CHURCH DIRECTORY

Sanday School at 9:30 A. M. GEO. S. BAKER, Supt. Preaching at 11 A. M., and 7 80 P. M.

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 P.M.

Prayer m-eting Thursday night.
H. H. Masheuens, Pastor. EPIBCOPAL.

Sauday School at 9:30. WM H. RUFFIN, Supt. Services, morning and night, on K vening Prayer, Friday afternoon Ray, John London, Rector. PRESBYTERIAN. Services 4th Sanday in each monthmorning and night.

Louisburg Lodge, No. 413, A. F. & A. M., meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights in each month.

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LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1905.

julet place?" smiled Lydia, looking up.
"No." The visitor bent over the peaker. "Guess again." "I'm not good at guessing. It's tiresome, like playing whist when one is

The Substitute

By WILL N. HARBEN.

Author of "Abner Daniel," "The Land of the Changing Sun," "The North Walk Mustery," Etc.

Capuright, 1908, by Barper & Brothers

[CONTINUED.]

there like a stick in the cushion of his

fact, Bishop Page simply directed most

old man flushed, but laughingly ad-

ers could not be improved. He must

have associated with refined people

when he was off at college. I shall

always say that the surest sign of a

on the dinner table without seeming to

do it. I don't say Mr. Buckley puts

his on, but he doesn't sit up like a

post and not know what to do with his

on occasions like that dinner, as if such

things were an everyday affair. The

wardly touched his elbow just as he

hardly knew what he was doing. The

salt saved the cloth from a bad stain,

and it was all done as a prince might

clearing away the things from the table

that evening, called to me. 'Come here,

Miss Amy,' she said, with a sneer:

'everybody done lef' deir napkins on de

table 'cept dat po' white trash, en he

left his in his chair! Of course it was

a little thing and has no weight on

way or another; but, do you know, the

next mouth when I was back in Rich-

mond, and your aunt Tilly had that

young English lord to dinner, I watch-

ed everything he did and noticed that

he dropped his napkin in his chair

when he left the table. I have since

learned that it is quite customary over

there. We don't do it, you know, but

really they would look nicer in the

chairs than a lot of linen wads stuck

about among the finger bowls and

salad dishes. They would be less sug-

gestive of the lavatory of a crowded

Kitty Cosby drew a full breath when

"And on top of all that you say he'

good looking," she said, with a pretty

smile. "Well, I'll tell you, you'd bet-

ter send me back to Richmond. My

folks have certain vague matrimonial

plans for me, and I don't know whether

I'm safe here or not. I always did love

"Well, you certainly have got trouble

ahead," said the girl, more seriously.

"Lydia would hate to cause discord in

sort of man under these circumstances,

and they would want to stick to him

Churches" she'd have a fit. It won't

"Yes, but what?" said the girl. "You

while I'm here if I possibly can. How

does Governor Telfare like his rival?

could not bear a refusal. Then, just

as I have explained to you, I told him

what we feared in regard to Lydia's sympathy—I called it that—for George

Buckley and advised him to handle

her cautiously. He turned as white as

a sheet, and his proud, thin lip-curled

"'Do you mean to tell me, Mrs.

Cranston,' he said, 'that I have a rival

in that man, the son of a Georgia con-

vict-I, the only living Telfare in the

line-I, who have been honored by my

state as the Telfares before me have

been honored? Am I to meet on equal

ground, under the roof of the most

aristocratic family of the Old Domin

"I was awfully frightened over his

manner, but I simply held to the

ground that Lydia had a good heart

and was loyal to her unfortunate

friends, and that if he wanted to lose

her by being imprudent and rousing

her anger I should feel that I had

given him due warning. He cooled

down a little, and my talk didn't do the

dogged Lydia's footsteps all the rest

of his visit, and when he went back to

Atlanta he sent her fully \$50 worth of

roses. The major says I ought never

to have mentioned George Buckley's

name to him-that Governor Telfare is

a most dangerous man, with a violent

temper. He says he'd actually be

afraid to have the two men meet here,

but I wouldn't. Buckley is a brave man, I've no doubt, but I'd venture anything that he'd control himself un-

When the two ladies had gone back

idly running her hands over the keys.
"I declare, you are a lucky girl, Lyd-

"To have you with me, dear, in

ion, a man of that rank?

like an angry dog's.

got to be done."

sleeping car early in the morning.

