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VOL. XXXI LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1901. NUMBER 8.

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 night, on 1st, 3rd and 4th Sundays.
Evening Prayer, Friday afternoon. ALBAN GREAVES, Rector

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PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,
Louisburg, N. C.
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office 2nd floor Neal building, phone 39. Night calls answered from T. W. Bickett's residence, phone 74.

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HOTELS.

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

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

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

General Harrison, Patriot and Statesman.

THE GREATEST OF HIS RACE.

Grew Steadily Stronger In the Public Esteem.

LEARNED AND OF GREAT TALENT.

His Fame Increased With Years and Experience—General Diaz, President of Mexico, Creator of the Republic—Senator Marcus A. Hanna's Great Virtue—Eminent Republicans Who Have Raised Their Presidential Lightning Rods—Many Willin Barkises—Hanna the Logical Candidate—Are College Presidents Played Out?

[Special Washington Letter.]

If the spirits of the mighty dead take any cognizance of happenings in this lower world, General Benjamin Harrison must be happy in the universal expression of high esteem from the people of America, irrespective of party affiliations. If there is any difference, Democrats pay him higher tributes than Republicans. This is remarkable when we consider the facts that it is only eight years since he closed his presidential term, that he was a thoroughgoing partisan and had no squeamishness whatever about expressing his opinions and in having those opinions placed upon the statute books in the form of laws so far as in him lay. It is generally taken and accepted that one of his ancestors was one of the regicide judges who sent Charles I to the block. Whether that be true, General Harrison, though of Virginia extraction, was of the stern Puritan spirit of the old Cromwellians and had he lived in the days of the civil wars in England would have fought as valiantly under mighty Oliver as he did from 1861 to 1865 under "Old Pap" Thomas.

There can be no doubt that had he been one of the judges of Charles Stuart he would have grimly and conscientiously voted for his decapitation and would have always stood ready to give a reason for his action. His great-grandfather, congressman and governor of Virginia, "Bluff Ben," as he was popularly called, was one of the leading patriots of the Revolutionary period and was the bosom friend of Washington, Jefferson and all that glorious band of heroes and sages who rendered the name of Virginia immortal. "Bluff Ben" was of the stuff out of which martyrs are made. While the members of the glorious Continental congress of 1776 were signing the great Declaration he slyly punched little Elbridge Gerry in the ribs and playfully remarked, "When the day for hanging comes, I will have one vast advantage over you—my greater weight will cause me to die the quicker," a grim joke surely, but illustrative of the spirit of the men who made us free.

General Benjamin Harrison.

General William Henry Harrison, son of "Bluff Ben," rendered his country valuable services in congress and in the field and received the highest honors of the republic. He has not received from historians his due meed of praise because the campaign which landed him in the White House was the most ludicrous in American annals and had a tendency to render ridiculous all the prominent actors therein.

John Scott Harrison, son of William Henry and father of ex-President Benjamin, served a single term in the national house of representatives and is a dim, uncertain figure in history.

It is simple truth to say that General Benjamin Harrison, who has just died, is the greatest of his illustrious race and justifies the doctrine of heredity.

Ridicule is the most powerful weapon in the mental armory of man, and that General Harrison not only survived the ridicule of being "the grandson of his grandfather" and "the grandfather hat" literature and cartoons—not only survived it, but constantly grew stronger in public esteem—is proof positive that he was "a man for a' that."

In every situation in which he was placed he became a greater figure. He grew while a candidate for the presidency in 1888. His 98 speeches, delivered in that campaign, are a splendid monument to his memory and amply attest his varied learning and great talents. He grew while in the White House—a feat accomplished by few who have reached the chief magistracy of the republic. His defeat in 1892 was attributable chiefly to the McKinley tariff bill and to the Homestead riots. His reputation for coldness and austerity of manner also had something to do with the result.

He grew continuously while an ex-president up to the hour of his death and really held a greater place in public estimation in March, 1901, than in March, 1889. Only two other ex-presidents increased their fame after quitting the White House, Thomas Jefferson and John Quincy Adams, the former by founding the University of Virginia and the latter by his 17 years' service in the house of representatives. General Harrison does not need the charity contained in the old Latin dictum, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," in his case the simple truth is his best eulogy.

