CHURCH DIRECTORY

THE COUNTY, THE STATE THE UNION

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 12, 190

DESCRIPTION: \$1.00 Per Year, Strfftly to Advance

NUMBER 14.

Sanday School at 9:80 A. M.

GRO. S. BARRE, Supt. Preaching at 11 A. M., and 7 80 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday night.

L. S. Massar. Pastor.

Sanday School at 9:80 A. M. THOS. B. WILDER, Supt Preaching at 11 A.M., and 7:30 P.M., Prayer meeting Thursday night.
H. H. Massessas, Pastor. BPISCOPAL

Sanday School at 9:30. WM. H. RUFFIN, Sapt. Hervices, morning and night, on it, 3rd and 4th Sundays.

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

PRESBYTERIAN. bervices 4th Sunday in each monthmuching and night.

LODGES. A. M., meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday

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[CONTINUED.]

night, an' a feller that lived on the side the road give me directions how to reach her house. I thought they was plain enough, but purty soon it got as dark as pitch, an' I was as bad as a blind man on a blind hoss. One thing the man said, though, was that as soon as I got a mile or two up the road Pd this time o' year.

"Well, sir, I got then to prayin' fer a sight o' the light. I begged the Almighty to let it shine out as a sign I was forgiven fer my crime, but it was slow a-comin', an' when it did come I said to myself that a man was a fool to ask the Lord to make a sign out o' some'n' that wasn't any more'n natural, so I wasn't much comforted over that. Howsomever, I did feel a little mite better. It seemed so steady an' bright an' peaceful away up thar among the stars, above them rough rocks an' deep gullies. I started right fer it. The road got so bad I had to git down an' lead my hoss. Sometimes we'd have to step over trees that lay across the way, an' then thar ud be a branch or a creek to ford an' fences to let down an' briers an' rocks an' steep places. But I kept up my heart. Sometimes the light ud be out o' sight completely, an' then ag'in it ud blaze up steady an' strong like a promise writ in fire.

"I got to prayin' more hopeful. Ever' time the light ud flare up out o' the gloom my sperits ud rise, till after awhile I felt as light as a feather. I sung an' shouted an' prayed an' hugged my hoss. It seemed like I was climbin' up to God. The light on the mountain was his presence. Once I fell down a steep bank in the dark, but I wasn't rocks while I was crossin' a branch an' got wet to the waist, but when I scrambled out the light was a-shinin' brighter than ever. Finally I crossed a old field an' seed the open door of her house. A dog run out barkin', but I wasn't no more afeard of 'im than the apostles was o' snakes. I walked straight at 'im, called to 'im in a firm, friendly voice, an' patted 'im on the head, an' he licked my hand an' pranced about in front o' me like I was a old acquaintance he was glad to see. Mrs. Hambright was at the fireplace cookin' some'n' t' eat when I got thar, an' she invited me in I went in an' shook hands an' set down in the chair she give me, an' she put more wood on the fire, fer she seed I was wet.

"'You don't know me, Mrs. Hambright' says I. "'No,' says she, 'I don't know you sir: but that don't make no difference. I take in a lots o' folks that git benighted up here. Nobody would be mean enough to rob ur harm a woman-

"That's so,' says I. Her head was as white as cotton, an' she was all bent over, but she had the sweetest, most natient face I ever seed. It made me feel easier about tellin' 'er who I was an' what I'd come fer, but I acknowledge I was afeard. Then she proposed to set the table, fer she said she knowed I was famished, but I wouldn't let

"'No; wait,' says I, 'wait till I've told you who I am, Mrs. Hambright,' says I, an' I couldn't look at 'er then. 'I'm Hiram Hillyer, the man who tuck yore pore boy's life.'

"I seed 'er sorter jump a little, an' then she got as still as a grave rock. I was afeared to look at 'er. All my new found hope seemed to be leakin' out o' me. I bowed my head an' waited fer 'er verdict. God knows I was miserable, but I was prayin'-prayin' fer pardon-prayin' both to her an' God. She was still a long time. I reckor she was studyin' up what to say to me. Then she spoke. 'Did you come away out here jest to see me, Mr. Hillyer? she axed in a trembly voice, an' nodded, still afeard to meet her eye 'I come to make a confession an' im-

plore you to pardon me,' I said. "'Pardon you?' she said, slowlike an'

"'Squire Trabue's dead,' I told 'er 'He died two days ago.' "'I heard he was low,' she said, 'an' was sorry to hear it, fer he was a good man, but is that all you wanted to tell me?

