LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 6. 1905.

NUMBER 47.

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

Gmo. S. Bazza, Sapt. Preaching at 11 A. M., and 7.80 P. M. every Sunday. Prayer meeting Wednesday night. L. S. MASSEY. Pastor:

CHURCH DIRECTORY

BAPTIST. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. Thos. B. Wilder, Supt Preaching at 11 A.M., and 7:30 P.M.,

every Sunday. Prayer meeting Thursday night. H. H. MASHBURNE, Pastor. RPIBOOPAL. Sunday School at 9:30.
Wm. H. RUFFIR, Sapt.

Services, morning and night, on 1st, 3rd and 4th Sundays. Eyening Prayer, Friday afternoon REV. JOHN LONDON, Rector.

PRESBYTERIAN. Services 4th Sunday in each mostamorning and night.

LODGES. Louisburg Lodge, No. 413, A. F. & A. M., meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday

nights in each month. Professional cards

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a, m. to 18 m., 5 p. m. to 6 p. hours by appointment, I B. ARTHUR H. FLEMING,

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Office in the rear of Boddie, Bobbitt & Co.'s Drug Store, on Nash street. 1) R. R. P. YARBOROUGH, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

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"Abner Daniel." "The Land of the Changing North Walk Mystery," Etc.

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CHAPTER I.

HE evidence was all in. The speeches had been made on both sides of the case, and the attorney for the state had grown severe and eloquent in urging conviction. The jury had remained in retirement all the morning and at last had filed in and rendered their verdict. David Buckley, the prisoner at the bar, was found guilty of having deliberately and in the night stolen a bale of cotton from a neighbor's barn, branded it as his own and taken it to market the next day.

He was a short, thickset man near the age of sixty-gray, stiff haired and sullen faced, and just now more angry, it was thought, at certain neighbors who had testified against him than chagrined at the verdict of the court. He glanced at his wife, who sat against the railing behind him, and then stared steadily at the floor till the sheriff came and led him back to

Later in the afternoon he was brought back to receive his sentence. The judge, a tall, powerful man, dark of hair and eye and as brown as a Spaniard, was about to order him to stand up when Hiram Hillyer, a well to do cotton and grain merchant of the town, rose and begged permission to speak to the judge in private before

the prisoner was sentenced. "Well, I reckon we've got time, Mr. Hillyer," the judge said pleasantly. "If it's anything in Buckley's favor I'd like to hear it. I've been on the bench seven years, and I don't think I ever had a man before me that was painted as black by his neighbors."

Making his way through the cluster of lawyers and students of the law fifty times." around the stove to one of the vacant jury rooms, the merchant waited for the judge to join him, and when he came Hillyer, nervously pulling at his short, gray beard, faced him, an eager look in his mild blue eyes.

"I'm afeard it ain't nothin' in the old man's favor, Judge Moore," he faltered. "The truth is, I'm a-thinkin' about his son. Judge, ef thar ever was a finer, more honest an' upright boy than George Buckley, I hain't never run across 'im."

"Oh, you can't tell me anything about George," said Judge Moore. "He and l are friends. He voted for me and legged for me in the Upper Tenth district. Ah, so he sent you to me, did he? Well, what does George want? was glad he wasn't in court to hear all that stuff against his daddy.' "You see, we thought-me'n' George

both thought that maybe you mought -justice mought be carried out by imposin' a pretty heavy fine, an' "-"Old Buckley isn't able to pay a cent," broke in the judge. "I've made

inquiries, and if his little farm is sold it will leave his old wife without any means of making a support. No, the jig's up with him." "But George's been savin' money for the last five years," said Hillyer anx-

lously. "I've got it borrowed from 'im at regular rates. I can lay my hands on the money at a moment's notice. Yes, he can raise a reasonable amount all right." Judge Moore frowned, thrust his

hands into the pockets of his trousers and turned to a window which looked out on the courtyard, where a few idlers lay on the grass near the hitch-"I'm not going to be the medium

through which deserving innocent people suffer for the guilty," he said firmly. "I've thought it all over. I was afraid George might ask this, but it's no go. I've made up my mind on that score.'

"Oh, judge, don't say that!" pleaded Hillyer. "The boy simply can't bear it. You see, Judge Moore, since I tuck 'im an' sent 'im off to school he's been sorter away from his home, an' the feller's got as much feelin' as anybody else. Then when he got through college an' I give 'im a place in my business he's stood with the best folks in the town, an' it would go hard with 'im-to have his own daddy at the coal

"I know all that, Mr. Hillyer. I've thought of it twenty times during this trial. I hardly slept last night trying to make up my mind what to do in case the jury didn't recommend Buckley to mercy. Well, they came down on 'im like a load of bricks, an' I'm not going to let George suffer for him. Why, the old rascal can't be cured of his dishonesty. Didn't you hear what Bradley said about his constantly stealing from his neighbors, many of whom never made any charge against him out of respect for Mrs. Buckley and George? No. sir: his son, who is my friend, shall

not sacrifice his savings for him." "Then I'll pay it, judge; you know am able."

