

CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. Thos. B. Baker, Supt. Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M. every Sunday. Prayer meeting Wednesday night, 8 P. M., Pastor.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

J. R. S. BURT, PRACTISING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. LOUISBURG, N. C. Office in the Ford Building, corner Main and Third streets. Up stairs—Front.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

C. M. COOK & SON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. LOUISBURG, N. C. Will practice in all the Courts of the State Office in Court House.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

W. M. HAYWOOD RUFFIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. LOUISBURG, N. C. Will practice in all the Courts of Franklin and Wayne counties, also in the Supreme Court of the State of North Carolina.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

T. W. BICKETT, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. LOUISBURG, N. C. Prompt and painstaking attention given to every matter intrusted to his hands.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

D. R. R. KING, DENTIST. LOUISBURG, N. C. Office over Aycock Drug Company.

HOTELS

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

MASSENBURG HOTEL

J. P. Massey, Prop'r. HENDERSON, N. C. Good accommodations. Good fare. Po- litely and attentive servants.

NORWOOD HOUSE

Watson, North Carolina. W. J. Norwood, Prop'r. Patronage of Commercial Travellers and Tourists Solicited. Good Sample Room.

SUDDEN DEATH.

It has been said, that human feelings are always more or less illogical and inexplicable. This may be the key to a matter which has long seemed to us mysterious: Why should Christians pray to be delivered from sudden death?

We cannot hope to be delivered from sudden death, and yet this prayer will express what appears to be a common desire. Death, when it comes, is most generally a surprise. The day of our death is inscrutably concealed. The wisest physician can not tell, until the day has come, when his patient will die, and then he can not name the hour there has been a long sudden, ever there has been a long preparation against surprise in lingering illness. God has taken care to remove us from life without notification, and it seems an impious to ask that we may foreknow the day and the hour when He shall call us hence.

Any person would probably be made more or less miserable by the knowledge that on a certain, fixed day he would die. It is said that time for preparation is an important matter. But for what other purpose is life given us but to prepare to die? Do Christians wish to neglect this more sacred and important duty to their last days and last hours? Do they pray for these last hours for preparation to meet the unwelcome summons, intending to neglect this work as long as possible?

Why then do we pray to be delivered from sudden death? It is a natural fruit of a sinful nature from which grace delivers when we suffer it to deliver us, but which generally resists the grace that would deliver.

In theology, if it has a place there, it is intimately associated with the belief, that at death or by death, Christ will do for us what He has not done while we live—purify us; that when we have left the power to sin in the body, at the moment when all physical power to break the law of God has passed from us, if then we have the power to repent, Christ will save us, if we believe in Him for salvation. There is a fear that if we suddenly die, we shall fail of salvation because we have not at the last moment repented and believed.

The true Christian will prefer to leave the manner of his dying to God's will and to seek in health for such perfect salvation that no sudden summons can find him unprepared.—J. B. Hunt in Durham Herald.

Child Worth Millions. "My child is worth millions to me," says Mrs. Mary Brock of Harrisonburg, Pa. "I would have lost her by croup had I not purchased a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure." One Minute Cough Cure is a sure cure for croup, cough and throat and lung troubles. An absolutely safe cough cure which acts immediately. The youngest child can take it with entire safety. The little ones like the taste and remember how it helped them. Every family should have a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure handy. At this season especially it may be needed suddenly. Aycock Drug Co.

For vivacity read Stevenson and Kipling. For logic read Burke and Bacon. For action read Homer and Scott. For politeness read, Bacon and Pope.

"It often made my heart ache," writes L. O. Overstreet, of Elgin, Tenn. "to hear my wife cough night and day. Her weak and sore lungs would collapse. Good doctors said she was so far gone with Consumption that no medicine or surgery help could save her, but a friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery and within a few days she was able to get up and walk. It is a wonderful medicine for Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma and all Throat and Lung diseases. 50c and \$1.00 at M. K. & F. R. Pleasant Trial bottles free.

THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

Some Things That Make Life Hardly Worth the Living to the Average Head of the Household.

Consider now the servant question. Verily, it is not the men who go forth and grab railroads and factories that cause the most worry in the heart of man.

Nay, and neither is it the trust nor the syndicate that loath a man's job for him and cutteth his wages in two, that handeth him the greatest breach of sorrow.

Surely, the servant question is the one that bringeth the gray hairs and marketh the wrinkles.

For the servant goes abroad in the land, seeking what she may devour.

She getteth a job as a cook and the flour bill goes as high as—the monument and the Sugar Trust declareth dividends every week because she buyeth so much.

She useth more coffee for a family of two than the boss cook of a circus taketh for all his men.

She burneth the steak and she bring in the roast when it is scorched to a hardwood finish.

She maketh pie that no man can eat and call his life his own.

And she casteth biscuits that linger in the bosom of the eater thereof.

And when one speaketh to her, that she refrain from wasting food and that she cook better,

Telling her that it is no longer the fashion to burn meat and to provide building brick biscuit,

she looketh askance at him.

Yea, she looketh at him with the corner of her eye, and she frowneth at him.

And she telleth him to take himself unto the outside or he will disarrange his countenance with a rolling pin.

And he goeth out with speed.

And that same day he readeth a poem about lovely woman.

And wondereth in his heart if the poet ever saw a cook.

Verily, it is greatly to be wished and much to desired,

That the time may yet come when the women and the daughters of women,

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Master Harold and His Cute Shetland Pony Colt.

About two years ago I invested in a pair of Shetland ponies, with the idea, first, of pleasing the little boys, and, secondly, I thought they might be profitable to raise for market. I send you a photograph of the first pony bred and raised at Hickory Hill farm, shown at Fig. 333, with his young master, Harold Morse, aged three.



A PAIR OF FARM BABIES.

The colt weighed twenty-seven pounds and was twenty-two inches tall. As far as we have found, the pure bred ponies are very docile and safe for the children. A very good illustration of this was an incident that occurred two days after this colt was born. I had turned the mare and colt in the back yard, and soon after we missed Master Harold.

We found him in the attitude in which he appears in the picture. The mare was standing close over them, very watchful, but not at all inclined to be cross. This little mare is not a "fish cart" pony, though, by any means and can draw the two older boys, aged eight and eleven years, five miles an hour and has made one trip of twenty miles in a day this fall.

The boys have broken a two-year-old this summer to drive to the cart, and it is hard telling which learned the more, the boys or the pony. I also have learned a few things about ponies and some about men too. I have found that some of the mares are nonbreeders and also that it is well to have a certificate of registry come with the pony, or he may grow and grow and grow until he is just an undersized horse, too small for a horse and too big for a pony.

Dealers in this class hurt the sale of real ponies, because they offer their stock at low prices and cause dissatisfaction among those who buy.—J. Grant Morse in Rural New Yorker.

Leaf Buds. Do you know, dear children, that new branches are developed from buds growing in the joints of leaves, called axillary buds? As the branch pushes out it bears a bud upon the end of it, called the terminal bud.

Each branch is the result of a bud which starts out in the joint and pushes its way until it becomes a branch and in turn helps form a new bud.

Mary Dennis says in a "Study of Leaves": "Some people pride themselves upon their skill in packing trunks, but Mother Nature excels all her children in this art. She uniquely folds away a gigantic oak in an acorn, and the mightiest branches are tucked up in a tiny bud."

Games For Winter Evenings. Have you ever played "cards in the hat"? Take an old high hat or a deep bowl or basket about the size of a hat will do—place it upon the floor, stand at a point about ten feet from it—the distance is optional—and hold in your hands a pack of ordinary playing cards.

