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THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

JAS. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor. | THE COUNTY, THE STATE, THE UNION. | SUBSCRIPTION: $1.00 Per Year, Strictly in advance.

VOL. XXXII | LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1902. | NUMBER 40.

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.
H. H. Mashburne, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL.

Sunday School at 9:30.
Services, morning and night, on 1st, 3rd and 4th Sundays.
Evening Prayer, Friday afternoon.

LODGES.

Louisburg Lodge, No. 413, A. F. & A. M., meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights in each month.

Professional cards

S[illegible]ILL & ALLRED.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
[illegible] practice in all the Courts. Offices in [illegible] and Youngsville, N. C.

DR. ARTHUR H. FLEMING,
DENTIST.
LOUISBURG, - - N. C.
[illegible] over Cooper's Store.

D[illegible] P. BURT,
[illegible] PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Louisburg, N. C.
[illegible] the Ford Building, corner Main [illegible] streets. Up stairs—front.

D[illegible] R. F. YARBOROUGH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
[illegible] 2nd floor Neal building, phone 39 [illegible] calls answered from T. W. Bickett's [illegible], phone 74.

B. B. MASSENBURG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State
Office in Court House.

C. M. COOKE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Will attend the courts of Nash, Franklin, [illegible], Warren and Wake counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and the U. S. Circuit and District Courts.

MARCUS C. WINSTEAD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office over W. P. Neal & Co.'s Store.
Special attention given to all business intrusted to me.

DR. J. E. MALONE,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office over Aycocke Drug Company.

DR. S. FOSTER,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
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Will practice in all the Courts of Franklin and adjoining counties, also in the Supreme Court and in the United States District and Circuit Courts.
Office in Cooper and Clifton Building.

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LOUISBURG, N. C.
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Will attend the courts of Franklin, Vance, Granville, Warren and Wake counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolina. Prompt attention given to collections.
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T. W. BICKETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
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Prompt and painstaking attention given to every matter intrusted to his hands.
Refers to Chief Justice Shepherd, Hon. John Manning, Hon. Robt. W. Winston, Hon. J. C. Buxton, Pres. First National Bank of Winston, Glenn & Manly, Winston, Peoples Bank of Monroe, Chas. E. Taylor, Pres. Wake Forest College, Hon. E. W. Timberlake.
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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office in Opera House building, Court street. All legal business intrusted to him will receive prompt and careful attention.

DR. D. T. SMITHWICK,
DENTIST,
LOUISBURG, - - N. C.
Office over Furniture Store.

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 Travelling Public Solicited.
Good Sample Room.

Champ Clark's Letter

Change the Presidential Term—The World Is Money Mad—Civilization Travels on Wings

[Special Washington Letter.]

THERE is a growing sentiment in the country in favor of a law requiring the president of the United States to stay on the White House grounds during his term of office, and it is not an unreasonable sentiment. The reasons for that growing sentiment are not far to seek. No matter who the president is, his death, especially by violence, plunges the entire people into grief. Little more than a year ago every man and woman in America fit to be a citizen of the republic was mourning for President McKinley. A few weeks ago, when President Roosevelt ran such a narrow risk of losing his life, a shudder ran through the land from sea to sea. The death of a president disturbs business to a very large extent. That is another reason why he should not take the chances of getting killed which the average citizen may feel at liberty to take. Because of these facts and others which might be stated it would be well if our presidents reduced the chances of dying in office to the minimum by staying on the White House grounds.

A Needed Reform.

Amending the constitution of the United States is a very slow and tedious business—well nigh an impossible task. The first eleven amendments were practically part and parcel of the original constitution. The twelfth was an absolute necessity. The thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth grew out of the civil war. Scores have been proposed and only fifteen adopted in the 113 years of the life of the government. Most people, however, are in favor of a sixteenth amendment increasing the presidential term to six years and rendering the incumbent forever ineligible for another term. Of course, if that were done, the congressional term would be lengthened to three years, which would also be a good thing, for a representative does not much more than get his seat warmed before some aspiring statesman is hot foot after his place, which is a laudable performance regarded from the individual standpoint, but not good for the public service.

