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State Library

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.

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Services, morning and afternoon, on 1st, 3rd and 4th Sundays.
Evening Prayer, Friday afternoon. ALBIAN GREAVES, Rector.

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

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

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Good accommodations. Good fare: Polite and attentive servants.

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

A WHITETHORN WOOD.

Oh, King Arthur's court went a-dancing to the Maying,
'Neath the spring's new sky, mid the spring's new blossoms straying;
Light laughs laughed they, and sweet words they were saying
In a whitethorn wood in the Maytime!

Sir Launcelot and the queen from the Maytime strayed apart;
In his eyes was dark Love's passion; in her breast was dark Love's smart.
Sir Launcelot and the queen they were clasped heart to heart
In a whitethorn wood in the Maytime!

Oh, Love's pain wakes with the wakening of the spring,
And it crowns a lass a queen, though she ne'er be wife of king!
Best stay at home and spin, for, oh, Love's a perilous thing
In a whitethorn wood in the Maytime!
—Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland in Smart Set.

DISARMED

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE.

BY EDOUARD DELPIT.

A light touch from the aid-de-camp, a spring, and she is in the saddle. Away she goes. "Who loves me follows me." They invariably follow her. One should see her as she passed through the town, flew over the roads and gained the country. Nothing seemed to stop her, neither wood nor field nor flood. Then came the sudden wave of her hand, a gay "Goodby!" to the general, an "Au revoir!" to the young officers, and she was out of sight, leaving never a trace behind.

"Thunder and lightning!" grumbled the general. "How does she do it? We have once again been outwitted."

The next morning found her again at the commandant's, saucy as ever. She gave the sentinels a merry little military salute with her dainty riding whip, delivered up her horse to be taken care of and moved straight toward the dining hall, where covers were set for the general's breakfast. They breakfasted together quietly, but toward the end the general seemed to get somewhat restless. He could not restrain three or four formidable "hems," and he sent the attendants flying about in all directions.

"We are not here for amusement," she remarked. "Drink your coffee."

He drank it, mentally feeling anything but amused. Certainly he had met women of many kinds, but never anything like her. Was he afraid of the little creature, he wondered? He recalled their meeting just a month before in Paris. He remembers still how the moment the train was starting she had climbed in with the rapidity of a little squirrel and taken a seat beside him in the compartment, settling herself so cozily and coquettishly and arranging her packages with a pretty order. Then little by little the eyes closed, the head leaned heavily forward and was soon lying in sleep against her neighbor's shoulder.

"Thunder and lightning!" One does not disturb the sleep of a little child, but when she opened those big astonished eyes and looked about it was different. He might surely be forgiven for stooping to get a kiss. Unfortunately it was the greasy cushion of the seat which received it, while mademoiselle moved into a corner for the rest of the journey. Not very vexed, however, for he saw a slight smile hovering about her lips.

It happened that both were going to the same place.

Two days after the garrison was upside down, and the funniest part of the affair was that while she seemed to know everybody nobody knew her. A handkerchief which she unwittingly let drop had a baron's wreath embroidered in the corner, whence she came to be called the "Little Baroness."

If only that animal, his nephew, who was so shrewd and was keen on the scent as a bloodhound, would turn up, the general felt things might go straight. But no! Guy was sulking. It was three months now since they had that quarrel. The imbecile, not to wish to marry the young girl who was being specially trained for him at the Convent of the Assumption and to take it into his head to marry a widow! A widow! He never would consent to Guy uniting himself to a woman old enough to be his mother. Never!

So the fine captain had taken his departure and the pleasure of the general's sister with him. For the two were all that remained of the old family, and nothing ought to have separated them.

Yet a mere caprice had done it. The uncle of course made up his mind to disinherit the nephew. His money would go to some charity unless—

And the image of the little baroness came before him flying over the hedges and tile ditches, with her sharp little speeches and clear ringing laugh. Yes! Why not? He would marry her! Guy of course would retort, "You should be her father." Well, every one to his taste.