General Diaz.

While this great republic is in mourning for General Harrison our sister republic on the south regards with many misgivings the failing health of General Porfirio Diaz, president of Mexico. He is as truly the "father of his country" as George Washington is of this. It is hardly stating the case too strong to say that General Diaz created the Mexican republic. Most assuredly if he did not create it literally he has preserved it and has lifted it to a high place among the nations of the earth. He is one of the very few men in the entire history of the human race who, seizing the chief office by main strength and by revolutionary methods, have administered it for the benefit of the people. True, his has been the strong grip of the eagle's claw and lion's paw, but the Mexicans are far better off that they otherwise would have been but for the rule of General Diaz for a quarter of a century. He has placed the institutions of the republic on what appears to be a strong and enduring basis. It really would be a good thing if Diaz could live another quarter of a century and be regularly elected president every four years. It is no wonder that the Mexicans, who have so long leaned on his strong arm for protection against riot, anarchy and revolution and who under his regime have for the first time enjoyed the blessings of a settled government, should be filled with apprehension at the prospect of his early death. The same is true of all who are interested in the perpetuity of the republic. So long as he is at the helm all men know that peace and stability will be the order of things beyond the Rio Grande. They are not so certain what will happen among that turbulent people when his masterful personality no longer dominates. There may be others worthy to carry on his great work. Let us hope there are.

Next!

Senator Marcus A. Hanna possesses one great virtue—he is not a fool. When a lot of Cheap John politicians began to whoop it up for President McKinley for a third term, hoping, no doubt, thereby to gobble a luscious slice of pie, Senator Hanna at once and with energy denounced the idiotic gabble as "stuff and nonsense" and said that "President McKinley is too good a politician to make the mistake of supposing that he could overcome the unwritten law and succeed himself." On that proposition at least Senator Hanna's head is entirely level. It is no detraction from Mr. McKinley to say that what was good enough for Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Jackson is good enough for him, and that an honor which the American people refused to General Grant when the great captain was fresh from his triumphant tour of the world will not be vouchsafed to any man of this generation. Mr. McKinley is far too wise to jeopardize his vast popularity by seeking the unattainable. So that matter may as well be dismissed at once and for all.

But the next question on which Senator Hanna was catechised is far more important, and upon that he was not so frank by one-half or ninety-nine-hundredths. That question was, "Who will be the next Republican nominee for the presidency?" Perhaps inherent and incorrigible modesty prevented the senator from blurting out what must have been in his mind. Had he spoken unreservedly he would have taken the reporter's breath away by saying without any hedging or parlez-vousing: "Ecce homo!" (Behold the man!) It is safe to say that such a bold declaration would have thrilled the bread and butter brigade from the humblest private in the rear rank to the most epauleted man Jack of them all. Such an announcement would, in my judgment, have settled the nomination four years in advance and saved divers aspiring statesmen a world of worry and an ocean of sweat.

That's what I would have advised Senator Hanna to do, but as he has never called me to be his legal or political adviser he will find himself in a sea of troubles. Instead of boldly announcing his candidacy he made certain suggestions which will cause Senators Fairbanks, Beveridge, Spooner and Lodge to raise their presidential lightning rods. And there are others. If that quartet goes into the fight, there is no reason that I wot of why "Uncle Joe" Cannon, Colonel William Peters Hepburn, Senator Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver, Charles E. Littlefield, Governor Dick Yates, Governor Odell and a host of others should not shy their castors into the ring. Nor are Teddy, Senator William P. Frye, Joseph Benson Foraker, Julius Cæsar Burroughs or George Frisbie Hoar to be sneezed at. It hath also been whispered about that ex-Senator William Eaton Chandler would be a willin Barkis. True, he received an awful jolt recently, but Mr. McKinley has been a good Samaritan to him and placed him in a soft, downy berth, with "$5,000 per."

Mr. Hanna's Chances.

