

CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. G. S. HARRIS, Supt. Preaching at 11 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. every Sunday.

BAPTIST. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. THOS. B. WILDER, Supt. Preaching at 11 A. M., and 7:30 P. M., every Sunday.

PROFESSORIAL. DR. FREDERICK K. COOK, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, LOUISBURG, N. C.

DR. A. M. FLEMING, DENTIST, LOUISBURG, N. C.

DR. J. E. MALONE, PRACTISING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, LOUISBURG, N. C.

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DR. S. P. BURT, PRACTISING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, LOUISBURG, N. C.

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Good accommodations. Good fare for his and attentive service.

The Substitute

By WILL N. HARBEN. Author of "Aber Daniel," "The Land of the Changing Sun," "The North Wind," etc.

[CONTINUED.]

"I acknowledge I'd heard so great a deal of you, and I've seen you together, much about the high standing of the Cranstons that I almost 'fowed you was a plumb fool to be gettin' that, but well, I never knew who do a hen will take a notion to set, but of you keep on actin' with Lydia Cranston like you did back then in meetin' you kin simply wrap her 'round your little finger."

"You know," the little woman ran on. "I was a settin' jest two benches behind 'em, an' when you come in I side 'er switch 'er head a little to one side an' see you, an' then she looked at me, an' she said, 'What's that doin'?'"

"I wonder how they got on to that?" asked Mrs. Hillyer, with a snicker. "On to what?" Buckley asked. "Why, on to that way of settin' like they had boards under their clothes again, an' back to the washin' an' to go a mile that way. I always want to loll back when I'm ridin'—why, that's what ridin' is, I always 'lowed—but then three an' the nigger look like so many beavers."

"Of course," Mrs. Hillyer went on, as if reading his mind, "she ain't no use blindin' herself to the way them Cranstons ain't yore sort nor mine, an' a body ought to use ordinary sense in such matters, but all the sneer an' family tree an' blue blood royal on earth can't keep a woman's heart from dopplein back the way it wants to. I sorter like Lydia Cranston. She could brag on 'er antecedents, but she don't. She knows she's some pumpkins an' ain't a-worryin' 'em. I ferd you ain't as good as other folks is the biggest drawback on earth. That's one of yore best cards, George. You always hold yore head up. Sometimes I think I'll have a crown of some sort on it before you die. You've got nerve, an' plenty of it. I think you was a-goin' to flicker under yore burden last week, but yore eye an' skin is clear as ever today. You've set me a good example. Some time you may know all I've suffered while keepin' up my eternal laugh an' chatter."

"That's Mrs. Dugan—bendin' over the fence by the red flag—they were nearin' home. 'She's tryin' her best to ketch somebody passin' from church to learn a bit of news. I've been foolin' 'er ever since the doctor eged 'er. I ain't got much use for her either. When folks run a tale down to her she mighty nigh always tells 'em I started it an' sends 'em over to me." George laughed as he opened the gate and stood aside for her to pass through. "Hello, Mrs. Dugan," she called out to the short, stout woman at the fence, about fifty yards away. "Have you heard when they are a-goin' to let you out?"

"No, I ain't," snapped the gossip as she drew her red breast and over her head and to protect them from the breeze, "but I know when the next court convenes, Mrs. Hillyer, an' I'm goin' to get at the bottom of this thing. I have to tell my house an' lot of it. This baby ain't got no more scarlet fever 'an you have. It's all spite work, Martha Hillyer."

The woman addressed drew her mouth down in a comical way and winked at George. "Did you ever see a child that old hussy callin' me by my full name as put as at we'd been to school together an' swapped chawin' wax? Then she called out to the gossip, conquerin' her smile as she spoke: "Them doctors don't know nothin' about this kind of thing. I'm glad to say Kodol gave me instant relief." Sold by Ayer's drug store.

