

CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. G. S. BARR, Supr. Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M. every Sunday.

BAPTIST.

Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. Thos. B. WILDER, Supt. Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M. every Sunday.

EPISCOPAL.

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

PROTESTANT CHURCHES.

S. S. P. BURT.

LOUISBURG, N. C.

Office in the Ford Building, corner of Main and Second streets. Up stairs—front.

D. R. F. YARBOROUGH,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. LOUISBURG, N. C. Office 2nd floor, North building, phone 22.

B. M. MASSENBURG,

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

W. H. YARBOROUGH,

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RESPIRE.

A little while, dear God, a few brief days, I pray thee, let me keep this life of mine. How life's environments have bound my soul. Too dear, too dear, to let me see my life pass. A few brief days!

A little while, oh, grant the boon I ask. For none can ever know save heart divine How life's environments have bound my soul. Dear God! oh, say I need not wear my mask. A few brief days!

A little while, oh, just a little while, To have and hold the love I've prayed so long! Though dark the way and dear my heart may seem, For evermore my life will hold the love I seek. Though love be bitter-sweet, I'll never let it go. —Rose VanB. Special in Scranton Tribune.

"LA DAME A LA CLEF."

By Walter Littlefield.

There were three of us one evening in the reading room of the Press club. "Max O'Reil," better known as "Max O'Reil" through his sketches of French, who, by the way, is a litterateur of some little note, and myself.

"On drawing his card from his pocket M. Lebon brought forth a small bright object that glinted a second in the lamplight as it fell to the floor. He stooped for it with rather undue haste; with so much haste, in fact, that he called our attention to a movement that otherwise would have passed unnoticed.

"What is it?" inquired M. Blouet. "Without a word Lebon handed him the object he had dropped, but eyed him carefully as he did so. 'A key,' remarked M. Blouet; 'a key and evidently of gold.' And he passed it to me.

I held in my hand a key of perhaps an inch in length and half as wide. There was nothing particularly remarkable about it unless it were the material of which it was composed, that appeared to be gold. Suddenly my eye caught sight of a date and an inscription upon the ring of the key—'Jer. Jun. 1848. Memento mori!'

"A curious key," I suggested as I returned it to M. Lebon. "Tell us about it." The one addressed puffed assiduously for a moment or two as he twirled the mysterious key between his forefinger and thumb, but he made no reply.

"Come, come," said M. Blouet as he leaned forward with interest, "there must be something to tell about a key like that. Why not let us have it?" "You are right, gentlemen. There is a curious story concerning this key, and since you desire it I will tell it to you, for truly, gentlemen, without exaggeration, this little bit of metal that I hold in my hand has one of the most remarkable histories."

"Tell it! Tell it!" we both exclaimed in a breath. "Fresh cigarettes were lighted, and still holding the key in his hand as if to bear witness to what he said, M. Lebon began his story.

"It was in 1871, just after the surrender of Paris, that the Empire had fallen. M. Thiers and his party held the government. Evidences of the terrible commotion were on every hand, still the city was beginning to look like the habitation of a civilized people.

One morning Le Journal des Debats announced the death of Versailles, the Russian idler who for more than 20 years had kept all the gossips of the Paris salons busy concerning a mystery that seemed to surround her. For reasons that I shall presently explain she became known as 'La Dame a la Clef.'

Now, a nickname in Paris means a great deal more than it does here. When one is nicknamed there, one carries that name to the grave. "The notice in Le Journal des Debats mentioned 'La Dame a la Clef' and 'morte.' It did not give her own name. That would have signified nothing. The paper concluded by saying that she died aged 45, in consequence of which I thought her husband, who was much older than she, had visited her regularly every six months during the past ten years and then had disappeared, no one knew where. All was mysterious about the 'Lady of the Key.' One day came to her the news that her husband had died. She survived him but a short time, and it was whispered that she had allowed herself to die from hunger. That was all the notice of her death had to say about the matter. The mystery still remained unexplained, and the interest concerning her grew less and less and gradually died away together."

