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VOL. XXXI LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1901. NUMBER 9.

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.

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

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CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

McKinley's Attitude Toward the Boers.

A SHAME AND A DISGRACE.

Administration Hostile to Cause of Human Liberty.

ENGLAND'S CLAIMS RECOGNIZED.

Ours the First Government to Acknowledge Death of Republics. They Still Live and Are Fighting For Freedom—Hay Defers to England Ad Nauseam—Even Republican Stomachs Revolt at the Dose. Most Useful Diplomat at Washington—Mark Hanna as a Presidential Possibility—Foraker Shelved.

[Special Washington Letter.]

To future students of our history the most mystifying phenomenon of our times will undoubtedly be the attitude of the McKinley administration touching the British-Boer contest. It is a shame and a disgrace to Americans and American institutions. Every man who voted for McKinley and Roosevelt last November is particeps criminis, for nobody with two ideas above a Hottentot could mistake the administration's hostility to the cause of the Boers, and therefore to the cause of human liberty, ever since the inception of that astounding struggle. Nevertheless it is true that three-fourths of those who voted for McKinley and ninety-nine-hundredths of those who voted against him are zealous friends of the Boers and wish for them a successful termination to the most heroic fight made for liberty since the world began. That is a strong and sweeping assertion, but it is written down here deliberately. When the fearful odds are counted, no other people ever made a fight equal to the Boers.

All along the American people, almost without regard to party affiliations, have sympathized with them, all except the administration, which has looked on with the stolidness of a red Indian while the British butchered men, women and children struggling for the same principles for which our fathers fought. In every way the McKinley administration has shown its bias for England, for the great kingdom strangling and murdering two tiny republics, and yet the people—God forgive them—who were opposed, bitterly opposed, to the administration's policy in that regard, deliberately voted to continue that administration in power for four years more. Now comes the cap sheaf in this infamous business. The United States government—i. e., its executive branch—is the first among nations to recognize England's triumph and to proclaim the extinction of the heroic South African republics! That, too, while Botha is still in the field, De Wet winning victories and new levies hurried from Britain to South Africa! Certainly our cup of humiliation is full to running over. If Messrs. McKinley and Hay are so thoroughly stuck on Johnnie Bull they might at least have acted with some decency while Liberty lies bleeding on the other side of the globe. Their eagerness to let the world know that they are enamored of J. B. is about as indecent a performance as if a widower should take unto himself a second wife while on the return trip from burying his first. The fashion in this country hath been the fashion of liberty. The fashion being foisted on the South African patriots at the point of the bayonet is the fashion of despotism. In speaking of changing styles of fashions, Alexander Pope says:

> Be not the first by whom the new is tried
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

Smacks of Ghoulish Glee.

The first line of that famous couplet I commend most cordially to Colonel John Hay, secretary of state, and to his White House chief. Instead of being the first to recognize the death of a republic we should be the last, and then only on overwhelming proof as to the fact. We should at least wait till the republic is dead.

This precipitate action of the administration smacks of ghoulish glee. Is there any rational explanation for this amazing conduct, so contrary to all our history and to the desires of the great body of the people? There is one, only one—one which self respecting Americans have hitherto rejected with pride and scorn—and that is the theory proclaimed by the London papers that we negotiated the treaty of Paris under the protecting muzzles of English guns! If that is true, what a blessing it would have been to us and to our posterity had the muzzles of those guns been pointed in some other—any other—direction and that Pandora box of a treaty had never been negotiated, but if that assertion of the London press, so humiliating to our amour propre, is true, and it looks as if it is true, what becomes of that flamboyant letter which Colonel Hay wrote to General Dick—Hanna's Dick—on a celebrated occasion solemnly asseverating, with his hand on his heart, that we had no agreement or understanding, actual or implied, with Mr. Bull? Shame! Shame! Shame!

Gags at the Bolus.

