The Substitute

Bu WILL N. HARBEN,

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

week of the year. Every town and

city in the south sent its official repre-

entatives and its maids of honor.

The hotels were crowded and the streets

thronged with an incongruous multi-

tude wearing badges of ribbon. South-

ern generals and their wives and daugh-

ters were holding gay receptions. Everybody was welcome; hands were ex-

tended to people from the north as well as from the south. Shouts filled the

air when the carriage of an ex-Confed-

erate officer passed through the streets.

The bands played "Dixle." Men,

scarred and malmed, stood on the street

corners and in the bars and hotels and

told war stories and sang the praises

of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jack-

son. All was mirth and good feeling.

From the public buildings, the clubs,

hotels and carriages floated the Amer-

ican flag. It hung everywhere, but it

was never applauded and yet never

hissed. It was beautiful to look upon

and stood for peace, patriotism and

prosperity. The southerners would

have admitted this, and yet there was

another beauty dearer to their weary

memory-a beauty for which they had

Mrs. Cranston, Lydia and Kitty Cos-

by were visiting the Dunleighs, a Vir-

ginia family who lived in one of the

best houses in Peachtree street. George

Buckley was in the city, but he had

gone only to attend to the work of in-

specting the books of a broker who

handled considerable grain and cotton

The broker, Mr. Harry Stone, was a

young man of high social standing in

Atlanta, and he had formed a strong

friendship for George and extended the

hospitality of the best club in the place

to him and offered to introduce him

to his friends, but George refrained

from accepting. He was too fine a

man to feel at ease in general society

so early after his father's disgrace, and

Stone understood this and did not press those things upon him:

"I see you've got some stunning girls

up your way," Stone remarked as

George sat at a desk in the corner of

the room "checking up" the books.

"It's reported down here that our gov-

ernor runs up that way every chance

"Yes, they are all right," Buckley an-

"She's a Miss Cranston, I under

stand," ran on Stone. "I've heard my

grandmother speak about the family

in Virginia. She's visiting the Dun-

leighs, and I guess I'll meet her while

she's here. You know her, of course?"

"Yes, we are friends," George said

"I've never seen her," said the

broker, "but, judging from her picture,

she must be good looking. However,

one can't tell about that. The pictures

"In the newspapers?" said George, in

"Why, yes; it's in both the papers

today, along with an account of the

reception the governor is giving to her

and her party at the mansion tonight.

It's to be awfully swell. I'm not go-

ing. In fact, he and I don't get on.

The truth is I belong to a little club of

young Americans that tried to snow

him under in the last election, but we

got left. He had too big a pull with

the ring. He used to be civil to me,

but he snarls like a possum when we

meet now. He can't forget an injury.

"Oh, yes," said George. "He's been

"Oh, of course; I'd forgotten. They

say he's not been having exactly

smooth sailing up at Darley either, but

it looks a little like he's making more

"How is that?" asked Buckley, his

glood running cold, his heart sinking.

"Why, the reception, you know. That looks a little like she's giving in, don't

you think? But I may be dead wrong.

She may want to make that friend of

hers, that Miss Cosby, have a good

time, and the general run of girls

would consider it sheer madness to

lose a chance like that. Why, it's to

be the chief event of the reunion. Well,

he's welcome to his glory; it won't

"No: he'll never be able to pay the expense of another campaign. He ruined what little law practice he had

when he went into politics, and now

"A bankrupt?" George exclaimed "Why, I thought he had unlimited

"In a pig's vallee," laughed Stone

certain bank in this town and I had

it straight that Telfare's got up the last

bit of collateral he can raise for money he can't repay. Why, he had to beg

the bank for a little raise to give this

reception. Do you know, I suspected he was trying to marry for money.

"She's an only child," said Buckley, reluctant to continue the conversation further, "and her father is fairly well

"Perhaps," said Stone, "he's really daft about her."

May I ask if this Miss Cranston is an

he's a bankrupt."

last long; he will never get in again."
"You think not?" said George tense

Did you ever see him?"

up our way often."

in the newspapers are always bad."

fought grimly and lost.

for the Darley house.

he gets."

simply.

swered briefly.

was the first of May, and the

annual reunion of the Confederate veterans was being held

in Atlanta. It was the gala

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the and attentive corrects

Never had the burden of his birth felt

were eluding his grasp.