"'No,' says I, ''twasn't. Mrs. Hambright, the pension he's been payin' you all these years never come from the government. It was from me.' "'Hiram Hillyer,' says she in her sweet old voice, T've knowed that fer twenty-five years. Squire Trabue told me an' axed me never to let on to you, fer he'd promised you never to let me know; but, Hiram, ef I've prayed God to bless you fer it once I have ten thousand times. I couldn't 'a' lived without that allowance. It has kept me in comfort an' enabled me to help my neighbors in time o' sufferin'. I've wanted to tell you how grateful I felt, but the squire wouldn't let me an' said

you never wanted that old trouble mentioned, an' so I couldn't do it.' "Then, George, I broke down completely. I couldn't hold in. I set than forgiveness an' feel right, an' I never eed sech a look on a human face as was on her'n. She actually set down on the bare floor before the fire an' "Hiram, my boy, my pore boy! says she. Shorely you hain't been all that time thinkin' yore God was that sort of a God. Why, he's all goodness, all glory, all infinite perfection. You've been blamin' yoreself fer some'n' another man done. It was a man you hain't seed in thirty odd year that shot my son in a hasty passion. God don't hold you—the new man—accountable fer that, but he's been boldin' you accountable fer thinkin' so ill of him, fer all yore worry has come from wrongly accusin' yore Holy Maker!"

"Ob, George, she made it as clear to

me as daylight. She was right—she was right. God don't hold a new, re-pentant man accountable fer what his "Judge Moore was in the wareho old dead self done. She thought I as I come by, talkin' to Mr. Hillyer, an'

Buckley, when she riz to her feet I "More than anything," was the reply did see an' comprehend. I laughed an' in a low, husky tone. "I hain't through yet," went on the gone all an' it will never, never re old woman, wiping her eyes. "They turn, fer I, understand now. She all read Mr. Hillyer's letter to me about see the light from her kitchen fire. He turn, fer I, understand now. She all read Mr. Hillyer's letter to me about said it could be seed fer miles—that showed me. Jest think o' that—Lynn how you refused the combination to she never was knowed to shet 'er door. Hambright's mother was the one apbody else. She cooked me a good supper, an' after eatin' it I laid down in Lynn's bed-the dead boy's bed, mind you-an' slept as sweet a sleep as I ever slept in my life, the fust fer thirty years. She come to me away in the night, pitapat, pitapat over puncheon floor, jest like she used to go to Lynn, I reckon, an' spread more

cover on me. It reminded me of my

dead mother. I retched out an' kissed



"She got down on her knees an' sent up a prayer that ripped the roof of. dreams. This mornin' when I woke the sun was shinin' in my room, an' I smelt some good meat a-fryin' an' good coffee a-boilin' an' seed that old woman a-movin' about the big, blasin' fire. George, George, God is good! She didn't want to let me continue the allowance, but when she seed how I felt she agreed to do it an' to come straight to me fer it in future. Now I'm goin' down an' tell Marthy all about it. All these years I've been afraid to mention the subject to her, but I can talk about it now to anybody. I wish I could reach the ears o' all the men on the face o' the earth who are afflicted as 1 have been. Ef they only knowed, as I now know, that God don't hold them accountable fer what the'r old selves done, they wouldn't suffer needlessly."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HE next morning George's moth er returned to Darley and came directly from the station to his room. As she entered he stared at her in surprise, for she was dressed in black, even to her sunbonnet. "Mother," he asked wonderingly

what has happened?" She did not answer for a moment but sat down near his bed and folded

her bonnet in her lap. "When I heard how you was hurt an' laid up," she said presently, "I writ Mr. Hillyer not to let you know about yore pa. He was a sight wuss when I got to 'im, an' they didn't see no chance fer 'im to live. He's dead, George; yore pore pa's dead an' buried. All his trouble is over. He's in

God's charge now." They were both silent for a moment then Buckley said comfortingly: "Well, you must not grieve over it too much, mother. After all, it may be better as

"That's so, George," she answered treated right, my boy. It turned out jest like I thought it mought. The doctors up thar said his crim'nal acts all come from that old hurt in his head. After his death they made an examination., They found 'at a splinter o' the skull had been workin' into his brain all them years since his fall off'n the wagon. It finally formed a abscess that killed 'im. Oh, the doc-fors raised a big fuss about it! They told me yore pa had been treated wuss'n a dog." They said what he done in violation o' the law was caused by the hurt in his head an' that he'd nevnonorable all yore pa's folks had altioned, an so I comen too it.