Even the Washington Post, which is much enamored of the administration generally, gags at the loathsome dose cooked up by Mr. Secretary of State Hay. It says:

> Some days ago The Post called attention to a newly issued pamphlet of the state department in which our government was made to accept England's version of the South African situation, to recognize England's opera bouffe annexation of the two Dutch republics and even to accept England's nomenclature in the premises. The pamphlet referred to not only had foot notes announcing the "annexations," but in the text itself it described the South African Republic as "The Transvaal" and the Orange Free State as "Orange River Colony," thus following with servile accuracy the impudent lead of the British government.
>
> Our exposure of this new instance of state department deference to England inspired a number of excited special telegrams to out-of-town newspapers, and soon the whole country was ringing with the scandal.
>
> The truth is that this incident merely figures as a mean evidence of the secret entente—"the understanding, the agreement, the compact, if you will," as Mr. Jo Chamberlain described it in his Manchester speech last year—the entente that has expressed itself in a dozen different ways within the past 12 months. The abandonment of our commerce with Delagoa Bay, while our sale of war material to England kept steadily along; the surrender of the Porcupine district to Great Britain on the sorry pretext of reaching a "temporary" modus vivendi; the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, which would have cursed us forever with English interference—does any rational human being ask for more proof than this? Is not this solemn acknowledgment of England's sovereignty in South Africa a fitting culmination of our misguided abasement?

We think it is, and in our opinion the American people share that view.

The Post can place it sesterces upon the proposition that "the American people share that view," but what are The Post and the American people going to do about it? What can they do? They deliberately continued the administration in power knowing its Anglomania. The Post is playing the old and condemned game of locking the barn after the horse is gone.

A Nauseous Dose.

Of the 56 congresses of the United States none was so thoroughly under the domination of the president as was the Fifty-sixth. When it passed the army bill with the Philippine and Cuban riders, it gave Mr. McKinley all the powers of an emperor even if it failed to make an appropriation for a crown and scepter. It bestowed the substance if not the outward signs.

The dose was so nauseous that occasionally a Republican could not stomach it and squealed a lusty squeal much after the manner of an unfortunate pig with his head caught in the crack of an inconvenient fence. Senator George Frisble Hoar squealed, likewise Hon. Charles E. Littlefield of Maine. Inter alia the latter said:

> This bill, as the house is compelled to act upon it, is a striking illustration of a most vicious and iniquitous practice in national legislation. An army bill, which must be passed in order to provide for absolutely necessary expenditures, comes down from the senate with a large number of amendments which originated in the senate, and in order to pass the bill under the rule just adopted we are compelled to vote for all of the amendments whether they do or do not meet our approval. This is a method invariably adopted for securing the passage of obnoxious measures which otherwise would not meet with the approval of the house.

If Hoar and Littlefield believed what they say, they ought to have the courage of their convictions and break away from the imperialists and join the Democrats, the genuine friends of freedom.

A Useful Diplomat.

The vast majority of embassadors, ministers plenipotentiary and envoys extraordinary are purely ornamental. Not one in 50 of the diplomatic corps at Washington is of any service to his own country or to anybody else. Curiously enough, the exception is a heathen Chinee, Hon. Wu Ting Fang, who is smart as a whip, busy as a bee and cheerful as Mark Tapley. Hon. Wu is useful to his country by making himself persona grata to all with whom he comes in contact, thereby causing the "Melican man" to think better of the Chinese in general. All the galloping about, speechmaking and newspaper writing now being done by him have a serious purpose—to remove the antipathy which Americans entertain for his race, and, as Mr. Wu understands the philosophy of catching more flies with molasses than with vinegar, he spreads or pours the saccharine stuff over everybody that he comes in contact with. Of course, Lord Pauncefote is the dean of the diplomatic corps, or, to use a plain, everyday term, its bellwether. Unless he leads the procession he won't play. The corps is also honored by the presence of soldiers and statesmen, but nevertheless and notwithstanding Mr. Wu is far and away the most popular diplomat in Washington. He is a social lion and as an after dinner speaker has made brilliant hits repeatedly. He carries his speeches in his boot leg, just as other people carry their bowie knives or razors. Mr. Wu has undertaken a tough job—that of rendering his countrymen acceptable to Americans—but most certainly he is to be commended for his good intentions.

Too Coy.

"The lady doth protest too much!" In this case the lady is Senator Marcus A. Hanna. The cause of his overprotestation is the talk about Mark as the next presidential standard bearer. While I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, I make bold to predict that it will prove to be another case of "swearing she would ne'er consent, consented." There was never in this country a man who would refuse a presidential nomination at the hands of a party which has the ghost of a show of electing its nominee. Nay, more, there never was an American possessed of one chance out of a million to become president who did not strive for it with might and main. If Senator Hanna lives till 1904 he will be the nominee unless things take on such a shape that the Republicans must needs turn to anti-McKinley Republicans to secure a candidate possessed of a ray of hope of success. It may come to that. All this talk of Hanna's shutting up Republican headquarters in order that one candidate may not get ahead of another is all rubbish. He closes up the headquarters because he knows that he has the nomination dead to rights if he desires it. What use has he for nominal headquarters when he has the real article at the White House, the treasury building and all the other departments? That would simply be a wanton waste of raw material, a caper which Marcus will not cut, for the more money he spends before the nomination the less he will have for campaign expenses after the nomination, and Mark frequently ponders, no doubt, the important question, "What will it profit a man to gain the nomination and to lose the election?" Mark's nomination and election are necessities to the Republican jobbers. Their plans of public plunder stretch through many years, or till a time when "the picking" ceases to be good. They do not propose to chance it with any understudy of Mark's. They want to be dead sure of their man. Therefore they will nominate Marcus with a whoop.

