

NEW SPRING DRESS GOODS

We have opened this week over five thousand dollars worth of New Dress Goods for Spring. In this lot you will find all the New Crepes, Ratines etc. in floral designs. Also a large assortment of the new Shades Tango etc., all of which we have marked especially low.

<p>NEW SPRING GINGHAMS. We show fifty new designs of Gingham, all Spring Patterns at 10c yd Also nice assortment T.ile Denord Gingham, at. 12-1-2c</p> <p>SHIRTING MADRAS. In both fancy stripes and plain white effects. Prices 15c to 25c yd.</p>	<p>WOOL RATINES. All new shades, Tango, Brown Royal and new Blues. - Prices from 50c to \$1.50.</p> <p>LADIES NEW OXFORDS. We have open for your inspection all the new style Oxfords and Pumps in Tan, Gun Metal, Suede and Patent Leathers. Prices range from \$2.50 to \$4 per pair.</p>	<p>LADIES WOOL SWEATERS We have a few nice Sweaters for Ladies, regular \$3.00 and \$3.50 Values, all of which we offer at \$2.00 and \$2.50. Also a few Misses Sweaters at cost.</p> <p>NEW SPRING PERCALES. 35 pieces new Percales in medium and light shades, colors warranted fast. Prices 10c, 12 1-2c and 15c.</p>	<p>MEN'S HEAVY FLEECE UNDERWEAR. Regular 50c quality, our price 35c.</p> <p>NEW WALK-OVER OXFORDS. We have received our new Spring Oxfords in Tan, Calf, Gun Metal and Patent Leathers, both button and lace effects, at \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50.</p>
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New Spring Muslin Underwear In Gowns, Princess Slips, Skirts and Drawers. All marked especially low; are well made and as cheap as reputable goods can be sold.

New Laces and Embroideries Our new Laces, Embroideries etc. are now open for your inspection, comprising all the new shadow effects in flouncing, Corset Covers etc., New Val and Teachon Laces, Hamburg Edges and Insertions. Make your selections early while all patterns can be matched.

You will find all of our Spring lines now complete and are cordially asked to inspect.

Candler-Crowell Company

A Bachelor's Christmas Meditation and Dream.

For a long time Christmas has seemed to me a suitable time to take a sort of inventory of one's life. So on the evening of Christmas eve, after I had performed the daily chores of feeding, etc. I felt an indescribable loneliness taking possession of me—loneliness which makes one by himself although the room is filled with persons, and gives one company when he is alone. It seemed that every particle of ether in the heavens above us carried a message of Christmas. I went in and put on the back-log but before I could sit down I heard the report of guns in many directions. I went to the window and looked toward the north. The skies were ablaze with fireworks whose lights were indescribably beautiful in such darkness as the overhanging clouds had brought down.

As I stood and gazed these questions came to me, "What does Christmas mean to those who are shooting the guns and firing the fire-works?" "What does it mean to the Eskimo and the Chinaman?" "How much of the true Light emanates from each one who is handling the fire-works?" Then I returned to the fire-place and took a seat in front of the fire. And there as I looked into the blazing fire the scenes of my past life passed before me as swiftly as the scenes in a moving picture. I sat for some time half bewildered, sometimes filled with sorrow and sometimes filled with joy. Sorrow, because of my own failure at many points in life and joy because of the many true friends I have had to help me thus far on life's journey. Many of the most joyful scenes were touched with sorrow because they presented faces whose spirits now dwell on the Eternal Shores. As such experiences do not last long but produce more or less fatigue I soon found myself ready to retire. In a short time I was fast asleep, my body resting and gaining the strength needed for the duties of the next day while my mind found its way to the land of dreams. Here in this strange beautiful land I found the friends of my boyhood and early manhood. Not one of them had care-worn cheeks nor silver hair but all were as fresh as the sweetest flowers in May. I myself had the vigor of youth. As time passed on in this wonderful land many couples loved each other and were married. "As all things come to those who wait" the time came when my own heart was pierced to the bleeding by the darts of cupid. I met a young lady from the mountains of Western North Carolina. I loved her from the first

acquaintance, but loved her more as I knew her better. After I had known her for some time I went to see her in her mountain home. The last day of my stay there was a big picnic at the top of the mountain just a few miles from her home. We rode on the train from her home to the foot of the mountain. There we joined a large crowd and began to climb the mountain which was so steep and dangerous that we were compelled to have a guide. After we had reached the top of the mountain and were comfortably seated we began to talk of the perilous journey just made. She said she hoped we would never again be together on so dangerous a journey and said we could not have made it safely had it not been for the confidence we had in the guide. I said, "I don't wish as you do about the journey for there is one more I have to make, whose pitfalls are numerous and the enemies lurk by the wayside and I am anxious to have you with me on this journey. The Guide of our Father shall be our Guide. I am sure we have confidence in Him." Just as I finished speaking I noticed that her face was unusually flushed. She spoke not a word for some time but as her face gradually changed to its natural color it was the most beautiful one I have ever seen. Silence reigned supreme. After a while I looked at my watch. It was five o'clock. We had only two hours before train time. The guide and crowd were far down the mountain side. Their merry laughter and chattering voices sounded as music in the distance. We hurried to overtake the crowd before they reached the dangerous cliffs where we might be killed unless we had the guide with us. As we hurried on the wild flowers seemed more beautiful than I had ever seen them, for it was Easter and they were in full bloom. Before we had gone far Miss B. handed me a very beautiful flower just in full bloom. Later she handed me another in full bloom but faded. Before we overtook the crowd she handed me another which had shed its petals. My hopeful spirit was depressed when I glanced at the flowers and wondered why she had given me such flowers. We reached the foot of the mountain just as the train was ready to start. When I had found her a seat and told her goodbye, I looked at the flowers and asked why she had given me the faded ones. She said, "I thought you might need them on life's journey."