I was a gal it was all the fashion to bleed for different diseases, but now they say it was a mistake. The doctors still bleed, but they lance the pocket instead of the veins. Have you heard about Mary Hanson an' Cal Bogie tryin' to run off to get married? "Who, no, not a word, Mrs. Hillyer," gasped the preacher, as if clutching at a straw of comfort in her confinement. "You don't say?" "No, I ain't seed a soul today. What about it?" Mrs. Hillyer winked at George again as she looked up the street. "I ain't a-goin' to tell that sort of thing out at the top of my voice, Mrs. Dugan. The neighbors ud think I'd tick leave 'er my senses."

"Well, come here a minute," pleaded the woman of the fence. "Not today, thank you," said Mrs. Hillyer. "They tell me that danger jest in standin' high a infected person an' lettin' the same wind blow an' you."

"Mrs. Hillyer moved on toward the steps. "Oh, Martha!" "What is it, Lou?" "Write that 'ol sheet o' paper an' drap it over the fence. I'll run in the minute."

"No, I can't do that with this tight strip stripped around my waist," smiled the merchant's wife, "an' I've got to see about dinner fer my men folks."

CHAPTER VII. ONE night about the middle of the month George Buckley was awakened by a gentle rapping on the window of his room. He rose and stood listening. The sound was repeated. "Who's there?" he called out. "It's me, George," answered Hillyer's voice. "I want to see you a minute. You needn't dress. I've got a key to the front door, but I was afraid you might jump up an' shoot before you found out who it was."

Buckley's delay in answering showed his surprise at the unusual visit. Hillyer heard him strike a match and saw him in the light it furnished as George applied it to the wick of his lamp. "All right, Mr. Hillyer," he said, "come in."

In a moment the merchant opened the door, rattling door in front and came slowly back to his clerk's apartment. "Get back in bed," said he. "I've got my overcoat on an' my teeth are chatterin'. I feel like I wasn't nothin' but skin an' bones."

"Why, it's not cold, Mr. Hillyer," Buckley was now dressed, all but his coat, and he had just drawn on his slippers, when he sat down on the bed. Hillyer remained standing in the middle of the room, staring wide eyed and pale faced at his clerk. Then he bethought himself of a chair and drew one to him and sat on it. "You want to call on Miss Lydia tonight, didn't you, George?" "Yes, sir. I was there till about 10 o'clock."

"Makin' any progress, George? I ain't tryin' to make any progress, Mr. Hillyer," said the young man quickly. "We are simply friends—that's all."

It was as if the merchant had not heard the reply to his question. He stared blankly at Buckley for a moment, and then, with a groan, he buried his face in his hands and roared back and forth like a man in pain. Suddenly he said: "George, I'm in a awful-awful fix!"

Buckley found himself unable to formulate a reply. He could only answer the astonishing statement with an almost alarmed stare. "George, I'm sufferin'—sufferin'! It's that old thing. I thought after my talk with you down here awhile ago that I would feel better, but it's back agin' like a million devils had hold of every nerve in my brain an' body. Fer the last week it has been growin' worse an' worse, an' now it's 'bout as bad as I'll let it be. But I must tell you, you know I said I'd speak about it fer thirty year to a single soul, an' talkin' to you here that night seemed to do me some good, an' so tonight when I couldn't sleep I thought I'd come to you."

"I'm glad you came, Mr. Hillyer." "You remember, George, I said that Hank Williams, the man whose testimony had cleared me, was livin' in Texas?" "Yes, I remember you said that, Mr. Hillyer."