How Are the Mighty Fallen!

There is one Ohio Republican statesman whose present plight would move a heart of stone, and that is Senator Joseph Benson Foraker. He is a brilliant, gallant, amiable man. He was once the fair rose and expectancy of Buckeye Republicans. Multiplied thousands expected to see him the Republican nominee for president. Wherever he went he created a furore. He was the idol of the young Republicans. His ambition was boundless. His tongue of fire stirred the heart of the multitude as that of few other men could do. All that was before Marcus A. Hanna impinged upon the public eye in the double capacity of statesman and Warwick. I like Senator Foraker. He has good, hot, rich, red human blood in his arteries—not cold snake juice. I dislike to see such a man forced to make way for the cool, calculating plotters. That he is being shelved is plain as the nose on Lord Napier's face. His ineffectual fires have paled before Mark Hanna's baleful star.

The other day there was a remarkable meeting at the White House—a small but select society. Senator Hanna, General Grosvenor and General Dick met in that historic mansion to have a conference with the president touching the next Ohio campaign and certain Ohio appointments. Great Julius, but Hanna, Grosvenor and Dick constitute a trio for your whiskers! They were closeted with the president for two hours. The minutes of that meeting would make mighty rich reading. A Washington chronicler says, "Senator Foraker, who came over from New York for that purpose, called during the progress of the conference, but remained only a short time." Very naturally. He feels a delicacy in intruding upon his enemies, even though they grant him permission to run for a second term in the senate. They tolerate Foraker. Having ditched him completely in his greater ambition—the presidency—they hope to keep him quiet and docile by throwing him a sop which once he would have despised. They have work for him to do—perhaps to place Mark in nomination for the presidency. There was a day—not more than 15 years ago—when one yell from the fiery Foraker would have sent that quartet of Ohio statesmen scurrying to their holes as so many startled rats. How are the mighty fallen! If the thoughts of the five men—McKinley, Hanna, Grosvenor, Dick and Foraker—as Foraker entered and quit the conference could be printed, they would furnish much food for reflection and many valuable lessons for aspiring statesmen. In 1888 Foraker was filling out his second term as governor of Ohio, Grosvenor was not known outside of Ohio, Hanna and Dick had not been discovered, and McKinley was not much above the average congressman in renown—only 13 years ago. Now McKinley is entering upon his second term in the White House, Hanna is monarch of all he surveys, Dick runs Ohio campaigns, and General Grosvenor is chief cook and bottle washer, while Foraker continues in public place by their favor—the favor of his enemies!

A Is Bourbon.

Dr. Richard Barthold, representative in congress from St. Louis, appears to have the Bourbon quality of learning nothing. He is now cavorting around making loud and violent threats as to what he is going to do touching what he is pleased to call a Democratic gerrymander by the legislature of Missouri. He is going to upset the whole performance, burst it and throw 16 Missourians, including himself, out of congress. Of course, the good doctor is talking through his chapeau—merely that and nothing more. He might be willing to hurl his 15 colleagues out—but himself, never! Perish the thought! He alleges that the districts are not symmetrical. Well, some of them are not built on Hogarth's line of beauty, but they are patterns of symmetry and compactness when compared with the districts made by Republican legislatures in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Iowa. Dr. Barthold should restrain his rage until he has time calmly to survey the landscape o'er. That done, his ire will evaporate instanter. The good doctor has not been a howling success in undoing Democratic work in Missouri. He ran amuck on the Nesbit law, only to have the supreme courts of Missouri and of the United States to uphold it. That ought to have taught him a lesson, but it appears to have left him in his former state of mental darkness.

In passing, it may be well to state that Elbridge Gerry always denied the paternity for the scheme which bears his name and which is universally adopted in practice while universally condemned in theory. I hope Dr. Barthold will resume his happy frame of mind when he rests from his late herculean labors in congress.

Champ Clark

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.

