That's God's truth."

to you. To make a clean breast of

fix-I was on a trade with A. C. Band

ford, up the street, for his groces

out there and quit here. I've loc

store, Sandford's wife has got Indian

blood in her an' she's entitled to land

to his books an' his trade, an' he's go

I'd pay him, Well, that pleased him

and his wife, too, for they are anxious

to get away, and we even took stock.

It invoiced about \$2,000, an' he doesn't

owe a cent in market, but somehow my

father got wind of it. an'. Lord, the

row he raised over it! He made me

go out in the yard an' cut wood all that

morning, an' he went down to Sand-

ford and said so much against me that

Hillyer stared for a moment

"I was last July, Mr. Hillyer."

"Then you are yore own boss?"

"I reckon I am, as far as age goes."

said Bob, with a good natured smile,

"but my credit deesn't seem to amount

"Bob"-Hillyer was not looking at

thought seriously of getting away from

I've been in-a crowd that thinks it be-

"They wouldn't laugh at you if you

were the proprietor o' that grocery,"

said Hillyer. "Look here, Bob; I've

got a lot o' money lent out on a sight

wuss security than yore word, an' ef

you'll give me yore note fer two thou-

you kin stand it, an' I'll give you jest

as long time as you want to pay it off."

Bob Hanks' eyes were wide open in

astonishment. He caught his breath

and gazed alternately at George and

"Oh. Mr. Hillyer, are you in ear

"So much in earnest that I'm goin

to close this thing inside o' the next

along an' buys Sandford out. George,

make out the note, an' when Bob's put

his name to it stick it in the safe. I'm

goin' uptown an' tell Sandford it's a

"Mr. Hillyer!" Bob cried out as the

merchant was leaving the office, but

nest?" he asked finally.

you, and so do I. Bob."

neath a fellow to work."

Sandford backed clean out."

one?" he asked

chief thing."

-for I know you will understand my

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17 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. every Sunday. Prayer meeting Wednesday night. L. S. MASSEY, Pastor: BAPTIST.

Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. THOS. B. WILDER, Supt Preaching at 11 A.M., and 7:30 F.M., every Sunday. Prayer meeting Thursday night. H. H. MASHBURNS, Pastor. RPISCOPAL, Sauday School at 9:30.

WM. H. RUFFIN. Sapt. Services, morning and night, on ist, ard and 4th Sundays. Evening Prayer, Friday afternoon Ray, John London, Restor. PRESBYTERIAN. Services 4th Sunday in each monthmorning and night.

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

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DR. J. J. MANN, PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, LOUISBURG, N. C.

Office over Aycocke Drug Co.'s drug store DR. S. P. BURT, PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND ST

Louisburg, N. C. Office in the rear of Boddie, Bobbitt & Co.'s Drug Store, on Nash street. Da. B. P. YARBOROUGH,

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The Substitute

By WILL N. HARBEN.

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[CONTINUED.]

"Somebody's crazy," he grunted Wheat can't stand at that." Hillyer was gazing at George with hearty smile on his face. "What do you think we ought to do my boy?" he asked. "Remember, I only want yore judgment. Ef we hit the ceilin' feet fo'most I'll never throw it up to you."

George was silent for a moment. The others hung on his reply. "You are putting me in a rather ticklish place, Mr. Hillyer," he said. "I'd really rather not have the responsibility of as big a thing as this is entirely on "Well," said Hillyer, "you won" mind tellin' me what you would do ef

it was all vore affair." "If it were mine," answered George, "I'd hold awhite longer." "That settles it." cried Hillyer, and he turned to write an answer to the

A few minutes later Hanks came in with his son Bob, a well dressed young man past twenty years of age. The young man paused in the outer room, an expression of deep embarrassment on his face. "Has that car o' meat for me been sidetracked?" Hanks asked Hillyer

abruptly. "Yes; it's at the platform now," the merchant answered, casting a curious glance past Hanks to his son. "Are you ready to have it unloaded?" "Yes; Bob's goin' to do it."

The whole room stared in sympathetic astonishment. "You say he is?" Hillyer got out un der his breath.

