

A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor. VOL. XXXII

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CHURCH DIRECTORY. METHODIST. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. ...

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. DR. ARTHUR H. FLEMING, DENTIST. ...

DR. J. W. WILKINS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. ...

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HOTELS. FRANKLINTON HOTEL. ...

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

[Special Washington Letter.] I may be taken and accepted as a sure thing that Colorado is going Democratic this fall and that that veteran statesman Henry M. Teller will be returned to the senate, which he so greatly adorns and where he is so useful. The proof of all of which is that Senator Edward O. Wolcott is about to shake the dust of the Centennial State from his shoes and to locate where his political prospects will be brighter. Rats desert a sinking ship, and Wolcott deserts the Republican party of Colorado. Every body knows that he has done this and fight it out with Teller if he thought he had a ghost of a show. Teddy on His Ear.

The press dispatches inform us that President Roosevelt is on his arduous appendix because Brothers Babcock and Overstreet, chairman and secretary of the Republican congressional committee, in compiling their campaign book left him and his administration out in the cold, when he not unnaturally thought that he ought to occupy the center of the stage. On that Teddy, in a fit of anger, peremptorily ordered his lieutenants and patriots to squelch their publication, which they could not do, inasmuch as they had mailed out 20,000 copies before Teddy discovered how scurvily he had been treated. As Bab and Overstreet recently lined with the president, it may be assumed that they have agreed to issue a new edition. But Teddy may possess his soul in peace, for nobody reads Republican campaign books.

A Genuine Prophet. General David Bremner Henderson, speaker of the house of representatives, has taken up the role of prophet and has assured the world in an off-hand sort of way that the country is going Republican this fall, which is important if true; but nobody ever accused General Henderson of being any kin to Isaiah or any of the rest of the major prophets. All their manes fell on the shoulders of General Charles Henry Grosvenor, prophet maximus of the Hocking valley, who is very quiet these days in his vaticination department. No Democrat need be scared by General Henderson's prophecy. The wish is father to the thought. He is the most cheerful of mortals. He is the Mark Tapley of American politics. He's an optimist, which it is a rattling good thing to be. If he had lived at the time of the flood, when Noah was building the ark and predicting the destruction of all things by water, David would have said: "Boys, there isn't going to be much of a shower. Noah doesn't know what he is talking about. So eat, drink and be merry." And he caught out in that forty days and forty nights of rain, as they are likely to be caught in the flood this fall. If reports from Iowa are not greatly overdrawn, General Henderson had better quit wasting his breath and time in prophecy and get down to work or the country is likely to lose the services of those great Republican statesmen—Heppburn, Lacy and Smith.

Whiteley's Sorrowful Homecoming. As Mark Antony remarked on a celebrated but doleful occasion, "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." Wherefore? Because Whiteley Reid, funny extraordinary to the coronation of King Edward VII., did not, after all, get to wear his knickerbockers and other royal finery—that is, in public—a thing on which he had set his heart. No doubt he donned them in private and exhibited his lean and padlocked calves to his wife, children and domestic servants in that magnificent house in Grosvenor square, the ultra aristocratic quarter of London, "the modern Babylon," which he rented for that august occasion. But, God be praised, he was defeated in his mean world's eye could feast on the degradation of America and where lords with pedigrees running back to the conquest were walking backward and making salaams to do honor to Albert Edward. Whiteley did not get to march in the royal and imperial procession and make a holy show of himself and of us. His spirit was willing, even eager, to thus abuse himself and his country and her institutions, but fate spared that degradation, and Uncle Sam was not chained to the chariot wheels of the great grandson of George III. Yes, Whiteley, the son-in-law of his father-in-law, was anxious. He spent thousands on his knickerbockers and other royal gimcracks. He quarreled with garter king-at-arms, or whatever the chief much-a-chook of the coronation ceremony is called, because he was assigned to ride back foremost in the procession while the unspeakable Turk and the head of the French finkies, in the same carriage, rode face front. He roared so loud because "the finkies of Europe, Asia and Africa should outrank our funny chief, the son-in-law of his father-in-law, that finally, to stop his whining, they assigned him a carriage all to himself, which, after all, he did not