"You shan't do that, either," said the judge firmly. "Even if I'd consent to let as old a man as you be out of pocket for such a hopeless reprobate. George would find it out and insist on repaying you in the long run. No; five years in the mines will do the old scamp good, and I'm going to secure

his transportation." "You think that's final then, judge?" Hillyer had turned quite pale, and the a box car with bags of grain. The ofquivering hand which had clutched his

No More Stomach Troubles. All stomach trouble is removed by the ise of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It gives the stomach perfect rest by digesting what you eat without the stomach's aid. The food builds up the body, the rest rebave to diet yourself when taking Kodol
Dyspepsia Cure. J. D. Erskine, of Allenvelle, Mich., says, "I suffered Heartburn and stomach trouble for some time
lenvelle, Mich. says, "I suffered Heartburn and stomach trouble for some time
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Ind., says, 'No use talking Dewitt's Litthe Early Risers proved to be
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witt's little Early

By WILL N. HARBEN. Author of

beard stayed itself in its downward "Yes, that's final, Mr. Hillyer. I wish could help you, but I can't. I'll settle Buckley's hash in about two minutes

he was at liberty."

appointment in his eye. As Hillyer was making his way through the courtroom to the outer pale, his eyes were flashing strangely. door the wife of the condemned man reached out her hand and stopped him. She had clutched the tail of his long ley wrenched it from his grasp. frock coat.

"I want to speak to you," she said. 'Go ahead. I'm goin' outside." He led the way down the stairs to the yard she had to say.

"I seed you invite the judge out," she began. "I suspicioned you axed 'im to make it a fine."

"Yes, that's what I called 'im out fer, Mrs. Buckley," the merchant said, looking down commiserately on her fat figure clothed in dingy black calico, "but it wasn't a bit o' use. He's made up his mind to send the old man off for five years."

The woman nodded slowly. "Well, I reckon it's as good as we kin expect,' she said. "Ef it had been a fine, George would 'a' had to pay it, an' I'm agin that proposition. He's werked hard to make his little start, an' it ain't right fer 'im to have to give it up when -Mr. Hillyer, I've heard that pore boy beg an' beg his pa to change, an' ef he's predicted this thing once he has

"I knew that, too," replied the merchant, with a dark frown. "But Mrs. Buckley, that he'd sacrifice all he expects to make in the next ten years to avoid the disgrace o' the sentence. He holds his own with the biggest folks in town, an' this is simply awful. You know how some o' these blueblooded families look on a thing like

"Jest about as sensible as they look on most things," retorted Mrs. Buckley philosophically, "an' I don't see no use in humorin' 'em. They may know a man's a thief, but ef he hain't publicly branded they don't care. But David has broke the law; thar ain't no change to be made in 'im, an' I'm agin lettin' it hamper George, no matter what these shallow minded aristocrats think. What's botherin' me is another thing."

"You say it is, Mrs. Buckley?" And the merchant stared expectantly. "Yes, Mr. Hillyer. George hain't got but one weakness, an' that is, once in a long while, when he is in despair,

he will take a drink to drown his trouble. I reckon he hain't tetched a drap but once since he's been with you." "An' that was the time they threatened to jail yore husband fer pennin' up Wilson's hogs, an' we succeeded in

squashin' the charge." "Yes, that was the time"-the old woman pushed back her gingham poke bonnet and looked straight into Hillyer's eyes-"an' I am anxious to find out of this thing has made him"-

"Not yet, Mrs. Buckley." Hillyer's voice had fallen very low; it was almost husky. "But I've been that afeard it would start 'im off that I hain't been able to sleep at night. He's in a' awful state o' mind, Mrs. Buckley, an' when I go back an' tell 'im the judge's decision I don't know what he'll do. A fine piece o' metal will bend jest so far an' then it'll break."

The old woman nodded again slowly and then said: "Well, I'll go back inside. This is a new wrinkle on me. It's considered right an' proper fer folks to go to the grave with the'r kin, an' I reckon thar ud be talk of I shirked hearin' the sentence, but tell George I'll come down to the store after

"All right, Mrs. Buckley. I'll tell

As Hillyer turned toward the gat to reach the little street which stretched out, lined with cottages and brick law offices, to the red brick freight depot at the far end, one of the loungers on the grass rose and slouched toward

"Have they sentenced Buckley yet?" he asked. "I'm a witness on that barn burnin' case, an' ef it ain't a-goin' to be called tonight I'm a-goin' home." "It's next on the docket," the merchant informed him.

