CHURCH DIRECTORY

Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.
Gro. S. Barra, Supt.
Preaching at 11 A. M., and 7 30 P. M. Presenting Wednesday night, Prayer meeting Wednesday night, L. S. Masser. Pastor.

Sanday School at 9:30 A. M. THOS. B. WILDER, Supt Preaching at 11 A.M., and 7:30 P.M., Prayer m seting Thursday night. H. H. Mashburns, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL. Sauday School at 9:80. WM. H. ROFFIN, Supt. Harvices, morning and night, on 1st, 3rd and 4th Sundays.

Revening Prayer, Friday afternoon Ray, John London, Rector.

PRESBYTERIAN. Services 4th Sunday in each monthnorming and night.

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HOTELS.

W. CODWAY, Prp'r. private. I want to say, though, that George Buckley wasn't happy; he hain't been happy fer a long time. That are men in this world that think

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ASSENBURG HOTEL Massenburg Propr RENDERSON. N. C.

A had attentive servante

Samodations. Good fare: Po

The Substitute By WHA N. HARBEN.

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[CONTINUED.]

called out, "What in thunder are you doin' back thar?" A smothered oath was all that came to him and the jangling clatter of a pair of iron floor scales, against which the searcher for the tools had stumbled. Suddenly rapid footsteps sounded on the sidewalk near the front door. and a hand was laid on the latch.

"George! George Buckley! What's

the matter in there? Killing rats, old man? It was Bob Hanks' voice. It was the signal for flight. The man who had gone for the tools could be heard unbarring the door in the rear. The two in the office tiptoed out into the warehouse, and then, seeing the door open, panic seized them, and they ran for their lives. Bob Hanks heard them, and, having had no reply to his question, he suspected foul play and darted at once round the warehouse toward the back end. He was just in time to see three figures running at the top of their speed down the railway. He pulled his revolver and fired an ineffectual shot after them. With the weapon in his hand he entered the open door and groped toward the light in the office, calling loudly for Buckley. Reaching the office, he found George stretched upon the floor. Turning him over, he saw the wound in his

"My Lord, they've killed 'im!" he gasped. Hastening to the front door. he opened it and ran out. In the half moonlight down the street he saw a man standing motionless.

head and hastily felt his heart.

"What's the matter over thar?" the man called out. "Shootin' at some-Beauver Aycocke Drug Co.'s drug store | body, Mr. Buckley?" "Buckley's been shot!" Bob answer-'Run for a doctor, quick!' "My God!" the man exclaimed. "I'll

be as quick as I can. Dr. Jobe's at home. When the physician came ten minutes later Bob met him at the door. "I thought he was dead just now," he

said, "but he's still breathing." "Hold the lamp for me," said the doctor as he bent over the wounded man, and as Bob obeyed he quickly made an examination of the wound The firm pressure of his fingers seemed to revive Buckley somewhat, for he groaned and began to struggle. "Is this all the wound he has?" Dr.

Jobe asked. "I think so," said Hanks. "I heard only one shot." "Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, I am. I was on the far corner of the vacant lot going home. I'm pretty sure only one was fired." The doctor made another examina-

"Is it bad?" asked Bob anxiously. "Can't tell yet," said the doctor, "but I think he has a good chance to pull

through. He's badly stunned, but I

don't think there's any fracture of the

skull. We must move him up to Hilf-

yer's. This is no place to nurse a man as bad off as he is."

CHAPTER XXX. HE next morning half the vil- Atlanta an' told 'im what he thought how the thing had happened. The doctor, while reporting that George was practically out of danger, had forbidden any one to question the young man, and all sorts of speculations and rumors were in the air. It was not until late in the afternoon that even Hillyer had a full explanation, for it respectable men. You want the truth; was not till then that he ran across the letter George had written. Several old men were in the office at the time. Hanks was there, and Bascom Truitt, wiping his eyes and vowing revenge on the miscreants who had so cowardly attacked a brave man.

