.'

"He drew out his revolver and handled it menacingly.

"'You didn't dictate to these gentlemen what they should call for, did you?' said Mr. Colson.

"'No.'

"'Well, you can't dictate to me, either. My drink is water. I always thought you would be too much of a gentleman, Dave, to question a man's right to choose his own drink when he was your guest.'

"'Well, string me up if it ain't Tom Colson!' exclaimed the man, who had recognized his boyhood friend. 'Me and Tom used to go to school together, fellers. Well, if I ain't glad to see you! I want to apologize to you, Tom, fer what I said, and I want to say to you, fellers, that you'll change your order and drink what Tom drinks or pop goes the glasses.'"

**Horse Phrenology.**

Horse phrenology is the latest discovery of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons of England. According to Harold Leeney, a member of the college, it is easy to tell a horse's character by the shape of his nose. If there is a gentle curve to the profile and at the same time the ears are pointed and sensitive, it is safe to bank on the animal as gentle and at the same time high spirited. If, on the other hand, the horse has a dent in the middle of his nose, it is equally safe to set him down as treacherous and vicious. The Roman nosed horse is sure to be a good animal for hard work and safe to drive, but he is apt to be slow. A horse with a slight concavity in the profile will be scary and need coaxing. A horse that droops his ears is apt to be lazy as well as vicious.—Farmers' Advocate.

**A Democratic King.**

A story illustrating the democratic simplicity of King Oscar of Sweden and Norway is told in the Echo de Paris by M. Gaston Bonnier, the botanist. M. Bonnier was botanizing near Stockholm when he met a stranger similarly occupied. The two fraternized, and M. Bonnier suggested that they should lunch together at an inn. "No, come home and lunch with me instead," said the stranger, and he led the way to the palace and opened the gate. M. Bonnier was naturally astonished, but his new acquaintance was most apologetic. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I happen to be the king of this country, and this is the only place I've got to entertain anybody in." So they went in and lunched and talked botany together all the afternoon.


Both makers and circulators of counterfeits commit fraud. Honest men will deceive you into buying worthless counterfeits of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. The original is infallible for curing piles, sores, eczema and all skin diseases. W. G. Thomas.

Two pounds of potatoes contain as much nutriment as thirteen pounds of turnips.

"I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and find it to be a great medicine," says Mr. E. S. Phipps of Potean, Ark. "It cured me of bloody flux. I cannot speak too highly of it." This remedy always wins the good opinion, if not praise, of those who use it. The quick cures which it effects even in the most severe cases make it a favorite everywhere. For sale by W. G. Thomas

It is not good to dine when in a state of mental or physical weakness.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best liver pills ever made. Easy to take and never gripe. W. G. Thomas.

Mere gratification of the appetite is very likely to shorten life.

When you want prompt acting little pills that never gripe use DeWitt's Little Early Risers. W. G. Thomas.


## ODD INSURANCE SCHEMES.

**Novel Risks Granted by Up to Date English Companies.**

It was stated recently as a fact of novel and material interest that it was now possible to insure for the contingency of being the father of twins. And so it is. You can also insure prospective triplets. But that is a small matter compared to the queer risks insurance companies are taking every day. Anything, from the vicissitudes of playing a fast bowler on a kicking wicket to the chance of an heir changing his religious tenets, is now a subject for an insurance policy.

"We insure people against the possibility of any calamity, whatever it may be," said Mr. Armstrong of the Ocean Accident Insurance company to a Mail representative.

"Frequently we are asked to insure against a man changing his name. Say somebody leaves a property to John Smith on condition that he takes the name and style of Howard Montmorency Vandeleur. He wants to borrow money on his property. The lender declines to advance the money on the ground that he has no guarantee that Vandeleur won't return to being called Smith. We insure the lender against that contingency, and Vandeleur (nee Smith) gets his money.

"Another type of case is an insurance against the discovery of a missing man. A prodigal son leaves home for his country's good, and nobody knows where he is. His father, years later, leaves his property to be divided equally among his children. The trustee of the will finds himself in a difficulty. The prodigal may return from his husks, and then the other heirs will have had more than their share. We insure the trustee against the prodigal's return.