But, notwithstanding this shining array of possibilities, had Senator Hanna seized opportunity by the forelock he ought not to have experienced any trouble in knocking the persimmon. Even after his inopportune bashfulness has thrown cold water on the enthusiasm of the bread and butter brigade his chances are the best. He is the logical candidate. He is no worse than his party. In very truth he could not be. The thing is an impossibility in nature. He has not whipped the devil about the stump; that's all. Others spout patriotism and emit cant. Mark openly made the boys shell out and placed the ducats where they would do the most good for his party. He did the work—the dirty work—and the others enjoy the usufruct. They are most of them tarred with the same stick. Then why should not he lay aside his coyness and boldly declare that he is entitled to the first place himself, that he is weary of playing the humbler part of Warwick and that the presidential chair will fit his anatomy exactly? Some of his friends think so and are not mealy mouthed about saying so.

The Fairfield County (O.) Republican says:

While in Washington attending the inaugural we were much impressed with the greatness of Senator Hanna. He has been an important factor in the first term of William McKinley, and his wisdom will be more apparent to the American people in the second. He possesses the prescience and wisdom that are absolutely necessary in the management and solution of the momentous questions of the day. The best citizens of the country are beginning to regard him as the greatest man in the land, next to the president. He is a safe and conservative gentleman and would make as safe a president as William McKinley.

When the people come to know him, they will esteem him as highly as the president. He is for the whole people, the masses as well as the classes. The country has nothing to fear from the brainy, wise and conservative Senator Marcus A. Hanna.

If Senator Hanna were not an Ohio man, he would be, without a doubt, the next president of the United States. The candidate nominated for president in 1904 by the Republican party will not be an Ohio man. If it could be so, it would be the Hon. Marcus A. Hanna.

Cheer For Ohioans.

That puts Senator Hanna clearly before the people as a candidate. The last three sentences are simply an exhibition of the incurable modesty pertaining to the Ohio man, whether statesman, editor or what not. The Republican should cheer up. In the great work of making Mark president I suggest to The Republican that there is a precedent, well established and well known, in Mark's favor, and it is a Democratic precedent at that, for Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, three Virginians, served 24 consecutive years and are called in history the "Virginia dynasty." Mr. McKinley, an Ohioan, when his present term expires will have served only eight, so that there are 16 other years which Ohioans could serve and still be within the precedent. That being the case, Mr. McKinley's service should not be a bar to Senator Hanna's aspirations.

What's more, Mark's nomination would be hailed with delight by Democrats from Maine to California, for if we can't defeat him we can't defeat anybody else. So that all The Fairfield County Republican has to do is to line up the Republicans for Mark's nomination. I will go bonds that the Democrats will aid The Republican in its laudable endeavors.

How natural the ancient Republican battlecry of "the old flag and an appropriation" would sound in the mouths of Mark and his cohorts—when the ship subsidy bill and kindred measures are remembered. No explanations would be needed, for all men would vehemently exclaim in the famous words of Corporal Tanner, "God help the surplus!"

Are College Presidents Played Out?

One question which must greatly perplex Senator Hanna and other Republican magnates is what to do with college presidents and professors who wickedly persist in advocating the doctrines of the fathers and in pointing out the rocks upon which the republic is drifting with a full head of steam on. Nothing teaches these collegians anything. President Andrews was ousted from Brown for advocating bimetallism. A professor was expelled from Stanford university for expressing patriotic sentiments. Their examples ought to have terrorized others of the profession into dumbness, but it did not. President Arthur T. Hadley of Yale has lately been gyrating around in New York, expressing his fears that unless the trusts are "busted" an empire or kingdom will be set up at Washington in 25 years. This is simply awful. Clearly the intelligence of the country is massed against the Republicans except at Chicago university, where a professor with wonderful ingenuity discovered a resemblance between one William Shakespeare, who not only stole a deer occasionally, but who also purloined sundry dramatic productions of Francis Bacon, and John D. Rockefeller, petroleum philanthropist. Intelligence being against Republicans, there is but one thing to do, and that is to hang all college and university presidents and professors, disfranchise all persons who are able to read and write and make it a penal offense to teach the alphabet to the rising generation.

If such brazen throated and brazen cheeked scholars as Andrews and Hadley are permitted to go on spouting treason, the Republican party is forever undone. So off with their heads! The Republican party must be preserved even if we have to go back to the ignorance of the dark ages.

