LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10 1905,

VOL. XXXV.

CHURCH DIRECTORY METHODIST.

Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. GRO. S. BAKER, Supt. Preaching at 11 A. M., and 7 30 P. M. ory Sanday. Prayer meeting Wednesday night,

L. S, MASSET, Pastor. BAPTIST. Sanday School at 9:30 A. M. Thos. B. Wilber, Supt Presching at 11 A.M., and 7:30 P.M.,

Prayer meeting Thursday night. H. H. Masheusna, Pastor. BPISCOPAL. Sauday School at 9:30. WM. H. RUPPER, Sapt. Services, morning and night, on les, 3rd and 4th Sundays.

Evening Prayer, Friday afterneon Ray. John London, Recter. PRESBYTERIAN. Services 4th Sunday in each monthmorning and night.

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

Professional cards DR. FREDERICK K. COOK,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Louisburg, N. C. odes with Dr. A. H. Fleming. Hours: 10 a. m. to 13 m., 5 p. m. to 6 p. m. Special hours by appointment,

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DENTIST. LOUISBURG. . - N. C. Office Over The Green & Yarbors Co,'s

DR. J. R. MALONE,

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LOUISBURG, N. C. Office over Aycocke Drug Co.'s drug store DR. S. P. BURT,

PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND Louisburg, N. C. Office in the rear of Boddie, Bobbitt & Co.'s Drug Store, on Nash street.

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The Substitute

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

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"What's up today?" Kenner asked him as he came into the office and stood towering over the stove.

"Nothin' but a meetin' o' the veterans of our camp-the Joseph E. Johnston, sir. I'm goin' up now to stick the flag on the gate at the courthouse. We intend to see about who's goin' to the reunion in Atlanta next spring; thar's a sight o' the boys that want to go, but cayn't raise the scads. We'll chip in an' send the most deservin', ef our women folks go hungry this winter. Thar was a lie affoat in the newspapers awhile back that some nigger went off after the war an' got rich an' come back home jest in time to buy his old master a suit o' clothes an' pay his way to a reunion. Ef thar was a man in our camp that ud go that a-way, we'd send 'im in tar an' feath-

ers, an' on a rail at that." "Oh, come off, Bas," Kenner laughed as he looked around at George and Hillyer at their desks. "That's a old Yankee army overcoat you got on right now. You've had it dyed with logwood, but I'd know it by that long

cape." "Yes, that's what it is," admitted Truitt sheepishly. "The Yankee that owned it died at my house while I was off in the war. It was the only thing he left that was any account, an' my women folks had fed an' pampered 'im up with all they could rake an' scrape in the neighborhood, goin' without the rselves beca'se he was so bad of. After he died they put this coat away in camphor to keep the moths out of it The blame garment eat up a quarter's with a year fer ten year, an' ever' winter I had a row with my women folks beca'se I wouldn't wear it. Finally, I agreed of they ud dye it so none o' my crowd ud fergit the war was over make a fortune runnin' a dye house. This dratted thing has sp'iled twenty Sunday shirts fer me. Tother day,

when I went in the meetin' house out of a shower o' rain, I left a streak o' black ink from the door to the amen "Whar did you git that bugle?" Kenner questioned. "I know you never blowed it in the army."

"No; Tred Langston had it when he was bugler in our company, an' he give it to me to use in our veteran camp; he said his boys hadn't a sign o' respect fer what it had been through, an' used it to call the dogs to go possum huntin'. He said his gals tied a gray ribbon about it an' hung it up on the wall, but the boys wouldn't let it stay thar. They treated his canteen jest as bad. They toted it about with moonshine whisky in it till it sprung a leak, an' then they hung it up on tree an' shot more holes in it. I reckon I am a sight, totin' a reb' flag an' bugie with a Yankee overcoat on, but they tell me the war's over."