From the top of the pack take one card and toss it, or try to, into the hat. In like manner toss the others until the cards are gone. A card resting upon the rim of the hat counts half; those going in, one point each. Great skill may be acquired after practice, and when several are playing it is real sport.

A Unique Street Lamp. In London they have a street lamp which provides a stream of boiling water and dispenses tea, coffee and cocoa. The heat of the lamp warms the water and by dropping a cork in the pot a fall of boiling water may be had. Two cents brings you milk, sugar, tea, coffee, etc. The light and heat are provided by the city, which co-operates with a private corporation that furnishes the rest.

A Merry Can. "Can by kites, oh, awful light. Away we higher than the sky!" This Bobbsey began. "You can't," said I, with a quick surprise at Bobbsey's boldness. "Cried he, 'I'm not a can!'" Then, laughing at his queer mistake, I said, "We need a new book. So, Bobbsey, my man, a 'can' you are, 'can' we do not want. But yet a 'can' we do not want. For you're a 'can'—can!" —O. Herbert Clark.

Fatal kidney and bladder troubles can always be prevented by the use of Foley's Kidney Cure. M. K. & F. R. Pleasant.

For clearness read Masquely. Children Especially Liable. Burns, bruises and cuts are extremely painful and neglected often result in blood poisoning. Children are especially liable to such mishaps because often not so careful. A remedy Dr. Witt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Drives the wound clean, dries it, and heals it. Beware of cheap imitations. Sure cure for piles. Dr. Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cured my baby's eczema after two physicians gave her up. Writes James Mook, N. Webster, Ind. The salve cured me. Guaranteed. For sale by M. K. & F. R. Pleasant.

THE BEST PLACE IN A FIGHT.

A youthful war correspondent sought into Colonel MacArthur's tent one day and, after some preliminary remarks, asked: "Colonel, what is the best place for a correspondent to hang out when the lead is flying?"

"Hard question," replied Colonel MacArthur. "When I was in the civil war, during the battle of Missionary Ridge—"

"What! You were not there then, surely?" exclaimed the young correspondent. "Why, there is not a gray hair in your head."

"I was a second lieutenant way back in those times," continued Colonel MacArthur, "and right out there on the stump of a tree you see on that hillside I remember Joe MacCollough stood, pencil and paper in hand, and shot and shell flying around him. He stood there for several hours and saw hundreds of men fall before the fire, but he remained uninjured, and had a good story of the fight in his paper and more of the names of the dead and wounded than any other correspondent."

"About half a mile away, in that old stump house on the opposite hill, another—and a less lucky—correspondent was viewing the light out of a window. A bullet hit him straight in the forehead, and he dropped dead. That's a pointer for you. The best place for a correspondent is in the middle of the trouble."

Next week the young correspondent went away to Cuba, and he took MacArthur's advice with him.—Detroit Journal.

A First Lesson in Cookery. There were seventy-five disappointed but determined young women when the first class in cooking was dismissed at the new School of Domestic Arts and Sciences the other day. It was the inaugural day of the school. Many of them were society girls, fresh from college, and they had come with visions of the chafing dish concoctions they would learn to manufacture. Some had hopes of standing at the head of the first cooking class because of their knowledge in the line of Wash rabbits and omelets.

The first question Miss Isabel D. Bullard, instructor in cookery, asked them was this: "How can you tell when water boils?"

There was deep silence. Finally the young woman of practical experience in the kitchen answered: "When it bubbles."

"Not at all," said Miss Bullard. "That is a popular delusion. Boiling water is a question of temperature and 212 degrees F. is the boiling point."

The lesson progressed chafing dish supports seemed to become more and more remote, and the student found they were in the kindergarten of cookery and that the room upstairs was a long if sorry one. "What's that?"

"Well, it's so. I saw it in a paper." "Yes! What of it, dear?"

"Nothing, only I've been finding out how much every man, woman and child in the United States eat on an average."

"Well, how much is it?" "It's about sixty-six pounds a year. I don't believe I eat half of that, and yet you make a fuss every time I want."