Major Cranston, well wrapped in rugs and braced by pillows, had come down in a carriage with his negro manservant and sat with the rest, pale of face and weak looking, yet relieved to discover that some valuable papers he had left in Hillyer's keeping were intact. He had heard that the safe had been opened, and then he had heard that report contradicted and could only rest satisfied by coming himself, weak as he was. Hillyer had been strange-

ly silent all the afternoon, but when he came upon George's letter he rose and began to talk in a voice that sank deep and shook with uncontrollable "I've jest found the key to it," he said, the letter in his hand, "an' I'll bet you all will think well o' that pore wounded boy when you know what I do. Last night three armed men slipped up on 'im right here in this office.

reckon, from what I gather, that they told 'im his daddy was a convict, an' folks in general didn't expect 'im to be honest nohow, an' that ef he didn't open the safe they'd kill 'im an' bore in it the relves. He wasn't tempted one minute, but he wanted to leave a line to me before he died." Hillyer choked up and was slient for a moment. The group bent toward him, with working features and eyes distended. "So he told 'em all right, the ilg was up, but they'd have to give 'in time to work out the combination. They 'lowed he was doin' it, but instead he was writin' a last word to me. He said he was tired o' livin' anyhow, the world was so down on 'im, an' that he'd ruther die 'an take a hand in lettin' a gang o' thieves steal the savin's o' pore folks, an' so he said he Was goin' to refuse. He said he hoped it would give the lie to the belief that he was dishonest beca'se his old daddy had gone wrong. Thar was another matter he writ about, but that was

they are too good to mix an' mingle with men o' his stamp, but I've got sech a durn contempt fer that sort o'

thing that I feel like slappin' the jaws o' folks that do in this day of enlight-

Major Cranston. Even Hanks had fixed im with a curious stare. The invalidstirred uneasily in his chair. One of his pillows fell to the floor, but the negro man behind him forget to restore it. Negroes comprehend the most dell-cate workings of the Anglo-Saxon brain, and this black creature knew that his master had incurred the displeasure of his neighbors. Cranston seemed to feel that he ought to speak, but he did not like the expressions the faces of Truitt and Hillyer, and

their voices had rung with accusing de-"What do you think ought to be done Mr. Hanks?" he asked. "I don't know," said Hanks. "I don't

"Well," ventured Cranston, interlac ing his white, thin fingers, "I see no harm in wiring the governor to offer a reward for the arrest of the men. The editor of the Citizen told me as I came down that he'd publish anything free of charge. If the governor wor

reckon I'd go to that cowardly skunk to help in a matter like this? Ef we hain't able here at home to stand behind a boy that offered his life to save the money o' the widows an' orphans in this county we ort to be whipped." "Huh!" ejaculated Hanks suddenly. Five hundred dollars fer the man that shot George Buckley. I'll give \$5,000 in cash out o' my own pocket! You tell the editor that fer me, an' tell 'im the quicker he prints it the better it'll suit me. Tell 'im to git out a extra an' He was standing now, and his glance was bearing down significantly man than George Buckley. He's wuth more to the community than fortyleven fluted bosom ring politicians. Seems to me I heard some fool woman or other say thar was a few people in this town that tried to hold their heads | ness,' but it's powerful quar fer 'im to

"That's the ticket!" said Truitt, following Hanks outside.

By gum, them sort ud have to climb a

proud lip quivering as he turned to Hillyer, "that I'm being hit at. I didn't come down here to talk over my-my family matters with anybody."

"We are all worked up in sympathy for George," Hillyer said coldly. "But, knowing what I do about the hearts o' yore daughter an' George Buckley, I feel like tellin' you to go to the deuce with yore notions o' family honor. Major Cranston."

"I have not said I wanted to discuss the matter with you," retorted the major sharply. "I don't care whether you want to

discuss it or not." answered Hillyer. "You are blind as a bat. The man you" are trying to make yore gal marry is a dirty, sneaking coward, an' "-"Why don't you tell him these

things?" broke in Cranston angrily. "He's been told twice to his teeth by friends o' mine an' tuck it like a whipped pup." "You mean to tell me that Governor

resenting it?" "Yes; he was low enough to meet George Buckley on yore own lawn an' order him away as if he had been a dog. The boy cussed 'im fer every- in all my days heard such tender thing he could think of, all o' which yore brag man took like a egg suckin' dog. After that Bas Truitt went to lage dropped in to see where of 'im in his own house an' then pull-George Buckley had fallen. No ed his ears good an' sound an' left 'im. one was able to say exactly That's the man you are tryin' to link to your lordly name-a man who today, accordin' to reliable information, is a bankrupt an' don't own the shirt on his back—a man who never had any standin' an' only got into office as a dark horse by the skin o' his teeth when the party disagreed between two I'm givin' it to you. Yore gal knows what he is an' despises 'im from the bottom of her heart. She loves George Buckley, an' she would marry 'im today if she wasn't afeard you'd drap

dead of heart disease. I don't believe yore heart's got that sort o' disease. Dr. Jobe says you eat too much an' that it's nothin' but yore old liver." Cranston was as white as the pillow "Can you prove that Telfare is-is

insolvent?" he asked. "Yes, I can." "And that he refused to fight under an insult like you say Buckley and Truitt gave him?"