This resolution taken as the result of the reflections which had prevented him from swallowing his coffee, his anger against Guy became stronger and stronger.

But what a dance the little baroness led him! Though each day seemed to add to her charm, it also seemed to add to her capriciousness. Not a word could he get with her. The moment he opened his mouth to say anything to advance his suit there was a pirouette, and she was off like a flash.

One morning she said:

"Our last promenade, general."

"Why?"

"You will soon know. Would you mind having this last ride without company?"

She went at her everyday madcap pace, all the, time leading the way. When she came to the wood, the general thought for a moment she was going to give her usual laughing farewell and disappear forever from his sight. Now or never he must make his proposal. Let Guy think of it what he might. In two bounds he was by her side. She coolly demanded:

"What, you are not out of breath?"

Whether he was or not had little to do with the matter. He murmured through his mustache in a voice which slightly trembled:

"Listen. I have something to say to you very serious."

She shook her head in tender raillery.

"Let us have a gallop. Seriousness is so fatiguing."

Never had she looked so beautiful; never was Guy farther from the general's thoughts.

They were now going along a well kept avenue. The chestnut of the little baroness neighed. She touched him lightly with her whip—a flash—the general was alone.

A sudden turn in the avenue brought him in front of a large square, and he was just in time to see a glimpse of a riding habit disappearing through a door.

Furious, he knocked as if to break down the house. There was no necessity for such violence. The door was quickly opened, and it seemed as if he were expected, for the valet de pied without asking him his name showed him into a luxuriously furnished apartment, a boudoir draped with choicest tapestries and laden with delicious odors.

Letting his eyes roam over the various articles of virtu with which the room was adorned, he felt spellbound as his gaze rested on the mantelpiece. Surrounded by a frame of flowers, one miniature stood out in bold relief, a portrait of himself, the one which had been painted after the African campaign. It was almost a masterpiece and had the signature of his dear sister, Guy's mother.

"Here I am. What is the matter, general?"

The little baroness had come quite close to him, silently as a fairy.

"There is— The devil fly away with me! I don't know what to say! I have come to tell you—explain to you. What am I doing there on that mantelpiece?"

"Does that displease you?"

"I did not say so. But I cannot quite understand."

"It is a present I had from my sweetheart."

"Your sweetheart! You are going to be married?"

A joyous voice answered from behind:

"If you are willing, uncle."

"Guy! My nephew!"

The little baroness shrugged her shoulders, saying with her merriest laugh:

"Oh, no! He will not permit you to marry a woman old enough to be your mother."

"Old! You! Ah, if I were only 20 again!" And, kissing the sparkling face, he murmured, "Disarmed!"

"For the first time in your life, my general," said the little baroness proudly.—Translated From the French For Chicago Times-Herald.

Soup.

In advice about soupmaking you will frequently be reminded that the scum which rises to the surface when preparing the stock should be removed. There is no reason in thus removing what is in reality meat juice coagulated by the heat. If you allow it to remain until the boiling point is reached, it will disappear in the stock and increase its value. When preparing chicken stock, put the fowl, disjointed, in cold water sufficient to cover it and let it slowly heat to boiling point. Reserve the breast, however, and when the water is boiling place it on the top of the other pieces, where it will steam without being under water. Cover the kettle closely and let it simmer for at least four hours. The breast will then be in a good condition to use in salads or in any dish requiring chicken meat, while the stock is ready for use.

Religious Mendicants In Russia.

There are two types of tramps in Russia, and they may be classified as the authorized and the unauthorized, says a foreign correspondent. The first are the so called religious mendicants, who are protected by the church and tolerated by the police; the second are the common vababonds. Their national name among themselves is Gorlouns—mourners or victims of grief. If you ask them why they do not work—and the great majority are perfectly able to do so—they reply in the forlornest voice mortal ever heard, "Master, I am a Gorioun, a victim of sorrow." They seem to have accepted the philosophy that a certain number of human beings are foreordained to a life of misery and sadness, and they pose as members of this class.

