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CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST.

Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. Jas. S. BAKER, Supt.
Preaching 11 A. M., and 8:00 P. M.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday night.
L. S. MASSEY, Pastor.

BAPTIST.

Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. Jno. B. WILDER, Supt
Preaching 11 A. M., and 8:00 P. M.,
Prayer Meeting Thursday night
H. MASHBURNE, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL.

Services 9:30.
SAM'L B. RUFFIN, Supt
Morning and afternoon, on 1st Sundays
Evening Prayer, Friday afternoon
REV. ROBT. BOSTON, Rector.

PRESBYTERIAN

Services 11 o'clock, fourth Sunday in each month.
Pastor

LODGES.

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. D. H. Banks D. D. S
BANKS & BANKS,
DENTISTS,
Over Main Street
Louisburg.

DENTIST.

Graduate of Wake Forest, N. C. Will be in the first Sunday in each month to do dental work.

D. T. Murphy,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Louisburg, N. C.
Practice Prompt attention Business entrusted to me

DR. R. E. MALONE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Near P. Ayscocke's Drug Store

DR. J. H. MANN,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office one door Hodgie & Perry's drug store

DR. T. H. BURT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Louisburg, N. C.
Office in A. K. K. Allen's.

DR. W. P. YARBOROUGH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Can be found at his office or at his residence, formerly occupied by Dr. T. W. Bickett's residence, Louisburg.

DR. GORDON LEE SCHEFFER,
DENTIST.
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office over Dr. Arthur Hicks Fleming's Store in Perry Building.

B. S. MASSENBURG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
LOUISBURG.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State
Office in Court House.

W. W. BODDIE,
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Louisburg, N. C.
Office in Hicks' store on Nash

Wm. HAYWOOD RUFFIN.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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Will practice in all the Courts of Franklin and adjoining counties, also in the Supreme Court and in the United States District and Circuit Courts.
Office over First National Bank.

THOS. S. WILDER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office on Main street, in Cooper building.

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Will attend the courts of Franklin, Vance, Granville, Warren and Wake counties, also the Supreme Court of North Carolina. Prompt attention given to collections.
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Good accomodation for the traveling public.
Good Livery Attached

MASSENBURG HOTEL
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HENDERSON, N. C.
Good accommodations. Good fare: Polite and attentive servants

The Lester Mystery.

A Detective Story.

About the year 1721, Col. Albert Lester moved from the Albemarle section and settled near what is now the town of Lousburg. It is said his residence was erected on the very spot now occupied by the residence of Mr. Ellis Tucker. He was a man of immense wealth, a large slave owner for those days, and his landed estate was almost unbounded. He was highly educated, refined and dressed like a Prince, with large golden knee buckles, cut-away coat, and wore a long, curly, powdered wig. He had recently married a wealthy and highly cultivated Virginia lady, and to all appearances they were exceedingly happy. His residence, although built of hewn logs, was handsome, large and roomy. They were both of a kindly and charitable nature, and were never so happy as when riding through the sparsely settled country contributing to the wants of all who needed their attention.

At the time of the incident which I am about to relate, they were blessed with three bright little curly haired girls, their ages being six, four and two years. They were sweet, beautiful little girls, and were idolized by their parents, the servants, and all of the people in the surrounding country. For Col. Lester entertained in such a welcome and hospitable manner that the poorest, as well as the richest, felt equally welcome in his pretty home.

But, unfortunately, this happy home was to be invaded, as all others are, sooner or later, by deep trouble. Col. Lester had a half brother, many years his senior, who had given him much trouble; and it is said that he left the Albemarle section to get rid of him. To his utter surprise and chagrin, this half brother one day put in his appearance, and with him a wretch of a woman whom he claimed was his wife. This red-headed, hump shouldered outcast, who had spent all of the splendid fortune he inherited from his father, had given Col. Lester much trouble. But as he had made his appearance again he thought he would make the best of it. So he placed him on a little farm he owned on the Halifax road, and started him with a full equipment, even to several negroes to work his farm. But the hatred that old Jack Lester entertained for his brother still existed. He was a rogue as well as a forger, and almost every day Col. Lester had to pay for some of his rascality. Forbearance soon ceased to be a virtue, and Col. Lester told his brother that one or the other of them must leave. This incensed old Jack to such a pitch that he swore he would take revenge on his brother, if it took a life time. But, at any rate, he agreed to leave the country if his brother would furnish him the means to do so. To which the Col. readily agreed.