"Not long ago we insured a mortgagee against the mortgageor's marrying outside the faith, because such a marriage would have cost the mortgageor his property."—London Mail.

## A BITE IN THE DARK.

**The Young Man Liked Jelly, and He Filled His Mouth.**

A young man whose work keeps him down town until the early morning hours usually reaches home with a sharp appetite. His mother, an indulgent mother, too, puts a little lunch out where he can get it, but this frequently fails to satisfy him. His wise parent knows this, and she saves the larder from a wholesale onslaught by locking things up.

Now, if there is one thing in particular that this youth dotes upon it is jelly. But jelly is an article of food that takes time and skill in its preparation, and if the lady left her jelly jars at his disposal—well, there would be none to dispose of after a few mornings. So the jelly is locked up the tightest of all.

The other morning the youth let himself into the house just as the gray streaks of dawn were crossbarring the eastern sky. There was milk and bread awaiting him, but his soul craved for jelly. He determined to hunt for some. Taking a slice of bread and a knife, he stole down cellar and searched the fruit shelves. What happiness! He dimly made out the outlines of a jelly jar. Was there any jelly in it? He dipped in his knife and felt the soft and quivering mass. What a joke on his usually careful mother! She had actually forgotten to turn the key on this treasure.

He drew out a generous quantity and carefully spread it on the bread. He had to do it largely by guesswork, because the cellar was almost totally dark. When the spreading was done, he smacked his lips lightly and took a generous bite.

No, it wasn't jelly; it was soft soap.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**The Lark's Song.**

A writer on "The Wonders of the Spring" says that the volume of sound produced by the skylark is most wonderful. "The lark ascends until it appears no larger than a midge and can with difficulty be seen by the unaided eye, and yet every note of its song will be clearly audible to persons who are fully half a mile from the nest over which the bird utters its song.

"Moreover, it never ceases to sing for a moment, a feat which seems wonderful to us human beings, who find that a song of six or seven minutes in length, though interspersed with rests and pauses, is more than trying. Yet this bird will pour out a continuous song of nearly 20 minutes in length and all the time has to support itself in the air by the constant use of its wings."

**A Business Proposition.**

Now, here is a poet who is practical enough. He hails from Dooly county, and it will be seen from his letter that he means business. He writes:

"I have wrote a poem about 100 yards long, as nigh as I kin guess. It took me six months an two hours to write it. I ain't no judge of these things, an what I want to know is where I kin hire a good man to read it for me an tell me what it is. To sich a man I will pay $1 a day till he gits through, only he mustn't take too long!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**Up to Date "Specialist."**

Doctor—I put mirrors in my waiting rooms instead of magazines.

Friend—How does it work?

Doctor—Fine. People are so fond of looking at themselves that they come early so as to have a chance to wait.—Town Topics.

**The Boy and the Professor.**

"I was mimicking Professor Bore yesterday, and he caught me."

"What did he say?"

"Told me to stop making a fool of myself."—Chicago Chronicle.


**A Village Blacksmith Saved His Little Son's Life.**

Mr. H. H. Black, the well-known village blacksmith at Grahamsville, Sullivan Co., N. Y., says: "Our little son, five years old, has always been subject to croup, and so had have the attacks been that we have feared many times that he would die. We have had the doctor and used many medicines, but Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is now our sole reliance. It seems to dissolve the tough mucous and by giving frequent doses when the croupy symptoms appear we have found that the dreaded croup is cured before it gets settled." There is no danger in giving this remedy for it contains no opium or other injurious drug and may be given as confidently to a babe as to an adult. For sale by W. G. Thomas.


## DANGER FROM OVEREATING.

**Insanity Often Caused by Too Liberal Indulgence In Food.**

It is well known to the few medical men that many cases of insanity are directly due to overeating and the consequent absorption into the circulation of toxic matters from the intestinal tract, and melancholia, whether in mild or severe form, is generally due to this cause. Violent paroxysms of temper, whether in children or adults, are often properly referable to a bad state of the blood from this auto toxemia, as are indeed the exceedingly exuberant spirits of old or young at times. Just as we observe in alcoholic poisoning, some individuals are made temporarily jolly and good natured; others are made ugly and unreasonable.