Corsica.

In the main Corsica, where it has no French officials to leaven its politics, is still Corsican rather than French, and in the mountains the old spirit of independence is far from dead. For these and other obvious reasons France is bound to keep active garrisons in the island, though she would do better by much with the more acceptable chains of a maternal administration. More railways, drained marshes, increased education and a daily steamboat service would bind the island to the continent in self interest and gratitude. As it is it is scarcely too much to say that Corsica is only kept from open revolt by the element of prosperity brought to her by the tourists of winter.—Chambers' Journal.

Grateful Italians.

Bridget—Sure, phy do thim Oitalyons be makin ready to celebrate Columbus?

Patrick—It's history ye shud study, Biddy. Columbus landed in th' West Indies and discovered banannies.—New York Weekly.

Does It Pay to Buy Cheap?

A cheap remedy for coughs and colds is all right, but you want something that will relieve and cure the more severe and dangerous results of throat and lung troubles. What shall you do? Go to a warmer and more regular climate? Yes, if possible for you, then in either case take the ONLY remedy that has been introduced in all civilized countries with success in severe throat and lung troubles, "Boschee's German Syrup." It not only heals and stimulates the tissues to destroy the germ disease, but allays inflammation, causes easy expectoration, gives a good night's rest, and cures the patient. Try ONE bottle. Recommended many years by all druggists in the world. For sale by W G. Thomas, druggist.

No double-faced man will ever succeed in gaining the victory over death.

How to Cure Croup.

Mr. R Gray, who lives near Amenia, Duchess county, N. Y., says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best medicine I have ever used. It is a fine children's remedy for croup and never fails to cure." When given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough has developed, it will prevent the attack. This should be borne in mind and a bottle of the Cough Remedy kept at hand ready for instant use as soon as these symptoms appear. For sale by W. G. Thomas.

ZEB WAS IN A HOLE.

HE WENT AFTER WHISKY AND FOUND A BIG BEAR.

The Old Possum Hunter Tells How It Came to Pass That He Developed a Most Wonderful Interest In Noah and the Animals In the Ark.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

"Jest befo' the revenue fellers captured the last moonshine still around yere," said the old possum hunter of Tennessee, "we had fo'teen kegs of whisky in the shaft of an old iron mine on the side of the mounting. That shaft was 20 feet deep and grown about by bushes. Arter the whisky had staid thar over two years it was planned fur me to take it out and sell it and divide up the money. The old woman knew of the plant, but I wasn't goin to say nuthin 'bout my gettin the kegs out. She was reckonin all along that some one else would do that. One arternoon I driv the mule and cart as nigh the place as I could, and along 'bout two hours arter nightfall I says to the old woman:

"'If yo' don't consider to object, I reckon I'll go over and see Dan Skinner this evenin. Dan is feelin peekish and lonesome, and likely we'll hev a game of checkers to brighten him up.'

"'But I do object,' she says. 'I was reckonin to sing some hymns tonight

"THE B'AR WAS THAR."

while yo' played the fiddle. I also want to talk to yo' 'bout Noer and his ark.'

"'I've got a sore thumb and can't fiddle, and, as fur Noer, he will keep till some other time. Nuthin rushin 'bout Noer.'

"With that she turns on me and looks me squar in the face, and arter a minit she says:

"'Zeb White, don't yo' go to foolin with Noer and his ark or sunthin powerful bad will come out of it. Dan Skinner may feel peekish, or he may be dyin, but what we wants to know is how all them critters found their way into the ark. How did it happen that the hens didn't eat up the tater bugs while they was walkin together?'

"'Dunno.'

"'Why didn't the foxes eat all the hens?'

"'Dunno.'

"'Why didn't the b'ars eat the pigs?'

"'Dunno.'

"'Of co'se yo' don't, and that's why I want yo' to squat right down yere with me and try and figger it out. I shan't never be satisfied to die till I find out how the elephants and hosses and cattle managed to git into that ark without treadin on the sarpints and bugs.'