"Yes; I'm goin' to show him an' his mother that I rule the roost up our way. She's tuck a notion he's too good o work like common folks an' let's 'im run wild with these town dudes, an' I've made up my mind as long as he eats my grub he's got to lay his hands to whatever work there is to do. I could git a nigger to do the job fer a dollar an' a half, an' I'm simply goin' to save the money." At this outburst Bob Hanks was seen to turn his face to the door. It

was as red as blood. "Oh, say"- Hillyer began to protest, but Hanks interrupted him. "Git that pair o' trucks back than an' go to work." he said to his son, "an' shuck off that coat an' necktie. You won't need no buttonhole bouquet fer this job."

The young man made haste to obey. It was as if he wanted to spare his parent the exhibition he was making of himself. Hanks sat down at the stove in his usual place quite unruf-

"Say," Hillyer began mildly, "I-don't think yo're handlin' that chap right. He's all right, of you'd only treat him like a young human bein'. I've wanted to speak to you about that boy a long time. I like Bob, I cayn't help it. Why, hang it, he's jest natural! He don't know how to get down to work. He's been fetched up in this giddy set o' young folks, an' he feels his fodder. When you do put 'im at work you put 'im at some menial employment that makes all the boys in town laugh at him, an' no boy with any pride at all can stand that. An' the trouble is he's ashamed of the way you do along with it. The daddies o' that set he's been runnin' with don't act that way, an' he don't know why yo're different."

"What in the name o' common sense do you know about boys?" said Hanks, leaning forward and applying his cheap cigar to a red spot on the stove. "You've never had one. Do you reckon I hain't anxious to see 'im make some'n' out'n hisself? I tried my level best to git 'im to go to mill t'other day, and betwixt 'im and his mammy was clean outwitted. Jest think o me-me feedin' an' housin' a young Prince o' Wales!"

"A Prince o' Wales that won't ride to mill on a corn sack," said Kenner dryly. "Lib, you've got a white elephant on yore hands as shore's preach-

Just then they heard the rattle of the ron wheeled trucks in the rear. Bob Hanks had set to work. His father began to pull at his cigar. No one spoke for a few minutes. Then three oung men, faultlessly attired and aughing merrily, entered the warehouse at the front and went through the building toward the car at the platform in the rear.

"Gein' back to poke fun at Beb, said Kenner. "They certainly are a triffin' gang, but I'll bet Bob feels like crawlin' in a hole an' pullin' the hole George Buckley stood down on the

floor, his face rigid. They were all watching him. He took off his coat and hung it up and then walked out of the office through the warehouse toward the car of bacon. "I wonder what he's goin' to"- began Kenner.

on." said Hillyer angrily. "An' he ort, the blasted idiots!" Hanks had observed and heard, but he smoked on as if unconcerned. back in a moment, a strange light in

his honest face, his lips twitching. "George has got another pair o' trucks an' is helpin' Bob unload that car," he said in an unsteady voice. "By gum, he's a man, I tell you -- a

face he remarked: "The minute George loomed up out thar an' grabbed them trucks an' set to work that gang dried up an' looked like they wanted to hide. They made some excuse or other an' slunk off down the railroad, an' Bob-Bob jest looked like he could die fer "im. I tell you, you old stick in the mud"—to Hanks—"I'll bet any other daddy but you'd 'a' made a man out o' that material. Bob told me once that he wanted to go in Pusiness fer his-

e'f. Why don't you try 'im?" "Try 'im!" said Hanks indifferently. Who tried me, I wender? I had to shift fer myself, an' ef I've_accumulated anything it has been by my own efforts. Ef anybody had set me up in ousiness at that boy's age I'd never

been wuth a hill o' beans." 'Yes, an' you didn't start out with as much agin you as Bob has," answered the cotton buyer. "You wasn't constantly surrounded by folks tellin' you yore old scrub of a daddy was goin' to die an' leave you a whole lot money, an'-hold on, I'm not hrough"-as Hanks was about to eak-"an' a whole community tellin' you you mustn't lay yore hands menial labor. Yore daddy, from what I hear, made you pull a bell cord over mule's back tell you was twenty-one. an' when you finally his to the dignity o' the junk shop you used to keep, you considered yourself in high G. they say you never wore shoes tell you put 'em on to vote in. They say a stranger put up at Lib's house one night, Mr. Hillyer, an' Lib was standin' up before the fire warmin' hisse'f. All at once Lib's mammy said, 'Henry, thar's a coal o' fire under yore foot,' an' Lib looked up, as lazy then as now, an' asked, in his slow way, 'Which