The man had another question ready. "What's cotton bringin' today?" he asked. "I've got a big white bale ready fer the gin." "Seven and three-eights," answered

Hillyer, and he walked on. On the main thoroughfare of the town he had to pass several brick stores where the clerks and merchants stood, amid the heaps of their wares on the narrow brick sidewalks, and many of them asked about the Buckley trial. Hillyer made short but considerate replies and hastened past. On a corner of one of the streets running back to a railroad sidetrack, in the rear, stood his warehouse. Here he found his negro porter busy with rattling floor trucks loading fice was a commodious room cut off

When bilious try a dose of Chamber-lain's gtomach and Liver Tablets and realize for once how quickly a first-class up-to-date medicine will correct the disorder. For sale Aycocke Drug Co.

in one of the corners of the big brick building next to the street. It contained a long wainut counter full of drawers, with shelves overhead for old ledgers, commercial reports, dusty letter files and wired bunches of bills, receipts and canceled bank checks.

THE FRANKLIN

George Buckley, a handsome, dark eyed young man of twenty-seven or eight, sat on a high stool writing in a ponderous ledger. Turning his head and seeing who it was, he removed his heels from the rung of the stool and turned round. There was a steady stare in his eyes as he fixed them on Hillyer's sympathetic, almost shrinking face.

"You did not succeed," he said, his lips tightening.

"No; he'd already made up his mind, George," replied the merchant. George Buckley turned suddenly and bent over his ledger and took up his after I give him a sound lecture. Right pen, but he did not dip it in the ink- 141. It's bad enough as it is, but it now the old devil would cut the throats stand. Hillyer could not see his face, of several of the state's witnesses if but he noted that the hand holding the pen was quivering. Suddenly 14 ckley "Then I'll go back to the store an' laid the nen down, and Hillyer grand tell the boy," Hillyer sighed as he something resembling a sob or a gasp moved to the door, a dead look of dis- escape him, then the young man stood down on the floor and reached for his coat and pulled it on. He was deathly

> "George, where are you going?" The old man caught his arm, but Buck-"Let me alone, Mr. Hillyer," said he. "For God's sake, let me alone!" "All right, George; I was jest

about"- But his words fell dead on below and then paused to hear what | the air, for Buckley had taken his hat, pulled it on, and plunged out at the door. For a moment the merchant stood like a man turned to stone, and then he hurried back over the rough floor through the warehouse to the negro, a tall, middle aged man.

"Jake," he said excitedly, unable to control his voice, "drop yore work an' more than six to one. run after George. Don't let 'im see you, but come back and tell me where

"All right, Marse Hillyer," and, leavat the side door of the building and portions. sped up the street. Hillyer went back in his hand.

"Well?" gasped Hillyer-"well?" Hillyer, but he didn't put no letter in platforms to suit they will be the first | persona grata at the White House and nur wait to git any. It looked to me like he didn't know whar he was goin' ur what fer. Den he come on down by Hillhouse's bar. He stopped dar an' walked back an' went in. I went round to de back end en watched. He was at de counter pourin' him out a dram, Marse Hillyer."

"You say he was, Jake?" said the merchant. "Jake, in the mornin' I want you to truck all that western wheat over on the other side. It's too damp where it is." "All right," Marse Hillyer."

A moment after the negro had left the office George Buckley came in and resumed his seat at the counter. He opened the big ledger, dipped his pen and began to write. Hillyer watched him cautiously. His hand seemed steady enough, but his cheeks were



flushed and his hair dishevelled over his brow. Just then Mrs. Buckley came into the office. She took off her bonnet, showing smooth, gray hair and deeply wrinkled brow and cheeks, and stood for a moment behind her son. Hillyer fancied that their conversation might be of a private nature, and, taking up a grain sampler, he left the room. The sound of his heavy boots sympathetic eyes fell beneath his wild

"I reckon Mr. Hillyer's already told you," she began. "Yes, he's told me."

"Well, thar ain't but one thing fer ensible folks to do," faltered the woman, "an' that's to make the best of it an' go on tryin' to do our own duty." "Yes," he nodded vacantly, "you are right, mother. Are you going home tonight?"

