LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 27 1905.

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**VOL.** XXXIV.

CHURCH DIRECTORY METHODIST. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. GEO. S. BAKER, Supt. Preaching at 11 A. M., and 7 80 P. M. every Sunday. Prayer meeting Wednesday night. L. S. MASSEY. Pastor.

Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. THOS. B. WILDER, Supt Preaching at 11 A.M., and 7:30 P.M., swery Sunday. Prayer meeting Thursday night.
H. H. MASHBURNE, Pastor.

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Evening Prayer, Friday afternoon
REV. JOHN LONDON, Rector.

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By WILL N. HARBEN. Author of "Abner Daniel." "The Land of the Changing Sun," "The North Walk Mustery," Etc.

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[CONTINUED.]

ing to fight as you have done. You've saved me, Mr. Hillyer." Buckley turned the old man's face toward him. "You know I never had a father I could love and respect, but I love and venerate you, sir. You can count on me, Mr. Hillyer. I was drunk when I spoke as I did just now. I'm sober now. I hope you will pardon me." "Oh, George!" That was all the old man could say; he had begun to sob

like a child. Buckley took up the lamp. "Yes," he said as he led the way back to his room, "I'm all right now, Mr. Hillyer, An hour ago I had nothing to encourage me to keep on, but you have set me on my feet. Your long trouble has made a good man of you; perhaps Providence intends to give me the same sort of chance. If that's the plan, I'll accept the terms, for I'd go through it all to be as good as you are, even when my head is white and I stoop over the grave. What you did in blind, youthful passion was nothing-nothing! My actions tonight on account of what I cannot help were simply insanity."

CHAPTER V.

HE next morning the open space at the side of the warehouse was filled with mountain wagons. Those which contained chestnuts, ginseng, fruit, chickens, eggs, butter or smoke cured bacon had white canvas covers over them, the others were cotton wagons, upon which the great, bulging bales were heaped. The year's crop was abundant, and little of the product had been stained in the boll, for the ripening period had been dry and blessed with sunshine.

As Hillyer was about to enter the front door of the warehouse after breakfast Bascom Truitt slouched toward him from a group around a little campfire between two cotton wagons. Jerking his long thumb over his shoulder, and hitching up his suspenderless trousers at the waist, he drew the merchant to one side.

"Heard Hillhouse say you was out lookin' fer George last night," he began awkwardly, "an' I 'lowed thar'd be no harm in havin' a word with you. That's all right 'twixt me 'n' George, squire. He told me jest now he never knowed what he was about an' that he's sorry. Shucks! he never hurt me, Mr. Hillyer. Besides, I'd let that chap maul me in the face as much as he likes after the friend he's been to Jeff. Ef he's done my boy one favor he has a hundred. My wife feels jest like I do about George, an' ef she was to hear I'd got 'im in trouble over a little thing like that last night she'd quit me."

"So thar won't be no charge agin im, then?" said Hillyer in relief. "Not a bit," said the mountaineer, unconsciously stroking the jaw George Buckley had bruised the night before. "The marshal come to me jest now an' axed me ef I wanted to make a case, an' I told 'im he was crazy, that me 'n' George was jest playin', an' some o'

them dern niggers 'lowed we was fus-"I'm glad you feel that way, Truitt," said Hillyer, and he went into the office, sat down at his desk and began

Two citizens of Darley made the

to read his mail.

warehouse their business headquarters, using the desks without pay. Henry Hanks, a tall, lank, married man about fifty-five years of age, had a desk in one corner of the office. He wore a long brown beard, was dyspeptic, yel- | left George Buckley and the note shavlow skinned and nervous. He was a Confederate veteran who had, after the war, developed a surprising capacity for making money out of the unfortu-nate section he had bravely fought for. He was a well to do note shaver, and sold farmers their yearly supplies at an enormous profit. Anything from a cooking stoye to a yoke of oxen was considered good security when once described in the "iron clad" mortgage note of which he was the inventor. He

never wore a vest, and the pockets of his thin coat were always bulging with notes and accounts which he carried on his person to have them ready at a moment's notice when he ran across a delinquent. The other citizen was Jim Kenner, a jovial cotton buyer, a bachelor about forty-five years of age, who was the very life of the little circle. could be as long faced and serious as any one else; but even then his humor was apt to bubble up and burst at the very moment no one was expecting it His chief amusement was in teasing Hanks, whom he sarcastically called "Old Liberality," or "Lib" for short. He spoke with a whine that always ended in a rasping laugh that was very infectious. Hanks had never been known to smile, and yet a close observer would have seen that, in his own way, he seemed to enjoy all his asso