foot, ma?' Hillyer smiled, but Hanks simply grunted indifferently and began to look over a packet of papers which he took from his pocket. Jake came in to tell Kenner that some cotton wagons were driving up, and Kenner started out, laughing good naturedly. At the door he paused, and, coming back, he leaned on the back of a chair toward Hanks. "You know how to take my fun, Lib," he said, just a touch of apology in his tone. "You see, I used to have jest sech a gang as Bob's society crowd to contend with." Kenner laughed. It was plain he had more to say in spite

of the pressure of business. anything, than now. It was jest after the war, when nobody had anything to put on style with, an' everybody wanted to make a good show to keep from lookin' beat. Among the young men in this place thar was some of us that jest naturally would work, an' a pile of 'em that didn't seem to know how, an' us that knowed how seemed to keep up the rest, for they was eternally a-borrowin' our cash an' never dreamin' o' replacin' it. I remember than was one young feller, Fred Dinslow. that kept my pocket change down to low ebb. It went on se long that I got to prayin' over it, an' finally I got the courage to put my foot down. kept tellin' 'im I didn't have it. He knowed I did, an' so did I, but I could tell 'im that better'n anything else, beca'se he hated to dispute my word, as bad as I hated to refuse 'im my wages. Me 'n' him was a-roomin' to-

gether, an' one day a nigger, Alf Hardin, begun to banter me to sell 'im a light overcoat I was about through with, an' I laid it out fer 'im. Well, Fred noticed it a-lyin' out on the table, an' axed me what I was a-goin' to do with it. I told 'im I was a-goin' to sell it to Alf Hardin. Me 'n' Fred was a-lyin' smokin' on the bed, an' he got up all at once an' put the coat on an' stood lookin' at hisse'f in the bureau glass. He'd turn fust one way an' then another, like a woman dressin' fer picnic, an' then he said: 'It fits me like a glove, Jim. How much is Alf goin' to give you fer it? 'Five dollars.' said L. Fred screwed about at the glass a minute longer, an' then he said, 'Dern ef I don't give you five for it; it's jest what I want.' Well, thar I was, a born southern gentleman an' a room mate was axin' to be preferred over a nigger, an' not a clink nur sight o' coin anywhars around. Well,' says I, after one o' my silent prayers fer fresh light, 'I'll let you have it, Fred, but I'm needin' the money right now, I'm needin' it fer particular purpose, that's the reason I'm sellin' the coat. I'm needin' it powerful bad.' 'Oh,' said he, as he tuck off the coat an' put it in his trunk, 'I'll git the money fer you. I'm expectin' some next Monday.' I knowed then that I was done, an' done brown, but I didn't know my crust was burnt to a cinder. The next day was Sunday, an' a nigger baptizin' day, an' in the black procession headed fer Mill Creek I seed Alf Hardin among the elect, on his way to be baptized, with my overcost on. It was a solemn oc'asion, but I was mad. I stopped Alf an' axed 'im whar he got the coat. Marse Fred Dinslow sol' it to me, suh,' he said. 'How much did you pay 'im fer it?' I axed 'im. 'Five dollars, suh,' said Alf; 'he tried to git six, but I didn't have it.' At another time, Fred-but I see that cotton wagon out in front, an' I've got

to git a move on me." Hillyer was alone in the office when Bob Hanks and George came in, flushed and hot, their task finished. "You are the right kind, George," the

old man heard Bob saying, in a grateful tone, "and I'm not going to forget it either." "Pshaw!" Buckley said, "It was exactly what I needed to set my blood in circulation. I get the cramp sitting on

Bob went to the wash pan in the cor-

ner of the room and cleansed his hands of the brine and sait. Hillyer called "Say, Bob," he said, "come sit down element," he said: "He's turned that here." The old man indicated a chair old store unaide down already. Seed near his deck. The young man obeyed 'im burnin' a half bushel measure o' wonderingly.