Mrs. Cranston paused.

to kick over the traces."

"Oh, do be sensible, Kitty!"

have done it.

"Lydia, every girl in our set simply went wild when we heard about the marked attentions you were receiving from Governor Telfare, You know there are piles and piles of marriageable girls in the south and very, very few young, unyoked governors." "That's quite true," said Lydia, with

noncommittal smile. "It would be nice, dear," went on Kitty, "to be the mistress of that mansion in Atlanta and preside at every function of state in the town. That's chair and let Mr. Buckley conduct the entire conversation with the bishop. In



Idly running her hands over the keys. to royalty, you know. Goodness knows. if I had the money I'd buy me an earl." out of breath, Jeff Truitt came bound-"You know the negroes can never forgive the poor whites for rising into

mean?" prominence, and Milly, when she was trying to probe the laugh. "Look here, Kitty," Lydia said, suddenly rising and laying her hands on Miss Cosby's shoulders and pressing them down firmly. "Take my advice and turn in and have a good time while you are here and don't waste-a minute fooling with mamma's plots. She's as to a sudden pause. transparent as a pane of glass, and so are you, darling. Transparency is contagions. You need to be harder to see

Lydia, you silly goose"- But she seemed unable to defend herself against the implied charge and could only repeat, "The idea of such a thing!"

CHAPTER XVII.

NE morning about the 1st of December George was alone in the office. He had just finished writing some letters when Jeff came in and stood near the stove. He was a slender young man, under twenty-five, short and frail looking. His clothing was ragged and his sandy hair unkempt. Buckley looked at him and smiled, "Been getting yourself into no end of rows over home, he remarked. "My mother tells me they sent you a death's head the other night, and your father said somebody shot at you in the field."

"That's all so, George," said Truitt gloomily. "I reckon I've been shootin the family, I know, but nine girls out off my mouth a little too much." of ten would fall dead in love with that "I really thought you had more sense than to report that desperate gang over there for moonshining," said George

in a kindly tone. "Oh, Kitty, how could we-how could "Wouldn't 'a' done it ef I'd been we possibly write back that our only sober," replied Truitt. "They made child was to marry a man like that? me mad when I was full, an' I done What would the Parsons, the Woodem all the harm I could." burys, the Delmars, think? And Aunt "Well, what are you going to do about Hallie, who at once gets the particulars, and if the name were not down in

"That's what I come to ax you Bishop Meade's "Old Families and George. Ma and pa are mighty nigh crazy about it, an' I give 'em my word do, Kitty; it won't do. Something has I'd come an' ax yore advice. By gum, they think they'll go to you when they die! Ef you was me would you go can count on me. I'll earn my board back over thar today, George? I-I got another warnin' last night; in fact. six or eight of 'em was scattered all "He's simply crazy, Kitty. He is about the place. I say warnin', but I just at the age to want to do things reckon they was wuss than that; they in a hurry too. Folks say he never was to pa an' ma an' said ef they cared for his dead wife, and I suppose ketched me they wouldn't do a thing this is really his first love affair. He confided in me and said he simply

"Well, there's some consolation that," said George dryly. "You know I hain't afeard o' any reasonable number o' men," said Truitt in his whining voice, "but when a whole regiment of 'em comes to drink a feler's blood I jest git rattled an' want to make tracks. Ef I had my way, though. I'd go back home an' defy 'em.

but ma's mighty nigh crazy." "No; you'd better stay in town today anyway, Jeff," said Buckley after a Johnston House and get your breakfast—take all your meals there while you tell them to charge it to me. Stay in town tonight anyway. I'll see you tomorrow. I'm very busy today. Do you think the gang would dare follow