clate's levity. It was a chilly day and there was a good fire in the long wood stove, and the two men bent over it. George Buckley sat on his high stool at his desk at work on his big ledger. "Say, George," whined Kenner, as he threw a cigar stump under the stove and leaned back in his chair. "Did you ever hear that tale Bill Gower is a-tellin' on Lib, about his burn out when he used to be in the junk business? George smiled indulgently and said,

without looking round, that he had

"Lib made his start in the junk busi ness down at the fur end o' the street," said Kenner. "Jest after the surrender buyin' it up an' shippin' it to iron foundries. Then he added wheat an' peas an' corn as a skie line, an' one fall when he had a purty big stock of everything his shack tack fire. A wind was a-blowin' an' things looked shaky. A line o' bucket passers was formed to the nighest well, an' we was doin' purty fair work when Lib come lopin' down the street, makin' a noise like a hoss full o' water. When he seed what we was doin' he got awful rattled an' we was doin' he got awful rattled an' we was doin' he got awful rattled an' and it effected a complete cure. For sale hy specks Drug Co.

The five the toubles and constipation there is nothing better than DeWitt's Little Early Risers the famous little pills. They do not weakes the stomach. Their action upon the system is mild, pleasant and harmless. Bob Moore, of LaFayette Ind., any, No use talking, De Witt's Little Early Risers proved to be the long aonght relief. They are simply perfect. Fersons traveling find Little Early Risers the most reliable remety to carry with them. Sold by Aycocke Drug Co.

Why are nature books Drug Co's.

Why are nature books Drug Co thar was a lots o' scrap iron an' the

velled for us to tote out the stuff. I wasn't nigh 'im, but Bill Gower says | call on me. As I say, I've watched when some o' the crowd laid hold o' the wheat sacks Lib yelled at 'em, 'Let the wheat alone, it's insured; tote out

George laughed at this recital, but Hanks simply swung his foot back and forth and chewed the end of his unlighted cigar. To all appearances he had not heard a word of what had been said.

"We put the shanty out," said Kenner, "but Lib didn't help a bit. He was hoppin' about like a chicken with its head off doin' its last dance. We railly saved his life, I believe he'd a' dropped dead in his tracks of he'd a' lost by that blaze that night." "Ef thar's anybody that loves

nickel more'n you do," grunted the note shaver, "I'd like to see 'im. I never heard o' anybody gittin' anything out'n you." Kenner laughed. "When I fust started out I'll admit I was purty close,

Lib. You know my daddy sold a little farm o' his when I was twenty-one an set me up in the retail grocery business. He talked to me so much about the deadbeats lyin' in wait fer suckers that I suspicioned even the preacher whar I attended meetin'. He got behind in his account once, an' I hauled 'im up an' told 'im the reason I wasn't attendin' church more reg'lar was beca'se he wasn't totin' fair, an' that I couldn't"-Kenner laughed impulsivey-"git any speritual good listenin' to a man an' wonderin' ef I'd ever git my money. He paid up an' quit me; but I didn't care; my religion improved, an' when his term was out he went off owin' brother Lampkin seventy-two dollars an' odd cents. Lampkin refused to he'p the heathens fer four vear afterwards."

Hillyer turned round in his chair and smiled. His face had a healthier glow and his eye a deeper twinkle than usual. To look at him one would not have suspected that he had passed through a storm the night before that had almost shaken his soul out of his

"I've always thought you'd insist on your rights," he said to Kenner. "An' the truth is it's the only way to get on in business."

"Well," answered the cotton buyer, had to hold folks down, Mr. Hillyer. I was a green hand, but I reckon I ripened purty quick. Thar was a young storekeeper next door to me. Joe Gibbs, as sharp as a brier. He could multiply four figures by four figures in his head an' give you the answer in a minute. He used to tell me who would do to credit an' who wouldn't, an' I always relied on his

judgment. "But, Lord, I cayn't set here tellin' yarns all day. I'm goin' to handle a sight o' cotton 'fore sundown; it's rollin' in like a circus parade." The day's business had really begun.

Mountain men came in with samples of their cotton or grain. Bascom Truitt had an armful of the snowy staple. "Thar's a whole gang o' ten wagons from beyant the Tennessee line," he said to Kenner. "They want, to know what's yore best figure." Kenner pulled the wads apart at the window and answered:

"Seven-eighths is the best I kin do. Bas. If they take my offer git 'em to drive it up to the side door. I've rented space fer 500 bales here. I hope they ain't water packed or got any dead niggers stowed away in 'em. Slavery's over, an' we never did buy 'em by the pound nohow."