"I seen that her jaw was sot fur a row," continued Zeb, "but I had sold that whisky and must git it out that night, and so I told her I'd go along over to Skinner's and put in the next two nights with her on Noer. She looked at me ag'in, but didn't say nuthin till I was on the doahstep. Then she p'inted her finger at me and said:

"'Go right along, Zeb White, but if the Lawd don't dun git yo' into a heap of trubble over it then I don't know chestnuts from punkins!'

"I hurried off without sayin anything back and half an hour later was bringin up the kegs. It was dod rotted bizness. I had to slide down a rope, hitch on to a keg and then climb up and pull the keg arter me. Ought to had a nigger to help me, but thar wasn't one around to trust. I'd got up fo' kegs all right and was comin up to pull the fifth one up when sunthin happened. Jest as I was nearin the top of the hole I heard a growl and a 'whoof' and a big b'ar made a stroke at my head with his paw. I was that durn skeered that I jest let go and drapped to the bottom of the shaft and got a jar that made my bones ache fur a week.

"What they calls the situashun was this: I was down in a hole and a b'ar was waitin fur me to come up and do bizness with him. Yo' kin see that the pesky varmint had all the advantage. He could smash my skull with one blow of his paw as my head come within reach. I yelled and hollered at him, thinkin to skeer him away, but he looked over the edge of the hole at me and growled and sniffed and seemed minded to fall on top of me. It wasn't five minits befo' I wished I was home talkin 'bout Noer, but wishin was no good. I kept quiet fur two or three hours and then started to climb up. The b'ar was thar. He was thar at midnight and sunrise, and I'm tellin yo' that he was thar at noon and at fo' o'clock in the arternoon. The shaft was as dry as a bone, and I was thirsty 'nuff to drink swamp water. The way things was fixed that b'ar could keep me down thar till I perished, and when he appeared as if he was like to do it I felt that I hadn't used my old woman right and wanted to ask her to furgive me. 'Bout fo' o'clock, while I was keepin mighty quiet, I hears a rifle shot above, and directly arterward a human face looks down on me. It was the old woman's. She drawed the rope up beyand my reach and then called down:

"'Is anybody down thar visitin Dan Skinner who feels peekish and wants to play checkers?'

"'If yo'll lemme up, I'll ax yo'r pardon,' says I.

"'Mebbe that voice belongs to Zeb White?'

"'She do.'

"'And mebbe his sore thumb has got well so that he kin fiddle?'

"'She has.'

"'Then we'll hev some fiddlin and singin.'

"And with that she lowers the fiddle by a string, and as soon as I got tuned up she began singin and kept it up nur an hour. Then she calls down:

"'Zeb, what about Noer and his ark?'

"'I'm willin to talk,' says I.

"'How long will yo' talk?'

"'All the rest of the fall and winter. 'Peared to me when yo' spoke of it last evenin that I didn't keer much 'bout Noer and his ark, but I'm findin out that I take a heap of interest in 'em. I'm willin to sit up all night and try to figger out 'bout the hens and tater bugs.'

"'Then mebbe yo'd better come up,' says she, and she draps the rope fur me to climb by. I never felt so glad in my life as when I got out and seen a dead b'ar thar. I wanted to gin the old woman a kiss, but she waves me off and says:

"'Don't yo' be in sich a hurry, Mr. White. Arter yo' hev ate and drank and slept, and arter we've put in 'bout fo' weeks figgerin on Noer, we'll see 'bout the kissin bizness. Chuck them kegs back into the hole, load up the b'ar, and we'll go home.'" M. QUAD.

BET ON ALL THREE.

A Brilliant Scheme With Which to Beat the Shell Game.

When Herr Hopf and his little blue pitcher appeared in the corner exchange, there was quite a crowd. Among them was a man with three walnut shells and a pea.

"I've been losing at all the fairs," said the shell man, "but just to show my generosity I am willing to lose again. I bet any man a dollar that he can't pick out the shell that the pea is under."