"Well, jest a week ago last Thursday he come back to this county to see his old friends an' kin. When I heard he'd come I was settin' at my desk. Kenner an' Hanks was a-talkin', an' one of 'em mentioned it. All my strength went out of me, fer they said he'd got religion an' was leadin' a upright life. Do you know what I'm feared of now, George? I'm afraid he's come back to see me—to let me know how he fess the truth? They say men will get that way as they nigh the grave, an' he's gittin' old. Some's wrong, I know, fer he acts as if he's not comin' to see me. I'm as high crazy as a man ever was. Do you know what I done last night? It was as dark as pitch, an' I knowed nobody wouldn't see me. You know the old livery stable whar the shootin' occurred is still standin'. I had never been past it since then. I jest wonderd, 'But last night, in the pitch dark an' drizin' rain, I got out'n bed an' went thar an' knelt down right whar he fell, an' begged an' begged God to let me die then an' thar an' face whatever was a-sartin' to be mine, even if it was a-cold. I want my punishment—the rail thing—to begin, an' go on an' on 'till it's God's will. I don't care how long. I can't stand this uncertainty. Hank Williams intends to come to me, but he's puttin' it off to the last minute. But I want him to sport it all out an' be done with it. If he don't, I will. This tonight I went up to the graveyard an' I picked out Lynn Hambricht's grave an' laid down on it amongst the weeds an' briars an' prayed to his bones to rise up an' do somethin'. Anythin' but the loss of this awful silence of God's man."

With his hands tightly pressed over his face the merchant sat, breathing heavily. George Buckley stood over him, his handsome face heavy with pity. "Is there anything—anything on earth that I can do, Mr. Hillyer?" he questioned. "I would do anything to relieve you. I'd cut off my right arm to do you a service."

"You know how I feel. I want you to take my horse an' ride out to Williams the first thing in the mornin'. You got git that by 10 o'clock, but—Hillyer passed a letter to a soft groan—but I'd have all that time to wait, like a man got to be hung. George, ef—ef you started tonight, you'd get thar about the time he was ridin', an' you could, by ridin' peart, git back here by 10 in the mornin'."

"Well, yes, I can go easily," said Buckley. "But what must I say to him, Mr. Hillyer?" "The old man started for a moment, and then he replied: "Ten million times sorer than I was when the deed was done, an' that I want 'im not to delay any longer ef—ef he is goin' to take any step. Tell 'im I want it over. That will be enough, George. Now git out the house."

"And you?" "I'll stay here the balance of the night an' open up, as usual, an' make Jake put the office in order."

"Don't you think your wife will be troubled if she should miss you, Mr. Hillyer?" "She won't miss me; she's got used to my night prowlin'. I'd keep her awake ef I was at home. I'm goin' to pace this door back an' forth an' try to get tired. Go ahead, George. Don't waste any more time. You'll know what to say. I don't want you to plead for me. I've plead with a higher power 'n he is till I'm through. All I want is a verdict—the verdict I dodged so long ago."

The next day about 10 o'clock, as George was getting home, he saw his employer emerge from a clump of persimmon trees on the edge of the road and walk toward him. He was almost a nervous wreck; his eyes were bloodshot, his hair disheveled. "I couldn't wait for you to get to town," he said, looking up and down the road furtively, as if afraid some one might be coming, "and so I walked out. I come away from the warehouse just after half past five, an' I've been walkin' through them woods over thar ever since. Once I fell in a deep ditch. I thought it was God's mercy an' that it was all goin' to be over, but I didn't get a scratch. You notice I keep talkin' it over an' I'm afraid to look at you or let you speak."

"You haven't a thing to fear, Mr. Hillyer," Buckley dismounted and stood by his employer, his arm through the bridle. "You didn't see Williams?" "Yes, I saw him and had a long talk with him. He said you were the best man he had ever known in his life and that he'd rather die than harm you in any way. He would have come to see you but he thought he might not want to be reminded of the past. He actually cried when I told him of your sufferin'. He said it was your influence that had made him try to lead a better life. He said his protection of you was the one thing in all his life that he was proud of. He declared he would do it over again. He's got into some new religion. I don't know what it is, but it is not exactly orthodox. He says it is wrong to be wrong to punish a man for a thing he regretted as much as you did that act, and that he was glad he yielded to the impulse to help you."

"Oh, George, you don't mean—" "A great sorrow in Hillyer's breast burst; his red eyes were full of tears. "He says he is proud of what he did to save you from further trouble. George went on tenderly. "He says if you had gone to prison for life it would have wrecked your career, but that his testimony spared you to go on betterin' the world. He's heard a lot about every day that you've helped in one way and another, and he told him how near I was to the brink not come ago and how you saved me—when he heard that he actually sobbed and said, 'Bully old man; bully, bully old man!'"

