LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1905.

NUMBER 9

CHURUH DIRECTORY METHODIST.

Sanday School at 9:30 A. M.
GRO. S. Bakan, Sapt.
Preaching at 11 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday night.
L. S. Masser, Pastor.

Sanday School at 9:30 A. M. Preaching at 11 A.M., and 7.30 P.M. Prayer m sting Thursday night. H. H. MASHBURNS, Pastor.

BPISCOPAL, Sauday School at 9:30. Wm. H. Ruppin, Sapt. Services, morning and night, on Ray. John London, Rector. PRESETTERIAN. Services 4th Sunday in each month-

Londong Lodge, No. 413, A. A. A. M., meets let and 3rd Tue-nights in each month.

morning and night.

Professional cards DR. FREDERICK K. COOK,

Louisburg, N. C. O ce with Dr. A. H. Pieming. Hours: 16 a. m. to is m., \$ p. m. to 6 p. m. special hours by appoint ment,

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DENTIST. LOUISBURG. . - N. C. O los Over The Green & Yarboro Uo,'s

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LOUISBURG, N. C. Mos over Aycocke firng Company. DR. J. J. MANN,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, LOUDSBURG, N. C. O fice over Ayeocke Drug Co.'s drug store

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Office in the rear of R. A. Bobbitt & Co.'s Drug Store, on Nash street. I)H. R. P. YARBORUDGH, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. LOUISBURG, M. C.

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## The Substitute

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

Copuright, 1908, by Barper & Brothers

## [CONTINUED.]

ally from his brain, set him quivering from head to foot. He sat down on the bench opposite Telfare and lowered his face to his hands. His father's liberty was within his reach.

Telfare chuckled contemptuously.

Ah, I see I hit you between the eyes! I reckon you are sorry now that you didn't wait till I had finished before you dared to but that may pass. I simply will not degrade myself, Buck-tey, by visiting a tady who is receiving a man of your standing—even if she is led only by her sympathies, and if you will give up all claim to her and agree never to approach her on an equal footing again, I will liberate your father. Of course, you understand, I'd want some sort of petition to come to meonly a few names of his neighbors will do-but"-

"And your object?" George asked, looking up.

"Well, that's a private matter," answered Telfare, "but I may as well admit that my object is to marry Miss Cranston, and, as she evidently is actuated by a sort of pity, admirable in a woman, for you in your misfortune, I simply want to remove you from further contact with her without having openly to request the step of her or her parents. God knows I'm not jealous of you! It is not that. It is only the idea of our visiting here as social equals." George stood up. He had something

long after the words were spoken. "My father, Telfare," he began, "was convicted for stealing, and no doubt justly, but he was an unlettered, ignorant man. He was a thief, but you, Telfare, are lower than he, for, with your lips. And he stalked from the room. wrong, you degrade your office—the office given in trust to you by the stateto advance your own personal inter-'claim' on the lady you mention. I have none, and it would be dishonorable for me to trade in a commodity I don't She began to look for her handkerchief possess. But hold on; I am not through. want to add that if my accepting your proposition meant that I lent the weight of a straw toward making Miss Cranston your wife, I'd refuse with my dying breath. I could not live know-God ever made was through an act of mine living with a loathsome reptile like you. If my father stood on the gallows condemned to death and I could save him by allowing you to touch Miss Cranston's hand in lawful wedlock I should let him die." "You mean to refuse your father's

freedom?" gasped Telfare. "Yes, I refuse. I am trying, Telfare, to show the world by my life that I have not inherited my parent's weakness. I shall not depart from that rule by entering into a dishonorable compact with a man as base as you are. regardless of what it means to me." "You'd better think this over, Buckley," said the governor. "You are mad

"I have nothing else to say," replied Buckley, "and, to show you how little regard I have for your wishes, I shall keep my engagement with Miss Cranston this evening." And, turning, he walked ahead of Telfare to the house and into the lighted parlor. A servant took his hat and told him Miss Cranston had gone into the garden, but would return in a moment. While he was waiting the governor entered the room and sat down. He was pale, nervous and had a desperate glare in his eyes. Then Lydia came in. She was slightly flushed and had a tube-

"I'm so glad you came," she said to George. Telfare had risen and stood trying to appear at ease, but she did not notice him. "Do you like tuberoses?" she asked

Buckley.

"Very much," he replied. "Then you shall wear this," she said her voice quite unsteady. She glanced at Telfare and finished: "It's the only one I have. Governor Telfare, if you'd like one you may ring and the girl will supply you." She leaned forward and with her white, deft fingers pinned the flower on the lapel of Buckley's coat. "Mr.-er-ah-Buckley is to be con gratulated on getting his tuberose," the governor said, with a white sneer.
"He seems to be something of a favorite, Miss Lydia—at least for the mo-

The girl laughed harshly. George had never seen her so excited. Her eyes shone like-diamonds in the light of the chandelier

"Mr. Buckley and I are true friends," "Mr. Buckley and I are true triends, she said. "I respect him more than any one alive, unless it is my father."