In view of this condition of affairs isn't it rather a wise plan for us all to consider rather the needs of the organism for food than the mere question of palate tickling, to aim to eat good instead of bad food and enough of it—that is, not too much—to have the conditions about right when we take our meals; in brief to try and treat our bodies decently even though we act from a purely sensual point of view? In no other way can we secure the highest possible degree of pleasure on the average, while by acting thus sensibly we may enjoy practical immunity from disease.

The more exercise we take under proper conditions, the more we are exposed to cold, and the clearer we keep from excess in clothing the more we may eat; hence, in order to enjoy the fullest measure of table pleasures, we must live actively, wear as little clothing as is consistent with comfort and do considerable "roughing"—sometimes called hardening. With all this we should take our meals at times when the body or brain is not overtired, and when we "have leisure to digest," and, of all things, we should never eat unless we are hungry. To eat without an appetite is self abuse of the most stupid sort, since it affords no pleasure and is productive of disease.—Physical Culture.

## NOT IN THE PLAY.

**A Case Where Two Actors Displayed Presence of Mind.**

A short time ago a great historical play was being given in an Italian theater. The king had to read his speech from the throne. He was surrounded by the court, all the representative nobles of the nation, the governors of the provinces and the heads of the army.

Clad in his magnificent robes (lined with rabbit skin) he stalked majestically across the stage, and, with fitting hauteur, slowly ascended the steps leading to the throne. Every one bowed low, and the chancellor handed to his majesty the parchment roll from which to read the royal speech.

All waited attentively to catch the words from the royal lips, but his majesty found, to his chagrin, that the roll was blank. The speech was long and had not been committed to memory.

It was impossible to get through it with the aid of the prompter, for he was too far away to render the needful service. A bright thought passed through the royal brain.

Having glanced over the roll as if to gather the gist of the speech, he again folded it and handed it back to the chancellor with the command:

"You read it."

The chancellor was somewhat put out, but dutifully took the roll and opened it, only to discover the royal pleasantry, whereupon, again rolling the parchment up and taking from his breast the resplendent tin order, he laid them together at the king's feet, with:

"Your majesty, as I cannot read the speech, I tender my resignation," and walked off the stage.

**He Missed Her.**

A speech which had a pathetic as well as an amusing side is said to have been made by an old New Hampshire man on the occasion of his second wedding.

"Neighbors," he said to those who had witnessed the simple ceremony, "you all know that this good friend that's consented to marry me is something of a stranger in our town. Now, I feel kind of insufficient, being only a man, to make her acquainted with everybody as quick as I'd like to. So I'm a-going to depend on you women folks," he added, with a confiding smile at the members of the gentler sex, "to make her feel at home among us, just as my first wife would do if she was here today. I miss her consid'rable all the time, but more'n usual on an occasion like this!"

**Unaccommodating Stamp Clerk.**

"One hundred two's?" said the postoffice clerk. "Yes, ma'am."

"And charge them to Mr. Newlwed, No. 411"—

"Sorry, ma'am," interrupted the clerk, "but we can't do that."

"You can't?" the young bride exclaimed indignantly. "My husband's credit is good everywhere, and, besides, we always get our letters from you!"—Philadelphia Press.

**Annoyances of Wealth.**

Wrest—Tell you, friend, the rich has their troubles.

Dawson—Bet your life I do. Onst, when I had two pair of pants, I found the labor of changin things from one set of pockets to the other set of pockets almost more'n I could stand.—Indianapolis Press.

**Water Starts a Fire.**

A barn in Belgium was set on fire by a shower. The farmer placed a quantity of quicklime near a shed and left it there all night. In the course of the night rain fell on the lime, and the heat thus developed became so great that it set the shed on fire.


**Question Answered**

Yes, August Flower still has the largest sale of any medicine in the civilized world. Your mothers and grandmothers never thought of using anything else for Indigestion or Biliousness. Doctors were scarce, and they seldom heard of Appendicitis, Nervous Prostration or Heart Failure, etc. They use August Flower to clean out the system and tops fermentation, of undigested food, regulate the action of the liver, stimulate the nerves and organic action of the system and that is all they took when feeling dull and bad with headaches and other aches. You only need a few doses of Green's August Flower, in liquid form, to make you satisfied there is nothing serious the matter with you. For sale by W. G. Thomas, druggist.