the treasury affairs, and it serves Lyman right, for it is remembered that in 1896 he deserted the Democrats and rallied to the Republicans in order to secure for himself high office, which he had never been able to do while training with the Democrats. He received his mess of pottage—namely, the secretaryship of the treasury. That he used the great powers of that office for the benefit of the plutocrats is generally believed; that he was offered and accepted a highly remunerative position at their hands when squeezed out of office by President Roosevelt is known of all men. He quit the treasury when all was serene with the great financier, but there are breakers ahead for Lyman. His successor in office, Leslie M. Shaw of Iowa, is like Major Bagstock—"sly, sly; devilish sly." If not "tough, sly; devilish tough." There is a growing deficiency in the revenues of the government, consistently growing larger and larger every day. "Sly, sly; devilish sly"—is unloading the odium thereof on Lyman. He attributes this "woeful plight" of the treasury, to borrow your Uncle Grover's phrase, to Lyman's plan of paying more for bonds than they are worth, and he proposes to have it thoroughly understood that Gage, and not Shaw, is the architect of the treasury deficit. Shaw is running for president, don't you know, and must have a scapegoat; hence Lyman plays goat.

Strange that it never occurs to a public official so eminent, so astute and so ambitious as Mr. Secretary of the Treasury Shaw that there are two ways for the government to make bonds and to increase the one is to increase the other. The latter method never suggests itself to a Republican. The present congress is the most extravagant one that ever legislated for the American people. Its appropriations were wicked and wanton waste. Its motto appeared to be "let the money deluge," and the chances are that it will be a deluge indeed. Personally I like Governor Shaw. He is an able and amiable man. If he has the courage to act on old Ben Franklin's spot, "a penny saved is a penny earned," he will insist that the expense of the government shall be retrenched, as he knows they ought to be, he will pass into history as a great financier along with Gallatin, Walker and Chase, and as a great public benefactor, who gets to be president or not. A mere petty squabble with Lyman J. Gage as to which created the deficit in the revenues will not avail Governor Shaw in his quest of the presidency. The public memory is short. He is in office. If he has to raise bonds to raise the money to run the government, he will stand no more chance of reaching the White House than he has of becoming autocrat of all the Russias. Utopian.

It is really refreshing to run across somebody who believes in Utopia and the political millennium. The Washington Journal proposes, apparently in good faith, to realize both by reviving the old scheme, the utterly exploded theory of a permanent tariff commission as the solution of the tariff body politic is heir to for it says: "When will the day come when our government will be ready to adopt the plan which is quite generally regarded as calculated to protect the country in a large degree from that disturbance of business which periodical agitation of tariff revision would bring about? It is to be hoped that some day we shall refer this matter of the tariff, which should be purely a business affair and never allowed to become a political issue, to a strong commission, which business men of all political faiths would have confidence and which should be non-partisan in character. Recommendations of such a commission made from time to time would commend themselves to the judgment of the country as a means of effecting a permanent and sweeping change in the result of long agitation, with consequent hesitation and demoralization of business, but gradual and incidental affecting of the people's pockets and justified always by thorough investigation."