A little warmth came to his cold

heart over the thought that Lydia Cranston eared for him, but it was

swept away by the ley fear that, de-

spite her regard for him, she was even

then striving philosophically to put him out of her life. That striving had be-

gun with the acceptance of the recep

tion in her honor. The next step would

be the formal announcement of her en-

gagement to the governor, and then

she would begin to look upon Telfare as her future husband. Caorge stifled

a groan and rose and left the room

death. He went out into the streets

and walked on and on, going he cared

not whither, trying to kill the despair

within him. Dark thoughts pursued him, but he threw them aside. He was a soldier fighting black adversity, and

he would fight—fight to the end. He had been walking half an hour when he came to the spacious grounds of the

Dunleigh home. A carriage stood at

the door. It was waiting for her-her!

In a short while she would emerge

dressed for the reception. Could be not wait there on the street and see

her? No, for it was a closed carriage,

and she would be shut off from his

view. But could he not, without be-

ing seen, get nearer the door through

which she would have to pass? The

grounds were unlighted, and there

were many clusters and hedges of

shrubbery. The gate of the drive was

seat behind a hedge of rosebushes

where he could remain unseen. He

had not long to wait. Mrs. Dunleigh

and Mrs. Cranston came out and then

was a revelation to him. She seemed

CHAPTER XXVII.

a stranger to him.

cipal hotels.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1905.

her nervous exclamations of horror at the catastrophe. "I thought we were being huried into eternity" so heavy, never had he so keenly long-ed for the unattainable. He was in "In our reception gowns," laughed Kit-ty, who was calmness itself. "Pshawl Mrs. Dunleigh, I knew the old thing the lowest dregs of despair; he had begun to pity himself. Everybody else was having a holiday; no holiday could come to him while his own father was bearing the scourge of the would simply drag and bump along till Harrison stopped the horses, but I do believe you and Mrs. Cranston would law, while the only things he craved

"Well, I'm glad it was no worse," declared Mrs. Dunleigh. "Come on in.

Lydia and George ascended the steps last, and she paused with him a mo-ment sione on the verands. She had

"I have simply no explanation make," he said, eying her contritely. "Explanation?" she said. "Why sho

grounds at this time of night."
"Oh!" She raised her eyes to his

a startled expression. "But you may know," he went on "you may know that it was simply be-



The coachman was holding the carriage door open for her, and she swept George helped the ladies out. down the steps and the door closed cause I was dying to catch a glimpse of you. I was half crazed with desperupon her. The hoofs of the mettlesome horses ground into the pebbled ation over it all-all this affair in your drive as they whirled her away. Gone honor given by that man the rumor from his sight into that of his despised over the whole state that you are to berival! Buckley sank back on to the come his wife. I did not come to Atbench and clasped his cold hands. He anta for this. I came on business. remained there an hour and then slowanished my work at sundown and ought ly retraced his steps down the beautito have gone back home, but my misful street. Soon the illumination at ery chained me here. I won't keep back anything. I passed here earlier the executive mansion rose before him. The hum of many voices fell on his in the evening and noticed the car ear, blended with martial music. The riage waiting for you. I saw that I could hide behind that hedge and see trees on the lawn were bung with Chinese lanterns; from a balcony overhead you come out. I did it and drank in attendants were setting off costly fireyour beauty and my deeper despair. Then I came back a few minutes ago works. On the very sky Telfare seemed to be recording his triumph over his and hid again to see you once more conquered foe. George walked on past Somehow I felt that my agony would be less keen if I could merely see you the mansion into the reveling mess of humanity that swarmed about the prinlast-do you understand?-see you after he had told you good night back there in all his glory. I saw the wheel coming off. I knew what was going to happen. I could have remained hid UCKLEY hardly knew where he went, but soon found himself den and allowed the coachman to let again near the executive manyou out and thus have escaped this sion. The merriment was at umiliation in the eyes of your friends. its beight. Afraid of meeting some one But what does it matter? They know who would recognize him, he walked who I am. They know why I had to act like a thief to steal a glimse of the woman who has enslaved me why I had to do that, when she is the favored guest of the governor of the state and