"That'll do, child. I surrender. Here's a quarter. Go and get your box of candy."

In the office of Frank McKee in the Savoy theater, New York, hangs a photograph of the Agout family, a troupe of jugglers whom the manager brought to this country as a venture. The picture is framed elegantly in black and bears this inscription: "Value \$299,000."

"None of us," remarked a friend of McKee the other day as his eyes rested on the sign. "That photograph isn't worth a dollar."

"That's all you know," answered McKee. "That picture's all I have to show for my investment."—New York Times.

Earthquake Vagaries in Scotland. One of the most curious effects of the recent earthquake shock in the highlands of the province was a crack some 600 yards long in the north bank of the Caledonian canal at Dochgarroch. The fissure, which is about half an inch wide, is in the hard surface of the towing path. There are also cracks in the wall of the Dochgarroch public school extending from the foundation to the roof.—London Mail.

CONDENSED STORIES.

Mr. Gillette's Clever Description of How to Make a Play.

Wing Yang, his excellency the Chinese minister, on one occasion listened with intense approval and much industry of thought to William Gillette's performance of his own play, "Secret Service," and asked in reverential curiosity to be presented to the author, says Short Stories.

Into Mr. Gillette's 4 by 6 milk white dressing room crowded his excellency and his suit, all bowing gracefully and unrolling their little fan hands from silk slippers to be clasped in Gillette's firm American grasp.

"You work this way, every night for many weeks," said the diplomat, "during a playing game at Mr. Gillette's."

"Yes; many months, and years if people will stand it," quoth Sir William of Manhattan.

"How do you make this sort of a play—so beautiful a story—not interlarded with in any way by the characters?"

To this question Mr. Gillette could not unfold an impromptu drama recipe, so he took refuge in the ambush of the special Gillette wit in its solemn vein of boyishness and answered: "The best way is to write your play first and then check in the characters where they do the least harm."

A Theme For Bunner. Mrs. Sidney Lanier, now a resident of Greenwich, Conn., was making a tour of secondhand shops lately in search of an old volume not now to be had from the trade proper. On lower Sixth avenue she met a well known illustrator in what proved to be a favorite haunt of his.

"Yes," he said, "I love this place; it seems almost like the old store, Bunner and I used to go there often, and do you know, it was seated on this very step ladder"—laying his hand affectionately on the well worn tread—"that he wrote those verses, 'Oh, for you that I never knew—' you remember? It was only a little while before his death that we talked over a story he wanted me to illustrate, in which the plot was to turn on the sale and subsequent separation of an old library and the final reunion of this leather backed family in a 'secondhand' shop like this. The love story of a bibliomaniac ran through it, as well as that of two little boys covered volumes that had always stood side by side on the shelf. It was just the one who could write such a story—poor Bunner!"—New York Times.

Self Sacrifice. A man was at work up the Severn on some logs which were to be floated down the river. A little accident caused him to fall into the water. He clung to a log, but the current carried his body towards the mill.

"Have that other chap." "I've been doing some figuring on her late."

"Yes," he said, "do you know this country has about 250,000,000 of eight over years old? I've seen 'em in the streets, and papa, taught by past experience to be cautious."

"Well, it's so. I saw it in a paper." "Yes! What of it, dear?"

"Nothing, only I've been finding out how much every man, woman and child in the United States eat on an average."

"Well, how much is it?" "It's about sixty-six pounds a year. I don't believe I eat half of that, and yet you make a fuss every time I want."

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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Small Attention in a City Made Famous by Its Beverages.

The teacher of an intermediate grade in the Third Ward school was "showing off" her pupils before a number of visitors.

The spelling class was on the floor and one small, redheaded boy was given the word "introduction."

"He pantedly spelled his name, stared, and then in a faltering way spelled it correctly, and seemed rather surprised that he had done it."

"Do you know what the word means?" asked the teacher.

