

THE EYES OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.



This boy is ambitious. He wants an education. He is studious. He works hard, but he lags behind his classes. There is a reason. It is not because he is a dull scholar. He has a bright mind. And yet he lags. The trouble is with his eyes. His teacher doesn't know, his parents don't know, he himself doesn't know. But the optometrist knows and fits him with suitable glasses. Now see the difference.



Not the same boy? Yes it is the same boy, the same ambition, the same bright mind, the same diligent student. But the result is not the same. He no longer sits at the foot of the class, but at the head. His work is no longer a drudge but a delight because he knows that he knows.

A pair of glasses properly fitted explains the difference.

What is true with this boy might be true of many another boy or girl. PARENTS AND TEACHERS would only look after the eyes of their children. Most eye troubles develop while in school. A thorough examination does not cost much. Is it not worth while?

I give special attention to the eyes of children.

W. B. MORTON.

Notice.

Having qualified as executors of the estate of Dr. K. M. Clarke deceased, late of Franklin county, this is to notify all persons holding claims against the said estate to present the same to the undersigned on or before the 17th day of August, 1915, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please come forward and make immediate settlement. This is the 17th day of August, 1915.

R. G. ROSS,

Miss Marina Clarke, Executors.
Bickett, White and Malone,
Attorneys.

8-20-6t.

Abbie House an Appreciation.

A paper read before the Joseph J. Davis Chapter of the U. D. C. May 1915 by Elizabeth Person Cooke (Mrs. C. M. Cooke).

It seems to be a fact proven by the experience of the ages, that characters are developed by the times in which they live. Ancient history both sacred and profane brings out its especially equipped heroes, daring and doing, often times wonderful deeds demanded by surrounding circumstances. In every crisis of the world's history we find exalted and heroic figures towering above their contemporaries, like sublime and isolated mountain peaks.

Let me picture to you the young king of Israel, Saul a Benamite, (the smallest of the tribes of Israel) youthful and untired when the messengers were seeking him to anoint that proud and ill starred head with the prophetic sacred oil. The shepherd boy David, watching his flocks on Judah's hills, dreaming the dreams of innocence and youth. And called from his lonely place to sit upon the hallowed throne of Israel and to wield the scepter over God's chosen people. Joan of Arc, a peasant girl of the middle ages, a dreamer of dreams and a beholder of visions tending her geese in the green fields of the native province, yet destined by fate to raise aloft in victory the royal Lilies of fair France, and in the end to shed her stainless blood for a weak king and an ungrateful people. Mally Pitcher, too, of gunning fame in those trying days of the American Revolution, saw the vision and heard the call. That call which comes clear and strong from the throne of God Himself, like unto the vision of the Holy Grail to Sir Gallahad, which he beheld the clear silver light, and heard the voice saying, "Oh Gallahad, follow me" just so, my people, God has sent calls throughout all the ages, clear and unmistakable, calls to lay aside self and to lead or minister to His people, or His cause. And in most instances, it has been like those I have just cited, the poor, the humble, the weak who have received this sacred baptism of service for truly "He hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the wise."

I believe such a call came to Abbie House in her humble cottage on the red hills of Franklin county in the spring of 1861. A call which was followed faithfully as ever a mailed knight of Arthur's courtly ring lived up to his deathless bow. Followed through four long years of suffering and want, and followed to the never fading glory of this lonely heroine.

The subject of this sketch was born somewhere about 1810. She owned a small farm near Franklinton, N. C., on which her little house still stands, very much in appearance as it was in her day. She died in Raleigh in the early eighties, having been pensioned by several patriotic citizens of that place, in appreciation of her devotion to the Southern cause.

At the outbreak of the war, her in-

tense loyalty caused her to make a study of ministering to the needs of the soldiers. Was there a Franklin county boy sick, Aunt Abbie would go to the front to nurse him. "Did a family or sweetheart have a precious package for a "Johnny Reb," Aunt Abbie could be depended on to get through the lines and to safely deliver the cherished packet. Or was there trouble in obtaining a furlough, old Abbie would start at once for headquarters and invariably return with some one or perhaps several pale and ragged convalescents to be nursed back to health by the loving hearts at home. From this she grew to know each commander and as her acquaintances widened, her love and service expanded, until the Southern soldier of every State was in her estimation, a hero worthy of her best service. She would leave her home for the field of battle, traveling in any way, enduring any hardships or exposure for a soldier of "Mause Bob's," as she always called Gen. Lee.

The many tender ministrations she showered on the discouraged, the sick and the dying soldier boys will never be known until that great book is opened and the record of Abigail House is revealed to the listening ears of an astonished world! She was no child of luxury. Her inspiration came from a life spent in honest toil among the denizens of the forest and field. Her chat was obtained from nature and nature's God. Knowing nothing of the conventions of life, its requirements and elegancies, she was a noble woman. She heard the call of the soldier, and marched under the Stars and Bars across the weary mountain trails, upon the fiery heights of Gettysburg and through the Valley to appomattox.

The roll call of Southern heroes is short. The line of Confederate gray is fast fading, but there are many living today who can tell countless anecdotes both humorous and pathetic connected with the life of this brave old woman, searching for the slain, demanding free transportation of the Railroad conductor; coming out victorious in verbal encounter with the witty Senator Ramson; riding on the cannon; nursing the sick and wounded and burying with her own hands by midnight torches the precious body of the Southern soldier.