Such an administration of our protective principle and revenue policy by a permanent commission and the consequent greater or less elimination of the subject from the field of practical politics is a consummation most devoutly to be wished. It had better be a commission of public men and students of public affairs and the imbodiment of political convictions, but it has yet to be made. It is legislation and entrusted with the discharge of a service of great importance to the commercial and industrial interests of the country. Certainly nothing more gutless than that has ever been printed since Faust invented movable type. Fancy the conclusion of a commission of the Iowa Republicans in favor of tariff revision as a remedy for the trust evil a presage of the dissolution of the Republican party. The campaign is the glory of Venice; the Dingley bill has been regarded as the Gibraltar of Republicanism. True, Mr. McKinley in his remarkable Buffalo speech, which may be regarded not unjustly as his farewell address to the American people, overthrew the principle of the Dingley bill, sapped and mined its foundations by declaring in favor of a general policy of reciprocity, which is free trade in spots; but the trouble is that McKinley did not live to carry out by his fact and the weight of his great name the Democratic policy which in his Buffalo speech he borrowed from the Democrats. He is dead, and he alone could wield "Excalibur." He is in his grave, and the Republicans are wrangling and jangling on every public question, especially the tariff and its daughters, the trusts. Even the Iowa Republicans, who were doing their best to walk in the light, lauded the tariff while they condemned the trusts, utterly oblivious of the great truth uttered by Mr. Havemeyer when he declared that "the high protective tariff is the mother of trusts."

Shaw Versus Gage. Lyman J. Gage, former secretary of the treasury and wet nurse to the Fowler bill, of which he and his bank expect to be the chief beneficiaries, is in a fair way to become the scapegoat of the Roosevelt-Shaw administration of the treasury affairs, and it serves Lyman right, for it is remembered that in 1896 he deserted the Democrats and rallied to the Republicans in order to secure for himself high office, which he had never been able to do while training with the Democrats. He received his mess of pottage—namely, the secretaryship of the treasury. That he used the great powers of that office for the benefit of the plutocrats is generally believed; that he was offered and accepted a highly remunerative position at their hands when squeezed out of office by President Roosevelt is known of all men. He quit the treasury when all was serene with the great financier, but there are breakers ahead for Lyman. His successor in office, Leslie M. Shaw of Iowa, is like Major Bagstock—"sly, sly; devilish sly." If not "tough, sly; devilish tough." There is a growing deficiency in the revenues of the government, consistently growing larger and larger every day. "Sly, sly; devilish sly"—is unloading the odium thereof on Lyman. He attributes this "woeful plight" of the treasury, to borrow your Uncle Grover's phrase, to Lyman's plan of paying more for bonds than they are worth, and he proposes to have it thoroughly understood that Gage, and not Shaw, is the architect of the treasury deficit. Shaw is running for president, don't you know, and must have a scapegoat; hence Lyman plays goat.

Notice to Teachers. All persons wishing to teach in the Public Schools of Gold Mine township will please file their applications with A. W. Alston, at Gold Mine, N. C., on or before September 15th day of September 1902. Only written applications will be received. H. S. GORRIS, Chairman. A. W. ALSTON, Sec'y.

Notice to Teachers. All persons wishing to teach in the Public Schools of Harris township will please file their applications with W. A. Parr, at Harris, N. C., on or before Saturday September 27th, 1902. Only written applications will be received. W. A. PARR, Chairman.

Notice to Teachers. All persons wishing to teach in the Public Schools of Harris township will please file their applications with Rev. C. C. Williams, at Harris, N. C., on or before the 15th day of September 1902. Only written applications will be received. J. R. KANE, Chairman. REV. C. C. WILLIAMS, Sec'y.

A Card. TO THE VOTERS OF FRANKLIN COUNTY. Believing that the principles of the Populist party are right and in view of the fact that there is no candidate before the people who truly represents those principles, I hereby announce myself as an independent Populist candidate for the office of Register of Deeds of Franklin County, N. C. G. W. LAYTON, Franklin, N. C., Aug. 28, 1902.

D. E. MILLER, Jeweler and Optician. LOUISBURG, N. C. Watches, Clocks and other articles of JEWELRY.

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M. F. HOUCK, CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER. LOUISBURG, N. C.

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Mail Orders. For anything in the Drug Line will receive prompt attention. W. C. THOMAS, DRUGGIST, RALEIGH, N. C.

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ITS EASY ENOUGH. To describe an ordinary Slipper or Blipper, but no words can do justice to the character of our new style that have just come in.

A Regular Slipper and Shoe Carnival. Right, every morning that bring happy thoughts of the holiday days to come. THE ONLY HARD GOOD THE COUNTRY.