Hon. Gas Addicks, being unable to elect himself to both senatorships from Delaware, has finally adjourned sine die. This conspicuous boodler is a shining light in the Republican synagogue, while such pure and illustrious educators as Presidents Hadley and Andrews are denounced by Republican penny a liners as pestiferous traitors. If they do not give their tongues a rest, there may be inserted in the next Republican platform this plank: "Down with colleges and universities!"

Hon. Gas can lay claim to one distinction in politics to which no other may aspire, and it is that single handed and alone he has prevented the election of four senators of the United States, has compelled a state to go four years with only one senator and two years with none at all.

Undoubtedly Gas is worthy of promotion. He would make an ideal running mate for Senator Hanna. Such a ticket would render every boodlum in the land delirious with delight. "Hanna and Addicks forever!"

Champ Clark

His Interest at Heart.

He—Darling, would you like a little supper after the play?

She—Yes, dear, but remember now, I must insist for your sake that it doesn't cost more than $25.—Harper's Bazar.

A Raging, Roaring Flood

Washed down a telegraph line which Chas. C. Ellis, of Lisbon, Ia., had to repair. "Standing waist deep in icy water," he writes, "gave me a terrible cold and cough. It grew worse daily. Finally the best doctors in Oakland, Neb., Sioux City and Omaha said I had Consumption and could not live. Then I began using Dr. King's New Discovery and was wholly cured by six bottles." Positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung troubles by W. G. Thomas. Price 50c.

Modesty and humility are the sobriety of the mind; temperance and chastity are the sobriety of the body.

The Best Remedy for Rhematism.

All who use Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism are delighted with the quick relief from pain which it affords. When speaking of this Mr D. N. Sinks, of Troy, Ohio, says: 'Some time ago I had a severe attack of rheumatism in my arm and shoulder. I tried numerous remedies but got no relief until I was recommended by Messrs. Geo. F. Parsons & Co., druggists of this place, try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. They recommended it so highly that I bought a bottle. I WAS RELIEVED OF ALL PAIN. I have since recommended this liniment to many of my friends who agree with me that it is the best remedy for muscular rheumatism in the market.' For sale by W. G. Thomas, druggist.

Moderation is the silken string running though the pearl chain of all virtues.

The Best Blood Purifier.

The blood is constantly being purified by the lungs, liver and kidneys. Keep these organs in a healthy condition and the bowels regular and you will have no need of a blood purifier. For this purpose there is nothing equal to Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, one dose of them will do you more good than a dollar bottle of the best blood purifier. Price, 25 cents. Samples free at Thomas' drug store.

PAINTING BIG SIGNS.

ARTISTS WHO DEVOTE THEIR TALENT TO ADVERTISING PURPOSES.

Some of Them Have Had Years of Training in Drawing and Color Work, and Some Have Studied In Famous Old World Ateliers.

Although the vivid advertisements of the excellences of foods, ointments, clothing, all mechanical appliances known to man and a thousand other things never dreamed of in the philosophy of a hundred years ago are continually catching the eye and possibly shocking the artistic sensibilities of the beholder, few of the ordinary observers give a moment's question to the makers of advertisements. The advertising craze has grown of late to such huge and unlovely proportions that any brief account falls to explain its working. The office of a large advertising concern is one of the busiest places in town. Artists are constantly appearing with designs for the firm, a small army of men with paint pots and brushes are hovering about waiting to be sent out, and everywhere are gay evidences of the results of all this labor.

"Who are the men that paint these 'heroic' pictures one sees on unused walls and lofty fences?" asked a reporter of one of the men who keeps these subordinates busy.

"They are not the people you think them, I fancy," was the answer. "Instead of being daubers, with about the ability necessary to wield a whitewash brush, our best men are real artists. By this I mean that many of them have had years of training in drawing and color work. Several of them have studied abroad in the ateliers of well known men. A man whom I saw painting a head on a wall yesterday is a night instructor in a Brooklyn art school. Recently one of our men painted on a large wall the biggest portrait ever attempted. He had studied five years in the Paris art schools."

"Why do they take up this work?"