"I reckon you went through the thick of it," said the cotton buyer tentaat Baker's creek," answered the veter-

an. "Our boys was about starved to death on short rations, an' we had jest got hold of a lot o' fresh beef when we got the call to arms. Our colonel told us we'd better take some of the beef with us, an' me 'n' another feller was a-fillin' our knapsacks when the feller all at once said to me, Look y here, Bas, the odds is agin us, an' I hain't a-goin' to let no bluecoat ketch me with a passle of raw beef in my knapsack,' an' he th'owed the meat down. I followed suit. Jest then, in all the hurlyburly o' gittin' ready, a man rid in with a big basket o' pies to sell us. We wanted the pies an' he wanted money; we didn't have no



"That's a old Yankee army overcoat." money, an' offered to swap beef fer we put 'im on his sway backed hoss an' loaded 'im back and front with bloody beef an' tol' 'im ef he didn't make tracks we'd shoot at the beef. But we didn't have time to eat the ples even, fer the thing had begun. Folks has often axed me what a battle

cucumber; looked like he was jest tryin' to study what would be the right Seein' him that a-way made me sorter ashamed, an' I plunged in. At fust it come awkward, but in a minute it wasn't any more'n shootin' at rabbits. "We plugged away an' laughed an'

ime as long as it lasted, an' then we got rattled an' begun to retreat. I was shot through the left arm an' side, an' fell in a ditch. A Yankee run up with a p'inted bayonet an' yelled, 'Cuss you, come out o' thar or I'll shoot you? Some o' our boys said I ort to 'a' cussed 'im back, but I didn't. It jest seemed part o' the game to me, an' he me, said I, 'ef you want me.' An' a couple of 'em did, an' drug me up the bank. They had ketched a few more of our boys on the wing, an' they driv' us up in a circle an' put some foreign guards around us. Every one of us was cut ur had balls som'ers in us, but we sassed them guards about the'r brogue, an' one thing an' other, till they was mad enough to bill us. They

made jokes an' had a good all round

They patched us up in the hospital an' finally exchanged us." "Oh, say," protested Kenner, "that ain't all, is it?" "It's all I've got to say today. I've got to blow a few blasts at the postoffice an' stick up the flag." He stepped to Buckley's desk and leaned

give us good treatment-I'll say that

much fer 'em-an' I liked the'r grub.

They had all sorts o' good stuff in cans.

out our way to make Jeff behave his-"Drinking again?" George asked, with

on it. "I wish, George, that you was

"Yes: an' that ain't all: he's got every moonshiner over thar down on 'im. He informed on some of 'em while he was out o' his head an' now thar's no tellin' whar it will end. Somebody shot at 'im while he was in the field t'other day-some skunk in the woods, afraid

"That's pretty bad," said George sympathetically. "Jeff ought to be more cautious." As Truitt was leaving, Mrs. Hillyer waddled in, her gray shawl wrapped

tightly round her body. "Come fer money to run said, with a laugh, to her folks tuck me up, but they wouldn't husband. "No, thank you, I won't set down," she added to Kenner, who was offering her his chair. "The truth is. I'm goin' to steer clear e' this house. Mrs. Dugan says all the reports in the town git started among you uns. Ef she knew I came here she'd lay it on me. I thought fer a while, after they lifted her quarantine, that she was goin' to do different, but she's wuss 'an ever. I sawed 'er off short yesterday, though." Mrs. Hillyer

laughed heartily. "You know, Mr. Kenner, she's got one tale that she tells over an' over constantly. One of the longest winded yarns you ever heard, about how she fust got acquainted with a woman she met by acident. She forgets she's told it twenty times, an' jest takes 'er chair an' begins to unwind. So far nobody hain't been bold enough to say they'd heard t before, but when I seed her a-comin through the gate yesterday I told Hortense of she dared to spring that old gag on me ag'in I'd stop 'er ef it cost me my life. I thought Hortense ud die laughin', fer Mrs. Dugan had no sooner 'n set down than she begun to tell about how she fust met the woman. Well, I'd made my bet, an' wasn't goin' to be best. 'Held en.' said I; 'right here I want to tell you some'n, Mrs. Dugan some'n powerful