M. Lebon paused to relight his cigarette, which he had allowed to go out. After doing this, he settled back in his chair, puffing once or twice, but did not seem at all inclined to continue the story.

"Well," I ejaculated, "so on. That is no story. Why, you have even said what the mystery was, or why she was called 'La Dame a la Clef.'"

"Ah, yes," he replied pensively, "quite right. I had forgotten. Gentlemen, I have not said that she was beautiful, yet such was the case. Her face, gentlemen, around her neck, which was of the purest mold, was adorned with a golden chain to which was attached this key. And, gentlemen, from the 1st of June, 1848, to the day of her death the chain never left her neck, for the key."

He paused again and once more seemed disinclined to go on. "Well," said M. Blouet, "we have the mystery; now for the solving of it."

"Gentlemen," continued M. Lebon, "myself as he stepped out of the ashes of his cigarette, 'I have told you all that anybody but myself knows. Is that not enough? You now know what all Paris knew. Are you not satisfied?' and he laughed quietly to himself.

MORGAN'S RAIDERS.

THE FAMOUS ROUGH RIDING CAMPAIGN OF THE CIVIL WAR.

It Carried Panic and Confusion Into Ohio and Indiana, but Resulted in No Benefit Whatever to the Confederate Cause.

"Cavalry riding," said the major, "is exciting, but very exhausting business. Long distance raids in an enemy's country can be made only where there are a good many horses. John Morgan never made his raid through Indiana or Ohio in 1863 if he had not had a good many horses supplied with the best horses in the west. When he started from the Cumberland river, in east Tennessee, Morgan believed that he would sweep everything before him and that, if properly supported, he would capture Cincinnati."

"Morgan, with a well organized brigade of cavalry 4,000 strong, swept northward from the Cumberland river through Kentucky to the Ohio river at Brandenburg, 40 miles below Louisville. There he captured two steamboats, crossed the river, swept through southern Indiana, galloped around Cincinnati, not more than ten miles from the city, and then moved eastward, expecting to cross the Ohio river at Buffington, but was driven back, made another attempt at Wellsville, but was defeated at New Lisbon.

"This was the most serious raid of the war. It carried panic and confusion into Ohio and Indiana, and in results it was of no benefit whatever to the Confederate cause. Morgan believed that there would be an uprising in the Confederate interest in Kentucky. There was not. He believed that the peace Democrats in Ohio would give him at least secret support, but when his men stole the horses of the peace Democrats the latter joined before the raid. Morgan's pursuers, and before the raid, the whole state was aroused, and men who had taken no interest in the war previous to that time shouldered their rifles to fight the raiders who were stealing their horses and carrying off the horrors of war to their very doors.

"There was hard riding all the time for Morgan's men. They left behind them a wreckage of broken down horses. They kept ahead of their Union pursuers simply because they stole the horses of the peace Democrats. The men, but they were finally captured, and that fact alone was a great help to the Union army. The largest majority in the history of the state up to that time. In fact, the Morgan raid, by carrying the war into the peaceful districts of Indiana and Ohio, provoked a furious feeling of resentment, which influenced people for the rest of the war. The comedy of the raid was furnished by the people of the districts wholly unused to war, wholly unprepared for it and with exaggerated ideas of the ferocity of Morgan's men. For two weeks they were on the march for some mischievous purpose. 'Morgan is coming' in any village in central or southern Ohio to create a panic. I know that many of the raiders after Morgan got no rest night or day, slept in the saddle, and not a few of the Union soldiers were killed. At the end of the raid, the men were exhausted as Morgan's men, but with a more difficult task to perform they never received half the praise given to the raiders.

"I remember," continued the major, "one case in which a woman stabled her carriage with artillery and on two days to keep them out of the hands of the Union soldiers. I saw Morgan's men ride by that house and saw some of them stop to listen at the unusual sound of horses' feet on a carpeted floor, but the parlor horses were not disturbed. Some of our neighbors drove their horses, cattle and sheep 30 miles into the interior and were away from home a week. Morgan's men looted right and left, and some of them had bolts of calico strapped to their saddles when they were captured.