The train moved away and I stepped to the ground and leaned against the waiting room where I could see the railroad track. I watched the train as it curved around the mountain and

prayed that no accident might befall it. Here I must wait two hours before the train was due which was to carry me two hundred miles east. I watched the train until it vanished in the distance and then thinking again of the "faded flowers" I watched the receding twilight as it gave place to the darkness of the night and it seemed that my buoyancy of spirit and hope of the afternoon had gone with the light, and doubt and fear had taken its place. I felt, for the moment, like my confidence had been misplaced, yet I felt somewhat relieved because my true heart's story had been told.

My train came on time. I rode all night and half of the next day. After sleeping enough to feel well and comfortable a more pleasing interpretation of the "flowers" seemed evident. I wrote her a letter in which were the following words: "I have the 'flowers' yet. I cannot very well carry them with me on life's journey but I prefer their donor instead. I shall love you when you are old."

In December of the next year when the snow was more than six inches deep a large crowd assembled in the little white church on the mountain-side of which my lover was a member. Here in the presence of her parents and grand-parents we were joined in wedlock by her pastor.

We came to my home to live, in Eastern Carolina where we were very happy.

More than once did the angels visit our home and baby lips did laugh us down and we were blessed with a dearness not a bachelor's own.

But the time came for me to awake—for all dreamers must awake—and when I realized that I had only been dreaming and that instead of being the youthful man with the happy family I am a bachelor of more than fifty summers. I could not withhold the tears.

But since the hand of time is not made to change his course nor to halt on his journey because of weeping I am determined that no remorse of conscience shall becloud the remainder of my life nor debar me from being happy, for life itself must seem like a dream to one who has passed it and has awaked in that great beyond.

OLD BACHELOR.

The King of all Laxatives.
For constipation, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. Pabl Mathuka, of Buffalo, N. Y., says they are the "king of laxatives. They are a blessing to all my family and always keep a box at home." Get a box and get well again. Price 25c at Druggists or by mail. E. B. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis.

Owen Introduces Child Labor Bill in Senate.

Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, introduced on Saturday the same Federal child labor bill which Mr. Palmer, of Pennsylvania, last month presented in the House. It applies to factories producing goods for interstate commerce the 14-year age limit already in force more or less comprehensively in forty states. It regulates the employment of children under 16 by limiting their working hours to eight in one day, and by prohibiting entirely their employment at night in mills, factories or workshops and at any time in mines or quarries.

The Virginia State Child Labor Committee has unanimously endorsed the bill, and this action by citizens of the old stronghold of States' rights is considered by Owen R. Lovejoy, general secretary of the National Child Labor Committee to be an indication of the increasing demand by consumers for goods that are free from the taint of child labor. Mr. Lovejoy says further:

"The National Child Labor Committee is actively working for the passage of this Owen-Palmer bill. It is the first time a Federal bill has been introduced which is comprehensive enough to be worth while and simple enough to be enforceable; and we are advised by able lawyers that the provisions of the bill are constitutional. It has been introduced by Democrats but we hope it will be supported, regardless of party lines, by all who believe that young children should be freed from the burden of wage-earning and that older children should be protected from overworked and the dangers of mining."

Don't You Believe It
Some say that chronic constipation cannot be cured. Don't you believe it. Chamberlain's Tablets have cured others—why not you? Give them a trial. They cost only a quarter. For sale by all dealers.

The Best Cross For Poland-China Glts.

A reader says he has four Poland-China glts from which he expects to raise pigs to sell on the local market for pork. He wants to know whether he should buy a "pure-bred Poland-China boar, or would an Essex, Duroc-Jersey, or Berkshire boar give him pigs that would grow to a heavier weight in a shorter time?"

If the glts are grade Poland-Chinas, which we assume is the case, then, in the minds of some people, a boar of some other breed would produce better results in pork production. We do not believe that such is the case. With grade Poland-China glts we would use a pure-bred Poland-China boar. Pigs of more uniform color, type, size and feeding qualities will be obtained, which are all highly desirable qualities in market pigs.

There is, however, no serious objection to the use of a Duroc-Jersey or Berkshire boar, except that the glts raised from such a cross will be less valuable for breeding, unless they are bred to a boar of the same breed as their sire.—Tait Butler in The Progressive Farmer.

See The Vote Schedule

It Grows Smaller

Better do it To-day

One Dollar Now—Is worth

Three later—Use your own Good Judgement.

Louisburg Creamery

Louisburg, N. C.
Makes the best Butter and serves the best Milk to be had. Your order will be appreciated. We are now prepared to furnish you regularly with sweet milk, butter milk, butter and cream. Phone your orders to No. 245-L.

Every sanitary method applied.

E. L. Harris, Prop.

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Special teams and vehicles, polite and attentive drivers. Special attention given the traveling public.

Griffin & Beasley

NOTICE!

TO MY NUMEROUS PATRONS.
I have moved from The McGhee shop, to the shop of Press White, on the hill above I. H. Kearney's store
J. R. COOKE, Blacksmith
Jan. 27th, 1914.