Manks' cigar had gone out, and he leaned forward and pressed its end against the stove again. "It won't hurt George as much to take a little exercise with the trucks as it will Bob to be bolstered up in his ways by what George is a doin'. The Lord knows you'll all ruin the boy among yes. I don't care how much work George does fer me. I'll save a dollar and a half. He can't make me feel cheap by that sort o' trick."

Kenner did not seem to be listening. With his eyes on Hillyer's kyinpathetic with the stomach is in good health. I am gind to say Kodol gave me instant relief." Sold by Aycocke's drag store

No More Stomach Troubles.
All stomach Troubles.
All stomach Troubles.
All stomach Troubles.
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Tonic to the System.

For liver troubles and constipation there is nothing better than De Witt's Little Early Risers the famous little prilis. They do not weaken the stomach. Their action upon the system is mild, pleasant and harmless. Bob Moore, of Laf systette burn and stomach trouble for some time My sister-in-law has had the same trouble and marmless. Bob Moore, of Laf systette burn and stomach trouble for some time My sister-in-law has had the same trouble and marmless. Bob Moore, of Laf systette burn and stomach trouble for some time My sister in-law has had the same trouble and marmless. Bob Moore, of Laf systette burn and stomach trouble for some time My sister in-law has had the same trouble and marmless. Bob Moore, of Laf systette burn and stomach trouble for some time My sister in-law has had the same trouble and not harmless. Bob Moore, of Laf systette burn and stomach trouble for some time there is nothing better than De Witt's Little Early Risers the famous little prilis. They do not weaken the stomach to take a store is nothing better than De Witt's Little Early Risers the famous little prilis. They do not weaken thestomach. Their action upon the system is mild, pleasant and harmless. Bob Moore, of Laf system there is nothing better than De Witt's Little Early Risers the famous little

"Bob," began the merchant, "I be about had to shet the'r doors, thar was lieve I'm yore friend an' that I have sech a stench. Bob's got his coat off "Well, I've always thought you tro ed me decently, Mr. Hillyer. just telling George out there in the car that I could work like a steam em He's always keepin' his aye peeled for for a man like you. Mr. Hillyer,

may look like a pretty tough spe ooked his own boy." but I'll give you my word that I am sick and tired of living like I am. "What sort o' work do you think you would like, Bob?" Hillyer could not suppress the round note of sympathy and fro, his unlighted eiger in his hand, till he caught Hillyer's glance, "It may seem very silly to you," E hen he grunted: declared slowly, "but I am just as su "Thought you was powerful smart, that I could run a business for myself as I am that I'm sitting here talking

lidn't you?" he said dryly. "I don't know as I did," replied Hillyer, flushing a little. There was silence for a moment, then Hanks said, "Well, you'll see what yore

good thing-a thing that could be 'a' done it of you hadn't 'lowed Pd make it good, but Pil tell you now built up till it would pay big. He's got old fogy ways an' hasn't kept up to date, an' I believe money can be you'll never git a cent on that dratted made in this town according to late note from me." "I never expect to," said Hillyer, methods. Well, when I heard he was smiling agreeably. thinking of selling out I had a talk with him. Letold him I had no money, but if he'd sell the stock to me on time

"Oh that'll do to talk," answered Hanks. "You think, though, that I'd never stand by an' see a body lose by a child o' mine; but this is different. was fetchin' up that boy accordin' to my lights, an' you come in an' inter-"He told me he was twenty-one," said Hillyer, still amused, "and I saw

a chance to lend 'Im some money. That's all there is to it." "Oh, well, you kin afford a little loss like that," retorted Hanks, "an' when Bob's run through with the pile I kin George, who was listening, and then show everybody I was right in the he looked at Bob. "Are you twentystand I tuck with "lm."

As it was a busy bour, nothing more farmer in a slouched hat came in to and a milk cow for his next year's tion of the cow-her age, weight, prog him-"you must not lose that chance. eny and babits.