If the reader will excuse me, I will state just here that among Col. Lester's warm friends, was Mr Ben Wheelock, a gentleman of the first water, who lived some twenty miles off on the waters of Shocco creek. He was a man of large wealth and influence, tall, broad-shouldered, with long white beard, a pleasant, genial face, he commanded respect wherever he went. He was a great hunter, and it is said, he knew every road and hog-path within fifty miles of his home. He was known as the "Sherlock Holmes" of that time. There was no mystery he did not solve, and no difficulty he could not settle. He was a frequent visitor at Col. Lester's home, and he was devotedly attached to the dear little girls, who always ran to meet him when he came, and they loved him next to their parents and the old black mammy, their nurse, who was also devoted to them.

About noon on one warm night in August, a messenger from Col. Lester arrived at the Wheelock mansion, his horse all covered with foam, with a note from Col. Lester, which read as follows:

"BEN,—Come at once. Under no circumstances delay a minute. All depends upon your haste."

Ben Wheelock being out on the farm, it was some hours before he was found. On getting the note he hastened on at once, not even waiting for dinner. He knew he was needed, and his fleet horse and gig never made such speed before. It was after dark when he reached the Lester home. His arrival had for some hours been anticipated, and Col. and Mrs. Lester met him at the gate, but they were so overcome with grief—Mrs. Lester fainting and falling in the arms of Diley, the old black mammy, who had also nursed her in her infancy, and whose devotion to the children and family knew no bounds, that it was some minutes before Col. Lester even could speak.

"My children, my children, my dear, darling little girls are gone—kidnapped!"

"Calm yourself, my dear Lester, tell me all about it, I am shocked."

The weeping of Mrs. Lester (who had recovered from her swoon) and Diley was beyond description, and nothing that Mr. Lester could say or do would in the least pacify them.

"My dear Wheelock," said Col. Lester, "I hardly know how to begin. Last night we retired as usual—the two larger girls in their little bed near ours, and little Annie in her crib, which was between our bed and the wall. All that I can say further, is that when we waked this morning all the children were gone, and not a trace of them can be found anywhere. I blew the horn of distress—four long, loud blasts, which is the custom in the settlement, and all of my negroes, tenants and neighbors for miles around assembled, and are now running and riding over the country in the search. I have been listening all day for the horn of joy—two long blasts—from some one of those in the search, but alas, they seem to have taken wings and flown away.

"Were your doors locked?" asked Wheelock.

"Yes, we always lock the doors securely," said the Colonel, "but as it was quite warm, we left the large window in our room up. This morning we found all the doors locked as usual, and there were no tracks or traces of any kind to show that any one had been near. I and probably a hundred others have searched diligently, but no trace whatever can be found. It seems impossible that these dear little ones could have been taken from the room without awakening us—especially the little Annie, who had to be taken over both of us. It is a mystery, inscrutable, and I fear they are gone forever." And the Colonel again broke completely down, and joined his wife and Diley in their weeping.

Ben Wheelock was at his wits end, and seemed himself mystified. Of all the problems he ever had to solve, this was the most mysterious. Taking the Colonel in another room he questioned him in regard to enemies, but Col. Lester told him he had not an enemy in the world, except his brother Jack, and he was confident he had nothing to do with it. He had just furnished him the means to go to the Western country, and he was then all packed up ready to start on his journey. And, besides, if his brother bad wished to do such a thing, it would have been impossible for him, or any one else, seemingly, to have taken these children from the room without waking some one of them or their parents.

It was now getting late, and Wheelock suggested that they retire for the night, and that he would be up early and see if he could find any clues by which this mystery of mysteries could be solved.