"The other doesn't pay. It's a case of 'commercialism in art.' They find that they can't make the real thing pay, so they come to this common calling. There's money in it. Why, our star painters get $50 a week. The daubers, who put in backgrounds, don't earn more than $10 or $15 a week."

The men who paint the designs in various inaccessible and conspicuous places have with them small copies of the designs to be reproduced. Long experience makes them expert in accurately tracing the design upon the chosen surface. Although the familiar advertisements scattered over the city seem exactly alike and one face seems the exact counterpart of another, yet closer inspection will show various points of difference. In the case of a very familiar picture which is displayed from one end of the United States to the other, when it was first brought out one man was hired for the sole purpose of painting that one design, and to do this he traveled from Maine to California.

"Not the least of our difficulties," said the advertising man, "is finding places to put our signs. We hire men who do nothing else but go about and obtain permission from owners to put up billboards on their premises, use a vacant wall or decorate a fence or a roof. It needs great tact to do this. When there are objections, they must be overcome, and after this is done the owner often gets the idea that his available space is worth thousands of dollars to us and to him. The experiences of advertising men among farmers and tramps would make a mighty interesting book."

"Why do you say tramps?"

"Oh, the tramps are our worst enemies. They build fires behind our billboards and burn them or else tear them down out of sheer wantonness."

When asked about the price a blank brick wall in a conspicuous part of New York would bring to its owner if he let it for advertising purposes, the advertising man laughed and said he could not tell that, but he did not mind saying that he was now paying $6,000 a year rent for a wall in the middle of the shopping district. "This is not an unusual sum to pay," he added, "for such prominent positions."

Advertising firms are liberal subscribers to all art magazines, particularly to those French art periodicals which display the newest drawings of the still popular poster. The ideas of the foreign artists are taken freely and converted into gaudy designs for advertising the latest song or a new cigar without the least compensation, since, as the advertisers assert, American ideas are assimilated abroad just as unceremoniously.

Not all the large reproductions of figures and faces on our streets and along the roof tops are handwork. Many of them are machine made. By a process akin to that of making lithographs machines have been invented to lay the colors automatically. The finished product, quite devoid of personality, presents accurately a copy of the working design.—New York Post.

Measuring Your Man.

Put this in your pipe and smoke it: There is always some chap smarter than the chap you think is the smartest on earth—meaning yourself. You are a wonderful judge of human nature, but don't measure your man too confidently, for 99 times in 100 you'll find the suit doesn't fit. Never play favorites. The lightweight today, in your measurement, will be the heavyweight tomorrow. Old friends, like old wine, will in the end prove best. Never go back on an old friend unless you have plenty of money well invested. Possessed of a big bank account and flushed with success—the mischief take friends, old and new!—New York Press.

He Kept His Leg.

Twelve years ago J. W. Sullivan of Hartford, Conn., scratched his leg with a rusty wire. Inflammation and blood poisoning set in. For two years he suffered intensely. Then the best doctors urged amputation, 'but,' he writes, 'I used one bottle of Electric Bitters and 1½ boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve and my leg was sound and well as ever.' For Eruptions, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Sores and all blood disorders Electric Bitters has no rival on earth. Try them W. G. Thomas will guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Only 50 cents.

Subscribe to the TIMES.

LIBEL IN ENGLAND.

Not Hard There to Give Cause For Actions at Law.

England's libel law is a terror to the defendants. A short time ago a young playwright sold a piece to a London manager and drew a small royalty each week, which was paid by check. One week when the playwright presented the check to the bank for cashing it was returned to him marked "No funds." The playwright had the check framed and hung conspicuously in his study. He took pleasure in pointing it out to visitors and making biting comments until one day the manager's lawyer called and told the young man that he was committing a serious libel on the manager, whereupon the check was taken down at once.

Over in England the railway companies, or at least one of them, put up in the station placards bearing the names of passengers who had violated rules of the road, with addresses, the nature of the offense and fines imposed. The offenders took the matter into court, and now the placards show only the words opposite the offense, "A passenger."