Herr Hopf fished a bright silver dollar from his pocket.

"I bet vonce too."

The shell man arranged the shells, and the Teuton lifted one. Of course it was empty.

"You lose!"

"Vonce again, yah!"

There was a quick movement, and Herr Hopf saw the pea slide under the shell. He lifted that one, but it was empty.

"Is der a limit?"

"No, sir."

"Vell, I bet on each shell."

He placed a dollar on each of the three shells.

"Now, I can't lose."

"You are right!" And the dealer again arranged the shells. The Teuton picked up two empty shells and found the pea under the third.

"I vin."

"You win!" And the shell man took in the $3 and handed the winner $2.

"I blay vonce again."

There was a movement of shells, and again the dealer took in $3 and gave Herr Hopf $2. Then some one whistled, and the shell man vanished through the door.

"I vin steady. He vas blay no more," and even missing the dollars could not convince Herr Hopf that he had not been winning.—Chicago News.

The Best Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with lame back or pains in the side or chest, give it a trial and you are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief it affords. Pain Balm also cured rheumatism. One application gives relief. For sale by W. G. Thomas.

God's people have been the educators of all nations from the beginning of civilization.

No one can reasonably hope for good health unless his bowels move once each day. When this is not attended to, disorders of the stomach arise, billiousness, headache, dyspepsia and piles soon follow. If you wish to avoid these ailments keep your bowels regular by taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when required. They are so easy to take and mild and gentle in effect. For sale by W. G. Thomas.

The Pitsburg Gazette man hits it on the nail when he says: In presidential elections money is omnipotent in getting voters off the fence.

If you would have an appetite like a bear and a relish for your meals take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They correct disorders of the Stomach and regulate the liver and bowels. Price, 25 cents. Samples free at W. G. Thomas' drug store.

Wisdom is but the ability to apply knowledge.

The most effective little liver pills are DeWitt's Little Early Risers. They never gripe. W. G. Thomas.

The praying man is the greatest general.

Don't use any of the counterfeits of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Most of them are worthless or liable to cause injury. The original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is a certain cure for piles, eczema, cuts, scalds, burns, sores and skin diseases. W. G. Thomas.

Robert Wilcox has been elected a delegate to Congress by the Hawaiins.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator with the will annexed of Isley Gilliam, deceased, late of Franklin county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 8th day of October, 1901, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

Oct. 8th, 1900.
N. W. HENDRICKS, Admr. C. S. A.
W. M. PERSON, Atty.

FOR SALE.

I have for sale a good horse, one-horse wagon and harness, one buggy and harness and one good milk cow.
Apply to
MRS. PATTIE S. PITTMAN,
Louisburg, N. C.

FOR SALE.

One pair young Mules, Three good young Horses, One Colt seven months old, One Two Horse Wagon and Harness, Two Open Buggies, Two Single Sets Bubby Harness, One Double Set Buggy Harness, Pair fine Hogs. The entire stock of goods now on hand in J. H. Uzzell's Store House consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes, Heavy and Fancy Groceries. The above will be sold very reasonable for cash.
PERRY & PERRY,
Mapleville, N. C.

DEMOCRATS WILL WIN IN 1904.

THE PREDICTIONS OF MR. W. B. DOWD.

His Idea of the Issues and the Type of Men That Will be Dominant in the Next Campaign—A Syndicate Dictated Purchase of the Philippines—Tammany is All Right.

New Orleans Times Democrat, 19th.