"Ah, you do." Telfare bit at his short, black mustache which he turned inward with his trembling fingers. "The gentleman—I mean Mr. Buckley—is quite for finate," he said. "I see your tables is smaking on the verands.

The governor stood up, his dark face stamped with fury.

"Your manner has changed within the last half hour," he said significantly. "At the supper table you were quite another little girt, but we shall talk that over later." Ik that over later."

When the governor had left the room, George fancied Lydia's face turned whiter. She clasped her hands tensely in her lap and remained silent. An evil thought took possession of him. George Buckley was very human, Misfortune had inclined his nature to susfortune had inclined his nature to sus-picion, and the governor's high rank contrasted to his own humble position made him blind to the possibility that he could be more favored on the pres-ent occasion. It seemed as clear as daylight to him that Lydia and Tel-fare had quarreled and that she was simply using him as a tool through which to strike at his distinguished ri-

tal. To her evident surprise, he also

"You are not going?" she said.
"Yes," he returned frigidly. "I dropped in only for a moment." "You are going because, because

"Because," he said, drawing himself up to his full height, "much as I should like to accommodate you, I find it quite impossible to serve in the capacity you evidently wish to assign to me to-night." He took the flower from his coat and with steady fingers placed it on the plano, "I must decline, too, to accept your offering. When the moment comes for you and your honored



"Then you shall wear this." guest to make up your difference, perto say, and it rang in Telfare's ears haps this little flag of truce may prove useful."

> "You say this to me," she exclaimed -"to me?" He bowed coldly. "God knows I did closed after Buckley and the low voices of the governor and her father through the open window of the sitting room She was calm, but white to the lips which she had dropped. She returned at the carpet near the spot where she had sat. It was not there. She returned again to the veranda and then went down the graveled walk to the summer house, entering the compartment adjoining the one in which Telfare and Buckley had held their conversation. There on the bench lay her handkerchief. Grasping it in her tense fingers, she sat down and buried her

face in her hands.

HE next morning, after breakfast, Mrs. Hillyer called her husband aside. He followed her into the parlor, where she led him to get beyond the hearing of the negroes in the dining room. "What's the matter with George? she asked him.

"Why, nothin' as I know of," he replied, "I haven't seen him this morn in'. Is anything wrong?"

"Looks like he hasn't slept a wink all night," said the woman. "He didn't tetch a thing on the table, an' his hands shook awful. Do you know. somehow, I believe him an' Governo Telfare quarreled up at Cranstons last night. I never saw him look like that before. He's up in the company bedroom. I passed through the hall just now an' seed 'im settin' at the window lookin' out. Mr. Hillyer, go up an' see what's the matter with 'im.

He'll talk to you." With his heart in his mouth, Hillyer went up the stairs, sliding his hand on the banister railing. George turned his head as he entered the open door, and rose quickly, as if ashamed to be seen there without a reason for it.

"George, what's the matter with you? Ain't you well this mornin'?" the old "Not very, Mr. Hillyer," George said, dropping his eyes, "but I'll feel better when I get to work. I'm going down pretty soon."

"That hain't it, my boy-that hain't it," said Hillyer, his sympathetic eyes resting on the troubled face before him. "Some'n' has gone wrong, George, an' I wish you'd tell an world. I—I feet a big interest in you. I don't know as I could ever explain how big it is. Tell

me, George,"
"It wouldn't do any good," the you you a little—you are so kind hearted."

"I want to know, George."
"Weil, I will tell you, Mr. Hillyer Do you know what is the hardest thing on earth to bear? It is to be insulted, grossly insulted, by a man whom you can't strike. Buckley then told all that had taken place between him and

feel as we do on that line, but it's bi Hillyer suddenly turned from to room and went downstairs. His with heard him going out at the gate at

called to him from the veranda, but walked on without beeding her: the street corner he quickened his step

Forget About Your S If your digestion is had the vitat gans of your body are not nourished they should be. They grow weak and wite disease. Kodol Dyspepais. Gure deserts

ing faster and faster till be reached out of the ball mumbling somethi the warehouse. He saw Kenner and Hanks in the office, but he passed of ruitt could not eatch. He came back "The governor says he's occupied ust now an' ain't at home to nobody.

to George's room in the rear. There on the table lay Buckley's revolver. Thrusting it into the pocket of his short coat he hurried out at the side door and went up the railroad to the Johnston House. Going into the office approached the desk and asked the clerk for Governor Telfare. "He left on the 8 o'clock train this

"He had us call him at 7." "Gone?" The old man stared blank-"Yes, he got off, but he'll be back next Sunday. He engaged the best room in the house and gave orders that It was not to be used by any one else." "Gone!" Hillyer turned and started away aimlessly. In the hall leading t the street he was met by Bascou

norning, Mr. Hillyer," said the clerk.

