NUMBER :

THE COUNTY, THE STATE THE UNION

CHURCH DIRECTORY METHODIST.

By WILL N. HARBEN.

Author of "Abner Daniel," "The Land of

the Changing Sun," "The North Walk Mystery," Etc.

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[CONTINUED.]

need jest to see 'em come up like they

do in cities. She's been trampin' from

one end o' town to t'other tellin' folks

they won't have to make a step either

way to git what they want fer the ta-

Bob's goin' to succeed."

flames in the chimney?

cused o' carelessness.'

goin' to do all right. My daddy used

dle o' August as well as I did to play

amount to a hill o' beans is to enjoy

tried to find out whar Bob's talent lay."

smiled during his visit, and he rarely

made concessions. He did both now

I'm goin' to take up that note," he said.

I don't want 'im to be owin' anybody.'

Mrs. Hillyer as Hanks rose and start-

"How do I know?" replied the mer-

Hanks opened the door of the stove,

vation. What do you think o' that?"

Hillyer shook his head, a pleased ex-

pression on his face. He made no re-

ply, but Kenner spoke up. "The boy

don't intend to ax you no odds, Lib,"

AJOR CRANSTON lived in an old fashioned

exterior of the house was not very at-

tractive, though it stood on a spacious,

well kept lawn, but it was equipped

throughout with fine old furniture the

Cranstons had brought from Virginia.

There were rare pieces of solid ma-

hogany in the big parlor, a piano which

was a relic of the days of Washington,

and sofas and chairs quite as ancient

walls hung family portraits in massive

It was one Sunday night about the

Cranston," she said, "but I'm not."

gilt frames.

in appearance. On the white plastered

the end of the widest and long-

est street Darley afforded. The

he said, "an' I glory in his spunk."

"What note is that?"

well as you are."

good loan to me?"

suit my customer."

ed to leave.

he said? Huh!"

to think I was dead lazy beca'se I

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doing at all," replied the lady. J P Massenburg Propr HENDERSON, N. C. he had been reading. Dood accommodations, Good faret Po lite and attentive servants

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24 1905.

"She hasn't done anything—that's the trouble," answered Mrs. Cranston. "If she only would do and be like she was in Richmond I wouldn't care, but she's

as different as can be." "Why, I'm sure the child seems well enough to me," grumbled the major. "Well enough? She's the picture of health. But are you blind? Can't you see an inch before your nose? Don't you remember how she cried when we moved away from Richmond, and all the visits she promised Kitty Cosby and the other girls back there? Then you remember how she moped about the first month down here, and the fun she made of this place and the people. But now look at her. She's tickled to death over everything here. What do you

think it means, sir?" "Oh, she was sick and tired of that silly social set up there," said the mable. Bolls boy 'll call the first thing | for, "and this simple, healthy life here in the mountains agrees with her, as it in the mornin' an' write down what's has with me and you. I never knew wanted, an' up the stuff comes. He's what a good appetite or a pleasant got some little-have you seed them night's sleep was till I"little books he's givin' away fer a body to write orders in? Oh, you have! "Oh, do dry up!" Mrs. Cranston sat down by him. "You are as blind as a



bat. Don't you know Lydia never was ball twice as hard, but the sprouts was coming here and bringing her books his fun an' the ball game mine. This and papers and going out with her." "Stop!" Cranston's brow was clouded

here's Bob's fun, an' the only way to over. "Don't insult your own child." He stood up, his short legs quivering what yo're at. You think yo're a model business man, Hanks, but thar's as with excitement. "Do you think I'd much fun at the job you have as let that man come here-he, a son of playin' poker with a full hand. You'd a convicted thief-if I dreamed-why. go to sleep sellin' supplies on time fer | I'd shoot the top of his head off if he anybody but yoreself, but yo're wide dared-oh!" "There is no use waking up the servawake as it is. The truth is, you never

ants out in the yard," said Mrs. Cran-Hanks drew himself up. He had not ston in a tone modulated to that she wanted him to use. "We don't want any bloodshed; what we want is common sense. I don't think there is much "Well. I've come over to tell you that danger so far. Girls will often allow themselves to enjoy the admiration of men they would not dream of marry-Why, the one Bob give you. I rec- ing, and Lydia has too much family kon I'm able to stand the the resk as pride to think of encouraging him to against letting him come here at all, his wife, "I think you've got a lot o' gall to come tell me a thing like that | you know, but you said it would shock When did I ever ask you to give up a | the religious folks in the place for us to try to establish social lines when he stood so well, and"-