It is really a pity that a congress cannot be dissolved and a new election ordered when the administration is defeated on any administration measure, as the British parliament is dissolved, and a new election ordered when the administration is defeated. In that respect at least the British government is more representative than ours.

There never has been but one president who did not use his first term as a stepping stone to a second, and that was George Washington. Hayes does not count, as he was never elected in the first place. Some presidents have used the patronage of their great office in a most ruthless manner. Those who did not secure second terms always deemed themselves badly treated, notably the two Adamses and Martin Van Buren. At least one aspired to a third term. So, on the whole, the public good demands one term, and one term only, and as a compromise between a four year term and two terms of four years each one six year term is about right.

Cum Grano.

Sensible people will take Senator Marcus A. Hanna's proclamation of retiring from politics with a grain of salt—in fact, with a whole barrel of the saline article. They will remember that the divine Patti has made several farewell tours—yes, several—and Mark will have to reaffirm and swear to his declaration that he has retired before the sagacious will take him seriously. I am aware that to compare Hanna to Patti is a strange and outre performance, but the circumstances justify it. Good judges believe that Senator Hanna has the best chance of any living man to secure the Republican nomination for president, and so believing they will not grow enthusiastic at the prospect of his quitting the field. It may be that the redoubtable senator sees the handwriting on the wall and has concluded that his great rival, Tom Johnson, is the coming man for president and that he is making a virtue out of necessity and getting under shelter before the storm breaks.

Enigmatical.

No matter what the American people may finally conclude to do as to the trusts, one man has placed himself in a position to say, "I told you so!" That is Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver of Iowa. He made a speech on that subject—or, more properly speaking, he said it was on that subject—which I defy any living man to tell heads or tails of. It may mean one thing or nothing. Here is a sample extract:

> Our people recognize the value of a large capital for the transaction of a great business and especially for the commercial conquests upon which we are now entering. But they recognize also the danger of abuses, both in the organization and management of great industrial enterprises, and would have the government of the United States stand between the community and the reckless perversion of the beneficent law of corporate property. There is no room in this discussion for vain exclamations of alarm and despair. Up to this time the tariff policy to which we owe the prosperous conditions which now surround us has been the ally of independent capital in its grapple with the modern trust system. But if the day should ever come when the productive energies of the American people are impotent in the presence of monopoly the protection which for more than a generation our laws have given to all our industries alike is not likely to remain to intrench such a conspiracy of avarice and greed.

Chained Energy.

One thing dead sure pop. If "Uncle Joe" Cannon ever gets to be speaker, there will be a vast amount of energy wasted while he is in the chair—energy chained tight and fast. "Uncle Joe" is all energy. He is the most peculiar orator now on earth. He acts as though he were made entirely of spiral springs, swings his arms like flails, pirouettes like a ballet dancer and whoops like a Comanche chief. He is a most effective debater and would be restive in the chair. He would always be wanting to get down off his high perch and into the bull pen and take a hand in the fight. By the way, in the early days speakers of the house, notably Henry Clay, were in the habit of taking part in debate. Clay was a frequent debater while speaker. How that custom happened to fall into innocuous desuetude this deponent saith not, because he knoweth not. It was not a good custom.

Roosevelt and Platt.

Of course everybody that knows enough to go in out of the rain understands full well that Hon. Thomas Collier Platt, senior senator from New York and the Easy Boss of the Empire State Republicans, has no more love for Colonel Theodore Roosevelt now than he had when he thought he was shelving the aforesaid colonel at the Philadelphia convention in the summer of 1900 by "elevating" him to the vice presidency. Consequently the Hon. Thomas Collier Platt must be filled with chagrin, rage and envy as he marks how Roosevelt is growing in favor with the rank and file of the Republicans. The Republican bosses laid their heads together when the reciprocity bill was up, and undoubtedly agreed to kill Teddy off as a presidential candidate, and to supplant him with Senator Marcus A. Hanna. That is the true inwardness of the hanging up of that bill in the senate. The bosses were playing politics. Whether they did themselves any good is an open question, but that President Roosevelt has in one way and another strengthened himself for the nomination since congress adjourned is patent to all who having eyes see and having ears hear what is happening about them. Platt's thoughts would make entertaining reading.