It's a good one, and I believe you can That afternoon, as George and the run the business. I believe it's in von. merchant were closing the warehouse "Thank you, Mr. Hillyer. I like to say old Lib's been hangin' round Bob's hear you say that, but I don't much store all day watchin "im like a hawk." blame father. I haven't been living be informed them, with a laugh. "He cayn't hide his interest. As soon as just like he wanted me to, and I have Bub ud make a sale the old man ud this town. It's pretty hard to do the run up to the cash drafter an' count right thing surrounded by a gang like the change an' ask the cost of the article. He's neglectin' his own matters. I'll swear it's funny. Hf he's talked with one man today he has with forty about Bob's venture. He wanted to find out what folks thinks, an' he's literally astonished to find so many believe Bob knows what he's a doin'.

"I seed 'im a-standin' in Bob's door watchin' Bob an' Heneker Brothers biddin' agin one another to buy a load o' mountain chickens. I spoke to Lib, but he jest kept chawin' his tobacco, so much absorbed he didn't hear me. Then we seed the feller start to drive up to Bob's door, an' old Lib clapped his hands together an' said: 'By gum! Bob got 'em!' But he sorter cooled down when the chickens was unloaded an' he heard Bob had bid 15 cents o' his face down an' looked to see that " You better go it sorter slow at the

start,' Lib said, but he was simply tickled to death. I'll swear it was fup to watch 'im! He'd rather see that boy learn how to handle money than fee 'im to be elected governor o' this

Old Hanks seldom left his home after supper, but that evening he dropped in at Hillyer's, finding the merchant and his wife before a cheerful fire in the sitting room. He came in awawardly, but his self possession was a thing he always had with him. Ken-ner had once said that Hanks could sell scrap fron in a pigeon tailed coat and white vest and never realize the oddity of his appearance. His brogan shoes were untied, as,if he had started to go to bed and changed his mind. "I see Bob's got that store to goin'," he said dryly. "I've been sorter watchten minutes, 'fore somebody else comes in' 'im today. I hardly know what to make of 'im."

Hillyer looked knowingly at his smiling wife and replied: "So he's got opened up, has he?" "Opened up? I reckon he has; tuck in ninety odd dollars today, an' the Lord only knows what profit he'll av-

the old man did not look round. erage. I don't reckon Bob does, from "Let him alone!" said George Buck what I observed, though he ain't losin' ley to his friend. "If you had lived with him as long as I have you'd know "Oh, he'll hold Sandford's trade," that you are giving him the keenest said Hillyer. "You kin count on that." pleasure he ever had. He believes in "Well, I reckon be will," said Mrs. Hillyer. "I've changed my account to Bob Hanks turned around once or him from Waters & Co. Au' why twice in an aimless way and then said under his breath, "Well, I'll be blamed!"

shouldn't I? Do you recken I'm not gein'- to ensourage rail enterprise? Jest the minute he told me he was a-goin' to run a free delivery wagon HE next morning Kenner came to take orders an' deliver goods twice into the office and greeted Hill-yer and George with a smile.
"I'll be hanged ef I don't believe Rob Hanks has struck his proper.
Bob Hanks to start a free delivery! about it she mighty nigh had a spasm, she was so glad. I seed her ag'in test 'im burnin' a half bushel measure o' before supper. She'd been down an' live cockronches jest now. Stores all ordered a whole raft o' stuff she didn't (TO BE CONTENUED.)

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

will keep flowers for a long time.

is sent to prison for theft. Geo attentive to Lydia Cranston, him curiously, a quinzical smile playing perate. 4—Hillyer confesses on his face. Hanks swung his foot to George the murder of a friend this years before the story opens. atone for the deed he took Ger Hanks, a note broker, and Kenne cotton buyer, have deaks in Hilly use. Bascom Truits, a federate veteran is a chanbrought to trial for his old crim land 8-Lydia comes from Rick mond's best social set. Governor Telfare of Georgia, a middle aged widower, is pressing his attentions upon her with the appearal of her

The Best Physic.