### AFTER RAIN.

The country road at lonely close of day
Has rest awhile from the long stress of rain;
Dripping and bowed, the green walls of the lane
Reflect no glistening light; no colors gay
Has dying summer left; the sky is gray.
As though the weeping had not eased the pain;
The autumn is not yet, and all in vain
Seems summer's life—a blossom cast away!
The air is hushed, save in the emerald shade
The rain still drops and stirs each fretting leaf
To soft insistence of its little grief;
The hopelessness all thought of life denies;
But, hark, and now through silence, unafraid,
A robin ripples to the chilly skies.

—Helen Hay in Harper's Magazine.

## NAN'S METAMORPHOSIS.

A Story of a Spelling Match. By Adelbert F. Caldwell.

She was such a forlorn looking figure as she shuffled along the frozen river road in the late November sunshine.

"I believe I never saw such an aimless, shiftless family in my life," declared Judge Hilton emphatically as he and his daughter Mildred detected the thinly clad figure before them. "If anything, she's as bad as the rest, though when her mother died I imagined the responsibility of caring for the family would have a beneficial influence on Nan. Instead I actually believe it's had the opposite effect. Just look at that torn dress and ragged shawl! If a girl had any spunk, she'd never be seen on a thoroughfare as public as this is in such a slatternly condition."

"But think, father," and Mildred looked up considerately, "how hard she must be obliged to work even 'to exist' the family, as Uncle Joe used to say. I believe she has a load of evergreen now to sell for winter decorations. It isn't an easy lot by any means the poor girl has." And Mildred tucked the thick robe more snugly about her.

Nan Hascall lived in the old abandoned mill down by the falls. 'Twas all the shelter Job Hascall could get after his wife's death, for rents were not easily obtained when it was known that the family's one source of income was cut off.

Mrs. Hascall had somehow succeeded as by almost a miracle, frail as she was, in providing food and shelter for the growing family of ten.

Job was forever lounging about the postoffice steps in summer, and his winter watch tower was the settee in the west window of the small variety store near the tavern.

"P'raps next week I'll be able to get a job somewheres," he would say in the early spring days, as in a shamefaced manner he went by his wife at the washtub, bent on his accustomed loitering ground, and when the first frost came in the fall he would brace himself to declare: "I may get a chance loggin 'fore winter's gone. Wouldn't wash all the time. Better let some few things go."

But to let anything "go" was impossible and keep the roof over their heads and shoes on the many pairs of feet.

The morning after Mrs. Hascall's burial Job said to Nan: "Do the best you can, child. 'Tis all we can do, even the best of us, and p'raps somethin will turn up."

However, nothing had, save the rent bill, and as there was nothing with which to meet it they were obliged to move into the tumble down mill.

"I guess we can live here awhile," concluded Job, "if we can get 'nough to eat and somethin to wear. No matter if we don't have the best."

After her mother's death the struggle for existence rested almost wholly on Nan. How she managed to get along was a six months' mystery. After that the people ceased to wonder, and the Hascalls lived only in their own thoughts.

"Who do you imagine will get the scholarship and money for expenses at the seminary?" asked Mildred as they were going up the half mile hill before reaching home.

"I haven't an idea! Yes, I have too. I shouldn't say that." And Judge Hilton looked out of the carriage thoughtfully. "Either Ralph Holman or Ethel Maynard will get it. They're by all odds the best spellers in town."

"I don't know," deliberated Mildred. "When Nan was in school, she had the reputation of being able to spell any word given her. No one ever got above her. To spell well seemed to be her one ambition. She never recited correctly in geography. Were she asked where Russia is it might be the longest river in Maine or the capital of Ireland for anything she could tell, and she never was accused of saying the multiplication table accurately."

"But she will not go," laughed Judge Hilton.

"No; I don't suppose she will, but if she should she'd give them a pretty hard push—and might win. Of course no partiality could be shown in such a contest. I wish she'd go," impulsively.