body could trace an how hard you be down combined by I couldn't hold in. I set that they all got together an writ an significant like a child. I told 'er how and a recombined by I couldn't hold in they all got together an writ an significant like a child. I told 'er how and a recombined by I couldn't hold in they all got together an writ an significant like a child. I told 'er how and a recombined by a man to be in the paint of the paint an' cried like a child. I told er now led a paper—Mr. Hillyer's got it—testicard. It'll knock out enything they long an' hard I'd suffered an' how I fyin' under oath that yore pa wasn't hold; now you see ef it don't. I'm naturally a dishonest man. They say, goin' to give them a talkin' to that they

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a-goin' to git the legislature to exhon-

wasn't convinced, I reckon, fer she got he come out an' tuck me by the hand, down on her knees an' sent up a prayer that ripped the roof off the house an' twelve men made a awful mistake. that ripped the roof off the house an' twelve men made a awful mistake showed the glorious way clean to God's | An', says he, 'ef a case like that had "'Lord, Lord o' Hostal' I kin re- su' lawyers was up to the latest noted member every word the old saint said. in new discoveries a plea of insanity Show this pore deluded man the truth.

Tear away the mist o' doubt an' misunderstandin' that's clouded his conception an' dampened the ardor of his

m lew unscover
would 'a' been made an' sustained.

But, says he, 'the tweive jurors will
sign a paper with me, an' yore husband's name will be cleared.' Oh, great soul. Give 'im peace right now, George, it mighty nigh breaks my this minute, Pity him, Lord, an' don't heart. I 'lowed all them years that let 'im cling to his old self. Show him | yore pa was jest mean an' stubborn an' the new soul that dwells in the old had old Nick in 'im, while the truth shell o' mortality, an' let 'im walk with bare head unburdened in the sunshine o' thy heavenly smile.' An,' George Are you glad to hear it, George?"

pointed to show me the truth—the old give in, because you wanted to show woman I was fearin' more than every- the world you was honest, an' how you was shot down an' lay hoverin' betwixt this life an' the next, an' I never seed a set o' men more anxious to be kind to a woman in affliction. They got the idea we was needy, an' started in to collect a lot o' money, but I stopped 'em. I told 'em you wouldn't like that." "No, I wouldn't," said George; "but

I am glad they wanted to do it." "When I got to yore pa he was too fur gone to know me," went on Mrs. her hand an' drifted away in sweet Buckley. "I jest wish he had. I was so sorry fer him when I seed how thin an' wasted he was, with the prints on his pore ankles whar"-

She broke down and began to sob. George Buckley sat up more erectly. It's the way God, Providence or whatever it is that rules over all has of managing matters," he said, his eyes flashing rebelliously, "and, for my part, I'm tired trying to do right. What's the use? Why should that poor man fall from his wagon while honestly endeavoring to earn a living for his family, and through that accident end his life in a prison? That's his fate, while such men as Telfare"-"Don't, don't, George!" The old

seem wrong, but it hain't-it hain't! My faith in my heavenly father is exactly what it 'ud be fer, but I feel like drappin' on my knees an' thankin' 'im at this minute. My heart is full o' sadness of a certain sort, but thar's another feelin' that I can't describe. As I was comin' on in the train I got to imaginin' seein' yore pore pa up in heaven, whar I know he is, an' the fancy struck me that our Saviour helt the highest place up thar, beca'se he suffered the most to help others along, an' then the thought come that maybe up thar with the'r keen, spiritual eyes the angels had seed all the good that's growed out o' yore pa's sufferin', an' was givin' 'im credit fer his life down here. Thar's no tellin' what the good may be. Yore pa's trouble is at the bottom of all Mr. Hillyer's done fer you, all the kindness o' them men at the prison an' the sympathy that's floodin' this town right now, beca'se one man was so wrongly judged. Why, George, it may make the courts more careful in the future, it may make doctors study diseases better, an' it will make some folks ashamed ferfer ever sneerin' at the brave son o such a man. George, thar's one heart in this town that's flowin' over with joy-ef the news has reached her"-

"Do you think so, mother?" "Oh, I know it, George-I know it! I'd give anything to see her face when it's told to 'er. She's led by them folks o' her'n to some extent, but below all that she's jest a good, strong, sufferin'

woman." George made no answer. They were both silent for several minutes, then Mrs. Buckley rose to leave. "I want to go out home," she said. "It will be sad, too, lookin' round the old place whar he used to be. Now he's gone, I don't seem to remember anything but the good, sweet things he used to do an' say before his affliction. He's buried up thar, George, but after he's vindicated, we'll bring him down here an' put 'im away whar he belongs."