"No. I 'lowed it ud look more re spectful to stay till they tuck 'im off in the mornin'. The sheriff's wife axed me to spend the night with her in the jail house, so I could be migh 'im." George Buckley shuddered visibly, but he said nothing. It gave Mrs. Buckley the opportunity she was look-

re an'-an' mixin' with folks here in islature, but as a Missourian proud of Darley that hain't never been in sech) BE CONTINUED.

Tonic to the System.

For liver troubles and constipation there is nothing better than DeWitt's Little Early Risers the famous little pills.

[Special Washington Letter.] WAS a famous victory," and no mistake, but not unprecedented and not so remarkable as at first blush it would appear. It is by no means the greatest in American annals—quite the contrary. Stated electorally, Colonel Roosevelt has 345 votes, Judge Parker

might have been worse. In his second election Jefferson received 162 electoral votes; Pinckney,

Roosevelt beat Parker not quite two to one in the electoral college, while Jefferson defeated Pinckney by more than eleven to one. In 1820 the vote stood: Monroe, 281; John Quincy Adams, 1. But as there

was no contest it is hardly fair to count that case. Jackson defeated Clay by 219 to 49, more than five to one. In 1836 the vote stood: Van Buren,

170; Harrison, 78; White, 26; Webster, In 1840 "old Tippecanoe" turned the tables on "the sage of Kinderbook," the

vote standing 234 to 60, almost four to In 1852 Pierce carried every state except four, defeating General Scott by the overwhelming vote of 254 to 42,

In 1868 the vote stood: Grant, 214; Seymour, 80; in 1872, Grant, 268; Gree-A careful analysis of the popular

ing his trucks, the negro hastened out | vote shows up in about the same pro-Colonel Roosevelt's vote is about 500,into the office and sat down at his pri- 000 in excess of the McKinley vote of vate desk. Once he lowered his head 1900, while Judge Parker's is about as good committee assignments as to his crossed arms and it looked as 1.500,000 less than Bryan's in that year. if he were praying. In a few minutes | So one can see at a glance that it was Jake returned, swinging his slouch hat the stay at home vote that wrought the disaster. Prognosticators will do well pleasant, amiable and companionable not to count on the stay at homes to | man. He has traveled much, has con-

at the polls in the next contest The small vote for Watson does not indicate much virility in the old Populist party, but the astonishing increase looked in, den he come on slow like an' | in the Debs vote shows that the Socialstopped ag'in. Den he turned an' istic Democracy is a factor in future elections which must be reckoned with. While the loss in representatives is deplorable, two years will soon roll around. The most substantial loss to the Democrats is in the senate, because of the six year term. Cockrell of Missouri and Gibson of Montana will be replaced by Republicans. In Nevada a Republican will be elected to succeed

> confidently expected to win that seat. The same is true in New York, West Virginia and Delaware. But, taken all in all. Democrats have cause to be hopeful for the future. The party has pulled itself out of

Stewart, Republican. The Democrats

worse holes than that in which it now finds itself.

Senatorial Candidates Galore. After March 4 there will be a new thing under the sun-at least new to States senator from Missouri. "'Tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true." As soon as the Republicans of Missouri recovered from the shock, for that's precisely what it was, of their victory in the state they began to rub their eyes and General Francis Marion Cockfell. Candidates sprang up like mushrooms in a dark cellar or like Roderick Dhu's men from the heather, and "the cry is still, "They come!" " Hon. Thomas K. Niedringhaus, who claims to have done it all, was the first to shy his caster into the ring, accompanied by his personal check for twenty-one thousand and some odd dollars to pay the balance due by the state committee. Close on his heels came Colonel R. C. Kerens, who for many years was national committeeman, always a liberal contributor and who in the recent campaign gave the state committee \$5,000 besides divers sums not accounted for expended in electing members of the legislature in close counties. It is whispered that Hon. Daniel M. Hauser, business manager and part owner of the Globe-Democrat, would not object to wearing

a senatorial toga. These three are multimillionaires at any rate they are reputed to be and are named first because their chances are considered good, largely by reason of their wealth. In addition to them are some men who are poor in this world's goods, but whose talents or public services entitle drew George Buckley's attention, and them to consideration. Among these looking round he saw his mother. Her | are Colonel David Patterson Dyer, who preceded me in congress from the Ninth district of Missouri by nearly a quarter of a century, who is now United | raging for a century in the colonies of States attorney for the eastern district | Holland. The expense incident to those of Missouri and who is probably the most popular Republican personally in the state; Major William Warner, one of Mr. Cowherd's recent predecessors in congress from the Karsas City district, now United States district attorney for the western district of Missouri and a man of intellectual and oratorical force, and last, but by no means least, Hon. Richard Bartholdt, who for twelve years has represented a St. Louis district in congress, who has been elected for a seventh term and who in the next congress will be dean of the Republican nine from Missouri. Of course I am neither the legal, spiritual nor political adviser of the Re-"George, I reckon bein' young as you publican majority in the Missouri leg. Honor Well Bestowed,

