

CHURCH DIRECTORY
METHODIST.
Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.
GEO. S. HARRIS, Supt.

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

DR. ARTHUR H. FLEMING,
DENTIST,
LOUISBURG, N. C.

DR. J. R. MALONE,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LOUISBURG, N. C.

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

DR. H. P. BURT,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LOUISBURG, N. C.

DR. H. ALLEDRE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.

DR. S. SPRUILL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.

DR. T. W. BICKETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.

DR. M. F. HOUCK,
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER,
LOUISBURG, N. C.

HOTELS.
FRANKLINTON HOTEL,
FRANKLINTON, N. C.
G. W. GOVWAY, Prop'r.

The Substitute

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

[CONTINUED.]

a cash transfer and wire you when it is closed?
"Of course," gasped Hillyer. "That's the very thing. I'll run up to the telegraph office."

George followed him to the door and detained him in the sunshine on the sidewalk. "Is there anything wrong, Mr. Hillyer?" he questioned in much concern.

"I know you think I'm crazy," he said, "but I can't be calm when so much is at stake. It seems to me, George, that of this thing falls through without gain I'm lost forever. No; don't stop me. I'll tell you everything after awhile. Put your fingers on the track; tell 'em anything. It ain't none of 'er business now."

"I actually believe the old man's off his nut a little," George said. "Don't you think so, Lib?"
"How do I know?" said Hanks, rousing himself from the contemplation of some matter of his own.

"That's a fact," retorted the cotton buyer. "Couldn't expect one cracked man to judge the case of another."
George went to his desk, obviously to write a letter, but he did not go to work. "He was, indeed, much concerned over the conduct of his employer. And then a thrill of horror ran through him. Perhaps Hillyer had been speculating recklessly and was on

or I was forgiven or not. Somehow I believed he'd give it. But every time I was tempted to ask for it I would back out. I was afraid the sign would be again me. But after you've come temptation to drown your late trouble in drink an' shouldered it like a man I thought I'd just ask the Almighty to give me the sign I was on the right track. I was takin' you up as a substitute for Lynn Hambright. But what sort of a sign to ask for was what bothered me. Then it came to me like a flash of lightning one morning when wheat was so low an' you said so positive that you believed it ud go higher. George, I tuk all the money I'd borrowed from you an' invested it—in your name, mind you—at the lowest notch, an' then I put in lots of my own later when wheat began to climb. The proposition was this: I was to go entirely by what you said in every respect, an' if it turned out well I was to take it that I was on the right track. God knows I've been mighty high-crazy through it all, but never daret to say a wrong word. I've been anxious to close out several times, but I stuck to my plan an' was guided by your judgment."

"You say you invested my—my money in it?" asked George in astonishment.
"Yes, that was the idea, so you could get the benefit if it rised. If it hadn't, of course I'd still owe you the money an' make it good."

"But I simply can't understand what the matter now," said Buckley. "Heaven knows you've made a pile of money out of the transaction."
"If we could sell now—yes, but oh, George, I know that the market is on a collapse; I feel it. I know that Jacobs' offer to take it on thirty days is just a trap the Almighty's set for us. I feel darin' to ask for the sign. Jacobs is in a pinch an' wants our wheat on a credit to tide 'em over, an' we'll never get out whole. I feel it! Oh, I feel it in my soul! God wants to git even with 'em!"

Hillyer laid his hand on the old man's shoulder and looked at him almost tenderly. "You are simply letting your imagination run away with you," he said. "You have brooded over this till you have lost the power of calm reason. Mr. Hillyer, I'm as sure of the ability of Jacobs & Co. to pay as I am that I stand here."

"Oh, George, are you—are you?"
"Yes, and if they can't pay cash the world is full of people who will. Why, Mr. Hillyer, you have no idea how absurd your fears seem to any one else. Why, we'll simply wire the bankers to get us a cash buyer, and it will be done."

The old man fell to trembling. "I don't believe we'll git out whole," he groaned. "But you kin try. Wire 'em, George, but leave me alone back here. For God's sake, wire 'em!"
Just as George reached the front a messenger boy came with a telegram for Hillyer. George opened it, nervous in spite of himself. The color flashed on his cheek, a light into his eye, as he read the message. He took it back to his room. Through the partly open door he saw the merchant on his knees at the bed and heard him praying. "God have mercy on me!" he was groaning. "God, do, do have mercy on me!"

had heard a word that had passed in the office no one could have told it from his manner. "George," he said in his drawing tone. "I don't exactly like the way Bob is throwin' away money advertisin' in the newspaper. That sort of pace will ruin any man alive."

"Did you ever?" exclaimed Kenner. "You're cert'n that Bob an' his advertisin' is like a wild-goose chase. The members of this gang makin' a sudden fortune? By gad, of Lib was standin' at the gates of paradise he'd be send an acquaintance of his on the way in, he'd 'a' 'im to stop an' give 'im a chew o' tobacco."

"Hank's face did not alter; his eyelids did not flicker. He was waiting for George to reply. But Buckley was quietly laughing over his ledger. "I was lookin' over his books this mornin'," said Hanks, oblivious even to George's misgiving. "He's paid that triflin' galoot that runs the County Reporter \$22 in the last month for that half page ad that comes out once a week. I'll rain anybody on the face of the earth."

"Look here, Lib, and Kenner rose and touched Hanks on the arm; "you're as green as a gourd vine when it comes to some things. Now, jest to show you that Bob's got brains, an' got 'em from his mammy's side of the house, I'll tell you this: Six wagons of rice an' cotton come here last Sat'day from beyond the Tennessee line. I got the cotton, an' Bob got the produce an' loaded the wagons with groceries for enough profit to pay for his advertisin' for a year. I'm always anxious to learn of a lot to live in the backwoods, an' I axed the head man of the gang how in the thunder he happened to come so far, an' he told me, he did, that some old woman up there truck the Reporter an' was always a-talkin' about Hank's cheap price. Six pounds of green coffee for a dollar an' the like—an' that they all got headed this way on that account. Now, I'm goin' to let out some'n that you may not want to hear, but maybe it will soak through your hide an' do you some good. The fellow said whatever he'd meet anybody on the road an' mention the Hanks store they ud hold up their hands in holy horror an' say: 'Hanks, the man that sells meat at 20 cents a pound on a credit an' drives poor folks out of house an' home to git it! No, sike, take me, please.' The fellow said he'd always tell 'em it wasn't that Hanks, but another one that had a conscience an' believed in future torment. 'La, me,' the fellow said, 'your town will have to spend a lot of printin' ink for it; it's over the black eye that that fust Hanks git it!'"

"Bob's talkin' some about addin' on dry goods," Hanks went on to George in his even tone, without the slightest change of face. "I reckon it won't be a bad idea. I miss a lot of trade by not bein' able to fit folks up all round. But he's got to go slow; he's too headstrong. He don't know it all yet by a jugful."

"He ort to set around here an' hear you talk, Lib," Kenner laughed. "I've got a right to have my share of trade arrangements. But you can't farn that boy a thing about makin' money an' turnin' it quick. He could give you pointers in his sleep. Tricky? Gee-whilk! I loved it. I was some pumpkins in the backwoods. I miss a lot of trade by not bein' able to fit folks up all round. But he's got to go slow; he's too headstrong. He don't know it all yet by a jugful."

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