"Morgan's raid must be remembered, inside his whole raid with artillery and a wagon train, but he was not in the case with which a peaceful district may be invaded by a mobile column and at the same time the peril involved in such a venture. In a few days 50,000 miles were in the field against him. At first the men hung on his flanks, eager for fight as bulldogs. In the last days Hobson's men, who had followed Morgan for hundreds of miles through three states, closed in on their old enemies with a gleefulness that exceeded anything of the kind I ever saw in the army. Ohio Judah's men, closing in on the other side, settled the fate of the raiders.

"Morgan's men knew by the maneuvering and the firing when they were faced by trained soldiers, and the first charge of the Union cavalry had in it the impetus of delay and vengeance. The Unionists who rode in that charge had no scores to settle, and Morgan's tired veterans were overwhelmed. After Morgan had escaped from the penthouse at Columbus and was again raiding Kentucky hundreds of Union soldiers on their way home for dinner, and Morgan knew when their rifles spoke that he was up against the real thing."

"Oh, no; she's not at all what you would call a really feminine woman. She affects masculine ways."

"How?" "Well, for instance, yesterday I saw her give a street car conductor a nickel when she had five pennies in her purse." —Chicago Post.

Remarkable Cures of Rheumatism. From the Indicator, Rutherfordton, N. C. The editor of the Indicator has had occasion to test the efficacy of Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice with the most remarkable results in each case. First, with rheumatism in the shoulder from which he suffered excruciating pain for ten days, which was relieved with two applications of Pain Balm, rubbing the same slightly and realizing instant benefit, and entire relief in very short time. Second, in rheumatism in the right joint, most prostrating him with severe pain, which was relieved by two applications, rubbing with the balm on the joints at night, and getting up free from pain. For sale by W. G. Thomas.

A Good Cough Medicine for Children. "I have no hesitancy in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says F. P. Moran, a well known and popular baker, of Petersburg, Va. "We have given it to our children when troubled with bad coughs, also whooping cough, and it has always given perfect satisfaction. It was recommended to me by a druggist as the best cough medicine for children as it contained no opium or other harmful drug." Sold by W. G. Thomas.

AT TWILIGHT.

In the old home alone at twilight gray, As night falls her robes of shimmering day I see the shadowy gleam of twilight glow The beautiful gleams of the last day.

Long ago, when my wayward feet Wandered mid flowers wild and sweet, When hearts were golden and skies were blue And I selected each glorious hue.

When the distant joy of the gladsome earth, Was the bliss of the gladsome earth, And the dream of all my childhood was, Was watching, the bright petals fall from the tree.

Pale is the blossom I'm thinking now, As I sit here, with my thoughts will stray, As all bloom is in the shadowy gray, When the autumn blossoms and sweetenings bright are in a gleam in autumn days.

But its blossom have fallen one by one, Ah, I know full well for my thoughts will stray, As all bloom is in the shadowy gray, When the autumn blossoms and sweetenings bright are in a gleam in autumn days.

They were wild of me from the past, —The Yank. Special in Rutherfordton Tribune.

HOW OLD-MAN HAINES LOST PATIENCE.

The red gentleman with the feathers in his hat and the telegraph wire bracelets became too impatient in his demands for cigarettes, and as he had been detected in the act of appropriating a wooden hand-knife, valued \$1.50, five minutes before the post trader walked around the counter and kicked him energetically on the back of his head.

"I was athen of a foot racer myself when I was younger a lumberer than what I am now," he said, "but I dunno how to perform the act. I've got to have done better than that. I can't remember it purely as a physical feat. I showed a strik amount of judgment. When Young Man Afraid of His Brother-in-Law got you knotted up with green, you had to be patient, fixing the fire for the grand because, maybe you will regret your persistence activity an cuss the day that you humbled the proud spirit of the noble Injun warrior. Is this shabog insured?"