quar about me. I believe, on my soul, I've got second sight.' 'Second sight,' says she, in her mean way, 'why, I didn't think you was quite old enough to have yore second sight.' 'I don't mean that sort o' second sight,' says I; but I've noticed sometimes when a body would begin a tale I could see clean to the end of it long before the end was reached. Now,' says I, 'see et I ain't right; the next time you met that woman was at the county fair, whar she tuck fust prize on her patch quilt,' an' with that I finished out her yarn, as pat as ef it was one o' my own brag tales. Lord, wasn't she hot! She got as red as a ripe tomato. wasn't goin' to tell that, says she; 'I remember tellin' you that. I was goin'

to git round to some'n else; but, since you are so almighty smart, I reckon I'll go on about my business,' an' with, that she flirted out o' the house, an' kicked the dog as she went by it on the porch. When a woman's mad enough to kick a dog her dander's flyin' in 'er eyes." Mrs. Hillyer laughed as she thrust her red hand from beneath her shawl and took the money the merchant was giving her. "Don't git married, Mr. Kenner," she said. "A woman will either keep yore nose to the grindstone with 'er mouth shet, or talk

you to death-or both." Kenner smilingly walked with her to the outer door. "I was jest a-wonderin', Mrs. Hillyer, what you think about George's case with that highfalutin Virginia girl. I'm interested in that boy, an' it looks like a pity to me to have 'im lookin' in that direction—I mean jest that particular direction." "I know what you mean, Mr. Kenner"—the woman shuddered in the keen, cool breeze—'but do you reckon it's any more'n friendship on his side?"

"That's what I'm botherin' about," answered the cotton buyer. "I don't let on to George, of course, but I've been watchin' him powerful close. He wants everybody to think him an' her | soul is dryin' up year by year in this jest passin' friends; but, law me, some musty warehouse. I tell you, I'm times when he thinks nobody hain't goin' to find you a wife," a-lookin' he gits off his guard. One "I wish you would," Kenner laughed. gleam of triumph in his eye. fer day, while he was at work on his "I've got faith in yore judgment, an' I'd books, she happened to ride past on take any you picked out an' be thank-that frisky mare o' hers. The animal ful. An' this affair of George's makes got scared at the puffin' o' the compress over thar an' begun to cut up.

ples even, fer the thing had begin. Folks has often axed me what a battle was like. I couldn't tell you, It jest made a sound—coo—coo—coo—coo—like a harrycane rippin' gullies in the earth an' sweepin' away trees, rocks, hills, ar everything in its track, an' on afte come! I hain't here to lie—I was scared clean down into my socks. When they hove into sight round the hill in the sun, I couldn't see nothin' but a solid bank o' silver. By gum, it looked like thar was enough bayonet p'ints displayed thar to stab all the files in the universe. I seed our general about that time; he was a-setting the setting two bottles of Kodol Dyspepsia for general about that time; he was a-setting the setting two bottles of Kodol Dyspepsia for general about that time; he was a-setting the setting two bottles of Kodol Dyspepsia for general about that time; he was a-setting the setting two bottles of Kodol Dyspepsia for general about that time; he was a-setting the setting two bottles of Kodol Dyspepsia for general about that time; he was a-setting the setting that it is not the setting for setting the setting the setting that it is not the setting for setting the setting the setting that it is not the setting for setting the setting that it is not the setting for setting the setting the setting that it is not the setting for setting the setting that it is not the setting that the setting the setting that it is removed by the setting the setting the setting the setting that the set to the System.

For liver troubles and countries the setting the setting that the set the setting the setting the setting that the set the setting the setting the setting that the set the setting the setting that the set to the System.