"Well, I'd like to have the proof." "I'll git it fer you," said Hillyer, "I hain't got no time fer that now. I see Kenner comin' from home. He'll know how the pore boy is,"
"He's doin' fine," Kenner declared as he entered a moment later. "The dan-

ger is entirely over. It's just good nussin' he needs now. Lord, he had a close shave!" Hillyer's face melted into tenderness. Reaching out his hand to Cranston, he said impulsively: "We cayn't afford to quarrel at sech

a time, major. I'm so happy over that boy's escape that I cayn't entertain hard feelin'." "Well, I'm sure I wish him no harm," said the Virginian as he gave his arm to his servant and turned from the

"You got that news straight, did you, Jim?' asked the merchant eagerly. "From Jobe hisse'f. Oh, George 'll "An' thank God fer it," replied Hill-

yer reverently as he sank into his "We certainly have had a time of it this week," said Kenner. "Jest think how old Trabue's suffered."

While a bilious attack is decidedly un-pleasant it is quickly over when Cham berlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are used. For sale by all druggists. The world may do for an hot

but it can never make a home. Paint Your Buggy For 75c.

"An' I'm thankful he's doin' so well," said Hillyer. "They told me this

THE RANGED IN

"De-ad? Ob, no, Jim-no, no!" "Yes, he's gone, Mr. Hillyer. They come a-runnin' for Jobe about two hours ago, but he didn't git that in time. They thought he was goin' to make the riffle, but he tuck a bad spell all of a sudden, an' thar wasn't no holdin' 'im back."

Hillyer turned his back to the speaker and leaned his head on his hand. Kenner looked at him curiously for a 'I 'lowed I'd say, Mr. Hillyer, that I know how to do George's work, an' I'd.

able to come down." But Hillyer was not listening. "I say, I 'lowed"- But the merchant was still inattentive, and Kenner left the room, his eyes fixed in a puzzled stare on the old man at the desk.
"I'll swear he's a quar old duck,"
Kenner mused as he walked toward "Governor!" snorted Truitt. "Do you the compress, his hands in his pock-ets. "I never know how to take 'im."

CHAPTER XXXI.

HREE days later George was able to sit up in bed and take light nourishment. Mrs. Hillyer proved the best and tenderest of nurses. On the afternoon of

"I ortn't to bring my worries to sick man," she said, with a little forced laugh, "but you know Mr. Hillyer mighty nigh as well as I do, George, an' it's his actions that's troublin' me with the old men over Trabue's body he's been actin' curious, an' this mornin' he saddled a hoss an' went off to the mountains, sayin' he wouldn't be back till tomorrow. I axed 'im what he was goin' fer, an' he jest said, 'Busiabove 'im on account o' his affliction. leave the warehouse in Jim Kenner's charge an' you flat o' yore back. I powerful high mountain to look over l'lowed at fust that maybe he was after that boy's head, an' don't you forget | the thieves that shot you, but Mr. Hanks told me that nobody had claimed the reward he'd offered an' that it was believed the men had got clean off out o' reach. No. it wasn't that an' what Mr. Hillyer did go fer is a

mystery to me." George fancied he had the key to the matter, but he did not feel at liberty to disclose it, so he made no reply. "Poor fellow!" he said to himself. "He has gone to see Mrs. Hambright to confess what he has been doing in regard to her supposed pension."

"Pore boy," . Mrs. Hillyer went on sympathetically, "I reckon you've got enough troubles o' yore own without me pushin' mine on you, but you manage never to show yore'n." "We all have them," said Buckley

philosophically. "I try to remembe that and put up with mine." The woman sighed. "An' through all this last affair you hain't mentioned one person that's been on yore mind constant, George. I know you been thinkin' about 'er, fer when you was delirious the other night her name was on yore lips all the time. I set thar at the window, my boy, an' had the hardest cry I ever had in my life. I jest Telfare let any man insult him without wish she could 'a' come in the room an' overheard all you said. George, you must 'a' been dreamin' that you 'n' her was fetched together, fer I never words. You actually set up once an'

put yore feet on the floor, an' held out yore arms an' called to 'er." "I did have a dream of that kind," Buckley admitted under his breath He was silent for a moment, and then he went on: "It was the most wonderful thing I ever experienced. It seemed so real. I thought I was lying helpless out in the sunshine and that she came to me across a meadow-an endless meadow covered with fragrant flowers. I thought her hands and arms were full of them and that she came to me laughing, singing, dancing. She seemed to have on the dress that she wore that night in Atlanta, though her hair was down and blown about by the wind. I thought she threw the flowers over me and held out her hands to help me up. And when we stood together, looking toward the setting sun, I-I thought I kissed her and that we stood alone in all the world-just she and I. I seemed to be unable to speak, but she told me that we were never, never to be parted. Then I thought something struck me like a stone in the forehead, and it began to grow dark

and she vanished. It was a twinge in my wound that waked me." "What a purty dream!" said Mrs. Hillyer musingly, "An' it seems to me that this life or the future one— ought to be like that—be jest what a body would want it, I mean. It looks like a shame fer you to be tantalized that a-way, though, at sech a time. I reckon you heard the Cranstons was back from Atlanta."