Truitt, who stopped him. "Say, old man, what's the matter's Sick?" Hillyer stared at him, but mano reply. "Look y' here, what alls ye rned him into a vacant room on the side of the hall, a room used by com-mercial travelers for displaying their wares to the village storekeepers. Hillyer sank into a chair and groaned Truitt heard some one passing in the hall and closed the door. "I know some'n's wrong," he said

'Some'n's wrong when a deacon in the church an' a man o' yore stamp goes round white as a grave rock with a 44 callber gun in his pocket un' his teeth chatterin' on as warm a day as

Hillyer told him what had happened to George and his own failure to meet Telfare. He told it in an unsteady voice, his lips quivering as he spoke. Then, with his head down, he added: "Bas, you know I spilt human blood thirty year ago. I've prayed all them years to git God to blot out the crime, an' yet, after all that, if I'd 'a' met Telfare just now, I-I reckon, of he hadn't apologized to that pore boy I'd 'a' shot 'im dead in his tracks. I was all upset about it. Oh, my God, I'm as bad as I was away back when I was young an' hot blooded!"

Truitt shrugged his shoulders. "Then not want to!" suddenly burst from his I reckon it's better fer all concerned that Telfare went off when he did. and took the revolver from Hillyer entirely unfitted to run round with a loaded gun in yore pocket. You take my advice an' go back to yore store I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll study over this an' try to come to some condusion what's best, then I'll come down an' see you. I'm interested in George Buckley, an' don't you let that slide out o' yore mind in yore excite ment. He's been a friend true an' tried to me an' mine, an' I'll stand to 'im' er die. Now, you go on to the

the merchant

out o' the difficulty," said Truitt evasively. "I tell you, you are too excitable—you go off half cocked. That's what got you in the trouble that you say has worried you so much. Why even of you had shot the scalawag just now, you'd 'a' done it too quick to've had any fun watchin' 'im squirm. I'd ruther see a dern coward that's wronged me or mine beg fer life 'an to see 'im die. We all die—that's common as pig tracks in wet weather, but only the dirty, sneakin' cowards is afeard of it. You go on now; we are a-losin' time. ain't no anarchist, goin' round killin' blg men in office, but that feller's got to be 'tended to, an' I'll study up

When Hillyer had gone back down the railroad to the warehouse Truitt sauntered into the hotel office. "What time does the next train go to Atlan ta?" he asked.

"There's another on the Southern ten minutes," answered the clerk.

CHAPTER XXIII. HEN Truitt arrived in the great bustling passenger depot in Atlanta it was noon. He elbowed his, way through the squirm-A dozen cabmen yelled at him and ges-

ticulated with their whips, but he paid no heed to them. Seeing a blue coated policeman on a corner, he appr "Could you tell a feller of he'd be apt to see the governor at the statehouse

this time o' day?" he asked. sion about now," replied the officer. "It's dinner time." "Well. "I go out thar, then," Truitt

gate and proceeded up the walk he saw

"I want to see G Truitt said. "Is he "Yes, he's at home."

"I know what you told me, you black idiot! You tell 'im what I told you, an' be in a hurry about it!"

With the whites of his rolling eyes decidedly in evidence the negro backed

A strangth tonic that brings rich, re-der d. Makes you strong, healthy an etire. That's what Hollister's Book Sountain Tea will do. 35 cents, Tea o Pablets. R. A. Bobbitt & Co. When a man is his own worst enely it's up to him to make friends

le was just lyin' down to take a nap. Ie won't let nebody disturb 'im at this me o' day." Well, you tell 'im I said a man wants attentive to Lydia Cranston, daughto see 'im that kin beat the hind-sights ter of a proud Virginian. The shame
off n 'im in the next election of he of his father's crime makes him doswants to. You tell 'im that a man vants to see 'im on a matter o' life an' leath. Tell 'Im that, you black fool, n' see what he'll say." The negro was absent about three minutes, and then he came back and allenly motioned Truitt to enter the oor on the right of the hall. Telfare was standing at a green covered writing fable and frowned and stared importantly at Theilit who had not reatlently at Truitt, who had not yet "I believe, I do not recall your face," is said, extending his hand, "but I need so many friends in going about

retary usually meets visitors and makes a note of what they wish, but he is always out at lunch at this hour."

Truitt laughed. Taking a plug of to-Truitt laughed. Taking a plug of to- that she believes a daughter she bacco from his pocket, he tore off a piece and put it between his teeth.

deepened on his dark brow.