Spasms of spiritual indigestion are produced by swallowing isms.—Ram's Horn.

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.

A diamond must remain dirt if it be not willing to lose halt itself.—Ram's Horn.

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.

GRANDMAS OF TODAY

THEY KEEP IN THE RACE WITH THE YOUNG PEOPLE TO THE END.

The Old Fashioned Grandmother, the One Who Placidly Sat In the Chimney Corner Darning Stockings, Is a Thing of the Past.

I was bemoaning the fact that I had never known my grandmothers. One died before I was born and the other when I was a few months old. I thought it would be so comforting to have a grandmother because they always regarded their grandchildren as being incapable of doing wrong. At least they were sure to multiply one's virtues and minimize faults. Their chief object in life, as I picture them, was to minister to their descendants' comfort, to make the crooked places straight. The grandmother of my fancy would keep my clothes in repair, darn the stockings, knit plenty of washrags and silk mittens, surprise me with my favorite dishes, laugh at my jokes and generally submerge her life in the affairs of mine. What was I going to do in return for all this unselfish devotion? I would be her granddaughter. That, according to the old traditions, was quite enough compensation.

I was holding forth, exploiting my views and desires on the grandmother question in the presence of one of those people who delight to take a person down and make him feel cheap, especially if they imagine one is posing as younger than the family Bible records. This individual spoke up and said: "Why, if your grandmothers were living they would be so aged that they would be mummified. Instead of darning your stockings, knitting your mittens, they would be blind, deaf and imbecile. You would have to tend them with greater slavishness than a mother a newborn babe, and without the sweet recompense in the latter case. When people become imbecile with age, they grow repulsive, and the prolonging of this state is dreadful, while each day the unfolding of a budding life is filled with mysterious delights."

Of course I did not want a grandmother that was deaf, blind and imbecile. I thought I would drop the subject, as it appeared to be getting personal. But my companion continued: "Besides, could it be possible in the order of things for you to have a vigorous, industrious, capable grandmother, she would not be sitting at the chimney corner darning your stockings. She would be out attending to her lodge or club business, visiting the millinery openings, ordering a fashionable gown, playing cards or attending a high tea. The old fashioned grandmother is as much a thing of the past as the spinning wheel, the canalboat, stagecoach, making candles and family rendered soap."

I protested that I did not believe my grandmothers would be of the modern pattern. I had heard my mother tell often of how completely her mother lost her taste for society and outside affairs after she had grandchildren. She had raised a large family, but these reproductions were just as much a delight as had been the originals. She infinitely preferred their society to that of grown people. Their prattle, school experiences, little ambitions, filled her life completely. She was constantly planning surprises for them by making animal cakes, individual pies, candy, aprons, hoods, doll clothes.

"Yes, but if she lived now she would be different. The air she would breathe is filled with assertive germs which declare that every woman owes it to herself to have a career and stand at the helm and steer it to the very end. She must not allow her life to be submerged in that of her own children, as they make their appearance rather unwelcome frequently, but must have outside missions. As soon as her offspring is married off, which is accomplished with as great dispatch as diplomacy can secure, then she is free to carry out pet schemes and natural desires untrammeled."

"Perhaps you are right," I replied. Such a grandmother as this would be no comfort to me as a grandmother, while she might be a most helpful friend, and I could be proud of her position in the literary, artistic or philanthropic world as her tastes might dictate her pursuit.

A grandmother of my acquaintance said to me not long ago: "It would be a great trial to me to have my grandchildren or any children in the house with me now. I could not adapt myself to their demands and interruptions. I have raised my family and now want my time for individual pursuits." This woman has especial talents and necessities for using them, and in her case these feelings may not seem unnatural. But this is much the sentiment that possesses the grandmothers of the age who have no special missions or avocations outside the domestic circle. If they have means, they buy handsome gifts for their grandchildren and wish them to have all the advantages possible that do not represent personal self sacrifice or curtailment of freedom of action.

Women are imbued with the spirit of the age, which demands that there shall be no old ladies with caps and shawls who stay at home and guard the fireside, but that they must keep in the race with the young people to the very end.—Susan W. Ball in Terre Haute Gazette.

Betrayed by His Feet.

Sherlock Holmes—I have not looked around, but a very tall man just came in and sat down in the opera chair behind me.

Miss Marvel—It is true! Say, you do the most wonderful things. Now, tell me how you knew without looking of the tall man's presence.

Sherlock Holmes—His feet are sticking through under my chair.—Ohio State Journal.

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.