CHAPTER XXXIV. coffee his wife stood near his

was saying. "I tell you thar's some you"mistake. I don't believe Lydia Cranston would let that pore boy lie up- ried on the woman, her eyes flashing stairs an' suffer without one word from her bosom heaving excitedly, as she whole town an' county is a-talkin' about his manliness an' bravery an' will be heard. I want Lydia to hear the wrong done his daddy. That hain't more than I do you, fer I believe she'll der of the stomach appears take a down like a woman one bit. Not one woman act. She's been blinded, that gai has, of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver in ten thousand would stay quiet at or she's a unnatural woman, one or such a time without some strong rea-

"Well, what are you goin' to do about "Do? Why, I've got my case all in hand, as Mr. Trabue would 'a' spid. The evidence is all in, an' it will have weight when I sum it up. I'm simply a-goin' to them weevil eaten aristo-crats an' have it out with 'em, one way

"Yes, I am, I know human natur', an' I'm not afeard to-risk my judg-George writ to you the night he was shot-oh, yes, I am; you needn't raise a George—an' Mr. Hillyer says he'll put won't forget soon, an' I'll do it right, it through right away—that they are too, fer I don't expect to tell anything

Why Suffer From Rheumatism

angaged 'erself to that stock up bump, on a rotten log, she'll have the satisfac-tion of knowin' that thar's one woman the land that knows whar she's driv

Hillyer rose, with a smile. Well, maybe you kin sorter bring 'em to the'r senses, an' I say go it. I lost control of myself t'other day an' give the old major a piece o' my mind, an' he mought as well git t'other haif from of his father's crime makes him desyou. Lymb you luck. Et you fall, it perate. 4—Hillyer confesses will be about the fust time you've George the murder of a friend the

woman dried her eyes. "It may all

any sooner. wrong as you uns are I'd want folks to tell me of it. I'd want 'em to telegraph ! of they couldn't git to me right away." The Cranstons were all staring fixedly. The warm color was rising in Lydia's face.

"Why, what's wrong, madam?" asked the major in astonishment. "It's all about yore daughter here blurted out with firmness. "Them two hain't bein' treated right. It may seem like I'm takin' a lots fer granted in includin' her, but she don't look to me Lydia and Kitty from a carriage accia fool to be adored by a man like with his sweatheart. 28 and 29 to treat 'im with common decency." Lydia started to speak as she drew herself up more erectly, but her father prevented it.

"I trust you will pardon me, madam," he said, "for frankly saying that the subject isn't agreeable to us." "Oh, yo're excusable," said the call "I wouldn't hold that agin you, but it won't burt you to git down to

rock bottom facts. I believe yo're tryin' to keep yore pure hearted daughter from doin' what's right, an' to persuade 'er to do what she'll regret. Thar hain't but one man on the topside o' God's green globe today that she ort & Co. Ayeceke Drug Co. to marry, an' that man is George Buckley. An' what have you got agin him now, I'd like to know? After seein' all that pitiful account in the papers of the wrong done his old father, you cayn't out. shake that in the pere, wounded boy's face. You cayn't say he's a coward, as they say about the lordly governor this state. You cayn't say be's a bankrupt an' a spendthrift, like they say about Telfare. Nur you cayn't ac-HE next morning at breakfast, cuse George Buckley o' resortin' to low while Hillyer sat sipping his political tricks to advance his intercuse George Buckley o' resortin' to low ests, an' "--

"Madam," the major broke in, raising "It's time I played my last card," she his thin hand protestingly, "I must beg fears the worst.

"Don't beg me, Major Cranston," hurher at sech a time-a time when the leaned forward, her elbows on her knees. "I've come here to talk, an' I tain a vigore about his manliness an' bravery an' will be heard. I want Lydia to hear right plan would let things go jest like they are a goin' an' never cheep a word agin it. Lydia Cranston"-she turned to the staring, wondering girl -"did you bear about a certain letter George Buckley wrote my husband jest before he thought he was goin to be shot by them robbers?"