Willis B. Dowd, a New York lawyer and a member of the general committee of Tammany Hall, arrived in New Orleans last night, and registered at the St. Charles Hotel. In talking politics with a Times-Democrat reporter, Mr. Dowd stated that the Democratic party would survive its recent defeat; that new leaders and fresh issues would come to the front; that all influences throughout the United States opposed to privilege and extravagance and unjust taxation in the Federal government would coalesce; that a spirit of tolerance and conservatism would prevail in Democratic councils and that the McKinley regime would be driven from power in 1904. Mr. Dowd charged specifically that the Philippine Islands had been bought by the United States, not because the people desired their acquisition, but because their purchase had been dictated by a powerful syndicate of northern capitalists with large interests in China, which, he said, had gone to Washington after the battle of Manila, lobbied there throughout the war and wrung from a reluctant President the consent of the administration and of Congress to protect their interests and to enlarge their field of operations in the Orient. Concerning the newly-started reform movement in New York, Mr. Dowd said that while there was doubtless room for some reform to suppress certain phases of the social evil in that city, yet the charges made by Bishop Potter, Dr. Parkhurst and others were, in his opinion, without foundation in fact.

"I am a Democrat," said Mr. Dowd, "a New York Democrat, a Democrat who deplored the silver issue and certain Populistic planks in the Chicago platform. But I'm an organization man and I supported Mr. Bryan loyally both in 1896 and in the last campaign. I have never held an office and am not a candidate for any public position. I am merely a worker in the Democratic ranks. I have always felt that whatever faults the Democratic party might have they should be remedied from within; and for that reason, though I differed sharply from the leaders who have dominated the Democratic party since 1896, I have always attended the Democratic primaries and voted the Democratic ticket.

"For Mr. Bryan I have a profound admiration. In intellect and character he is easily one of the most conspicuous figures of the world. He has worn the white flower of a blameless life and the brilliancy of his attainments has evoked everywhere an admiration that is startling. For these as well as for many other reasons I supported him, though I could not concur in his view on the currency question.

"I think Mr. Bryan has made two of the most brilliant campaigns in American politics. His magnetism and charm have no rival even in the eloquence of either Clay or Blaine. He outclassed both of them. Like both of them, he has been defeated. Is his political career ended? Well, I think his career as a presidential candidate is closed, for the present at least. At the North we feel that it is; we feel that it should be. The party has honored him highly and tried him persistently. I hardly think it wise to repeat the experiment. I fear the American people will never elect as President a man who has the reputation of brilliancy. It is a dangerous word. It has hurt Mr. Bryan. The people admire that quality more than they trust it. You remember what a North Carolinian once said of Clay: 'He can get more d—— fools to run to hear him speak and fewer men to vote for him than any man in America.' Comparisons are odious; but the words with a good deal of truth can be applied to Mr. Bryan.

"In spite of the Nebraskan's defeat the Democratic party will survive and solidify and again win control of the Federal government. Of this I am convinced. All this talk about the reorganization of the Democratic party is the product of puerile minds. The organization of the Democratic party is all right. The machinery is in good working order. All we need is to have every man who professes and calls himself a Democrat to get in line, go to the primaries and give the party the benefit of his vote and voice. This is no time to split hairs as to what is Democracy. If we can get into camp all men who believe in economy, honesty and equality in the administration of the government, we'll defeat the regime that has its grip on the executive and legislative departments at Washington.

"The election has eliminated several issues from the political equation. Like most Eastern Democrats, I believe it has settled finally the currency question in the United States. It has elevated that question from the realm of practical politics. The election has also discredited a certain kind of Democratic leadership. I refer especially to the Tillman-Altgeld-George Fred Williams type. I believe we should be more conservative. Up in New York we cling to the old doctrine that this is a first-rate country, and that it's all right if a man gets a dollar or a hundred dollars or a million, provided he gets it honestly. We also think he can use it as he pleases. We don't like to give up our ancient Democratic belief in personal liberty. Finally, we don't believe that in order to be a Democrat a man must be an anarchist of the d—— fool variety.

"We all think that the Democrats are going to get together right away; that wise counsels will prevail; that the lion (which is of course the old line, organized, regular Democracy) will lie down with the lamb (which is the crowd who haven't been in love with us since 1896), and that some little boy will, in 1904, lead them into the land of Beulah. Who is the coming man? Well, there are many of them. Up in New York we think David B. Hill and Richard Olney the stuff that Presidents are made of. Here in the South are plenty of men that would make first-rate leaders. I live in New York, but I was born in the South, and I haven't forgotten that many of the really great things in American history have been done by Southern men. Now, there's life in the old blood yet; and there's no sound reason why the next President should not come from Louisiana or any other Southern State. In New York we think Hill is a potent factor in politics, and we know that Richard Olney is a force that has to be recognized and reckoned with.