An Important Movement.

Hon. Newland Conkling, one of the brightest and most promising young men in the Missouri legislature, is contemplating a flank attack on one of the most pestiferous trusts in the land, one which levies tribute upon every wheat grower, every oat grower, every barley grower, every rye grower and every flax grower in the land—the binder twine trust. Mr. Conkling is incubating a bill to introduce into the legislature to appropriate $100,000 to start a twine factory in the Missouri penitentiary. Mr. Conkling appears to have studied the subject thoroughly, and if his figures are correct his bill will be a great boon to the farmers of Missouri. He claims that it will save them $5,000,000 and that binder twine can be made in the "pen" for 7½ cents per pound, whereas the trust compels the farmer to pay from 12¼ to 15 cents. Mr. Conkling borrows his idea from Kansas. The Jayhawkers have been manufacturing their own twine for three or four years, with great advantage to themselves. If Brother Conkling gets his bill through and it turns out to be all his imagination has painted, his will be a name to conjure with in Missouri.

Money Mad.

Those of us who still believe in the old plodding methods of achieving a competence will indorse this protest from a farm journal against modern speculation. The editorial here appended is from the Mexico (Mo.) Farm and Orchard.

> The world is money mad. The one idea is riches, riches, and the one motto is to get rich quickly. Therefore speculation is rife, and there is a vastness of margin trading and option dealing. In New York and Chicago stocks rise to unprecedented prices; then there is a flurry. Values waste to nothing, and ruin overwhelms the many. The "lamb," as the novitiate in stock dealing is called, is thoroughly shorn, and then he is turned adrift penniless, friendless and scorned.
>
> Always the lamb. Unfortunately, humans haven't animal sense. Singe a rat, and he becomes a warning to all of his kind; singe a man, and in all of his kind is created a desire to play with fire. If one smash in values would but serve as a warning and cause men to cease speculation, it would be experience cheaply bought, but as a warning it is valueless. Half a dozen times every year is the thing repeated, and unless human nature changes it will continue as long as time lasts, and as long as speculation lasts the man of small capital will be the one first to suffer.
>
> The testimony of Russell Sage is worth hearing. Recently he planted a danger signal in the speculative pit, advising every one to beware of options and saying that it was but a matter of time until the speculator lost his fortune. And the facts justify his conclusion. A few years ago "Old Hutch" cornered the grain market, but he lost his last dollar before he was through with the enterprise and subsequently became a restaurant keeper in the market district. Young Joseph Leiter spent several of his father's millions a year or two ago in the same effort. Phillips of Chicago plunged a few fretful weeks and then went to smash. Even thus far away from exchanges men have lost their accumulations in options.
>
> The fever of speculation burns rapidly. It brings youth to senility and hastens the aged to the grave. In its wake are tears, griefs, regrets, reproaches, might have beens, and, in compensation for these, one perhaps in a hundred secures riches to find no joy in their possession. It is human to want money, and usually worthy effort brings dollars as a reward. Through money accumulated from hard work comes ease as years increase and tranquillity of spirit that nothing else procures, yet in large quantities it is travail and brings "vanity and vexation of spirit." Lord Bacon tersely said, "I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue," meaning that money is an impediment, and Andrew Carnegie says it is sinful to die rich. The precious Bible says that it is easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. Save money, be trifty, but thirst not for sudden riches.

Back to the Soil.

I have much sympathy with that Zionist movement of the Jews—that effort to get back to Judea in order that they may make it to blossom as the rose while reclaiming their own. That marvelous, progressive race would add the crowning marvel to all of the 6,000 years of its written history if it were to gather together its wandering members and once more assume a place in the world's affairs as a concrete entity in place of its present status as a wandering, broken, scattered people. Many nations have been destroyed and many have lost their very name, their language and their home, but history nor legend tells of one that was scattered by time and fate to all the mountains, plains and valleys of the broad earth and afterward became reunited. But the Jews are not as other people. Wanderers for thousands of years, they yet in their own gatherings speak the language of Jerusalem and know no supreme law save that of the tablet of stone and the later covenant with the Lord. So, while it has never occurred in the case of other scattered peoples, we need not despair of the Jew. A century may see a Jewish temple on the site of that of Solomon and the wanderers building up a great nation in the place where the festering Turk incumbers the earth.