Of course there was no sleep or rest for any of them, and Ben Wheelock was up as soon as it was light enough to see, and was joined by the Colonel. Wheelock examined the window, and after the most careful scrutiny he observed that a fresh broken splinter, not larger than a pin, showed plainly that some one had entered the room through the window. He then examined the grounds around, but there were absolutely no tracks or traces whatever. His usually genial face began to wear a disappointed look, when he discerned on the railing of the front palings a short stem pipe. He eagerly seized it, remarking to Lester, "Ah, this is a clue. You see that the stem is nearly black with age, and there are no tooth prints on it. It was used by a person who is toothless." Knocking out the tobacco that was left unburned in it, he remarked, "You see this tobacco is half Sumac leaves,—another clue." He had proceeded but a little farther, when he was seen to pick up a buneh of weeds that lay near where he found the pipe. He put them to his nose, but quickly taking them away, put them in his pocket, and his eyes fairly twinkled with delight. Seeing a cluster of trees near the swamp, about two hundred yards away, he told the Colonel that they would look there for some trace. After the closest search, Wheelock found where a wagon with two horses had stood for some time, and that one of the horses had lost his shoe on the right fore foot. His eyes again twinkled, and they hurried back to the gig, which he had already ordered hitched up,—pulling off two mellow apples, as he passed through the orchard, hu dropped them in his pocket. The distressed and nearly crazy mother, when she noticed his brighter face, and after he had told her he had some clues, her weeping seemed to be divided between that of joy and sorrow. But both parents hung about his neck, imploring him not to return without the darling little girls. He remarked as he drove off, "You can trust old Ben Wheelock, I will be back by noon, calm yourselves, for although is is mysterious, I think I am on the right track, and that all will be well. Good-bye, trust Ben Wheelock." And as he drove rapidly away, he left Col. Lester, his wife, and old Diley, all wrapped in each others arms—Diley seemingly, more distressed than the others. God bless the old time darkey. They were always ready to rejoice with us in our prosperity, and weep with us in our sorrow. The younger people of the present day have no idea of the attachment that existed between these old slaves and their masters and mistresses in the olden times. Ben Wheelock drove as rapidly as possible to old Jack Lester's place, who was packed up ready for his departure to the Western country. The old man met him in the yard, when Wheelock said to him that he had heard that he wished to swap for a larger horse to match one of his, and that he thought the one he was driving would suit him. The old man took him to the stable, where Wheelock in examining them, found that the shoe on the right foot of one of them was missing. His eyes gave a twinkle. After parleying awhile, they could not trade, and the old man invited Wheelock in to rest awhile. After taking his seat, Wheelock taking his pipe from his pocket remarked, "I have forgotten my tobacco pouch."

"I have plenty," said the old man,—two kinds,—"this here is half and half Shumac leaves—the Indians used to call it "kinikinic."

Wheelock said be would take the plain tobacco, and again there was a twinkle in his eyes.

After lighting his pipe, he arose to go, and taking the apples from his pocket, offered them to the old man, who said he was very fond of them, but had lost his teeth and could not eat them, tha; he would take them to his wife. There was another twinkle in Wheelock's eyes, and he got in his gig and drove rapidly away.

I will state here that some months before Ben Wheelock in one of his hunting expeditions, stopped at a miserable old hut on the Halifax road to get a drink of water. It was occupied by a miserable old half Indian hag, and sitting in the door, he observed growing near the cabin a strange kind of weed. Pulling off a piece of it, he asked the old hag what it was, She told him not to put it to his nose as it was "sleep weed," and that a few whiffs of it in the nose would put him to sleep, and no power on earth could awaken him for hours. The knowledge of this was handed down to her from the Indians, she was half Indian herself. This is why Wheelock's eyes twinkled so brightly when he picked up the bunch of weeds in Lester's yard.

As he hurried to this old cabin, he felt satisfied that he had solved the mistery, and that he would find the children with her. Old Jack Lester had taken this old hag with him to the Lester residence, and while he waited at the window outside, she had crawled in, and holding the weed to the noses of the whole family, and put them all to such a sound sleep, that her job of getting the children out and down to the wagon was an easy one.