"No; I didn't know it," replied Buck-

ey. "When did they come?" "Day before yesterday. They wanted to be here when the New York doctor come. He got here, Mrs. Dugan says, on this mornin's train an' went straight to the house. I axed 'er what he thought ailed the major, but she hadn't heard the last time I seed her. She'll git the news as soon as the family does, you kin bank on that, an' she'il fetch it in to me. She always told me that I was entitled to the fust alice of every pie she picks up. She says Lydia made 'em come home when they did. They was right in the middle of over an' gittin' the major's health report by mail, but Lydia said no, siree it was her daddy, an' she wasn't a-goin' to stay away from 'im a minute sech a time, even of he did say they

Why Suffer From Rhoumatism.

Why suffer from rheumatism when one application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm will raliese the pain? The quick relief which this limiment affords makes rest and sleep possible, and that alone is worth many times its cost. Many who have used it hoping only for a short relief from suffering have been happily surprised to find that after awhile the relief became permanent. Mrs. V. H. Leggett of Yum Yum, Tennessee, U. S. A., writes. "I am a great sufferer from

she's treated you, George."

"Yes, she's a devoted daughter,"
Buckley agreed, "and he has been very hain't the woman, I tell you, to be quiet at sech a time. At fust, while she was still in Atlanta, I 'lowed she atone for the deed he took

"There is one thing which would ex-plain it," said Buckley, and the ob-

breath-"do you reckon she has agreed to marry that man?"

rose and moved toward the door.
"Well," she said almost furiously, "ef
she has—ef she has I'd never have the
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respect for 'er I once had an' that I to condemn 'er tell I know she's done goin' to find out what it is."



town," she said, with a joyous smile, "They come jest this minute, an' here's wounded while defending Hillyer's a note with "em. I knowed she'd send safe from burglars. 80 and 31 some word, George. She ain't the wo- George gets a note with some roses man to keep quiet when the whole from Kitty, but Lydia is silent. county is braggin' about your bravery an' rejoicin' over your recovery. A natural woman will chip in at a time like this or die."

George took the note while she was putting the flowers into a big vase on table near his bed. He opened it, and the glad light in his eyes went out. Turning back to him, Mrs. Hillyer noted the blank look of disappointment

"They are from Miss Cosby," he said faintly as with shaking fingers he restored the tinted sheet of note paper to its envelope. His eyes met the indignant stare of the woman. "Miss Cosby!" she cried. "An not i

word from the other? It's a shame!" "It's a sort of compromise," Buckley said bitterly. "I was really not expecting anything. Miss Cosby presents her compliments, admires what I did and is glad I am getting well. She's all right. She's a brick. The other-well, I must forget her, my good friend. I must be a man and for-

Tears shone in Mrs. Hillyer's eyes as she bent and stroked his bandaged brow. "George," she said, "they are

horse at the door, he went up to George's room. His trousers druggists were bespattered with mud and covered with the white hairs of his shed-"I've had a trip of it, George," he said, his face glowing, "but I was well repaid. You couldn't guess whar I've

"How could I?" said Buckley, with a "T've got a heap to tell you," the old man ran on, with enthusiasm. He sat down on the edge of the wounded man's bed. "Trabue's death worried tuck a notion all at once that the bite old woman myself an' tell 'er the plain truth. I reckon I prayed a prayer fer every mile o' the way, my boy. I didn't know whar she lived an' had to go by directions to find 'er. I got to the foot o' Bald mountain jest about dark last

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The devil is never afraid of the lible until the gilt is worn off. Time Tried and Merit Proyes.

One Minute Cough Cure is right on me when it comes to caring coughs roup, whooping cough, etc. It is per-setly barmless, pleasant to take and is

Buckley is the portege of Mr. Hillyer a rich Georgia merchant. His father ter of a proud Virginian. The shame of his father's crime makes him des perate. 4—Hillyer confesses to George the murder of a friend thirty simply hadn't heard about the shootin', an' when she got back I thought shore she'd write or call to ax about you, but not a word or a line has come, an' I hardly know what to think about it."