The merchant caught the mane of the horse and put his hand on the forehead of the animal. He leaned forward till his face touched the neck of the animal. "God's good, George, God's good!" he sobbed. Buckley put his arm on the old man's shoulder carelessly. "Now get on the horse and ride home," he said. "I want to stretch my legs. They are stiff."

"No!" Hillyer looked up, his face radiant. "You ride. I want to go back in the woods an' pray an' show don't want to go home now. I want to thank my Maker. I may not come to dinner. I'll fast. May God bless you, my boy!" George mounted the horse, and as he rode away he saw the old man plunge into the woods at the roadside, his hands clasped before him, his lips in motion. Buckley did not see his employer again until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Then he came in slowly and sank into his chair at his desk and took up the letters George had left there for him. There was a general droop of despondency on him, and he handled the letters with listless intention. "What's that still a-dumbin'?" he said, a little note of gratification in his voice as he allowed a thin market report to flutter from his hand to a wastebasket. "I'm glad of that, George, fer it backs yore judgment. I wonder what Kenner has to say now."

"Both he and Hanks are urgin' me to get you to sell," replied the young man. "Well, you kin bet I won't till you tell me to on yore judgment." "Well, I can't do that yet, Mr. Hillyer. Then George saw the old man push back the letters on his desk, half of which he had not opened, and a low, stifled groan escaped his lips. Buckley got down from his high stool and went and looked over him. "Has anything happened since I left you, Mr. Hillyer—anything to upset you?" The merchant gave him a steady look. "No, I can't say anything has happened—anything, at least, like you mean—but my thoughts have happened, George. Fer about a hour after you left me out in the woods I was jest too happy for anything, but after a while I got to thinkin'. I got to wonder what I was so happy about, anyway, an' the thought come to me like a lick from a club in the dark that it was jest because I 'lowed I was goin' to escape the consequences of my deed without undoin' it. George, I can't say I was a-dumb, but I was a-dumb that day's life, an' he had as much right to it as I have to the content I'm praisin' fer right now. Huh!—What difference does it make to—the dead how much good Hank Williams an' other folks believe in a deity? How do I know Lynn Hambricht hadn't rather sell alive than fer me to be doin' anythin'?" Buckley found himself unable to make any reply adequate to the situation. Different thoughts suggested themselves, but he discarded them one by one. Something made him think that the old man would like to be alone, and he took his hat and went out. As he did so Kenner came into the office with some samples of cotton in his hat and threw them into a huge pile that lay like a snowdrift in one corner of the room. "I've jest dropped on to some'n I don't exactly like," he said, standing behind the merchant. Hillyer looked up indifferently. "It's about George," said Kenner. "You say it is?" Hillyer brightened visibly. "What about him?" The cotton buyer sat on the corner of Hillyer's desk and swung one of his slim legs to and fro. "Deseay Buckley stands all right in the society of this town," he said, "but the boy's at a sort o' turnin' point. Mr. Hillyer, Joe Drake an' some more young men is organizin' a club. It's the Major Cranston's idea, an' the idea is to get a list of charter members was lyin' on the show case at Drake's drug store, an' I looked at it. George's name wasn't on it. I'm sure it was jest a oversight, but I don't exactly like the idea of havin' George left out of anythin' jest right now. Some busybodies might make capital out of it. Do you see what I mean?" Hillyer understood, and he nodded knowingly as he rose to his feet. The cloud had left his face. "You stay here, Jim," he said. "I'm goin' uptown an' look at that list."