"I think so myself," joined in Mrs. "I'll send her off tomorrow!" cried Hillyer, who had caught her husband's the major, still excited, his voice rising drift. "Why, Mr. Hillyer was jest sayin' t'other day that it was mighty nigh high and cracking. "No, you won't unless you really impossible to put money out whar it want to drive her the wrong way," ud be safe an' draw any sort o' interest, an' Bob's got a good payin' cash said Mrs. Cranston. "I've seen many unhappy, mismated marriages made Hanks shrugged his shoulders. His small smile had vanished; he looked "I reckon I'll have to give Bob the money, then, an' tell 'im to pay it off. "Oh, that's entirely a different mat-No, we must simply go on as if we in the long run." ter," smiled the merchant. "But you never imagined she could bemean us kin bet I ain't a-goin' to transfer any by marrying a man of that kind. She's note without knowin' how it would not a fool; she may admire George Buckley and be sorry for him in his "An' that's nothin' more'n fair," said

go on as if we are trusting her to pro-The next morning at the warehouse tect our family name." Hanks seemed somewhat preoccupied. The major sat down. "I guess you Presently in a lull in business and conare right," he said more calmly, "and versation he turned to Hillyer. "I-I I'm not really afraid when I think mentioned that note to Bob this mornabout her pride and all she has in her in' at breakfast, an' what you reckon favor. Why, she could take her pick of the whole country. Governor Telfare is simply crazy about her an' has plenty of money. Do you suppose cigar in his hand, and began to look resist the temptation to be the mistress for a coal of fire. "It sorter flustered of the executive mansion on Peachtree im, but he finally said that he believed street and lead the society of Atlanta he'd rather not take my offer; that he to marry a penniless bookkeeper in a wanted to sorter work out his own salgrain warehouse and the son of -

trouble, but she'll think several times

before she marries him if we simply

Shucks, if she had it in her, I'd disown "Oh, she's all right," smiled Mrs. Cranston, as if he had forced the absurdity of her fears down upon her by his warm words, "but we must handle her most carefully. I've tried making fun of her 'country beau,' as I always call him to her, but I've never been able to make out how she took it. She'd die before she'd let anybody know how she felt about a matter of that kind. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. She has invited Kitty Cosby to pay her a visit, and when Kitty comes I'm going to get her to help me, She's always had great influence over Lydia, an' Kitty is blue blooded to the bone. I'll coach her how to act, and she will hold Lydia in check an' keep

me posted." The major took up his paper. "I rather admire the fellow's way," he said frankly. "I'm sure he doesn't

middle of November. Lydia had retired 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. to her room and the major was reading a newspaper in the lamplight before a cheerful fire in the sitting room when Mrs. Cranston came in from the parlor. 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 yourself when taking Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. J. D. Erskine, of Allenvelle, Mich., says, "I suffered Heartburn and stomach trouble for some time My sister-in-law has had the same tronble 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. She now eats heartly and is in good health. I am glad to say Kodol gave me instant relief." Sold by Ayeocke's drug store

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overstep himself; he hasn't ocen bere to often since his trouble, and that looks like he had some idea of the eternal fitness of things."

"No, that's true," admitted Mrs. winding stairs to her daughter's room. Lydia was scated before the fire, her beautiful and abundant hair hanging loose over her shapely shoulders. "I thought I'd see if Tom had made you a good fire, dear," Mrs. Cranston said gently.

thank you," Lydia returned, with a Mrs. Cranston hesitated. "When do you look for Kitty to come?" she asked. "Next week, toward the end, I think, mamma. She wanted to stay over for the guards' ball. Then she'll be ready for a rest here." Mrs. Cranston pinched Lydia's fire

reddened cheek caressingly. "Don't you miss all those things, dearest?" "Not one bit, mamma," Lydia gave her mother her eyes trustingly. "In fact, sometimes I'm just a little ashamed of all I went through since I realize the beauty of this full, vigorous life here in the mountains. Mother, I can have a better time on Prince, galloping helter skelter over these roads and fields, than I ever had vyirg with other girls for the most dances and favors in the german with a lot of boys. Oh, mamma," Lydia laughed, "sometimes I'm awfully ashamed of having done all that when-when"-

"Oh, yes; it's all right, mamma,

"When what, darling?" Mrs. Cranston's lips were compressed, her eyes

"When there are so many of God's creatures here in their shells of poverty and misery trying to rise, trying to grow out into the sunshine of life. I think I could be perfectly happy if I could only help those people in some way. I want to teach them, to encourage them, not to believe in their degradation. Mamma, just the other day I saw an old woman-selling eggs from a wagon at the gate, and in the wagon was her daughter, poorly dressed, but that way till George Buckley got to fall into the sort of life her mother is whar else. I acknowledge I was ex- she was unable to move, while at all leading.