For liver troubles and countries there is nothing better than DeWitt's Little Early Risers the famous little pills. The food builth as the set the set the set the set the set the s

The saddle girth broke, an' she fell in tin' over its head; he was as cool as a la ditch. She wasn't hurt one speck, thing to do. He was a daisy; part In- but George must 'a' thought she was, jun, an' not afeard o' God Almighty. | fer he turned as white as a sheet an' fer the spot, an' when he seed no harm perfectly cool an' lookin' at him jest like she was enjoyin' his exciteme She axed 'im one or two questions, an' it looked to me like she was jest doin'

Mrs. Hillyer laughed. "You ort to 'a' been a woman, Mr. Kenner. I didn't know any man alive could notice like that. But do you reckon the pore was winnin'. 'You come down after young man ever hopes to-you know what I mean?"

> marryin', like he was jest satisfied to let things go on as they are. If Parany judge, that is the most dangerous sort o' love, ef a body kin call it that." "I'll say this fer 'er," said Mrs. Hillyer seriously. "I don't think she is a voman that ud handle a man's affections lightly jest fer the fun of the thing. An' sometimes I think she is doin' jest like you say George is-jest knowin', as she does, that he hain't

feller, fer I knowed George was listenin', but I couldn't take the liberty. I

set, like he was sufferin'.

nade a low bow, an' stood grinnin', to show how sorry he was. The drummer said she happened to have some pennies in her hand, an' that she jest drapped 'em in the feller's hat as ef he was a beggar, an', without lookin' at 'im, passed on down the steps. They say it got out, an' so much fun was made of it that the feller left Richmond. She's jest like a queen, anyway, Mrs. Hillyer, but I'll tell you I believe she likes George Buckley-I believe she likes an' respects 'im. An' gether I jest feel like the two of 'em is doin' right to feel that a-way, even ef it never comes to anything. It's the prettiest sight on earth-that sort o' thing is, Mrs. Hillyer. An' sometimes it seems to me that it's jest beca'se they are helt apart that they are drawed so close together. She's at

er steadily, and her eyes filled. "Mr. Kenner," she said unsteadily, "I've listened to some sermons once in Huh, I never 'lowed it was in you! An'

"To me?" asked the young woman in

gale that ever wore gowns."

"That's the pretty part of it," said Kenner, with no little feeling. "It looks

a-lettin' the thing pull 'er along, the man 'er folks ud accept. So you think George railly is interested in "That hain't the word fer it." said Kenner. "As fer her bein' above 'im in station, what does that matter to him? I've never seed his equal fer pride an' self respect. I believe ef a railly refined young man is put in low surroundin's he'll make a finer creature ometimes than ef he was put among the best. No, George cayn't hide his

feelin's. I think maybe he had some hope before his father's disgrace, but he hain't now. Thar was a tobacco drummer from Virginia in the office t'other day, an' he got to runnin' on, like them sort o' men will, to me an' Hanks. George was writtin' letters at the desk. The drummer begun tellin' us about bein' astonished to see folks like the Cranstons in this out of the way place. He said Miss Lydia was the belle o' Richmond society an' had big public men runnin' after 'er. He said our governor-you know Governor campment down south an' is dead bent on marryin' her. I wanted to stop the

seed George had quit writin' an' was lookin' out o' the window with his jaw "Then the drummer begun to tell about how she had squelched a feller up in Richmond. He was a rich Yankee that was bein' entertained up thar, an' met her at some big dinner. It seems she set right acrost the table from him, an' some'n' he said agin the southern soldiers made 'er fire up. You know two of her uncles was killed at Gettysburg. Well, instead o' apologizing like he ort, he seemed to think it was mighty funny, an' he spent the rest e' the dinner hittin' at the dead Confederate soldiers-jest think o' that, the dead ones!—said they had no right to have flowers strewed on the'r graves an' the like. The drummer said she tuck it like a born lady, as mild as she could, out o' politeness, an' beca'se she saw that the lady that give the party was worried by his conduct, but she give the feller a cold stare after dinner, an' ordered her carriage to take er home. The whole thing, it seems, along with het good looks an' high position, literally turned the Yankee's head. He made a dosen attempts after that to meet 'eg, but she refused to have anything to do with 'im. He found out whar she attended church, an' went thar one Sunday, an' after meetin' was over he waited at the foot o' the steps outside. Seems like he counted on his smile doin' the work. fer when she appeared at the top o' the steps he jest tuck off his hat an'

the top, Mrs. Hillyer, an' his daddy has put up a wall betwixt the two, but they are a-lookin' over it into each other's eyes an' a-wonderin' — jest