"You was never introduced to me," he said, "but I've got a half inch of calico more on the soles of my feet, an I come into this country to the headwaters of Bitter creek along of J. W. Hancher an Ed Pherneton an the rest of them desperados. I've got relatives by marriage among the Crows that I've got to see. I've got a buffalo to breakfast because you said this side of the big Missouri. I didn't bring my outfit in here in the spring of '90. What did you expect me to do—give that greasy, tin tagged coyote my stock of cigarettes to keep him good tempered?"

"An if you never see me, you'd better forfuted his friends and relatives, the old bullwhacker. 'As it is I've got an idee his heart is bad, an he won't come an see you no more. An Injun has got his feelin's the same as a white man has, an I reckon you would git hostile if any humber had you on the back to breakfast because you said this side of the big Missouri. I didn't bring my outfit in here in the spring of '90. What did you expect me to do—give that greasy, tin tagged coyote my stock of cigarettes to keep him good tempered?"

"I done my best to," said the post trader. "He may belong to the Badface band an he may be in the 'peep,' continued the old bullwhacker in a tone of lowly respect, "but at the same time he's a human, an as a human it's your duty to extend the right hand of fellowship to him instid of the sole of your number nine. Hain't they got no Sunday school 'berries out on Bitter creek? Hain't they never had no redskin out in the snow plum chucked an took him inter his shack an fed him up a whole lot an warmed him an then turned him loose with a grub stake, an when the Two Kettle outfit closed in on the Injun, he was raised up an merry Cair scrip an turned over to the paleface settlements an the good hearted granger was raked in the Injun that he had saved sashays in an rescues him from a turrible death?"

"I've read them stories," said the post trader. "But you don't believe 'em," said the old bullwhacker. "You ain't sanguine concern the good that there is in your fellow man. If you git a bad deal, you decline to chip in an lay down your hand instid of callin fer cards an drawin in to the draw."

"I don't draw to no two spot in no hope of completin a flush."

"Well, my the'y is that there ain't no galoot so low down but if you treat him with kindness an keep him close herded he will show the good that's in him. Did I ever tell you about old man Haines an Gus? Well, it goes to prove what I was sayin'. Old man Haines lived out on Blue creek apiece above where it empties into the Platte, opposite the mouth of An Hollow, where Harney cleaned up the place. He was just about the most benevolent old man I ever saw. He had a tough son with a half breed of bulls. Long sufferin' wuz'n no name fer him. He had two boys that wuz just like him, an his ole woman was wuz'n no wuz."

"One fine, cloudy evenin Gus Minnick an Todd Blakey comes along an rustles ten head of old man Haines' ponies an wuz hikin south with 'em when they met up with a crowd of Injunners an wuz dere driftin back down Prairie Dog into Kansas after an on-successful pursuit of some north bound brand thieves. The boys had too many brands in their bunch, an one of the strangers recognized Blakey, so they tied their feet under their horses' bellies an headed for the nearest timber. They give Blakey the first swing in an wuz adjustin the brass rope to

COLOR OF GOLD COINS.

Reasons For Differences in That of Coins of French Mintage.

Some time ago a Frenchman placed together a number of gold coins of French mintage of the beginning and end of the last century. He was much surprised to see that they differed in color. He set about finding out the reasons for this difference, and the result of his investigations have been published in La Nature.

There is a paucity about the yellow of the 10 and 20 franc pieces which bear the effigies of Napoleon I and Louis XVIII that is not observed in the goldpieces of later mintage. One admirer of these coins speaks of their color as "beautiful palegreen" and expresses regret that it is lacking in later issues. The explanation of it is very simple. The alloy that entered into the French gold coins of those days contained as much silver as copper, and it was the silver that gave the coins their interesting palegreen color.

The coins of the era of Napoleon III were more golden in hue. The silver had been taken out of the alloy. The gold coins of today have a still warmer and deeper tinge of yellow. This is because the Paris mint, as well as that in London, melts the gold and the copper alloy in hermetically sealed boxes, which prevents the copper from being somewhat bleached, as it always is when it is attacked by hot air. So the present coins have the full warmness of tint that a copper alloy can give.