> "That's all true," agreed Mrs. Cranston, "but there are different grades of society, and we can't alter the condition." Then the speaker's face became more rigid, her tone tense and tentative. "And the mixing of the elements, my dear," she put in guardedly, "sometimes produces sad complications. You remember how Hallie Dunwoody married beneath her in her father and broke up a happy

"That was awful, simply awful!" remarked Lydia. "You know I saw her two months afterward, and the poor thing tried to keep me from recognizing her. She told me she was trying to adapt herself to the ways of her husband's family, but could not any serious extent, but it is well to do it. Her husband meant well "Well," and Hillyer smiled again at take time by the forelock. I was enough, but even he seemed unable to make it bearable for her." Mrs. Cranston sat perfectly still; she seemed hardly breathing. She was

very anxious to have her next remark seem casual. "I have never heard you say before dear, but I never thought Hallie treated her father and mother right." "No, she didn't," answered Lydia.

"Hallie knew the extent of her father and mother's pride, and she had no through that stupid course, and I've right to crush it for her own seifish always said I'd act differently if it love. If she had sacrificed her own came to me. Lydia would get as head- desires, and even those of her husstrong as a bull if we showed her that | band, she would have been happier we were trying to drive her, and oppo- in the consciousness of having done sition naturally makes a girl think her duty. I don't think self sacrifice together. more of a man who is unfortunate, has ever brought about bad results

Mrs. Cranston breathed freely. She was all aglow as she bent and kissed

Lydia good night. Going down to the major, she said: "I've had a very, very satisfactory talk with Lydia-oh, no, not openly on that subject." she hastened to correct as he raised his brows in surprise, "but in a roundabout way. We need not be afraid of her. If she cares particularly for George Buckley she doesn't know it, and if she should realize that she was drifting in that direction she would pull herself up." "Well, I'm glad she's that sensible," said the major as his eye fell to the Lydia-or any girl, as for that-could paper and began to search for a remembered paragraph. "I didn't think

CHAPTER XII.

ENNER was at the cotton compress the next morning watching the gang of negro hands compress and load several cars of cotton to be shipped to New England. This big piece of machinery and the extensive sheds and platform surrounding it belonged to Hillyer and stood directly across the railroad tracks behind the warehouse. When a bale of cotton was compressed there was a loud escapement of steam and a clatter of rough shod feet as the negroes hastened to bind and buckle the iron ties and truck the bale into the open car.

"Look out thar, you triffin' scamp?" Kenner yelled to a negro who stood too near the descending press for safety. Who'd pay damages on that bale ef it got stained through and through by havin' you mashed on it? Jake, it seems to me you get a green hand on every pressin' day." "I tol' dat fool nigger to look out, Marse Kenner," replied Jake, who, with

Touic to the System.

For liver troubles and coustipe

be more careful next time."

Just then old Hanks came out of the "No, that's true," admitted Mrs.

Cranston, "and, really, I'm quite sure there has never been an intimate understanding between them, and if we play our cards right there won't be."

The major resumed his reading, and Mrs. Cranston, went up the smooth,

"Jake, gi me a match," be called out the proof of the proof of Mr. Hillyer a rich Georgia merchant. His father is sent to prison for theft. Georgia merchant. His father is sent to prison for theft. Georgia merchant. The shame like a schoolboy.

"Jake, gi' me a match," he called out as he fished a cigar from his pocket and bit the end of it. "Match!" snarled Kenner. "Ef that

coon handled matches around this plat-form I'd bust his skull."
"Well, I reckon I'll not smoke anyway," said Hanks, and he seated him-self on a bale of cotton and took a small piece of tobacco from the pocket of his yest and began to chew it. "Say. Em," he went on, "what do you think about the way Hillyer is actin' about wheat? Is he plumb losin' his mind?"

self," replied Kenner. "It's quar to

"I reckon you den't feel like you are exactly a Solomon," smiled Hanns, "with the market at \$1.42, after all the row you made about him payin' \$1.05." "Not exactly," and Kenner burst into do a young feller any good to start out with a record for bad judgment. But what's got me is Hillyer's quar excitament all along. Why, he is as nervous as he can be. It don't look like he'd be that a-way with all that profit on his side. An' then, whenever that'd be a rise an' anybody advised 'im to sell, he'd always turn to George and ax 'im what about it-never knowed 'Im that fixed half fearfully on the speaking way before - an' whatever George would say went. But the old man is

rattled bad this mornin'."

"You say he is?"