Truitt smiled. "They'll let you have It," he said. "They want to tank up an' go back

He was turning away when Hanks detained him. "Thar's several in that gang that owe me fer supplies," he said, pulling out his bunch of notes. "Bas, tell 'em I'm prepared to cash the'r checks."

"All right, Mr. Hanks," said the long mountaineer, "I'll tell 'em." Kenner went out to receive the cotton, and Hillyer followed to indicate the space Kenner was to use. This er alone together. George was writing

when Hanks stood up and leaned on the desk near to him. He cleared his throat and chewed his cigar for a moment, then he said awkwardly: "I hain't much of a hand to talk, but I've been wantin' to say some'n' to you

ever since yore pa got in his trouble. but somehow I couldn't git to it. I jest feel like tellin' you that I'm yore friend, an' ef it had been in my power I'd 'a' helped you out o' all that mess." "I thank you, Mr. Hanks," George

returned, with a flush of gratitude. "I'm glad to know you felt that way." The old man coughed and stroked his beard with his scrawny hand. "I've ever since Hillyer tuck you up. I account o' my bad luck with my own When he had business to transact he boy. George, Bob hain't wuth his room in hell, nur never will be." George avoided the eye bearing down on him when he answered:

"Of course I can't dictate to you, Mr. Hanks," he said cautiously, "but I think you are wrong about Bob. I think he will turn out all right when he's a little older. He's in with the so-ciety set here and half of them have well to do parents, and the truth is he doesn't know how to begin. I think he

"He's always after me to put up the money fer 'im to do business on," sneered Hanks. "Now, wouldn't I be a daddratted idiot to put money in his hands when he hain't got enough energy to keep wood cut to run our fires at home? He's got to fust show so when he had taken his mail from that he's got business capacity 'fore I'll the little, glass faced lock box, instead resk 'im. He's the biggest trouble I of pausing to speak to them he busied ever had, George, an' when I see what himself with looking over the letters a man you've made o' yorese'f on yore and turned down toward the warekick 'im. Oh, he's jest rotten! I hain't

When bilious try a dose of Chamber-lain's gtomach and Liver Tablets and

stake at any time all you got to do is to

rubbing his hands. He was followed

"I'd let 'er slide like a sled on a snow

No one spoke for a moment. Hanks light, recounting the one mistake of his was paying only slight attention to the life and the grim fight he was still conversation. He was seldom interested in what did not personally concern and a flush of shame stole over the him.
"I jest want yore judgment, George," said aloud—"I've promised him." he said aloud—"I've promised him to be said Hillyer in the proud tone a man a man, and I shall—I shall."

son. Buckley's eyes held the eager look of the young speculator as they met the old man's excited stare. "I don't like to express myself." he answered finally. "If it were my money would, but it is yours."

Well, yo're welcome to a fool's advice," put in Kenner, deeply interested. I've watched the market for twenty



"I jest feel like tellin' you that I'm yore friend." odd year, an' you'll hit the ceilin' in this thing if you don't git out while you got a chance. Why, Hillyer, anybody can see"-

"George," the merchant broke in with firm earnestness, "I am simply asking you for yore judgment. I want that an' nothin' else." "Well, there is nothing else for me

to do but give it, then," said Buckley. "If it were my investment I'd hold "Thar, thar, you old skinflint," cried Hillyer triumphantly as he slapped Kenner on the shoulder. "You cayn"

scare that boy to death; he's got grit; be'll hold on till it thunders." "Yes," retorted the cotton buyer, "an' George will be like the little boy a-hold o' the calf-he'll be yellin' fer some body to come help 'im turn loose." Hillyer's face was beaming. He sat down at his desk, and, taking up a telegraph blank, he began to write. Kenner pointed to him as he touched George on the arm. "Got back his senses at last," he laughed; "he's goin'

Hillyer looked up with a smile "Goodale & Banks, Nashville, offered me 10,000 bushels by this mornin's wire at \$1.05 a bushel," he said. "I'm goin' to nab it 'fore Tarbell & Co. find out whar it's at." Kenner whistled softly, growled out

to take that offer."

something to himself, and went out of the room. Hanks turned from the window and leaned on George's desk. "Do you reckon yo're safe on that?" he asked, and, when George replied in the affirmative, he said slowly: "By gum! you make me want to resk a little myse'f. Somehow it seems to me you could turn the thing yore way, jest with that dern steady eye o' yore'n. But I reckon I'll stay outside. I never was a hand to take resks, an' it'll be fun to watch you uns tussle with it."