THE DEADLY COBRA.

How Venomous Creature Is Handled by Hindoo Snake Charmers.

The creatures were on the defensive, but not one of them attempted to strike at the master, who sat serenely in front of them, so long as he did nothing to annoy them. Kullan talked to them as if they were his dearest friends. After a time one or the other of them would lower its head, collapse its hood and begin to try to wriggle away. Whereupon Kullan would give it a smart little rap on the tail with his stick and bring it instantly to attention again. Whether this man possessed any special magic over these cobras or whether the description given below of how he could handle and play with them was simply due to his method I cannot say. He himself repudiated the idea of magic and asserted positively that any one who had the necessary nerve and dexterity could do exactly the same.

He used no reed instrument or music of any kind to propitiate the reptiles. He would simply squat on his haunches in front of them, and, after they had been hissing and swaying their uplifted heads backward and forward for a few minutes, he raised his hands above their heads and slowly made them descend till they rested on the snakes' heads. He then stroked them gently, speaking all the time in the most endearing Hindoostanee terms. The serpents appeared spellbound. They made no effort to resent the liberty, but remained quite still, with heads uplifted, and seemed rather to enjoy it. Presently his hands would descend down the necks about three inches below the heads, his fingers would close loosely around the necks, and he would lift them off the ground and place them on his shoulders. The looseness of the grip appeared to be the main secret. The snakes, being in no way hurt, would then slowly crawl through his fingers and wind themselves round his neck, his shoulders and his arms. They appeared to realize that no harm was to be done them, and they made no effort to resent the handling. He would pick them gently off one arm and place them on the other and, in fact, stroke them and pet them as if they had been a pair of harmless worms.—Cornhill.

A TIGRESS WITH A GRUDGE.

She Gets Furious at Sight of a Keeper Who Once Beat Her.

There is a lean tigress in the Central park menagerie who spends a part of the day beating her head against the iron bars of her cage in a vain attempt to spring upon one of the keepers. Ordinarily the animal is quiet enough. It is only when this keeper passes that she ceases to be a purring cat and becomes a fiend incarnate. The other morning the tigress was in an extremely bad temper. When her fancied enemy stuck a mop in through the bars to clean her cage, she sprang at him, growling in thunderous bass. Nearly everybody in the crowd stepped back involuntarily. The keeper placed an iron bar in the cage at the great cat's feet and went on with his work, while the animal snarled in impotent rage and drew back her upper lip over two gleaming white fangs.

"She doesn't seem to be fond of you," ventured a bystander.

"No, there isn't much love lost between us," replied the keeper. "Her tantrums show that animals treasure grudges just like people. That tigress came here eight years ago. A day or two after she arrived I had to punish her, and she has never got over it. She watches me all day out of the corner of her eye, and every time I go by the cage she makes a jump. I suppose she thinks she'll get me some time. If she does, I might as well say goodby."

While the man talked the tigress looked at him with hate plainly stamped on her face. When he went away, she watched him until he was lost to view. Then she resumed her nervous tramp, tramp.—New York Mail and Express.

Profits In Fractions of Cents.

It is most astonishing that trade in these days is making its enormous profits in the fractions of a cent. In one of the cities of the country there was a bank president who gave his millions for philanthropic purposes. During his life, even on the days when he was almost too infirm to walk, he would trudge sadly and brokenly to his home. One day a man met him on the street and said:

"Why don't you take the street car?"

He instantly replied, "My dear friend, do you appreciate the fact that a hundred dollars would have to work half a week to pay that fare?"

And yet he gave two millions to a library and another million to a hospital. That is the spirit of modern money making. On the one hand it gets the millions through the fractions of cents, and with the other it spends the millions without regard to decimals.—Saturday Evening Post.

Squares of Consecutive Numbers.

Squares of consecutive numbers, as 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., may be formed by the simple rule: To the square of the preceding number add the preceding number and the number itself. Thus:

$$0^2=0$$
$$1^2=0+0+1=1$$
$$2^2=1+1+2=4$$
$$3^2=4+2+3=9$$
$$4^2=9+3+4=16$$

The algebraic proof is:

$$(x+1)^2=x^2+2x+1$$
$$=x^2+x+(x+1)$$

—New York Sun.

Our first regular factory for manufacturing glass was established at Temple, N. H., in 1780 and was operated by imported German glassmakers.

When you forget there are others, you are nearing a burned bridge.

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.

A balloon rises when you throw out ballast but a man will sink that way.—Ram's Horn.