"Yes; I was in the office just now when he got the reports. Two brokers wired that the top notch price was \$1.42 and that nobody could predict whether she'd advance or decline. The old man was as white as a sheet as he handed the telegrams to George an' watched his face. That boy is simply wonderful. He's as cool as a cucumber in a barrel o' frozen vinegar. He's her features were finely drawn, and read every newspaper bearin' on wheat when I stopped to speak to them the all over the country an' knows the girl looked at me as if I were a prin- thing from a to imard. He's on to cess. Oh, mamma, that sort of thing every grain that's exported, every Cared His Mother of Rheumatism. cuts me. I have not done anything to flourin' mill that's shut down on acdeserve that, and, poor thing, what has count of the rise-in fact, every detail she in store for her? Nothing but to concernin' wheat in America an' everycited just new watchin' the two. George didn't change countenance one bit; be jest sorter laughed an' said, Well, thar's one thing certain, Mr. Hillyer, this strain ain't a-doin' you any good, an', as fur as I'm concerned, I

reckon we'd better try to unload." "Good Lord, he said that, did he?" "You bet, an' the old man got whiter an' more excited of anything. 'Bemember, it is jest with you, George, Lexington and that it actually killeds he said. "Tell me positive, would you sell right now if it was yore deal? George hung his head a minute an then he said: 'Yes, Mr. Hillyer, since you leave it to me; I've hung on jest as long as I'm willin' to. It may climb to \$1.50 or even higher, but I don't want to resk it.' Then the old after its tail, wirin' for cash offers. I never seed the like. I tell you, old

> "Whar' are they now?" asked Hanks. "They wasn't in the office when I come through."

"Both of 'em struck off uptown fer the telegraph office lickity split. They what you thought about that marriage, | was too anxious to wait fer a measenger boy to bring the reports. Ha, thar comes George now, long by Bob's store see 'im?-an' right behind 'im is the old man. Did you ever see Hillyer walk like that? Let's go over to the office an' meet 'em."

Kenner and Hanks stood under the awning in front of the warehouse when George and the merchant arrived. They all went into the office

"You think Jacobs & Co, are the best to deal with, then?" the old man was saying eagerly. "Lord, my boy, ef we stipped up now I couldn't stand it. We must trade with solid parties." "Jacobs & Co. is all right," put in "They are as good as the

"Some banks ain't wuth shucks," said Hillyer. "Look 'em up, George. See what their commercial rating is." George opened an enormous, greencovered book on the deek, ran over the pages for a moment and turned. "They are quoted from three hundred to five hundred thousand; credit A1," he said. "Oh, yes, they are all right," said Kenner. "You'll get every cent they agree to pay. Don't you think so, Hanks shrugged his shoulders. "I

don't know a thing about 'em," he responded slowly, "but of it was my deal I would." "Yes, you would," laughed Kenner,

who never met an occasion too serious for a stab at Hanks. "You'd know the sort o' socks they wore an' how the'r teeth was filled before they saw yore "Ef I had any doubts about it at all," said Hanks, "I'd attach a sight draft

to the bill o' ladin'." "Bill o' ladin', you dried moke?" said Kenner. "This ain't no car o' scrap fron they are a-shippin'. It's fer warehouses full o' wheat all over the south an' west. They've got to trust somebody long enough to git the stuff transferred."

There was silence for a moment Hillyer looked as if he were on the verge of a nervous collapse. "I don't know what to do," he said in a plaintive voice, "and we've jest got to act." said Buckley, "why not simply ask your bankers in New Orleans to make (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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

Many a man refuses a job because

spiration, was bearing the others. "Rf he git smashed ter a felly I reckon he'll be more careful next time."

The following is a synopsis of Chapters heretofore published of the Substitute:

CHAPTERS 1, 2 and 3 George 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 as a substitute to society for his dead friend, f-Hanks, a note broker, and Kenner, a cotton buyer, have desks in Hillyer's warehouse. Bascom Truitt, a Confederate veteran is a champion of "I was jest a studyin' about that my George, Hillyer invests beavily in wheat on the advice of George. 6-Mrs. Hilyer praises George's noble character. Hilyer in foar of being brought to trial for his old crime 7and 8-Lydia comes from Richmond's best social set. Governor a harsh but hearty laugh. "That's Telfare of Georgia, a middle aged whar I was wrong, I'll admit it, but widower, is pressing his attentions most o' what I said was jest to keep upon her with the approval of her George from makin' a mistake. It don't family. 9 and 10—George cham pions the cause of young Bob Hanks, who is ambitious to rise. Hillyer loans the boy capital to start in busi-

Szek Headachr.

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many years from rheumatism," says W. H. Howard, of Husband, Pa. "At times times walking was painful. I presented decided it was the most wonderful pain reliever she had ever tried, in fact, she never without it now and is at all times able to walk. An occasional application of Pain Balm keeps away the gain that she was formerly troubled with." For sale by Aycocke Drug Co.

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Thanking our many friends for their liberal patronage this fall we will endeavor to serve them better in the future.

BARGAINS !

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

Yours very truly,

MFS. A. M. HALL.

PRINTING HOUSE