George, do pity me. Don't-don't think

I'm like the rest of the world, for I'm

not. I hunger for better things, higher

I shall never trouble you again."
"Oh, George"—but he had turned and

When a man proposes to a girl he either in love or else he's a finan-

ster's Roky Mountain Ten will do 35 sots, Ten de Tableta. E. A. Bobbin &

on rapidly. He wanted to be in motion. It was the only thing that seemed to deaden the agony in his breast. One moment he would clinch his hands and stifle a groan of pain as he thought of Lydia's social triumph "Stop!" Lydia cried. "Don't, don't! and her nearness to the man he decan't bear any more. I-I am only a spised and yet dreaded, and he would woman, George. I'm only a girl who pause and look up at the sky as if s being pulled and dragged by others trying to read there a reason for his Father begged me to permit this enmisery. He was again passing the tertainment, to accept Mrs. Dunleigh's invitation. I refused at first, George; Dunleigh house and was about to retrace his steps to his hotel when he on my honor I did, but father is in s heard the sound of an approaching carcritical condition. The doctor told me riage. He believed it to be the Dunnot to worry him in the slightest, and leighs' and darted into the grounds he had set his heart on this affair to and back to his former hiding place. night. The poor man loves such things with all his soul, and he thinks He was right. The approaching vehicle turned in at the gate and was rapidly curving to-ward the yeranda when George noticed that one of the rear wheels was com-Governor Telfare a great man. He actually broke down and cried when I refused; it was pitiful to see his old gray head shaking with sobs over what considered base ingratitude. Be sides, Kitty was included in the invitation. She is my guest, and any natural girl would like to go to such an affair, and mamma urged it. Ob.

ing off. His heart was in his mouth. He wanted to give the driver warning, but it was too late. The wheel was off. The carriage lurched to one side. There was a chorus of muffled screams from within, and, to make matters werse, the horses took fright and began to rear and plunge. With no thought as to the incongruity of his resence there at such a moment Buckley darted from his place of conealment and ran to the aid of the ladies, who were loudly calling for help and trying to break the heavy plate glass windows. Buckley followed the jolting carriage along the drive and finally succeeded in jerking the door open just as the coachman drew his

horses to a stand in the light at the steps. George helped the ladles out. "Why, it's Mr. Buckley!" exclaimed Mrs. Cranston, in grateful astonishment. It was a most awkward moment. Buckley could only bow, his hat in hand and pale to the lips. Miss Cosby gave him a knowing look as she extended her gloved hand.

"It was good of you," she said.

Mrs. Dunleigh seemed so much excited over what had happened that she took no notice of Buckley nor se to remark on the oddity of his su appearance at such an opportune mo-ment. The coachman unbitched the horses from the carriage and led them away, leaving George in the center of the cluster of ladies. Kitty Cosby in-troduced him to Mrs. Dunleigh, but that lady simply bowed and continued

"That must be it," George teplied, and he closed the conversation by going to work.

By nightfall his task was finished, and he could have caught a train for Darley, but he felt a strange, half morbid disinclination to leave. He repaired to his hotel, changed his clothing and went down to the growded dining room, but the very gayety on every hand irritated him. He had no appetite for what was before him. All around him, at private tables, were gay parties of young people in evening dress. The music of a fine orchestra came in from the rotunda. The air was below that it to make the result of many remedies for indigestion but found nothing equal to Lodol Dyspepsia Care." Kodol oligests what you eat, curse indigestion, dyspepsia, nour stomach, belohing, heart-burn and all stomach troubles. In proparation is bad the vital or gans of your body are not nonrished as they should be They grow weak and in vite disease. Fodol Dyspepsia Cure disease, Fodol Dyspepsia Cure disease, Fodol Dyspepsia Cure disease, Fodol Dyspepsia Cure in because it gets a rest-recuperates and gradually grows so strong and healthy that it troubles you no more. E L Babcook. Amherst, Minn., says of have accepted as they should be They grow weak and invite disease, Fodol Dyspepsia Cure disease, Fodol Dyspepsia Cu igests what you can, curse indigestion, yapapaia, sour stomach, belohing, baartourn and all stomach troubles In proporation is the result of many years of comarch. Sold by Arcocka Drug Co.

Her in close conversation, but she passroom assigned to herself and Kitty. The latter was unfastening her hair before a pier glass and came forward, her hands extended. "Don't let it worry you, dear," :

Lydia made no reply, sinking, pale and miserable, into a chair and coverng her face with her hands. "I say, don't let it worry you," said Miss Cosby. "But the whole thing makes me fighting mad."
"Mad?" said Lydia, looking up al-

that young god of a man be kicked and

speered at by our world, forced to neak around behind rosebushes mereto see the idol of his dreams step nto her carriage, while a half bald,

wind of hero we know, is left out in the coid?"

"Oh, Kitty, you are a darling?" The color was running into Lydia's wan face. Her eyes were gleaming as they had not gleamed that night. "But pape 19 What about him? What would you do about him?"

"What would I do about him? I'd make him change his pills. I don't think he has any more heart disease than I have, and mine flops as regular as a clock, except when George Buckley, comes near, with those big, dreamy eyes of his. Lydia Crahston, I told your mother I wasn't going to influence you either way, but if George Buckley wanted me like he wants you he could have me at the drop of a hat. God doesn't bring up real men in velvet limed cradles; he simply gives them the chance to bring themselves up. I know where you stand tonight, Lydia. Secure in the joy of George Buckley's love, you are drifting away from it. You are in danger, my girl—in danger.