If the coins of today are not so lustrous as the opinion of amateur collectors as those issued by the first Napoleon, they are superior to those of other of the Napoleons in the fact that it costs less to make them. The double operation of the oxidation of the copper and cleaning it by the surface of the coin with acids is no longer employed, and the large elimination of copper from the surface of the coins, formerly practiced, made them less resistant to wear and tear than are the coins now in circulation.

A Horrible Outbreak. "Of large size on my little daughter's head developed into a case of scald head," writes C. D. Ibbell of Monticello, Tenn. "My daughter's hair is completely covered her. It's a real case of scald head. I've tried all the remedies for scald head, but none have done any good. Only \$3.00 at W. G. Thomas'."

When man is judged by what he does, not by what he thinks he does, a woman may throw a stone and hit one of a flock of barns.

Working 24 Hours a Day. "There's no rest for those tireless little workers—Dr. King's New Life Pills. Millions are always busy, curing Torpid Livers, Jaundice, Biliousness, Fever and Ague, trying to break Sluggish Bowels, drive out Malaria, Never gripes or Swell, take nice, work wonders. Try them. 25c at W. G. Thomas'."

Moderation in sex is as possible as moderation in harging.

Like all bad dollars, all counterfeits of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve are worthless. The original quality cures piles, sores and all skin diseases. W. G. Thomas'.

In addition to its value as an illuminating agent, gas is a mighty good excuse for kicking against the trust.

Reports show a greatly increased death rate from throat and lung troubles due to the prevalence of croup, pneumonia and grippe. We advise the use of One Minute Cough Cure in all these diseases. It is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Children like it. W. G. Thomas'.

Scientists blindly leave Fifth avenue behind and hunt for the missing link in African jungles.

A powerful engine cannot be run with a weak boiler, and we can't keep up the strain of an active life with a weak stomach; neither can we stop the human machine to make repairs. If the stomach is weak, we advise the use of One Minute Cough Cure as it is so good for the body strong, such a preparation as One Minute Cough Cure should be used. It digests what you eat and it simply can't help but do you good. W. G. Thomas'.

The sensation of being hanged would be described by a woman as "perfectly killing."

There is always danger in using counterfeits of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. The original is a safe and certain cure for piles. It is a soothing and healing salve for sores and all skin diseases.

Riots are occurring in the cities of Spain.

Persons who cannot take ordinary pills find it a pleasure to take DeWitt's Little Blue Pills. They are the best little liver pills ever made. W. G. Thomas'.

GUSS' NECK.

Gu's neck when old man Haines comes up with his biggest boy, Arch. They had been hot an close on the trail all the time.

"As soon as they explained who they was an identified their ponies, the boys shouldn't allowed that there wuz'n no reason why the ceremonies shouldn't proceed, an he throwed the other end of the rope over the limb.

"Why," says the old man, "you hain't got to hang that poor boy, air you?" "I reckon I am," says the boss stranger, cheerfull an gay.

"I don't know if he's a man to hang him," says Haines. "You best give him up to me, an I'll take him out to the ranch with me an surround him with moral influences an keep him out of bad company. He's got good in him, an I'll bring it out of him an make a nice citizen of him."

"Well, the long short of it wuz that he begged so loud that they let Minnick go, an old man Haines started back with him. On the way he talked to Gus like a father an told him how wrong it wuz to rustle cayuses when he could rustle himself by workin honest fer 'em. He made out a present of the ten that he had stole, an a starter an offered him good wages to work on the ranch.

"Gus staid there fer two months, then he got inter a argument with the biggest boy about breakin a colt an slot him up an lit out. Old man Haines wuz real provoked about it, but he jumped on a horse an put out for Minnick an overtook him at Box Elder. As soon as Gus sees him he throwed down on him with a Winchester, but the old man told him to behave himself an quit monkeyin with firearms.

"I sh'd