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 rootton buyer, have deaks in Hillyer's not to communicate with me. If—if she has promised to marry him, she would respect his wishes. She's that kind of woman."

"George"—Mrs. Hillyer took a deep breath—"do you reckon she has agreed Telfare of Georgia, a middle aged "I'm really afraid she has," Buckley answered. "I'm afraid she has given in to the wishes of her people."

widower, is pressing his attentions upon her with the approval of her family. 9 and 10—George cham in to the wishes of her people."

There was slience for a moment; then pions the cause of young Bob Hanks, Mrs. Hillyer broke it abruptly as she who is ambitious to rise. Hillyer

respect her family pride when choosit. Thar's some mystery here, an' I'm ing a husband. 12-Hillyer sells his wheat at a great profit and gives it Half an hour tater she burst into the to George. 13-The governor visits room, a huge bunch of white and red the Cranstons. George fears his roses in her hands. "Them beauties powerful rival Lydia accents his atpowerful rival. Lydia accepts his attentions and presents. 14—Lydis pays a visit to George's mether and kieses 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 bring the girl to her senses about George. Kitty tells Lydia that the

governor will be a good catch, but, tures, tears for the safty of her own heart. 17 and 18.—George protects Jeff Truitt, son of his friend Bescom from the vengeance of a mob. Lydia and Kitty hear the story recounted in 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 in tears. 22 and 23. Bascom Truitt twigs the governor's ear to avenge the insult to George. 24, 25, 26, and 27.-Lydia rejoices at the governor's discomfiture at the hands of Truitt. George resoues Lydia and Kitty from a carriage accident and has an affecting interview

with his sweatheart. 28 and 29-

George's father insane. George

Hot Weather Piles. Persons afflicted with piles should be careful at this season of the year. Howesther and bad drinking water contribute to the conditions which make piles more painful and dangerone. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve stops the pain, draws out the soreness and cures. Get the gen nine, bearing the name of E. C. DeWitt

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stage thunder in the pulpit. Why suffer with spring tiredness, mean, cross feeling, no strength, no sp-petite? Hollister's Rocky Mountain Test will make you well and keep you well 35 cents Tea or Tablete. R. A. Bobbitt

Satan is too old to be scared by

The church is not an auctioneer for the box seats in glory.

How to Ward off Old Asge. Influencin' 'er—them old folks are.

She wouldn't do you this way of 'er own accord, fer she's a good, true gir!."

"Perhaps—perhaps that's it," he said wearily and turned his face away.

CHAPTER XXXII.

N' the afternoon of the next day Hillyer returned. Leaving his horse at the door, he went up to George's room. His trousers

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man knows you ought to have satisfied by getting exact what you want. else. Wines, cordials, extracts eto., of cod liver oil are plenti ful but den't imagine you are getting cod liver oil when you take them. Every year for thirty years we've been increasing the sales of Scott's Emulsion. Why? Because it has alway been better than any subs

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after hearing of some George's wir- | Kentucky's most famous and heet; the world's most famous and best; the whisher that has girdled the world Sold at Louisburg Dispensary.

Conviction Follows Trial

When buying loose coffee or snything your groose happens to have in his bin, how do you know what you are getting? Some queer stories about coffee that is said in bulk, could be told, if the people who handle it (grooses), cared to speak out.

Could any amount of mere talk have persuaded millions of Lion Coffee,

the leader of all package coffees for over a quarter

of a century, if they had not found it superior to all other brands in

Purity, Strength, Flavor and Uniformity? This popular success of Lion COFFEE can be due only to inherent merit. There he no stronger proof of merit than con-tinued and increasing popularity. If the verdict of MILLIONS OF **HOUSEKEEPERS** does not convince you of the merits of LION COFFEE, It costs you but a trifle to buy a package. It is the easiest way to convince yourself, and to make

you a PERMANENT PURCHASER. LION COFFEE is sold only in 1 ib. smaled parkages, and resolute you as pure and them as when it left our ion-hand on every package. are these Lips-hands for valuable per SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Obio. W

Cigars and Tobaccos.

We will open a first class and up-lo-now line of Fruits. Pancy Candies and Tobaccos in the store reem to the Hotel building recently vacated by Clifton & Co. In addition to this we will install a

When you go to a drug store and will dispense all the latest and most refreshing seft drink a whole lot o' lunches an' tea parties o' the dog couldn't be any wuss'n the in the'r honor down that, an' Mrs. bark, an' that I'd Better go see that

Louisburg Confectionery Store.

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