It frequently happens that names given to villains and ridiculous characters in fiction will duplicate in real life. A certain English novel had its scene laid on the west coast of Africa, and the villain of the book was a major in the army, supposed to be stationed there. To the novelist's dismay there appeared one day out of the unknown a real major, bearing the name of the villain of the novel, who also had been stationed on the west coast of Africa. In vain the unhappy author protested in the consequent action that he had never seen or heard of the plaintiff. A verdict for the latter was given, with substantial damages.

A Birmingham lawyer held that one could libel a man effectually enough by leaving out his name. He brought an action against a local paper for persistently omitting his name from its reports of cases in which he professionally was engaged. Presumably he imagined that the loss of the advertisement he would have obtained by his name repeatedly appearing was damage enough. He was nonsuited, however.

THE INDIANS PAID.

What the White Men Charged Them For Killing One Donkey.

In "Reminiscences of Old Times In Tennessee" a story is told of the good faith and honor of a party of Chickasaw Indians. While hunting one fall they shot a donkey, mistaking the creature for a wild animal. They sold the hide, and it finally came to the hands of John Barnes in Lipton.

When the Chickasaws returned to the region of Lipton for their annual hunt the next fall, Barnes invited them to a shooting match, the prize to be the skin of a very rare animal.

Thirty braves appeared at the contest, and one of them won the prize. When he saw the skin, he turned it over and said: "Ha, ha, me kill him! Me shoot him! See!" And he pointed to the fatal bullet hole.

Then Barnes told them that they had killed a donkey, a very useful animal, but he was sure that they had done it by mistake, believing it to be a wild animal.

The Indians listened attentively to the white man's words and then consulted together a few minutes. Finally they separated, each brave going to his pony, unhitching him and leading him to the spot where a gang of white men stood, Barnes in the midst of them. Then one of the Indians spoke:

"We sorry we kill donkey. We think he belong to the woods. We find him in cane. We think him wild. We sorry; now we pay. We take no white man's boss, pony, nothing of white man. We honest. We have ponies, that's all. Take pay." And he motioned to the long line of ponies, held by their owners.

"How many?" asked Barnes.

"White man say," returned the Indian, "take plenty."

The honor of the red men was not equaled by the white men, for, be it recorded to their shame, they took from the Chickasaws 35 ponies to pay for the accidental killing of one donkey.

Your Canary.

Don't forget to give your canary the best of water and seed every day. See that he has a good fish bone. Clean his cage every day. Keep him out of the hot sun and the glare of night lights and yet let him have sunshine. Talk to him; talk to him with a kind voice. Let him out of the cage occasionally. We give crumbs of bread soaked in milk, lettuce, chickweed, a little piece of egg, sometimes a little fruit, a nut and lots of good things and let him eat or reject as he pleases.

Remember he is a prisoner in confinement, dependent on you every day for health and life, and constantly strive to make him happy. A little 10 cent looking glass will add greatly to his happiness. Take care that neither sun nor other light reflected shall dazzle him.

The Height of Clouds.

To determine the height of clouds an observer at each of two stations a mile or more apart measures the angle and altitude of some point of a cloud, the identity of which is ascertained from conversation by telephone, while synchronism in the observation is secured by the beating of electric pendulums. This is the method used at the celebrated observatories at Upsala, in Sweden.

Why He Growled.

Hoax—I saw you at the theater last night. You were in the dog seat.

Joax—Sir, what do you mean?

Hoax—Weren't you sitting in K—97—Philadelphia Record.

Job Couldn't Have Stood It.

If he'd had Itching Piles. They're terribly annoying; but Bucklen's Arnica Salve will cure the worst of piles on earth. It has cured thousands. For Injuries, pains or bodily eruptions it's the best salve in the world. Price 25c a box. cure guaranteed, sold by W. G. Thomas.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well.

When you are bilious use those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers to cleanse the liver and bowels. They never gripe. Thomas' drug store.

ENGLISH MONARCHS.

Death Often Unkind In the Manner of Their Taking Off.

Of the monarchs who have reigned over England since the days of the Norman conquest nearly one-quarter of the number have met violent death. William I was killed by a fall from his horse, William II was shot while hunting, whether by accident or design is still one of the unsolved problems of history; Richard I was killed by a shaft from a crossbow while besieging the city of Chalus, in France; Richard II was murdered in Pontefract castle, Edward II was murdered in Berkley castle, and Edward V in the Tower of London. Richard III was killed on the battlefield of Bosworth and Charles I had his head cut off in London.