CHAPTER VI.

BUSY man can forget trouble much easier than an idle one, and the activity of his life during the week following his father's conviction was a blessing to George Buckley. Indeed, the first Sunday afterward was a sort of critical period, for every citizen of the place who had any claim to respectability been watchin' yore progress, George, put on his best clothes and attended one of the six white churches; and our reckon I was more interested in it on | hero knew that if he was to continue to hold the position he had made for himself in the social life of the village, he must not appear to falter or to slink into retirement on account of what had happened. It was a bright, balmy day, and

when he went down to the postoffice after breakfast at the Hillyers' he found the usual group of idlers waiting for the mail. There was a barber shop and frowning impatiently. next door, and it was thronged with churchgoers being shaved and having their boots polished. George bowed to several of his friends and acquaintances, but there was something within him that made him shrink from a closer confact with any of them, particularly as he fancied he noted on their faces expressions of a sympathy that was galling to his sensitive spirit, a confidential broker, informing Hillgot no money fer 'im to dabble with, but I'm here to tell you ef you need a bushel and advising him to hold on.

Tonic to the System.

man again and assured him he was them up to Hillyer, and then, for lack not in need of money. Kenner came in of anything else to do, he entered the warehouse, shut the door after him and went back to his room. Here he by Hillyer with a telegram in his and went back to his room. Here he is sent to prison for theft. George is hands; he seemed excited as he spread sat down at the window in the sun-attentive to Lydia Cranston, daughhands; he seemed excited as he spread it open on George's ledger. "Tarbell & shine, and almost before he was aware of it he had allowed a feeling of utter lot o' wheat," he said. "What's yore despondency to descend upon him. Judgment, George—is it sell or not "What is the use?" he asked himself. For George the murder of a friend thirty half an bour he sat thus in the very mountain," spoke up Kenner. "Good-dregs of despair, and then suddenly a stone for the deed he took George ness knows that's enough profit in it picture rose before his-mental vision—at that. You bought the Charleston an a picture of old man Hillyer as he sat useful man of him as a substitute to there on the bed in the vague lamp-

making to overcome the consequences.

might have in addressing a successful. Just then the church belle began to ring. They were all harsh in tone, being cheap cast iron, except one which had been smuggled into the village during the war from a larger town after the church to which it belonged was destroyed by fire. Its tone was sweet and mellow and rose out of the general clanger like a promise of peace to suffering souls. It was ringing in the litle belfry of the church Lydia Cranston attended. She was an Episcopalian. but as there was no church of that denomination at Darley, and her father was partial to the rather progressive young minister of the Methodist church. sures perfect work. she and her mother went there regular-

ly. And it must be confessed that George Buckley had on many a Sunday since forming her acquaintance attended that particular place of worship, and chiefly for the epportunity of seeing her. He knew that it would be a difficult thing for him to face the little congregation, divining the thoughts that would rise in the minds of all, and yet he met the matter courageously and went.

He was vaguely glad that the first hymn had been sung and that there were no lotterers, as was frequently the case, on the steps. Reaching the door and looking in, his heart set up a lively beating as he saw Lydia Cranston with her parents in their pew. The major was the only man in Darley whe-sat on the ladies' side of the marked that he was acting in an exceptional manner in this regard. In anmale individual in the village whe wore kid gloves. His silk hat was on. the floor at the end of the pew, and across its top lay his gold headed cane, upon which was engraved a respectful tribute from his regiment. Indeed, the Cranston family had a decided air of the old regime about them, and it was all the more noticeable because of the

few families of quite their own rank at Darley. Lydia, tall, graceful and fair, was really a pretty girl, and, what was hatter the was very well informed. Mrs. Dugan had often remarked that nearly all the young men-and those of she thought it most peculiar and deplored the condition of things, she attributed the lowborn George Buckley's standing in Lydia's estimation to the fact that he "could talk to her about books an' the like an' had the natural cheek of his class."