"They might, George. They raised a rumpus here about a year ago, you know-whippin' niggers in Nigger-Later in the morning Buckley met

the town marshal, Joe Batey, on the street. The officer wore a broad brimed hat a dark blue suit of clo with brass buttons and carried a policeman's club strapped to his wrist. George gravely explained the situation

It will bring rich red blood, firm flesh and muscle. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. Taken this month, keeps you well all summer. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. R. A. Bobbitt

Time is money—the only kind that two misers will spend on each other.

to the house and parted in the big hall Miss Cosby turned into the parlor, where our heroine sat at the piano,

to him, but the officer refused to con-"Look y' here, George Buckley," he said. "Do you reckon I'm paid measly town wages to do both town and coun ty work? Ef the sheriff cayn't keep

down them riots over thar in the mot tains, I cayn't. Fer \$30 a month I'm expected to do police duty in daytime. watchman at night an' act as coroner on special occasions. Besides, Jeff Truitt's gettin' entirely too nu Every time he gets full he wants to scratch some o' them daredevils' eyes out. He's a funny chap. They say when he's drunk he'd fight a swarm o' wildcats, but when he's sober he'd scare at the sight of a baby popgun, an', on top o' that, when he sobers up he's so stubborn he'd die 'fore he would pologize fer what he's done. What you goin' to do with a man like that?

THE RANK IN

he walked on. "All I want to do is to save the fellow's neck." George saw no more of Jeff Tru that day. He had some important calculations to make in connection with the sale of certain large quantities of cotton to mills in the east, and he was closely occupied in his office till past midnight. When he had finished he went to the front door of the warehouse to get a breath of fresh air before retiring. He did not feel sleepy. Such work as he had been doing usually had a contrary effect on him. Suddenly he heard a shout up the street in the direction of the Johnston House, a revolver was fired, and a gruff voice

He's no ornament to the community."

"Well, I only thought I'd let you

know the situation," George smiled as

cried out, "Thar he goes, boys!" This was followed by a clatter of many feet on the brick sidewalk, a storm of furious ejaculations and stifled oaths, and then a dark human billow rushed down the street in Buckley's direction. It was a mob pursuing Jeff Truitt.

Hardly knowing why he did it George ran into his office and secured his big revolver from the drawer of his desk and turned back quickly to the door. He was just in time, for the mob, numbering fifty or more, was not ten yards away. Panting and almost Lydia bowed her head over the keys ing along ahead of them and just out and laughed merrily. "It wouldn't be of their grasp. He was making for bad, would it-the Atlanta house, I the warehouse with the instinct that there, and there alone, lay some chance for escape. He gasped out something to George and darted past him into the

"Halt!" George thundered, his re volver leveled at the man in the lead "Halt or I'll blow your brains out!" The man fell back against those behind him, and the surging mass came "Heigh! What's this?" panted a man

in the rear. "What's this?" "It's me," said Buckley calmly. "That boy has come to me for protection, and he shall have it if I have to shoot six of you in your tracks!" "Oh, thunder! Come off!" sneered

man in the front. "Git out o' the door, Buckley, or we'll mash you flatter'n a "The first man that tries to pass this step dies as sure as God's in heaven!"

There was a swerving back from the veapon in Buckley's steady hand. Sience fell-a threatening silence. The cocking of a revolver somewhere in the crowd sounded clearly. "That's right, shoot at me, you dirty coward," said Buckley defiantly. "Here

stand in the light, and I can't pick you out in the dark. Shoot, you cow "Put that gun down," cried a deter mined voice in the throng. "You harm George Buckley an' I'll put daylight

through you." There was a sound of a struggle stifled oaths and the clash of a revolver as it struck the pavement. It was followed by grumbling words, hot dis-

puting and-silence. "You are a set of cowards," said Buckley, "running like a pack of wolves after a poor boy for what he said and did when he was drunk. Now, clear out, the last one of you! You know who I am-and you know if there is any one of you, or any three, that want to hold me responsible for this step I'll be on hand. Has any one here any row to pick with Jeff Truitt, then let him speak up. I'll represent him. I'm in a fighting mood tonight and will satisfy just as many as will apply."

he'll do it, too, boys," said an admiring voice. "Buckley's got the right stuff in 'im! Come on, let's go home. George seems friendly to the cuss, an' any friend o' his is safe as fur as I'm concerned." "Same here," joined in another voice.