Elizabeth's death was hastened by remorse that she had ordered the execution of Essex, and her sister Mary sickened and died soon after the loss of Calais, declaring that the name of the city would be found after death written on her heart. The death of Edward III's son, the Black Prince, caused the aged monarch to die of grief. So, after the loss of his son in the White Ship, Henry I was never seen to smile again and lived only a short time. Henry VI and George III were insane during the latter years of their reigns and finally died from what in these days would be called paresis. Charles II, Henry VIII, Edward IV and George IV hastened their deaths by the dissipated and sensual lives they lived. Only two monarchs died of that great national scourge, consumption; they were Edward VI and Henry VII. Queen Anne's death was due as much as anything else to overfeeding. Only two monarchs, Henry VI and George III, died after long illnesses.

The Happy Medium.

A clergyman relates that a worthy Irishman with an impediment in his speech brought him a child to be baptized. While making a record of it he was in some doubt as to the correct spelling of the family name given to him and asked the man how he wrote it.

"Indeed and I don't write at all," was the reply.

"I just want to know," said Father Boyle, "whether the name is 'McGrath' or 'Magrath'—whether the second part of it is spelled with a big 'G' or a little 'g.'"

After scratching his head hopelessly the puzzled parent saw his way out of the difficulty. "Well, father, just spell it wid a middlin sized 'g.'"—Exchange.

It Won't Roll Off.

The egg of the guillemot is one of the most peculiar and furnishes an admirable example of the way in which nature provides for the conditions of life.

This bird is found on the coast, and the eggs are usually laid on the bare edges of high rocks, from which position any ordinary specimen of the egg would probably roll off.

But the guillemot's egg won't do this. It has been fashioned by nature to stop on. The egg is nearly conical in shape, broad at the base and sharp at the point, so that it will only roll in a circle.

Better Than Making a Note.

"Just before Badmun was sent to prison he bought a set of books to be paid for in installments."

"What did he do that for?"

"He said it would make the time seem shorter."—Chicago Tribune.

'Tis Easy To Feel Good.

Countless thousands have found a blessing to the body in Dr King's New Life Pills, which positively cure constipation, sick headache, dizziness, jaundice, malaria, fever and ague and all Liver and stomach troubles, purely vegetable, never gripe or weaken. Only 25c at Thomas drug store.

Silence is the understanding of fools, and one of the virtues of the wise.

'Stick To It.'

Geo. L Herrd of High Tower, Georgia, writes: "Eczema broke out on my baby covering his entire body. Under treatment of our family physician he got worse as he could not sleep for the burning and itching, we used a box of "Banner Salve" on him and the time it was gone he was well. The Doctor seeing it was curing him said, "Stick to it for it is doing him more good than anything I have done for him." W. G. Thomas.

A gentleman is a rarer things than some of us think for.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
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In the human breast two master passions cannot co-exist.

Headache often results from a disordered condition of the stomach and constipation of the bowels. A dose or two Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will correct these disorders and cure the headache. Sold by W. G. Thomas.

It is always safe to learn even from our enemies.

Counterfeits of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve are liable to cause blood poisoning. Leave them alone. The original has the name DeWitt's upon the box and wrapper. It's a harmless and healing salve for skin diseases. Unequaled for piles. Thomas' drug store.

Unless you can keep it a secret don't cherish too good an opinion of yourself.

Running sores, ulcers, boils, pimples, etc., quickly cured by Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the most healing salve in the world. A sure cure for piles. W. G. Thomas.

Notice

All persons who have our oil cans and not having oil from us, will please return each at once.

Please don't let us have to send for them.

Respectfully,
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Louisburg, N. C.

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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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.

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We have the agency for the Oak City Steam Laundry, Raleigh, N. C., and we are sending a quantity of clothes there each week to be laundered. All the work is guaranteed, and the ladies and gentlemen who desire to have their Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, Waists or any article of Clothing well laundered will find it to their advantage to send them through us to the Laundry. All you have to do is to send the articles to us, and we promise you they will return to you in O. K. style.

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