As it was only a short distance to the old hag's cabin he soon got in sight of it, and she being on the lookout, closed and locked the door when she saw him coming, and pretended to be at work in her garden. Wheelock hitched his horse and informed her that he wanted to go inside, but she positively refused to let him do so, telling him he had no business in the house. Wheelock had no time for parley, and gathering a large stone was preparing to break down the door when the old hag seized him, but a blow on the jaw from his powerful arm, sent her sprawling senseless on the ground. Taking the key which she had dropped, he quickly opened the door and looking around his heart almost failed him, as he saw nothing of the objects of his search, on looking around, he saw an old ladder which reached up to the delapidated loft, and quickly making his way up it, he saw in one corner the three darling little girls all crouched together, and at the sight of him, seemed nearly frightened to death. It being dark, they did not recognize him, and they began to weep pitiously beseeching him to please take them to Papa and Mama. Little Annie could only say in her weeping, "Mama! mama, please take me to mama." The big hearted Wheelock, taking them in his arms took them down to the light, when they at once recognized him, and then the weeping for joy of these little girls was piteous to listen to. Ben Wheelock always said afterwards that their weeping for joy was the sweetest music his ears ever heard. Taking them in the gig he carried them home as fast as his horse could go, and after they had forded the river, the children recognizing the scenes began again to weep for joy. As they approached their home Col. Lester and his wife ran some distance to meet them, and the meeting, dear reader, I will let you imagine. No pen can describe the joyous scene.

Two blasts of the horn, the well known signal of distress or attention, were sounded, and they were answered by all the town folks, all the neighbors and hunters who were out on their fruitless search for the stolen children. Soon the news became noised upon the great region adjoining. Col. Lester at once called a meeting of his people, and gave orders for a division of old imported Madeira wine, to be rolled out where all could help themselves, black and white. It was a joyous occasion, and no one enjoyed it more than Ben Wheelock, who was the hero, and whose big brave heart gave way when he delivered the children to their parents and he embracing Col. Lester wept like a child.

Old Jack Lester next morning was far on his way to the western country, with all the little grandchildren he expected to take with him.

The children grew up and were happily married to prominent young men in the neighborhood, and one of the most prominent families in Louisburg and several in the surrounding country are descendants of Col. Albert Lester.

W.

VERY TRUE.

Are You One Of These, Young Man?

How frequently we look about us and see some bright, promising young man going to ruin. Where he is tottering on his last legs, so to speak, and finally is down and out to the great majority he is lost forever. The beginning of that young man's ruin was bad company. "He that followeth vain persons shall have poverty enough."

A young man starting out in the world should first of all exercise great care in choosing his company. If he is honest, efficient, capable and at the same time congenial, train him with persons of the same calibre. Men who possess these traits of character seldom go out of their class. The tendency is when a young man is turned loose he goes into his own company—be it good or bad. You can always tell the kind of a man he is by the company he keeps in idle hours. "Every dog has goes to his own place even in this world."

We can see how a young man of splendid training and good attainments gets into bad company by mistake and goes wrong. At first he is nothing like his associates. Gradually he becomes more and more like them. Within a short time he has lost all his former goodness and is one of them. "Who lies down with dogs, rises with fleas."

Gambling hastens the ruin of many a young man. Wine and women go hand in hand with gambling, the three soon puts their victim in the clear. Up all night roaming around in the company of either of the three interferes with a man's success by weakening and shortening life. How many young men you hear complain of the salary they received, and yet night after night you can find them in front of a bar spending their hard earned money without a moment's hesitation, or a word of complaint.

"Young man if this hits you, wake up. If you are forming bad habits that you know are wrong, cut them out. Remember the world is full of "nobodys." Drink and card playing will make you that. If you want to be SOMEBODY turn your back on both.

All smart up to-date women of to-day. Know how to bake, wash, sing and to play. Without these talents a wife is N G. Unless she takes Rocky Mountain Tea.

Don't give your friends indigestion by trying to poke people you like down their throats.

Stomach and Liver Troubles Cured

Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup cures stomach and live trouble as it aids digestion, and stimulates the liver and bowels without irritating these organs like pills and ordinary cathartics. It cures indigestion and sick headache and chronic constipation. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup does not nauseate or gripe and is mild and pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes. Sold by G. L. Aycocke.

GOOD ADVICE.

Resolutions Worth Following By All Married Couples Young Or Old.

We are resolved to return from our honeymoon full of high hopes bright anticipations of the unknown future that stretches so fair before us. Remembering that, though at times dark clouds may momentarily obscure our happiness, the sun will soon shine through the gloom, and will be radiant again.

To live well within our income, and every year save something for the rainy days which, sooner or later, are bound to come.

To try to correct our own individual faults, instead of wondering at the size and number of each other's.

To be perfectly frank and loyal in all our words and deeds, and let nothing have power to breed mistrust between us.