Mrs. Hillyer gazed at the cotton buyawhile an' been blessed, but it was a rare thing. But I give you my word you've made me feel good this mornin'. jest think, you hain't married. Thar's oodling o' deservin' gals in the world, lettin', the'r good hearts wither up without a speck o' love, an' yore rich

'fore it was too late."

The following is a synopsis

ced their youth away." ife bustled into the warm sitting

eard tell of. I want to say, moreover, but he would marry under jest the

ise, "I can't see why you are hurling

it in my face! I'm sure I have always uplifting of the heart. "Well," and Mrs. Hillyer turned away, "I've put a bug in yore year, an' of it don't kick it's dead; that's all I're

got to say." The following Sunday, after the service, she met Kenner just outside the church and greeted him with a broad

"I've got yore case in hand," she said, "an' I'm workin' it fer all it's He flushed to the roots of his hair with sinused gratification. "You say you have, Mrs. Hillyer?

he stammered. Kenner stood on the edge of the sidewalk and watched her as she joined her niece on the street corner. "I wonder ef she could mean Miss Hortense, said, his blood rushing madly through his veins. "Lord, Lord, sin't she nice? Fer all I know, Mrs. Hillyer may be tryin' to talk me up with 'er. Well, I wish she would, for I never la and Mobile and return, account of would dare to do it myself, as much as the Mardi Gras celebration at these

CHAPTER IX.

of the warehouse one morning about the middle of the follow-ing week when Kenner came in from the postoffice, the morning's mail in his hands.

"Wheat's gone a-whimin'," he said. It's \$1.10 in the shade away above high water mark. Take a fool's advice, Mr. Hillyer, an' git out while you kin. I've got George's interest at heart same as you have, an' it's better fer young men to go slow an' be on the safe side." Hillyer smiled broadly and rubbed

his hands together with an air of intense satisfaction. "You were jest as badly rattled when it hadn't reached a dollar," he said, "Now, you let George alone. Ef I'm willin' to reak his judgment, with plenty o' seads behind the investment, why can't you?" Kenner shrugged his shoulders and made no reply. George was coming in at the door. "Hello, young Gould!"

the cotton buyer cried out joyially.

'Are you weak at the knees?" "Oh, you mean wheat," said Buckley ndifferently as he went to his deak. That's Mr. Hillyer's affair." "No, it hain't, my boy, not by a jug 'ui," said Hillyer, almost tenderly Yore judgment's beld good so far what do you think we ought to do?" "Why, if I wanted to realize," re plied the young man, "I'd telegraph for the best offers right away. You can't rely on those printed reports like Ken-per has. My opinion is that it has

gone higher since that circular was "Higher!" excluimed Kenner, with a cold smile of decision. "My boy, you are actin' jest like every young specu-lator that ever grabbed the whip an' jumped in the arena. You never let go till the back action sets in, an' then down you scoot like an avalanche."

Hillyer's next remark surprised Ken "That's jest what I have done, my boy. I don't say I intend to sell, but wired Jacobs & Co. fer the'r best offer on my way down." Just then a messenger boy came

with a telegram. Hillyer opened with shaky fingers, but when he read it he laid it on his desk quite calmly, a "Jacob offers \$1.121/6," he said im

Kenner stared and then spat against the wall behind the store. (TO BE CONTINUED.) HYGEIA-The Best 5-cent cigar

It takes more than muscle to make

on earth for sale at Aycocke Drug

society for his dead friend. I-Hanks, a note broker, and Ken George, Hillyer invests heavily in wheat on the advice of George, S. Mrs. Hillyer praises George's note haracter. Hilyer in fear of bein brought to trial for his old crime.

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