"I heard he wrote something, i instructions to Mr. Hillyer," replied the girl in an unsteady voice, something children is scrafula; in adults, about what the men had demanded consumption. Both have poor

every second to meet a horrible death.
I've got that letter in my hand. I did
intend to read it to you, but I won't,
fer it's too sucred. But I'll tell you (TO BE CONTINUED.)

HYGEIA-The Best 5-cent cigar on earth for sale at Ayeocke Drug

Time Tried and Ment Proyen.

missed fire since I've knowed you. I recken it won't kill 'im. Mrs. Dugan atone for the deed he took theorge says the New York doctor found 'im reckon it wor't kill 'im. Mra Dugan says the New York doctor found 'im as sound as a dollar."

About 10 o'clock Mrs. Hillyer want down to Cranstona. She was attired in her best black silk gown and flowered bonnet, and she walked with a firm, decided tread. She was invited by the maidservant at the door into the sitting room, where Cranston sat before AP open window, tooking out into the busing spring sunshina. Hawife was near him, and Lydia had just come in with a glass of clarer punch and stood stirring it at his side. They all greeted her pleasantly, and Lydia seemed somewhat surprised at the unexpected visit, for it occurred to her quick powers of observation that, white George Buckley lay ill at the Hillyers' and right upon the news of his father's death and public exoneration, a call from Mrs. Hillyer was to say the least, extraordinary. So Lydia is I nee became rigidly expectant as ahe seated herself and endeavored to participate caimly in the platitudes that her mother, with her usual tact, managed to set going.

"I was powerful glad to hear," said Mrs. Hillyer to the major, "that the New York specialist made a favorable report on yore case."

"Yes; he took quite x load of worry of the state of the cranstons. George fears his powerful rival. Lydia accepts his at the Cranstons. George fears his powerful rival. Lydia accepts his at the Cranstons. George fears his powerful rival. Lydia accepts his at the Cranstons. George fears his powerful rival. Lydia accepts his at the Cranstons. George fears his powerful rival. Lydia accepts his at the Cranstons. George fears his powerful rival. Lydia accepts his at

same way be frequently greeted cer- to Lydia's friend. Kitty Coeby, to tain men whom he considered beneath bring the girl to her senses about him socially with a vague "How do George. Kitty tells Lydin that the

George gets a note with some roses from Kitty, but Lydia is silent.

Persons afflicted with piles should be Persons afflicted with piles should be careful at inja season of the year. Hot weather and said drinking water contribute to the sonditions which make piles more painful and dangerous. De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve stops the pain, draws out the screness and cares. Get the genuine, bearing the name of B. C. De Witt A. Co. Argorita Deng Co.

A boy goes to school so as to have lot to unlearn when he comes

Why soffer with spring tiredness mean, cross feeling, no strength, no appetite? Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make you well and keep you well.

When a young man begins to call FIUITS on a girl twice a week his mothe

but that's all father told me. I haven't blood; both need more fat. "Well, le' me tell you some'n'," went ness. Fat is the best means of

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CHAPTERS 1, 2 and 3-

the Cranstons, George fears his "Yes; he took quite a load of worry off my mind, thank you, madam."
The major always addressed ladies as "madam" whom he did not specially like. It was a way he had of leaving the impression that he might or might not remember their names. In the

Jeff Truitt, son of his friend Bascom from the vengeance of a mob. Lydia around a bush, folkses," she began and Kitty hear the story recounted in lightly. "I've come here this mornin' the presence of the hero, 19,to do my duty as I see it, an' I hain't Lydia adores George, but may marry a-goin' to waste time. The good book the governor out of regard for her says do unto others as you'd have them father, who is in poor health. 20. pardon George's father if he will give op Lydia. The offer is hotly spurped 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 rescues she is by George Buckley an' not want George's father insane. George wounded while defending Hillyer's safe from burglars. 30 and 31-

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you do, sir?' However, his formality of speech today had little effect on the visitor. If he had called her by her given name, without a prefix, she would tures, fears for the wafty of her own that has girdled the world.

George. Kitty tells Lydin that the governor will be a good catch, but, after hearing of some George's virgition. If he had called her by her given name, without a prefix, she would be safety of her own that has girdled the world.

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Lydia scores George, but may marry the governor out of regard for her father, who is in poor health. 20.— and 21.—Governor Telfare offers to

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