To never have a second quarrel, for the very good reason that we never had, nor intend to have a first.

To treat our respective mothers in law with due propriety, and try our best to get on well with all our new relations.

To take for our motto that golden rule of married life—to bear and forbear.

To resolutely resolve to always stand shoulder to shoulder to fight the battle of life, for in union is strength.

To never dwell on things, however much we would like to, that we know are against the wishes of the other; and, above all, never try to deceive or have secrets from each other.

To keep a sharp lookout for the little rift within the lute which will change the music of the domestic duet from the glorious major to the minor mournful key.

To, if our marriage is a failure, let no body but ourselves be aware of the sorrowful fact.

This is the season of listlessness, headaches and spring disorders. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is a sure preventative. Makes you strong and vigorous. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Boddie & Perry.

IMPROVED PASSENGER SERVICE

The Seaboard announces effective wirt, the New York Sleeping Car Line between New York and Memphis and vice-versa via the Seaboard and Frisco systems improved through passenger service to Memphis, Tenn., without change, making connections at this point for all points in Texas, the West and Northwest. Unexcelled dining car service between Washington and Richmond and Hamlet and Birmingham, serving all meals.

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"You feel the life giving current the minute you take it. A gentle soothing warmth, fills the nerves to blood with life. It's a real pleasure to take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Boddie & Perry.

Women would be crying nearly all the time if it did not make their noses so red.—New York Press.

THE ORIGINAL.

Foley's & Co., Chicago, originated Honey and Tar as a throat and lung remedy, and on account of the great merit and popularity of Foley's Honey and Tar many imitations are offered for the genuine. These worthless imitations have similar sounding names. Beware of them. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar is in a yellow package. Ask for it and refuse any substitutes. It is the best remedy for coughs and colds. Sold by G. L. Aycocke.

There is a lot of fun in making people believe you are having more than you are.—New York Press.

Cured Hemorrhages of the Lungs

"Several years since my lungs were so badly affected that I had many hemorrhages," writes A. M. Akin of Woodland. I took treatment with several physicians without any benefit. I then started to take Foley's Honey and Tar, and my lungs are now as sound as a bullet. I recommend it in advanced stages of lung trouble." Foley's Honey and Tar stops the cough and heals the lungs and prevents serious results from a cold. Refuse substitutes. Sold by G. L. Aycocke.

Sad Mix-Up.

Mrs. Flatleigh—What made your cook leave so suddenly.

Mrs. Suburbs—She got her dates mixed.

Mrs. Flatleigh—How so?

Mrs. Suburbs—She had a policeman and a burglar call the same evening.

The Richest Man in the World.

The richest man in the world can not have his kidneys replaced nor live without them, so it is important not to neglect these organs. If Foley's Kidney Cure is taken at the first sign of danger, the symptoms will appear and your health will be restored, as it strengthens and builds up these organs as nothing else will. Oscar Bowman, Lebanon, Ky., writes: "I have used Foley's Kidney Cure and take great pleasure in stating it cured me permanently of kidney disease, which certainly would have cost me my life." Sold by G. L. Aycocke.

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pure - old - velvety
the best for the price.
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Harper Rye
"On Every Tongue."
Kentucky's most famous and best product is in every drop and bottle, the whiskey that has gladdened the world.
Sold at Louisburg Dispensary.

DRAGGING
down pains are a symptom of the most serious trouble which can attack a woman, and should be treated with the utmost care. With this, generally, come irregular painful periods, or profuse periods, wasteful, weakening drains, dreams, nervousness, dizziness, irritability, tired feeling, headache, back ache, loss of appetite, color and beauty. The cure is
WINE OF CARDUI
Woman's Relief
that marvelous, purely vegetable medicinal extract, of herbs, which exerts such a wonderful strengthening influence on all female organs. Cardui relieves pain, regulates the menses, stops drains and stimulates the muscles to put the whole system in place.
It is a safe and permanent cure for all female complaints.
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In strictest confidence, telling us all your troubles. We will send free advice (in plain sealed envelope). Address: Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.
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in my womb and ovaries," writes Mrs. Naomi Rinks, of Webster Groves, Mo., "and my menses were very painful and irregular. Since taking Cardui I feel like a new woman, and do not suffer as I did."

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