"Well, it's jest this a-way, governor," Truitt replied. "It seems that as much

"And he has sent you to me?" sneer-But it seems at least it seems to me from what I gather-that you insuited and Kitty hear the story recounted in 'im like a dog-told 'im right out that

you 'n' him couldn't breathe the same air, walk under the same sky, an' so "What I said on that occasion was quite a private matter," said Telfare, "and, to be plain with you, I don't intend to discuss it."

"But, you see, governor"-Truitt was chewing his tobacco slowly and eying "And when will you be down?" asked his victim like a cat watching a mouse "you see, another feller up thar, that hain't got a thing agin his record-s all through the war-that feller hain't satisfied. He don't feel right to set still an' let you demean a pore boy that's doin' his level best to raise his

Telfare turned pale. He loc he were about to fall. "You came to bring a challenge?" he

Truitt evasively. "It looks powerfu like you've got to take prompt action speeches all over the state about the equality o' men, an' it would be a big joke on you to have it get out that your blood was too rich to come up agin one o' the most honorable young men in the state o' Georgin, jest be-ca'se his daddy went wrong." Telfare sank into his leather cushion-

his pallor had extended even to his "Who is the-the man that atisfied?" he faltered.

"Me," said Truitt simply. "You?" The governor could econd Georgia, under Colonel H. F. Pierson. My record's all right. At least of it hain't, you kin show why it hain't. Yes, I've come here for some have it, or I'll turn the governor o' skupk kin insult a brave, pure hearted friend o' mine an'-leave 'im writhin'

can't send an apology to that man." "You say you cayn't, you pup," the e an eel, to his feet, "How do you

amarting, our and furnously rang the sliver bell on his deak. The servant in the hall quickly appeared, "Call a policeman!" Telfare panted.

etween him and the door or he wo undoubtedly have made his escape: A it was, he only stood at his desk, whit as death and quivering from head i

There was a clatter of feet in the ha (TO BE CONTINUED.)

HYGEIA-The Best 5-cent a n earth for sale at Aycocke 1

CHAPTERS 1, 2 and 8-George Buckley is the portege of Mr. Hillyer a rich Georgia merchant. His father is sent to prison for theft. George is perate. 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 oiety for his dead friend, 5warehouse. Basepar Truitt, a Confederate veteran is a champion of George. Hillyer invests heavily in wheat on the advice of George. 8—drs. Hillyer prairie. George's noble meet so many friends in going about cyer the state. Too are Mr.

"Oh, about as common, thank youa ilitle headsche, that's all. How do you come on?"

"I'm very well, thank you, but I did not catch your name."

"Oh, my name? It's Bascom Truitt."

"Well, Mr. Truitt, to be plain, you must know that I'm a very busy man, and if you will tell me right out what you called to see me about PH see it we can get around to it. My private see long the later of George's adds that will be so cause of George's adds that is a little private of George's adds that is a little private of George's adds that is a little private of Ceorge of Little private of George's adds to trial for his old crime. Tand 8—Lydia comes from Richmond's best social set. Governor Telfare of Georgia, a middle aged widower, is pressing his attentions upon her with the approval of her family. 9 and 10—George cham pions the cause of young Bob Hanks, who is ambitious to rise. Hillyer long the private of George's adds to trial for his old crime. Tand 8—Lydia comes from Richmond's best social set. Governor Telfare of Georgia, a middle aged widower, is pressing his attentions upon her with the approval of her family. 9 and 10—George cham pions the cause of young Bob Hanks, who is ambitious to rise. Hillyer

respect her family pride when choosing a husband. 12—Hillyer sells his "Lord bless yore soul," he said, "no private secretary couldn't 'tend to this job fer you."

"I don't understand you." Telfare was waxing impatient; his frown had powerful rival. Lydia accepts his attentions and presents. 14-Lydia "Well, it's jest this a-way, governor,"
Truitt replied. "It seems that as much as you want to please yore constituents you've made one of 'em up at Darley as mad as thunder at you."

"To whom do you refer?" Telfare was staring blankly.

"Why, I 'to whom' to a young feller—to George Buckley, who, it seems, you made sorter mad t'other night over at old man Cranston's bouse."

tentions 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 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 hearing of some George's virtures for the setter of her own. tures, fears for the safty of her-own heart. 17 and 18.—George protects Jeff Truitt, son of his friend Bascom, from the vengeance of a mob. Lydia

the presence of the hero. 19,-Lydia adores George, but may marry the governor out of regard for her father, who is in poor health. 20 .and 21.-Governor Telfare offers to pardon George's father if he will give up Lydia. The offer is hotly spurned Lydia snubs the governor in favor of George, but the excited loved misconstrues the act and abruptly leave her

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