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.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The barn and stables of T. E. Diggs, in Richmond county, were burned Thursday night, and eleven mules and two horses perished within.

Temple Stuart, aged 70, of Guilford county, committed suicide Saturday by hanging himself in his barn. He had been in bad health for years.

In Nash county, Tuesday, Ollie Lewis shot and killed Will D. Strickland, his brother-in-law, in a difficulty over a horse. All the parties lived together.

The Most Stubborn Coughs

resulting from an attack of la grippe or heavy cold must yield to the wonderful healing properties of Foley's Honey and Tar, which strengthens the lungs and makes them sound. W. G. Thomas.

Waynesville has voted $15,000 bonds for water works.

The lingering cough following grippe calls for One Minute Cough Cure. For all throat and lung troubles this is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Prevents consumption. Thomas' drug store.

Austin Whitted, a colored school teacher of Hillsboro, was killed by lighting Tuesday morning while on his way to school.

Given up to Die With Croup.

Mrs. P. L. Cordier of Manington, Ky. writes: 'My three year old girl had a case of croup, the doctor said she could not live and I gave her up to die. I went to the store and got a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar, the first dose gave quick relief and saved her life.' W. G. Thomas.

He who would measure the sun with a foot rule would judge God by himself.—Ram's Horn.

'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.

Grit is a good thing to have so long as you don't fire it in your neighbors' faces.—Ram's Horn.

"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.

The man who seeks to pillow on popular applause finds it hard to sleep for fear the bubble will burst.—Ram's Horn.

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

The ice manufacturers of the State have formed an association to control the price of ice and lessen the cost of manufacture.

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.

Charlie Hing, a drunken Chinaman, has been jailed at Halifax, charged with attempting to burn the town of Scotland Neck.

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 is a harmless and healing salve for skin diseases. Unequaled for piles. Thomas' drug store.

The State Guard will have an encampment at Wrightsville Beach in July or August, three regiments going in camp at the time.

Running sores, ulcers, boils, pimples, etc., quickly cured by Banner 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 buying oil from us, will please return cans AT ONCE.

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

Respectfully,
KING & CLIFTON.

NOTICE OF BOND SALE.

Franklin County, North Carolina.

Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Register of Deeds, Louisburg, Franklin County, North Carolina, up to 12 o'clock noon of Monday, April 15th, 1901, for the purchase of $10,000 of Franklin County Bridge Bonds, of the denomination of $500.00 each, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, and the principal thereof payable Twenty (20) years from January 1st, 1901.

The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

Statement of county finances and copy of Act of General Assembly authorizing the issue of bonds furnished upon application.

By order of the Board of County Commissioners of Franklin County.

A. J. F. HARRIS,
Chairman.

GIVE YOUR BOND

In the American Surety Company, of New York, the largest Surety Company in the world devoted exclusively to guaranteeing the fidelity of persons holding positions of pecuniary trust, and acting as surety on bonds and undertakings. Recognized by the laws of North Carolina as sufficient surety on bonds and undertakings of every description. For rates, address the American Surety Co., 100 Broadway, New York, or apply to

W. H. YARBOROUGH, JR., Att'y,
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.

J. A. THOMAS,
Louisburg, N. C.

Feed Sale and Livery STABLE.

HAYES & FULLER, Proprietors

LOUISBURG N. C.

GOOD TEAMS AND POLITE DRIVERS.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION TO TRAVELING MEN.

A FINE LINE OF HIGH GRADE BUGGIES ALWAYS ON HAND.

We always keep good horses for sale, at very reasonable prices.

PEERLESS STEAM COOKER

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

The greatest convenience of all is the PEERLESS STEAM COOKER.

It saves TIME, LABOR, FUEL and FOOD.

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

MRS. J. A. THOMAS.

STEAM LAUNDRY

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.

Respectfully,
KING & CLIFTON.

The Huestis

431 Fourth Ave, Bet. 29th and 30th Sts.
NEW YORK CITY.

A Strictly First-class Family Hotel. Entirely New.

Fifty rooms with Private Bath, $1.50 per day. Suites of Rooms with Private Bath, $3.00 per day.

Special rates by month or year. Located in center of City, five minutes from Grand Central Depot, via Fourth Avenue cars. Transfers to all points, at 29th St. Within walking distance of Shops and Theatres. Restaurant charges very moderate. A la Carte at all hours. Table d'Hote Lunch, 35 cents. Table d'Hote Dinner, 50 cents. All modern improvements and comforts of a home.

A. HUESTIS, Prop.

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