"Buck, yo're all right, but that's a dern slack wad yo're takin' up fer, as shore as yo're knee high to a duck." "Well, he's my friend, and I'm his mother's friend," said Buckley. "A nob like yours shan't send his corpse home to her if I can help it." "He'd be about as much use to

that a-way as in his natural condition,' laughed a man near the front. "But ef she bankers after 'im, an' Buckley wants 'im to live on, I'll withdraw my claim. This is the sort of rabbit hunt I don't much like nohow." A laugh rose and went round. It

a favorable sign. George lowered his revolver. "Go home, boys," he said wearily. "I'm sorry I spoke as I did fust now. You are all my friends; I can see that. Good night," They stood for an instant as if tain what step to take, but Buckley's Slowly they disbanded and straggled away. When they were all door and locked it. Inst then Jeff

"Oh, George," he faltered, "I wish they had killed me. I'm a coward, was afeard of 'em-afeard of 'em!"

the interior of the building and, with

ing head and downcast eyes, drew

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It wasn't that, my boy; dop't you be re it," said George consolings, es are that way when they see g've got grit, but they tell me you ve to fill up with whisky to float it." But you wasn't afeard of 'em," wall-

Yes, I was at first," said Buckley. shook all over, and then I got drunk a long. Don't you bother; you'll Ge tht, Jeff. If I'd thought you were a ward I'd never been the friend to at u I am. My Lord, don't I remember, ny back at the log schoolhouse, how ress Tiffton builted you all day, pinch-g you, calling you names, and finally, en he began to bump your head ainst the wall, you turned in and just don't like trouble and stay from it till it's shoved on them.

went home after me, I reckon," said the boy, "an' when they found out I was here they come on to get liquor

risk you anywhere else tonight." They went back to the bedroom, Buckley carrying the light. As they passed the big fireproof vault in the office Jeff said, "Looks like it would like that, George."

"It has a combination lock," Buckley told him. "It would take an expert burglar several hours to open it, and the noise would wake me. That's why I sleep here. Nearly all the poor people in the mountains and here in town deposit their savings with us. It's a big responsibility, but the safe and vault are the best in the state. uptown, an' that's why the people want to deposit with us. It's a lot of trouble, but Mr. Hillyer likes to accommodate them."

"And thar's always a lots o' money in the safe, I reckon," said Jeff. "Thousands of dollars, my boy," replied Buckley; "but it's fireproof, and the risk is very little, as I told you. I am in this room every night, and when I go away Kenner sleeps here."

"But thar's another thing you hain't thought of," said Jeff. "Robbers sometimes slip up on a man, git 'im well covered an' then force 'im to open a safe. What would you do in a case like that George?" Buckley laughed. "I haven't thought of that, I'll admit," he answered; "but, with the responsibility on me like it is, I believe I'd die fighting rather than

voluntarily give in." "That ud be foolishness," said Jeff. "What's money—even a fortune—to a

table. "You could give in and many others could and nothing would be said about it, but if I did it they would say it was-my father's weakness cropping out in another generation. That would be the general verdict, Jeff. Folks are that way." "Do you reckon so, George?"

"Yes, that's the way of the world Now git in bed, Jeff." Truitt hesitated and flushed. "Jest le' me lie on a pile o' sacks on the floor," he said. "I don't want to crowd you, George."