Winged Civilization.

It is doubtless true that it was a long period between the day of the cart wheel and that of the potter's wheel, and probably a thousand years intervened between the dugout canoe and the sailboat, but when once the evolution of progress had fairly got started the intervals between the first rude invention and the perfected machine grew rapidly shorter until now the pace is terrific: man power, horsepower, steam, hydraulics, electricity and compressed air—what next? The steam locomotive drove the stagecoach out of business, the steamboat is passing, and one of these days, if Edison is to be considered a major prophet, the railroads will be howling about the airships ruining their passenger traffic. It is a wonderful procession, this march of progress, and ruthlessly the hulks of bygone glory and achievement have to be trampled under foot by the sweep of a mighty people, awake, alert, active, who let no idol rest and who are constantly seeking to better that which now is the best.

The boys can remember when the mail was delivered once or twice a week by star route carriers to all postoffices not on the railroads. Now the mail is delivered day after day at the farmer's door. Ten years ago we would have smiled incredulously at mention of such a thing.

Five years ago if a doctor's services were needed the boy of the farm was told to saddle old Bill and ride in search of the disciple of Æsculapius. Today the telephone bell is rung and the country doctor answers at the other end of the wire.

Within a generation the farm has seen the passing of the flail and the coming of the steam thresher and the reaping hook has given place to the self binder. The sulky plow, the disk, the corn cutter and the shredder have all come to increase the profits of the husbandman and provide food for the teeming millions that are populating the earth. The cable links together the islands of the sea, the long distance telephone brings to our ears the music of the distant voices of our friends, the international postal union permits frequent and rapid transmission of letters from the uttermost corners of the earth, and all of these things bind the nations into a great brotherhood—"the federation of the world"—and make for truth, peace, liberty. Prejudice fades before the onslaught of the passenger train carrying citizens of one state to visit those of another; bigotry perishes at the behest of a free press. What was yesterday the dream of the enthusiast has become a commonplace reality today, and men have ceased to wonder at anything.

America has done her share. She has outstripped England in manufacturing, taken her place beside Germany in a knowledge of the sciences and won her place in the art salons of France. Young, virile, ambitious, she has taken her place in the van of nations and increases the lead with each passing month. With breadth of view, industry, well directed effort, what may she not accomplish?

Champ Clark

Found His Level.

"What's Scribbles looking so down in the mouth about?"

"The only editor who ever accepted any of his poems has just been taken to an insane asylum."—New York Journal.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU are TAKING

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure no pay. 50c.

A rolling woman gathers no husband.

For A Bad Cold.

If you have a bad cold you need a good reliable medicine like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to loosen and relieve it, and to allay the irritation and inflammation of the throat and lungs. For sale by Aycock Drug Co.

The Best Prescription For Malaria.

Chills and fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Poverty is a grind stone on which many wits are sharpened.

STARTLING, But TRUE.

"If every one knew what a grand medicine Dr. King's New Life Pills is," writes D. H. Turner, Dempseytown, Pa., "you'd sell all you have in a day. Two weeks' use has made a new man of me." Infallibles, for constipation, stomach and liver troubles. 25c Pleasant Bros. drug store.

ASLEEP AMID FLAMES.

Breaking into a blazing home, some firemen lately dragged the sleeping inmates from death. Fancied security, and death near. It's that way when you neglect coughs and colds. Don't do it. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption gives perfect protection against all throat, chest and lung troubles. Keep it near, and avoid suffering, death, and doctor's bills. A teaspoonful stops a late cough, persistent use the most stubborn. Harmless and nice tasting, it's guaranteed to satisfy by M. S. & F. R. Pleasant's. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free.

SOME FRANKLIN COUNTY HISTORY

Furnished The Times by President Davis, of Louisburg Female College.