There are many illustrious names to adorn our monuments to the Confederate women, and I am proud to have it so. But if the privates were asked to call a name dear to their hearts, a name that stands for service and sacrifice, it would be the name of the humble and unheralded Abbie House. A name that conjures up visions of a homely old woman in a faded black sun bonnet—a sun burnt hand strong and steady, and fashioned for the tenderest ministrations to all who "Wore the Gray." This pathetic figure, without grace, actual or acquired, reared in poverty, born as lowly as the blessed Son of God, without name or fame seemed to be led by an unseen

hand to serve in places where the work of a woman was most needed and most appreciated. Sweetly gentle and heroically she set about her self appointed task, bravely doing her best in the station of life in which it had pleased God to call her. In the language of another, her cause might be chanted "as the prologue to the most imperial theme of modern times—"Woman's Place."

"Why are we forever speaking Of the warriors of old Women are diving all around us Full as noble, full as bold. Decorations do not tempt them Diamond Stars that laugh to scorn These will wear a cross of Glory In the resurrection moun."

Worth their Weight in Gold.

"I have used Chamberlain's Tablets and found them to be just as represented, a quick relief for headaches, dizzy spells and other symptoms denoting a torpid liver and a disordered condition of the digestive organs. They are worth their weight in gold." writes Miss Clara A. Driggs, Elba N. Y. OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

Piney Grove Items.

Mr. Editor: I haven't seen anything in your progressive paper about Piney Grove neighborhood in so long the outside world may think she is dead, but if that be the case, they never were more disappointed. We have many wide awake farmers; Messrs. Charlie Hudson, Frank Davis, Eddie Wright, Jeff Matthewson, Tollie Weldon and Adkin Jones. Mr. Jones is very successful with tobacco, he has five nice farms on his place in tobacco, besides his own farm. It seems as though Mr. Jones prospers at anything he undertakes. So girls leap year will soon be here. He likes one that can converse well, and be economical and use economy and meet him with a smile everytime he comes home.

Piney Grove is a flourishing community, good, quiet neighborhood and they are so good in remembering the sick and carrying them nourishments. That is our Saviours command to visit the sick, and administer to their wants and follow not after the fashions of this world; but love one another. My mother is in her 91st year and they still remember her, our good neighbors Mrs. Frank Davis Mr. Jeff Matthews, Mrs. Peter Row, Mr. Adkin Jones daughter's and Mrs. Ollie Weldon.

We were badly hurt over our excellent pastor, Rev. Canipe, of Piney Grove getting so badly hurt. He has been to the hospital in Raleigh several weeks, though he is at home now, with his loving family. He preached an excellent sermon at Piney Grove on the last appointment. He is always so jolly. I have prayed earnestly for him to be restored to his family, providing if God was willing. I am living in hopes of hearing him preach again and sing more sweet songs of Zion.

Rev. A. D. Wilcox, of Louisburg, will preach at Piney Grove on the

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fourth Sunday, in this month. Mr. Jack Holmes is the superintendent of the Sunday school at that place and it seems he is in the right place. He works hard to build up the community. Mr. Louis Jones worked faithful for 25 years and every child in the neighborhood loved him. But he has long since been called to come up higher, and he no doubt is hovering around us every Sunday when we meet. I haven't had the pleasure of attending Sunday school in about sixteen years on account of sickness, though some sweet day I may be able to go.

Let us say a word to the father's and mothers of Piney Grove neighborhood. Take your little children by their hands and lead them in God's service, better than having them strolling all over the neighbors watermelon patch.

Mrs. Willis Pearce and Mrs. Howard Pearce, of Kearney is on the sick list "Daisy Bell."

The Quinine That Does Not Affect The Head Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. 25c.

Cedar Rock Items.

As I haven't seen anything in your most valuable paper from our neighborhood in quite awhile, will send you a few items to let you know we are

still living and progressing nicely. The farmers around here are about through curing tobacco and are now getting ready for fodder pulling and cotton picking.

The recent rains have been very much appreciated by the farmers. Misses Oma White and Belle Wright of Bunn, visited at the home of Mr. W. P. Long last week.

Misses Wessie Parham, of Rocky Mount, and Mary Parham, of Columbia, S. C., returned to Rocky Mount one day last week after spending a week as guests of their cousin, Mrs. T. W. Stokes.

Mrs. H. W. Ivy, of near Scotland Neck, has returned home after spending two weeks visiting at her father's Mr. W. O. Stone.

Misses Lola and Clara Long gave an ice cream supper at their home, Wednesday night, September 1st, complimentary to the visiting young ladies. Quite a nice little crowd was present and all had a delightful time.

We are informed that our school will open September 20th, and it is hoped all the pupils will be present on that day.

"Subscriber."

In order to get the most satisfaction possible out of our new summer wear it will be first necessary to find the summer.

The Farmers Union Tobacco Warehouse

Mr. Clyde P. Harris With Us

We are glad to announce that Mr. Clyde P. Harris has accepted the position as General Director in the Union Tobacco Warehouse. Mr. Harris is the largest farmer in the county. He started at the bottom, but with his good judgment and indomitable energy has accumulated a fortune and he owes no man anything. He believes that every man should reap a just reward for his honest labors. He is a member of the Farmers Union and a bold and fearless man and will stand by its principles. Being a farmer he knows their needs and thinks co-operation is the only way they will succeed. The tobacco warehouse is strictly co-operative, after all expenses are paid every man that sells tobacco there will get his share of the profits whether he is a member or not. They say it is the only warehouse in the world like it conducted on as fair and just principles by the farmers and for the benefit of the farmers. Brother Farmer sell your tobacco at your house and show to the world that you are men. We have built stables, arranged camp and grading rooms for you and offer you not equal but the best prices, for you know our principles, what we stand for and how we treat you and your team when in town. Therefore you will recognize it to be false when others tell you that their place is equal to ours and you cannot afford to sell at any other place but your own warehouse where you will always find yourself at home and with friends with or without tobacco.

Your Friends

The Union Warehouse

Louisburg, N. C.