"You think I'd be above sleeping with you, my boy." Buckley laid his hand on his shoulder and turned him forcibly to him." "You've heard all that talk out home about my being stuck up, but it is a lie out of whole cloth. Jeff, Jeff" - Buckley's breast rose high and fell-"I'd give all I have o-feel as good in the eyes of the world as you are. There's a stain on me that nothing will remove. Yes, I'd freely give up my life to prove that I am not naturally a thief."

Awed to silence by the strange man per of his friend, Jeff Truitt undresse and got into bed. George turned out the light. Jeff heard him undressing and then all was still for two or thre minutes, after which Buckley rose from his knees and got in the bed. Been sayin' fore prayers, George?" Jeff asked in wonder.

"Yes, Jeff; I try not to neglect it on day. It seems to be about the only thing that keeps me straight. Good night, Jeff." "Good night, George."

CHAPTER XVIII. HEY say the old junk shop was turned into a reg'lar fort last night," Kenner jested as he slouched into the office the pext morning after breakfast, a bundle of letters in his limids. George and Hillyer exchanged glance

"You'd have thought somet rong if you'd been here," George an-Hanks was at his deek munching piece of cracker and now and then taking a sip of water from a thick, nclean tumbler. He had no commer to make. If the building had been hall lemolished during the night he would have inspected the ruln with suprem sonal property. Half an hour later a

men and a woman came down the The woman was short and fat, wore a derate flag in his left hand, right a battered army bugle.
"Jeff's mammy an' daddy." Kenne said. "My Lord, they got bere quick

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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

CHAPTERS 1, 2 and 3-Buckley is the portege of Mr. Hillyer a rich Georgia merchant. His father atone for the deed he took George out of his degraded home to make a useful man of him as a subsociety for his dead friend. 5-Hanks, a note broker, and Kenner, wheat on the advice of George. brought to trial for his old crime. 7and 8-Lydia comes from Richmond's best social set. Governor loans the boy capital to start in business. 11—Lydia lulls the fears of her parents about George by saying that she believes a daughter should

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druggist said of Scott's SEE Emulsion a short time ago. As a rule we don't use or refer to testimonials made so often in connection with Scott's Emulsion that they are worthy of occasional note. From infancy to old age Scott's Emulsion offers a reliable means of remedying improper and weak development, restoring lost flesh and vitality, and repairing waste. The action of Scott's Emulsion is no more of a secret than the composition of the Emulsion itself. What it does it does through nourishtained in ordinary food. City. Fits guaranteed. No system is too weak or delicate to retain Scott's Emulsion and gather good from it.

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a rich Georgia merchant. His fath is sent to prison for theft. George attentive to Lydia Cranston, daug shook all over, and then I got drunk ter of a proud Virginian. The shame ir rage, just like you do on whisky. of his father's crime makes him desst the wall, you turned in and cotton buyer, have deaks in Hillyer's him the worst licking he ever warehouse. Baseom Truitt, a Cond? He had black eyes and puffy federate veteran is a champion of the for a week. Some men are that George. Hillyer invests heavily in an' settle with me. Ef you was me, George, what would you do—go home tonight? You know the folks will be a-worryin'."

Telfare of Georgia, a middle aged widower, is pressing his attentions upon her with the approval of her family. 9 and 10—George cham "No; you stay here and sleep with pions the cause of young Bob Hanks, me," said George, ."I'm not going to who is ambitious to rise. Hillyer

be resky to leave jest one man here with a whole lot o' money in a safe ing a husband. 12—Hillyer sells his wheat at a great profit and gives it to George. 13—The governor visits the Cranstons. George fears his powerful rival. Lydia accepts his attentions and presents. 14—Lydia pays a visit to George's mother and

kisses her warmly at parting. This brings a revival of hope to the lover. 15-and 16-Mrs. Cranston appeals They are better than those at the bank to Lydia's friend. Kitty Cosby, to bring the girl to her senses about George. Kitty tells Lydia that the governor will be a good catch, but, after bearing of some George's virtures, fears for the safty of her own

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