And at that very moment Nan herself was meditating on the same subject.

"I'd like to go, just to show them I'm not all fool. Don't care nothin for the prize. What would I want of a scholarship?" And Nan smiled grimly at the thought of such a thing. "But I can spell, if I don't know anything else."

A sudden, defiant glance shot from her deep, angry eyes.

"I'll go if I don't want it, just 'cause I—I hate them—the whole kit, George Lewis, Ethel Maynard, Ralph Holman and all 'cept Mildred. She's the only one that's ever treated me decent. Guess they'll be surprised when they see me there." Nan snapped off a twig by the roadside. "And I'll beat them too."

After that, wherever Nan was—gathering evergreen, going after her weekly washing or cooking their scanty meals—a disreputable looking spelling book was her furtively hidden companion, from which, when no one was noticing, she selected for constant review the words of foreign derivation and those which she herself designated as having been thrown together in the dark.

"I can spell all the common ones without looking at them. J-u-d-g-m-e-n-t," she spelled. "Leave out the 'e' before 'ment.' Separate looks easy, but some'll spell it with an 'e' every time."

In early November Dr. Randall, a genial, retired practitioner, a man who had won the distinction of being the philanthropist of the village, had offered tuition and all legitimate expenses for one year at Douglass seminary to any young man or woman who should spell all others down in an old fashioned contest. This was to be held at the high school building about the middle of December. It made no difference whether the contestants attended school or not, the only requirement being that they couldn't be over 21 and must reside in town.

That Ethel Maynard or Ralph Holman or perhaps George Lewis would get it was the foregone conclusion in the minds of nearly all the inhabitants of the village.

"Just you wait. Perhaps you'll be mistaken," was Nan's soliloquy after hearing the matter thus prematurely settled. "I don't care for the old tuition; wouldn't have it anyway, but I'll show you I can do something," and she nodded her head defiantly to an imaginary, unsympathetic audience.

"All ready?" asked Dr. Randall the evening of the contest, glancing at the eager faces about him. "I think so," he added. "Ethel Maynard and Ralph Holman may be captains and choose."

Amid intense excitement long lines of spellers were soon in their places.

"Any one else like to spell who hasn't been drawn?" And Dr. Randall looked over his gold bowed spectacles inquiringly. "I'll just wait a moment."

There was a slight stir back in the corner, and Nan Hascall slowly arose.

"She here—Nan Hascall!" and a titter ran round the room.

Nan's face flushed with indignation.

Mildred caught her eye and smiled approval.

"Your turn to choose, Mr. Holman," said Dr. Randall.

"Did Miss Maynard choose last? Very well. Nan Hascall!"

"Spell your best," whispered Mildred, and she pressed Nan's hand as the girl hurried by, her look of anger changed almost to a smile by Mildred's sympathy.

"I'll give you an easy word first." And "daguerreotype" was given out.

"If that's easy, I don't know what he calls a hard one." But Ralph spelled it correctly.

"Idiosyncrasies" followed. Three missed on "parallel," and Nan spelled it.

"One of the easy ones," she whispered.

Word after word was given out until only four spellers remained on the floor, the two captains, George Lewis and Nan Hascall.

Mildred was never more anxious. I do hope"— She was too interested to finish her sentence.

For ten minutes each spelled accurately every word that came to him.

"Neophyte."

George hesitated, then spelled it with an i.

"N-e-o-p-h-y-t-e," spelled Nan calmly.

There was hardly a breath in the room, so great was the suppressed excitement.

During the next five minutes Ralph took his seat, beaten.

"Well, well!" It was Judge Hilton's ejaculation of surprise.

"Metamorphosis."

Ethel began, hesitated, looked up in consternation, spelled it—wrong.

"Miss Hascall, metamorphosis."

"M-e-t-a-m-o-r-p-h-o-s-i-s," confidently.

As she finished Nan was greeted with a round of applause such as had never before emanated from a Welchville audience. Again and again as it began to die out it was increased with greater intensity.

Mildred slipped on to the floor and gently drew Nan to a seat.