You are in danger, my girl—in danger.

Telfare of Georgia, a middle aged widower, is pressing his attentions upon her with the approval of her family. D and 10—George cham pions the cause of young Bob Hanks, who is ambitious to rise. Hillyer 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 respect her family pride when choosing 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 to Lydia's friend. Kitty Coeby, to self by marrying Telfare he gradually cease to love you and would ransfer his giant heart to some other happy. What do I care about his family? Napoleon said he was the first of

Lydia looked up aharply and fixed a tendy glance on the face of her friend. "You are actually in love with him."

sel of gossip under their tongues. I can hear their mumbling voices. I have an idea. I can't sleep until I have rid their minds of the belief that George Buckley was hiding on the lawn to catch sight of you. That's the wait. I'll fix 'em, and then we'll go

Descending the stairs and entering the drawing room a moment later, Kit-ty overheard Mrs. Cranston saying: "Yes, that accounts for it. He was not invited and was simply jealous and desperate over not seeing her, so he stole into the grounds, and"-"Oh, my, what an imagination you

have, Mrs. Cranston!" Kitty laughed heartily. "But you are away off. Mr. Buckley explained it to Lydia, He was going by here, returning from a-sing party down the street. He saw the carriage pass and noticed the wheel coming off. He called out—I thought I heard some one-but could not at-tract the attention of the driver. He tried to catch up, but could not do so until be was in the grounds, then the wheel came off, and we were flopping about in each other's laps."
"Oh!" Mrs. Cranston exclaimed dis-

"Well, that does seem more reason-able," said Mrs. Dunleigh. "I can hardly imagine lovers, this day and time, doing the other thing. It's rather too stagy—too romantic, don't you think?" "Well, I really don't know what we are going to do with Lydia," sighed Mrs. Cranston. "She didn't seem to enjoy herself a bit tonight. Just think of it! Why, I could hear whispering all over the rooms, Where is she? Is that her? My, ain't she pretty! They things, but in this case I really don't "Then"—he took a deep breath, as if trying to fortify himself against a coming blow—"then you are engaged to Telfare?"

coming blow—"then you are engaged to Telfare?"

"No; I am not, George. Don't—don't question me so closely. I am not happy. T'—

"But he looks upon this affair to night as favorable to his suit. Is that not true?"

"He may, George, but I really don't know what to do."

Buckley was as pale as a corpse, He brushed his brow with a quivering hand.

"God knows I have nothing to offer you," he said in a low tone. "And it was wrong for me to thrust myself on you as .I have done tonight. Your feeling a number of reads to so avail, one filante Cough Cars estirely man, or the modest, shrinking manner. That's why she created such a furore, and why Governor Telfare is such a fool about her. When she declined to go out to supper with him and in such a sweet, natural way suggested that he take you instead, I was afraid he might be offended, but he took it beautifully, and—well, it did look better. She wasn't going to put herself in such a conspicuous position if she could avoid it, and, on the whole, I think she was right."

If a Cow gave

Butter

"Really, I was proud of her," declared Mrs. Dunieigh. "She's just a pure, sweet, unspecied giri, and everybody knew it by her modest, shrinking manner. That's why she created such a furore, and why Governor Telfare is such a fool about her. When she declined to go out to supper with him and in such a sweet, natural way suggested that he take you instead, I was afraid he might be offended, but he took it beautifully, and—well, it did look better. She wasn't going to put in shape for diges you as I have done toulight. Your friends will laugh at me for my des-peration, but I don't care. Goodby.

She stifled a groan of pain, and then went into the house. She saw her mother and Mrs. Dunleigh in the drawing room under the prismatic chande—
"She's an original creature," said Mrs. Dunleigh, when Kitty and left them. "I wish you'd share her with me."
"She's that way all the time," said

A strength tonic that brings rich, red bletd. Makes you strong, healthy and active. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tes will do. 35 cents, Tes or Tablets. R. A. Hobbitt & Co.

A wonderful spring todie, Drives out all winter impurities, given you strongth, beatth and happiness. That's what Hol. Hollister's Hoaky Mountain Ten this

CHAPTERS 1, 2 and 3-George Buckley is the portege of Mr. Hillyer a rich Georgia merchant. His father is sent to prison for theft. George is attentive to Lydia Cranston, daughter of a proud Virginian. The shame 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. 5—Hanks, a note broker, and Kenner, a lights, in the pertune of costly flowers and amid the plaudits of a squirming, low necked, white shirted mass of here worshipers here worshipers, indeed!—when George Buckley, the kind of here we know, is left out in the cold?"