"No!" "What! You don't know what introduction means?"

"Well, now, I'll explain it to you. Does your mother ever have any—"

"Yes!"

"Well, now, suppose that two ladies come to call on your mother. Your mother knows one of the ladies, but doesn't know the other. She has never seen the lady and doesn't even know her name. Now how would she become acquainted with this lady and find out her name?"

"She'd send me out for a can of beer."

As that was the correct answer the teacher had nothing further to say.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Both in Hard Luck. Stupid Geni—I haven't an appetite for anything.

Lean Geni—And I ain't got anything for a bloomin' appetite.

After the Reception. Baxter—What's the matter between you and Mrs. Brownwald, my dear? You were introduced to her, weren't you?

Mrs. B.—Yes, but I don't scarcely say a word when she went of read about something.

M. B.—What did you say to her?

Mrs. B.—Oh, my dear! You did say 'yes' to me, didn't you, enough that I should have a tummy ache.

His Mission. "It's your duty of course," said his intimate friend, "to make people think."

"What's the advantage of knowing a foreign language, anyway?" demanded the aggressively American.

"Why, it enables you to say unkind things about a great many people right in their presence, and reward them for it."—Chicago Post.

Getting Thin

It's all right, if you are too fat, and all wrong, if too thin already.

Fat, enough for your habit, is healthy; a little more, or less, is no great harm. Too fat, consult a doctor; too thin, persistently thin, no matter what cause, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.

There are many causes of getting too thin; they all come under these two heads: over-work and under-digestion.

Keep over-work, if you only get a little thinner, you can or not, but if you are a little thinner, you can't live an ordinary life, by it, you can't. There's a limit, however, you'll pay for it.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the greatest cure for "can't eat," which it comes of any doing so work; you can't get well and strong, without some sort of remedy.

The genuine has this picture on it. If you have not seen it, send for a sample. It's a good sample, it's a good sample, it's a good sample. It's a good sample, it's a good sample, it's a good sample.

THE BROTHERS OF LOVE IS SUPERIOR TO EVERY.

This Will Interest Many. To quickly introduce R. E. F. Pleasant's Blood Purifier, we will send you a free trial bottle. It's a good sample, it's a good sample, it's a good sample.

For imagination read blackheads and Job.

A Profitable Investment. "I've been thinking about buying your stock and I've been thinking about buying your stock and I've been thinking about buying your stock."

For elegance read Vergil Milton and Arnold.

A Suggested enough or could you lead to serious irritation or injury. Don't take chances with your eyes. The effects of a cold. M. K. & F. R. Pleasant.

For common sense read Benjamin Franklin.

In Good Four weeks with Le Grippes. We have received the following letter from Mr. Ray Kemp, of Annapolis, Md. "I was in bed four weeks with Le Grippes and I had many complications. I was cured by Dr. King's New Discovery. I was cured by Dr. King's New Discovery. I was cured by Dr. King's New Discovery."

How He Knew. Hinks—He's a poet! See his bumper.

Hinks—No; I mean the bumps he's got going down editorial staircase on his head.—Chicago News.

Not Afraid of Competition. "She must be a very pretty woman."

"What makes you think so?" "Because she comes to have a pretty housemaid."—Chicago Post.

Oh, on His Feet. The Host—I broiled this lobster myself!

His Chum—You fratricide! Brooklyn Eagle.

DON'T FORGET

That when you want your Havers, Haggis, Wagon, or anything in that line repaired you will find us near the river bridge on the West side of Main street.

W. R. Corwin.

P. S. I will also do upholstery, varnishing, etc.

SCIENCE RECORDED WITHOUT DEBAY

Every group, administration, and other authorities by the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Co. of Baltimore, through Wm. H. Bunker, Attorney, who is empowered to accept such bonds on all approval. Other bonds will be made on usual terms. This company is accepted by all Courts of the United States. Apply to Wm. H. Bunker, Atty., Louisville, N. C.