The central aisie was carpeted, and George stepped softly to one of the seats in the rear and sat down. He the stomach perfect rest by digesting was giad that his arrival was noted what you eat without the stomach's aid. only by a few. The young minister | The food builds up the body, the rest rewould have been conspicuous in a larger place than Darley. He was six have to diet yourself when taking Kodol feet four in height, very dark and remarkably slight; his eyes were dark burn and atomach trouble for some time blue, his features sharp, and he were My sister-in-law has had the same troubhis black hair long and was clean le and was not able to eat for six weeks.

black silk, with a welcoming smile. "Glad to see you out, young man," she said as she joined him. 'That was a rip-you-up-the-back, pay-up-orgit-out sort of a sermon, wasn't lt? You 'n' Mr. Hillyer 'd better pass around yore bad accounts tomorrow, an' maybe you'll git the benefit of it, seed old Peter Cashel duckin' his bead a time or two."

George smiled because she did, more than at what she was saying, for the Cranstons were passing. The major and his wife bowed with their usual cold dignity, but Lydia gave him one of her sweetest smiles. "Do you feel hit?" she laughed, referring to the preacher's talk,

"Not exactly," he replied, coloring in spite of himself; "but it was strong, wasn't it?" "You bet he wasn't bit, Miss Lydin,"

spoke up Mrs. Hillyer. "Ef everybody paid their debts like this young manto say nothin' of the debts of other folks Brother Mayhew 'd be out o' some'n' to preach about." "Ob, I know that, Mrs. Hillyer," Lydia said, with a laugh, and she went

on to her father, who was looking back

Outside the church, George and Mrs. Hillyer walked homeward together. She was in a talkative mood, as usual. "It ain't any o' my business, George Buckley," she said, "but when it comes to knowin' how to treat women folks you take the rag off the bush. I was tickled back thar. You treated that gal jest right-jest right, to a gnat's

her meaning. "Well, of you don't know what I mean let it alone. I've often wondered an' I've about concluded it's beca'se

My Lord. George Buckley, this is the

(TO BE CONTINUED,)

"Why, what do you mean, Mrs. Hill-

yer?" asked George, quite at sea as to

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

SYNOPSIS. The following is a synopsis Chapters heretofore published of

CHAPTERS 1, 2 and 3-Buckley is the portege of Mr. Hilly years before the story opens. To society for his dead friend.

## A BUSINESS MAN'S MOTTO.

A business map who has made a coess but who would not permit his name to be used, presented a reporter a card vesterday on which he had printed some mottoes, which he had written while on a train not long since. He carried a pocket full of the cards and uses them when he thinks they might do mottoes are as follows: "Painstaking care in little this part of genius.

"Painstaking care in little things in-

"Perfect work will bring you trade. "Trade well managed will make

"Riches well spent will bring you "Supreme happiness is sure to be found in living, when the purpose

happier and better."

is to make the people who come

within the sphere of your influence

A Prisoner in Her Own Homes Mrs. W. H. Layha, of 1001 Agnes Ave. been troubled with severe hoarseness and at times a hard cough, which she says, "would keep me in doors for days. as prescribed for hy about no noticeable results. A friend gave me part of a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy with instructions to closely folother thing he was different from oth- low the directions and I wish to state er men. He was, perhaps, the only that after the first day I could notice a decided change for the better, and at this time, after using it for two weeks, have no hesitation in saying I realize that I am entirely cured. This remedy is for sale by Aycocke Drug Co.

Cutting Wood.

Farmers who sold their cotton a year ago for 12, 14 and 16 cents a pound failed, and some refused, to our wood sufficient for the demand throughout this section, but, it is said the best Darley blood too-were actual by a man who is well posted, the ly afraid of the Virginia girl, and, while same fellows have cotton now at 7 cents and are paving enormous prices for wood. The axe can be heard in all quarters just now, there being more profit in wood than in cotton.

> No More Stomach Troubles. All stomach trouble is removed by the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It gives stores the stomach to health. You don't

> Dyspepsia Cure. J. D. Erskine, of Al-

lenvelle, Mich., says, "I suffered Heart-She lived entirely on warm water. After When the service was over George taking two bottles of Kodol Dyspepsia stood and waited for Mrs. Hillyer, who was coming toward him, in her stiff eats heartily and is in good health. I am gind to say Kodol gave me instant relief." Bold by Aycocke's drug store.

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Bad weather and low price cotton have prevented me from opening as early as at first announced, but

AM COMING SURE

Do not be in a hurry to buy. The Horse and Mule market is off now and may go lower. Hold your cotton and wait for me, I will sell

it would be a world-wide calam- FOR GASH OR ON TIME.

hope to be with you as early as the 10th fast, but it may be later. I shall have some good stock to show you and will treat you right. It will pay you

FRANK MCKINNE В.

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