A gentleman made this remark in my presence the other day: "I wonder if Franklin county furnished no soldiers in the Revolutionary war, and if so where are they buried? In all my travels I have never seen or heard of the grave of a Revolutionary soldier in the county of Franklin." And yet within two miles of the house in which that gentleman has lived for twenty-five years, in a little plot of ground about forty feet square, lie the bones of four Revolutionary heroes, some of whom left behind a record for gallantry of which but few can boast. The question may be asked, Why were these old heroes so soon forgotten? The answer is not hard to find.

A hundred years ago, marble slabs and granite monuments were not easily obtained. The soldiers and their friends were generally poor and so the bodies of the dead heroes were laid away in unmarked graves. After the lapse of a few generations the little cemetery would fall into the hands of those who knew not and cared not who was buried there. The very same thing is going on now in the case of our Confederate soldiers. Perhaps half a dozen of these old veterans die every year in the county of Franklin and their bodies are laid away in unmarked graves soon to be forgotten, and a hundred years hence, the question will be asked, I wonder if Franklin county furnished no soldiers in the war of 1861, and if so, where are they buried? To prevent this very state of things in the case of the Union soldiers, the United States Government is now sending out marble head-stones to every part of the country where soldiers are known to be buried and having them placed in position. I have in my possession now a notice from the "Quarter Master General of the U. S. Army," stating that at an early day a head stone will be shipped to Louisburg to be placed at the grave of the Union soldier who died here in 1865, and was buried in the cemetery North of town.

"The Richards-Davis-Bennett homestead, in Franklin county," where the four soldiers above referred to lie buried, is about five miles North-east from Louisburg, and about half a mile from the residence of Mr. Joe Allen. It is now the property of the heirs of the late Duke May, two of whose sons live on the place. Perhaps there are not five men in the county of Franklin, if any, who ever heard of these old soldiers or know anything of their history. I have lived in five miles of the place for forty years and have passed and re passed a hundred times within half a mile of it, and yet I never knew that four Revolutionary heroes were buried there nor had I ever heard their names until my attention was called to the following letter which appeared in a recent issue of the Atlanta Journal:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTA JOURNAL:

Inquiry was made in The Journal some time ago if there were any grand sons of the Revolutionary war now living. Several responses have been made and lest Atlanta might be considered a little short in this matter, I beg to submit the following:

My mother was a Davis, a daughter of Micajah Davis, a soldier of the revolution. He enlisted at Warrenton, N. C., at the beginning of the war, and served until its end, in 1783. He was with Washington at Valley Forge, at Brandywine, at Monmouth, and other points in the northern part of the country; later was transferred to the south, was captured at siege of Charleston, S. C., escaped from prison, and was in battle of Cowpens, Eutaw Springs, Kings Mountain and Guilford Courthouse, N. C., was wounded at Cowpens.

I have certificates establishing these facts, from the commissioner of pensions, at Washington city and from the auditor of revolutionary records at Raleigh, N. C.

After the war, Davis returned to Franklin county, N. C., where he married Martha Richard, daughter of Gen. Richards. Seven children were born to them—five sons and two daughters. All his sons were in the war of 1812.

Jane Davis, one of the daughters, married Richard Neal Bennett in 1826. Four children were born to them, two survive, an older sister and myself.

My grandfather, Micajah Davis, died in 1802—100 years ago. His widow received a pension from the government until she died in 1844, in her 74th year.

Three soldiers of the revolution were buried at the Richards-Davis-Bennett homestead in Franklin county, near Louisburg—two Richards brothers and Micajah Davis.

I submitted the foregoing sketch for correction of errors, if any, to my sister, Mrs. Susan Wester, now in her 90th year, who lives at Hobe's Bluff, Ala. She answered there was nothing to correct in what I have written.

Some people attach great importance to the pedigrees of horses, cows and dogs but I consider it of much greater importance for people to have good pedigrees, and while all cannot claim to have descended from royal blood, they can be comforted in the thought that—

"Honor and shame from no condition rise.

Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

21 S Broad St. B. F. BENNETT.

The certificates referred to were sent to B. F. Bennett, of Atlanta, Ga., at his request and are as follows:

RALEIGH, N. C., Feb. 21, 1901.
This certifies that Micajah Davis was a soldier in the Revolutionary war

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

Loss of Flesh

When you can't eat breakfast, take Scott's Emulsion. When you can't eat bread and butter, take Scott's Emulsion. When you have been living on a milk diet and want something a little more nourishing, take Scott's Emulsion.

To get fat you must eat fat. Scott's Emulsion is a great fattener, a great strength giver.

Those who have lost flesh want to increase all body tissues, not only fat. Scott's Emulsion increases them all, bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

For invalids, for convalescents, for consumptives, for weak children, for all who need flesh, Scott's Emulsion is a rich and complete food, and a natural tonic.

Scott's Emulsion for bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

[illegible]
SCOTT & BOWNE, [illegible]
[illegible] all druggists.

Some vinegar gets spilled into the sweetest marriage honey.

[illegible]

Flirting is playing with fire and pretending it is smoked.

One-half box Thomas Chill Pills broke my Chills.
R. H. [illegible], Cedar Rock

Bridle your tongue and you need die your tongue.

[illegible]

Dolls are made for girls to play with, and for men to marry.

Cured of Piles After 40 Years.

[illegible]

It is only the empty purse which always opens.

LIVE IN TERRITORY

[illegible]

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.

[illegible]

If furniture falls off a load when moving, expect sickness.

A Gentle Hint.

[illegible]

Resume authority; give over sentimentalism.

How It Is Done.

[illegible]

M. F. HOUCK,
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
[illegible]

WOOD YARD.

I have opened a wood yard in Louisburg and will deliver at your door wood cut any length in any quantity from 25 cents worth up. Will also saw wood in your yard at 50 cents a cord. Give me a call.
J. S. [illegible]

Mail Orders.

For anything in the Drug line will receive careful and prompt attention.

W. C. THOMAS,
DRUGGIST,
RALEIGH N. C.

D. E. MILLER,
Jeweler and Optician,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
[illegible]

WATCHES, CLOCKS
and other kinds of
JEWELRY.
[illegible]

EAT, LAUGH AND GROW FAT!

[illegible]
G. G. WHITE

ALEX DUNSTON
Boot and Shoe Maker,
Shop Under Hale's Warehouse.
I refer you to all for whom I have done work as to the durability of my work.

NOTICE.

[illegible]

NOTICE.

[illegible]

Thomas Gold Mine For Sale.

[illegible]

NOTICE OF SALE.

[illegible]

New and Stylish Goods

AT THE

BIG RACKET!

Mrs. Hall has just returned from the North the second time with a beautiful line of Dress Goods and [illegible]

Something New and Stylish,

Every lady should come and look at them. You can find exactly what you want and cheaper than can be found elsewhere.

Wedding Outfits a Specialty.

A large stock of Carpeting, Rugs and [illegible] to suit every housekeeper, Curtains, Window Shades, Curtain Goods and Poles, A nice line of Ladies Jackets, Furs and Capes.

SHOES, SHOES, SHOES.

We have a nice stock of Ladies, Misses and Childrens fine Shoes. It will pay you to visit our store and look at the large stock of Fancy Goods we have. Everybody invited to call and make this store their headquarters.

Yours truly,
MRS. A. M. HALL, Proprietress

A. W. PERSON & COMPANY'S,

Clean, Always Fresh Groceries

suit the people. Why? Because they are selected from among the purest and we sell them cheap.

THE DRY GOODS WE

keep are of the most staple, and like the rest of our goods, price makes the sale. A large lot of Cotton twine for tying tobacco just received.

OUR SHOES FOR THE

Farmer, the teacher, the Preacher and the general Masses are such that sell themselves.

SOMEHOW WE HAVE

a great store for General Supplies, both in price and quality. What's the secret? Variety? Yes. Quality? Yes. Price? Yes. And if we were to tell you there isn't a more carefully selected stock in town you would think that just ordinary store talk. Come and be the judge. If you can't come write or phone. Respectfully,

A. W. PERSON & CO.