A Money Saving Fete for Feet. Slippers for the Ladies, the Men and the Babies. A few moments may be profitably spent out.

THE BIG RACKET. WELLS, A. W. HALL, PROPRIETOR.

NEW WAREHOUSE

Parham & Ford, PROPRIETORS, LOUISBURG, N. C. NASH STREET.

It is with pleasure we announce to the tobacco growers of Eastern Carolina the completion of our mammoth brick Warehouse. We now have the

Largest, Best Lighted

and Most Conveniently arranged Warehouse for the sale of Leaf Tobacco in North Carolina.

Equipped with superior advantages and ample capital, we intend to make every pound of tobacco placed on our floor

BRING ITS FULL VALUE.

This is no idle boast, but every word of it is the truth, and a trial will convince you beyond all doubt. Our Mr. Parham is an experienced tobaccoist and knows the business in its every detail. He has been engaged in the business for years and has represented some of the largest buyers in the world on the markets of the States. The Louisville market is fortunate in having him to engage in business here, and planters may feel assured that he will protect their interest when their tobacco is brought to our house. Don't listen to the cheap talk of competitors and their agents, but try us and be convinced that we can sell your tobacco higher than any other house, no matter where located. Our force is: Book-keeper, A. W. Alston; Auctioneer, George E. McGhee; Solicitors, Irvin Green, J. T. Hart, Vernon Richardson, Morgan Gagnon John Perry, W. F. Battle and R. P. Taylor. Weigher, E. S. Ford, who will be glad to see their friends at all times.

PARHAM & FORD. P. S.—Louisburg has grown until it is the largest market in all this section for the sale of Leaf Tobacco. We have the American Tobacco Co., who use 8 mammoth houses to take care of the tobacco brought by their buyers. Mr. S. J. Parham, on this market, the largest Tobacco Co., with Mr. C. B. Chestnut as their buyer with a steam plant of 20,000 capacity per day. Mr. Fleming who represents the Empire and last but not least, Col. W. T. Hedges, the speculative and expert who buys as much tobacco as any of the rest and who is known as the pioneer tobacco man throughout this section. He also has a steam plant and a warehouse with a capacity of 20,000 per day. The result of the whole matter is that a small market cannot compete with a market that has the advantages that Louisville has. Don't let your tobacco at home, but bring it on to Parham & Ford and be assured of correct weights, polite attention and the very highest prices that any other market affords.

Champ Clark

When you want a pleasant, plethoric by the name of Chamberlain's Cough and Liver Tablets. They are easy to take and pleasant to effect. Price, 25 cents. Complete list of M. K. & F. R. Pleasant.

All evils are easily managed if they are nipped in the bud. Cured Hemorrhages of the Lungs. "Several years since my lungs were so badly affected that I had many hemorrhages," writes A. M. Ake, of Wood, Ind. "I took treatment with several physicians without any benefit. I then started to take Foley's Honey and Tar, and my lungs are now as sound as a bell. I recommend it to all in advanced stages of lung trouble." M. K. & F. R. Pleasant.

Misers cheat themselves and never seem to discover the fraud. Foot Swollen to Immense Size. "I had kidney trouble," says J. Cor of Valley View, Ky. "that I could not work, my feet were swollen to immense size and I was confined to my bed and my affairs were unable to give me any relief. My doctor finally prescribed Foley's Kidney Cure which made a well man of me." Pleasant's Kidney Cure.

Use For Pneumonia. Dr. J. C. Bishop, of Angrew, Mich., says, "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar in every severe case of pneumonia with good results in every case." Refuse substitutes. M. K. & F. R. Pleasant.

Nobody is fit for solitude who is fit for anybody else. A New Jersey Editor's Testimonial. M. T. Lynch, Editor of the Phillipsburg N. J. Daily Post writes: "I have used many kinds of medicines for coughs and colds in my family but never anything so good as Foley's Honey and Tar. I cannot say enough in praise of it." M. K. & F. R. Pleasant.