"In looking through reports in the apellate division of the New York Supreme Court not long ago," said Mr. Dowd, in speaking of the purchase of the Philippines, "I found a case which showed that a powerful American syndicate, composed of leading financiers of the North, had been in the habit of sending out representatives to the Orient to get concessions and to facilitate the exploitation of the Chinese empire. Investigation of the subject demonstrated the fact that this syndicate was at work long before the Spanish-American war. During the war they sent lobbies to Washington and made themselves felt in Congress and in the White House. It was that syndicate that suggested the purchase of the Philippines, and it was that syndicate, also, that forced the administration to consent to the annexation of the Philippines and wrung from Mr. McKinley his reluctant concurrence in the scheme. This is known by few, but it is a fact that cannot be successfully contradicted. The whole Philippine problem has been foisted upon the American people by an American syndicate, which has held fast the national executive in its grip. I make that statement upon my personal responsibility. It furnishes an adequate idea of what kind of influences prevail in the Federal administration at Washington.

"Yes, I know of this reform movement in New York," said Mr. Dowd, in discussing municipal politics in the greater city. "I think there is room for a reform movement that will suppress certain features of the social evil there, but I have no sympathy with this hysterical cry that Tammany officials are corrupt and fattening on vice and crime in New York. I know the charge isn't true. You see, we've had one of those reforms before. Dr. Parkhurst gave us one. Dr. Parkhurst did a great deal of good; there's no doubt of that. New York at that time needed just what he gave it. But even then the charges against the police were not sustained. When the cases got up to the apellate division the Supreme Court threw out every one of them.

"New York's municipal government is honest and efficient. When men like Russell Sage come out publicly and say that Tammany Hall is more economical, more efficient, more desirable than mugwump or reform rule it means a great deal. I am sure that the property owners and a great majority of the people of Greater New York will agree with Mr. Sage. Tammany may sell a cabbage, but it sells it at the market price. The mugwump regime always sells it at a fancy figure. Tammany Hall understands its cosmopolitan constituency; knows its needs and supplies them. The municipal government rules economically and justly, and all this wild talk about blackmailing methods is mere firing in the air. These prurient critics can't point to a single act of a high city official in the employ of the city and prove that is dishonest. Assertion is one thing. Demonstration is another. One other point: New York can't be ruled by methods that obtain in a country town any more than New Orleans can."

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LAND SALE.

By virtue of the power contained in a certain contract executed by and between C. H. Strange and Martha G. Strange, his wife, and K. P. Hill and wife, Bettie B. Hill, on the 3rd day of October, 1899, and duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Franklin County in Book 125 at page 169 et. seq., I shall on Monday, the 24th day of December, 1900, at 1 o'clock p. m., sell at public auction at the Court House door in Louisburg, N. C., to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate: All that certain tract or parcel of land situated in Franklin county, North Carolina and bounded on the South by the Louisburg and Halifax Road, on the East by the lands of R. F. Fuller, on the North by the lands of G. G. Gill, and on the West by the lands of the estate of Mrs. L. K. Massenburg, deceased, and containing one hundred and three acres, more or less, except that portion thereof containing thirty-three acres by survey which was conveyed by K. P. Hill and Bettie B. Hill to the said Martha G. Strange on October 3, 1899, and is excepted from the operation of said contract.

This 23rd day of Oct., 1900.

W. H. YARBOROUGH, Jr.,
Atty. for K. P. Hill and Bettie B. Hill.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as administratrix of Wiley Akers, 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 AKERS, Admx.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as Administratrix of Wiley Akers, 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 pleaded in bar of their recovery.

This October 5th, 1900.
FANNIE AKERS, Administratrix.