This distressing allment results from disordered stomach. All that is needwas said on the subject. A ragged sed to effect a cure is a dose or two w Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tab talk to Hanks about mortgaging a mule and a milk cow for his next year's taking a dose of these tablets as soon as supplies, and Hanks went out to see the first symptoms of an attack appears. the mule and hear a minute descrip- Sold by Aycocke Drug Co.

A curryoomb makes an excellent

the way to his boarding house. "They Cured Ris: Nother of Sheumatism

SPECIAL RATES TO NEW OR-LEANS, LA, PENSACOLA, FLA, MOBILE, ALA. The Seaboard announces a rate of

one fare plus 25 cents from all points on its line to New Orleans, Penssoola and Mobile and return, account of the Mardi Gras celebration at these points, March 2nd to 7th. Tickets apiece all round. He grabbed Bob as | will be sold March 1st to 6th, inchuhe was passin' an' said, 'Say, don't give, with final limit to leave all three you think you went too steep on that points not later than March 11th, exload? Bob was purty red, anyway, copt on payment of a fee of 50 cents from lifting at the coops he was so and an extension of limit can be ob-anxious to get 'em in his shebang an' tained until March 25th. The Sea-he got redder, but he pulled the side board offers double daily service with the feller couldn't hear, an' said: "Shi only one change of cars, which is I've got 'em already sold in Atlanta at made in Atlanta, trains consisting of 20 cents apiece, an' that galoot's goin' vestibuled day coaches, Pullman to take his pay in coffee at 18 cents a sleeping cars and Cafe' dining cars.

pound—coffee that cost 10 in New Or- For further information in regard to leans. You see whar I come in, don't rates, schedules and routes, apply to your nearest Agent or address, CHAS. H. GATTIS, T. P. A.

The experienced farmer has learned that some

fore the evil is too deep rooted. At the first evidence of loss of flesh Scott's Emulsion distely. There is noth-ing that will repair wasted tissue more flesh more abundantly than Scott's Emulsion.

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SCOTTO BOWNE NEW YORK

forter call that a good joke on Lib. Buckley is the portege of Mr. Hillyer a rich Georgia merchant. His father Half an hour later Hanks slouched in and sat down in his accustomed ter of a proud Virginian. The sham place at the stove. Kenner was eying of his father's crime makes him des out of his degraded home to make a useful man of him as a substitute to society for his dead friend. b-George, Hillyer invests beavily in wheat on the advice of George. 6—Mrs. Hillyer praises George's noble character. Hillyer in four of being

When you want of physic that is mild gentle, easy to take and certain to act, always use Chamberlain's Stemach and Liver Tablets. For sale by Ayoocke

Sick Headache.

she was unable to move, while at all times walking was painful. I presented her with a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and after a few applications she decided it was the most wonderful pain reliever she had ever tried, in fact, she is never without it now and is "at" all times able to walk. An occasional ap plication of Pain Salm keeps away the gain that she was formerly troubled. with." For sale by Ayeocke Drug Co.

Raleigh, N. C.

grains require far different soil than others; some crops need differ-enthandling than others. He knows that a great deal depends upon right planting at the right time, and that the soil must be kept enriched. No use of complaining in summer about a mistake made in the spring. Decide before the seed The best time to remedy wasting conditions in the human body is be-

It nourishes and builds up the body when ordi-nary foods absolutely

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pure - old - velvety.

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everywhere,

nauseating effect upon the stomach made it impossible for many to take it. Nov-adays Vinol accomplishes greater results. for while it is a Cod Liver Oil preparetion, it is entirely free from oil or grease, and therefore it is fast taking the place of old-fashioned Cod Liver Cil and Emulsions .-- Respectfully.

B. A. BOBBITT & CO., Druggists.

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are Cordially invited to call at ear Quarties on

Nash Street

Weiwish all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

M. K. & F. R. PLEASANTS

DRUGGISTS

Wishes you a Happy and Presperens

1905 - THE BIG RACKET - 1905

New Year

Thanking our many friends for their liberal patronage this full will indeavor to serve them better in the future,

BARGAINS !

To make room for our Spring Stock we will sell a great many full goods at Cost for Cash. Nice line of ladies and childrens sinake and a great many nice goods that will be sold cheap,

> Yours very truly, MRS. A. M. HALL