SYNOPSIS

The following is a synopsis of Chapters heretofore published of "The Substitute." CHAPTERS I, 2 and 3—George Buckley is the partner of Mr. Hillyer, a rich Georgia merchant. His father is sent to prison for theft. George is attentive to Lydia Cranston, daughter of a proud Virginian. The shame of his father's crime makes him desperate. 4—Hillyer confesses to George the murder of a friend thirty years before the story opens. To atone for the deed he took George out of his degraded home to make a useful man of him, and a substitute for society for his dead friend. 5—Hanks, a note broker, and Kenner, a cotton buyer, have deals in Hillyer's warehouse. Hanson Truitt, a Confederate veteran is a champion of George. Hillyer invests heavily in wheat on the advice of George.

HINTS FOR THE GIRLS

Some one has suggested fifteen things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everybody's reach: Never fuss or fret or fidget. Never keep anybody waiting. Shut the door, and shut it softly. Have an hour for chatin' and ridin'. Learn to bake bread as well as cake. Always know where your things are. Keep your own room in tasteful order. Never go with your shoes unlaced. Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours. Never come to breakfast without a collar. Never sidget or hum so as to disturb others. Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand. Be patient with the little ones, as you wish your mother to be with you. Never let a day pass without doin' something to make somebody comfortable. The girl who has thoroughly learned all this might also be called a "mistress of arts."—S. S. Vistor.

OUR PATRONS

are Cordially invited to call at our New Quarters on Nash Street. We wish all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. M. K. & F. R. PLEASANTS DRUGGISTS

For Thin Babies

Fat is of great account to a baby; that is why babies are fat. If your baby is scrawny, Scott's Emulsion is what he wants. The healthy baby stores as fat what it does not need immediately for bone and muscle. Fat babies are happy; they do not cry; they are rich; their fat is laid up for time of need. They are happy because they are comfortable. The fat surrounds their little nerves and cushions them. When they are scrawny those nerves are hurt at every ungentle touch. They delight in Scott's Emulsion. It is as sweet as wholesome to them.

FOR GASH OR ON TIME.

I hope to be with you as early as the 10th inst., but it may be later. I shall have some good stock to show you and will treat you right. It will pay you to wait for me. FRANK B. MCKINNE.

Artistic Job Printing

FRANK B. MCKINNE. TIMES PRINTING HOUSE



That's Mrs. Dugan bending over the fence.

No More Stomach Troubles. All stomach trouble is removed by the use 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 restores the stomach to health. You don't have to diet, you don't have to take Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. J. D. Rankin, of Allenville, Mich., says, "I suffered heart-burn and stomach trouble for some time. My sister-in-law had had the same trouble, and was not able to eat for six weeks. She lived entirely on warm water. After taking two bottles of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure she was entirely cured. The new cure acts heartily and is so good health. I am glad to say Kodol gave me instant relief." Sold by Ayer's drug store.

Toile to the System. For liver troubles and constipation there is nothing better than DeWitt's Little Early Risers the famous little pills. They do not weaken the stomach. The action upon the system is mild, pleasant and harmless. Bob Moore, of LaFayette, Ind., says, "No use talking. DeWitt's Little Early Risers cured me. I was suffering from constipation and other pills gripe and make me sick. DeWitt's Little Early Risers proved to be the long sought relief. They are simply perfect. I have been traveling and Little Early Risers the most reliable remedy to carry with them." Sold by Ayer's drug store.



Bad weather and low price cotton have prevented me from opening as early as at first announced, but Fat is of great account to a baby; that is why babies are fat. If your baby is scrawny, Scott's Emulsion is what he wants. The healthy baby stores as fat what it does not need immediately for bone and muscle. Fat babies are happy; they do not cry; they are rich; their fat is laid up for time of need. They are happy because they are comfortable. The fat surrounds their little nerves and cushions them. When they are scrawny those nerves are hurt at every ungentle touch. They delight in Scott's Emulsion. It is as sweet as wholesome to them. Do not be in a hurry to buy. The Home and Mole market is off now and may go lower. Hold your cotton and wait for me, I will sell. I hope to be with you as early as the 10th inst., but it may be later. I shall have some good stock to show you and will treat you right. It will pay you to wait for me. FRANK B. MCKINNE.

Artistic Job Printing. FRANK B. MCKINNE. TIMES PRINTING HOUSE