You are in danger, my girl-in danger to Lydia's friend. Kitty Coeby, to of losing the very thing you treasure bring the girl to her senses about above all else. You think you can obey George. Kitty tells Lydis that the

your parents and always retain George
Buckley's love, but as sure as fate,
while you are now all a woman could
be in his sight, if you degraded yourbe in his sight your be in his sight your be in his Jeff Truitt, son of his friend Bas from the vengeance of a mob. Lydia woman. I'd hate to be second choice; and Kitty hear the story recounted in but, as God is my judge, I'd like a chance to make that man thoroughly Lydia adores George, but may marry the governor out of regard for her

his name, and George Buckley may be 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 she said. "What right?"— She aud. George, but the excited loved miscondenly covered her face. Strues the act and abroptly leave her lenly covered her face.

"Oh, don't be a goose!" Kitty said in tears. 22,—and 25.

"We've got work to do before we go Truitt twigs the governor's ear to avenge the insult to George. strues the act and abruptly leave her in tears. 22,—and 23.—Bascom

For a Weak D'gestion

No medicine can replace ford bu Inte will help you to disest your food.
It is not the quantity of food taken that gives strongth and vision to the ayelem. but the summer digested and assimilated if trouble d with a weak digestion, den' fail to give these Tablets a trial. Thou sands have been benefitted by their one They only cost a quarter. For sale by

Men never gossip. They simply friends and preceed to listen.

About Eheumatism There are fue diseases that inflict more paried and us less lot of remedies have bren suggested. To say that it can be cured is, therefore, a bold statement to make, but Chamgerlain's Pain Balm, Which enjoys an extensive sale. One application of Pain Balm will relieve the pain, and hundreds of sufferers have tentified to permanent cures by its use. Why enfer when Pain Balm affords such quick relief and costs but a triffe? For sale by all drugglats.

A Tried and True Friend.

One Minute Cough Upre contains not an atom of any harmful deng, and it has that her? My, ain't she pretty! They say that necklace has been in her family for 200 years. Have you been introduced? And yet the object of it all sat on a divan half the evening talking to a married Presbyterian minister, who didn't even have on an evening suit."

"Healty, I was proud of her," declared Mrs. Dunleigh. "She's just a

put in shape for diges-"Well, I'm going to bed," said Kitty.
"You two hens can stay off the roost and cackle all night if you like, but I'm tremely nourishing, but it has to be emulsifled

HYGEIA—The Best 5-cent eight on earth for sale at Aycocke Drog Co's.

The hat that suits a woman seldom has a price that suits her husband.

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THE POST OF VIEW

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fully satisfied. Isn't that fair?

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# Truths that Strike Home

Your grocer is honcet and—if he cares to do so—ean tell you that he knows very little about the bulk coffee he sells you. How can he know, where it originally came from, how it was blended—or with what—or when rounted! If you buy your coffee losse by the pound, how can coffee loose by the pound, how com-you expect purity and uniform quality?



LION COFFEE THE LEADER OF ALL PACKAGE COFFEES, Is of necessity uniform in quality strength and flavor. For fills GARTIE OF A CENTURY, LEON COFFEE.

raind, or of coming in contact with due

In each package of LION COFFEE you get one full pound of Pure Coffee. Insist upon getting the genuine.

(Lion head on every package.)

(Bare the Lion-heads for valuable premium.)

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE WOOLSON SPICE CO., Tolodo, Chie

# AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS MARCH 14, 1905.

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CITIZENS BANK, OF HENDERSON

Bt p that rough and co'd, now when in its in-Ispey. Procrastination wil estail both a weakening . f vital force and consequent floancial loss. "A word to the wise "should be sufficient. Supply yourself with a modern and approved remedy. Q . o o o Phbiogen teminal

R. A. BOBBITT & CO. LOUISBURG, NORTH CAROLINA

carry a large and well selected stock of preparrations, as well as continuing their neighbol rations, as well as continuing their neighbol isodership in Drugs, Chemica's, Druggest Sondries Manaral Waters. Fine Cigars, Tobaccos, &c. We created enumerate the matual advantage to be gained by a continuance of our present pleasant bushness relations. As here-tofore Prescriptions are our specialty. We have the purest and best Drugs and it sheat equipped men to fill them—only registered pharmonics employed by ms. 0 0 0 0 0

Send for free sample.

Scott's Emulsion

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