"I knew you'd win," she whispered. "I'm proud"—

"Of me?" interrupted Nan passionately. "Then—then I'll take the prize—and—and be somebody!"

"Your mother was always right smart at spelling." 'Twas Job Hascall's husky congratulation as he clumsily patted Nan's yellow braid.

"I decided 'twould be indeed a metamorphosis when I saw your look of anxiety and knew you cared," confessed Nan the day of her graduation. "If it hadn't been for that—oh, Mildred, I shudder to think!"—Forward.

**Hen Fish In China.**

According to the science column of a German weekly paper, the hens of China lead busy lives. When not engaged in hatching out a brood of their own kind, they are put to the additional and novel task of hatching fish eggs. Chinese cheap labor collects the spawn of fish from the water's edge, puts it in an empty eggshell, which is then hermetically sealed with wax and placed under the unsuspecting and conscientious hen. In a few days the eggshell is removed, and the spawn which has been warmed into life is emptied into a shallow pool. Here the fish that soon develop are nursed until strong enough to be turned into a lake or stream.

**Not Adventurous Enough.**

Dicky—I hain't goin to be an express messenger when I'm growed up after all.

Johnnie—Wot's eatin you? You always said you was.

Dicky—I don't keer. I was talkin to an express messenger today who run on cars for 30 years an has never once been in a wreck or held up by train robbers.—Express Gazette.


CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Rapid eating is slow suicide.

To remove a troublesome corn or bunion First soak the corn or bunion in warm water to soften it, then pare it down as closely as possible without drawing blood and apply Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice daily, rubbing vigorously for five minutes at each application. A corn plaster should be worn for a few days, to protect it from the shoe. As a general liniment for sprains, bruises, lameness and rheumatism, Pain Balm is unequaled. For sale by W. G. Thomas.

Dinner should be of lighter material in summer than in winter.

When you feel that life is hardly worth the candle take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They will cleanse your stomach, tone up your liver and regulate your bowels making you feel like a new man. For sale by W. G. Thomas

Subscribe to the TIMES.

"Sweet Bells Jangled Out of Tune and Harsh."

Shakespeare's description fits thousands of women. They are cross, dependent, sickly, nervous—a burden to themselves and their families. Their sweet dispositions are gone, and they, like the bells, seem sadly out of tune. But there is a remedy. They can use

McELREE'S
Wine of Cardui

It brings health to the womanly organism, and health there means well poised nerves, calmness, strength. It restores womanly vigor and power. It tones up the nerves which suffering and disease have shattered. It is the most perfect remedy ever devised to restore weak women to perfect health, and to make them attractive and happy. $1.00 at all druggists.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, a "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

REV. J. W. SMITH, Camden, S. C., says:—"My wife used Wine of Cardui at home for falling of the womb and it entirely cured her."

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This is the time of all times when every housekeeper should have every convenience possible.

The greatest convenience of all is the PEERLESS STEAM COOKER. It saves TIME, LABOR, FUEL and FOOD.

Any quantity of fire that will keep two quarts of water boiling will with the use of a PEERLESS STEAM COOKER, cook a meal.

MRS. J. A. THOMAS.

VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY
FOR SALE.

I have in my hands for sale the valuable double Hawkins' Store House on Nash Street. It can be bought on reasonable terms, and if not sold, will be rented for 1900. Also two good building lots on Noble Street, adjoining lot of Mrs. Fannie Hawkins.

I also have for sale the Col. Jones Tobacco Warehouse and the land connected therewith including the stables and the tenament house on Main Street.

All the above property containing buildings is paying ten per cent. on the amount asked for the property.

Come quick if you want to buy.

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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.


NOTICE.

Having qualified as administratrix of Wiley Askew, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons owing his estate to pay the same at once. All those holding claims against said estate will present them on or before Nov. 16th, 1901, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

This Nov. 16, 1900.

FANNIE ASKEW, Adm'x.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as Administratrix of Wiley Aycock, deceased, all persons owing his estate are hereby notified to make payment at once, and those holding claims against said estate will present them on or before October 5th, 1901, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

This October 5th, 1900.

FANNIE AYCOCK, Administratrix.