> HYGEIA-The Best 5-cent cigar on earth for sale at Aycocke Drug

If you have to gather thorns do i

CLARK'S "

tellectually be an honor to the state. The place to which the new senator succeeds will be hard to fill. Think of the great names in that line: Thomas H. Benton, Henry S. Geyer, Trusten Polk, John B. Henderson, Carl Schurz and Francis Marion Cockrell, whose joint service covers a period of eightyfour years—the entire life of the fifth state in population and the fourth in wealth. Their careers are part of the

priceless treasures of the republic. Dr. Bartholdt has not announced in the ordinary acceptation of that word. He has let it be known that, like Barkis, he is "willin'." And why shouldn't he be? It is a great honor. His dozen years of hard, intelligent, patriotic service in the house have surely trained him in the duties of national legislator. He is a capable man, a growing man, an ambitious man, in the flower of his years and the prime of his powers. He likes the public service, and he is well fitted for it. His selection would be a promotion natural and on right lines. It would be a recognition of duties acceptably discharged. He would not have to spend a weary novitiate learning how to do things. He has already learned how. He is a practical rather than a spectacular legislator, and his record for successful work in the house would upon his entrance into the senate secure for him appointment upon important committees, a matter of great consequence to his state and to the country, for in this connection it must not be forgotten that General Cockrell is the leading Democrat on appropriations and military affairs. And, while Missourians do not expect the new senator to secure Cockrell has, they will take pride in seeing him secure desirable assignments. Personally Dr. Bartholdt is a "He went fust to de postoffice, Marse repeat that caper. With candidates and siderable experience in journalism, is knows the departments like a book Really and easily the Missouri legislature could go farther and fare worse than to elect Dr. Bartholdt to succeed Missouri's grand old man in the house

of the conscript fathers.

plies partially at least to our American jingoes. They certainly learn nothing. I had an uncle who was a wild young blade. When my father remonstrated with him and told him that he ought to learn something from the experience of others in certain unprofitable capers the youth replied, "Oh, I want to experience them myself." So with our jingoes. History has no lessons for them. It is a notorious fact that both England and France keep, up their colonial establishments at a dead loss. All the evidence shows that Spain's colonies were as millstones about her neck and that she has experienced an unwonted prosperity since we kindly relieved her of her burden. this generation-a Republican United But it has always been contended that Holland's colonies were in the nature of gold mines to her. This illusion has now disappeared. She is discussing the feasibility of selling them provided she can find a purchaser. The chief reason advanced by the proponents of to talk about a Republican successor to that measure is their unprofitableness. Will our jingoes believe that? Not a bit of it. They will no doubt vociferate volubly that we can make a profit where the industrious and economical Hollanders find only loss. The chances are ten to one that they will be in fa vor of our buying the colonies which the tiny realm of Queen Wilhelmina desires to be rid of. We haven't load enough in Hawali, Guam, Porto Rico and the Philippines. Some palpitating patriot not long since was eager for us to purchase the Galapagos islands, and into every congress Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts introduces a proposition to buy the Danish West India islands. Query: If the English, the French, the Spaniards and the Hollanders cannot make colonies

The old saying that "the Bourbons

learn nothing and forget nothing" ap-

pay, how can we hope to do so? It is said that if Holland throws her colonies on the market the chances are that there will be no bidders except Germany and Japan unless we enter the lists. The kaiser is ambitious to make Germany as great a sea power as she is now a land power, and policing the faraway colonies of Holland would give employment to his growing navy. Japan, according to all accounts, needs room for her surplus population and would not feel seriously the constant loss of soldiers in the wars now raging and which have been wars is one of the reasons urged by

Holland statesmen for the sale of her colonial load. No man, however, can give any sensible reason why we should take to our breasts any more islands. We do not need room for surplus population, because we have no surplus population. So far from having a surplus we are still inviting all creation to come and home of the brave, and they are come their ing at the rate of almost a million per annum. Nevertheless the jingoes will be in favor of buying Holland's castoff colonies. Cui bono?

Philadelphia is about to give a great that magnificent commonwealth I am dinner to General Henry Harrison anxious to see a senator who will in- Bingham, "father of the house," to cel-(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PACE.)

> A Prisoner in Her Own House. Mrs. W. H. Layha, of 1001 Agnes Ave., Kansas City, Mo., has for several years been troubled with severe hoarseness and at times a hard cough, which she

pure - old - velvety. the best for the price. everywhere. call for it at

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