

**FLORSHEIMS** are made for men who appreciate good looking shoes with fit and service equal to their style.

Florsheims are all that you expect a good shoe to be—and the price is reasonable.



W. R. ORLEANS

**LALLEY ELECTRIC Plants**

**\$265.00**

REGULAR PRICE, \$600.00

We took over the agency for Lallely Farm Light Plants and it interfered with our automobile business. Now we have discontinued the agency and we have four complete electric plants on hand which we will sell at \$265 each, f. o. b. Norfolk. They are good plants and we guarantee each one in perfect condition. We will gladly give you more information on your request.

See them when you visit the Auto Show.

**C. E. WRIGHT & COMPANY**

426 Monticello Avenue.

NORFOLK, VA.

AT YOUR SERVICE FOR  
**GROCERIES**

**E.M. GORDY**

PHONE NO. 259

**WARREN'S IMPROVED PROLIFIC COTTON SEED**  
has been selected for nine years. Price \$1.25 per bushel. In lots of ten bushels or more, \$1.00 per bushel. Free from all disease. Will yield two bales to the acre. This cotton has won the first prize at every fair it has been in, for the last three years, also won the grand prize for the best three stalks.

**WARREN'S LARGE IMPROVED WHITE CORN**  
has been field selected for twelve years. Three ears will shell half gallon. Price \$3.00 per peck or \$3.50 per bushel. All seed sold cash with order. Buy at once as I have only limited supply on hand, for particulars, write or call on

**HYMAN WARREN**

R. F. D. NO. 3

ROBERSONVILLE, N. C.

**TAXES  
MUST BE PAID**

Unless taxes are paid by April the first I shall have to levy and make additional expenses and costs to the taxpayer.

I hope everybody will see me promptly and make settlement.

Remember, the law forces me to make collections and I have no power to extend the time.

Respectfully,

**H. T. ROBERSON**  
SHERIFF.



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**SYNOPSIS.**

**CHAPTER I.**—In the village of Bingville thirteen years ago, the Robert Moran, crippled son of a poor widow, is known as the Shepherd of the Birds. His world is his mother and friends, his little room, the flower garden of Judge Crooker, and every thing he sees from his window. The painting of pictures is his enjoyment, and little Pauline Baker, small daughter of a neighbor, the object of his boyish affection. To him, J. Patterson King, the first citizen of Bingville, is the ideal of a really great man.

**CHAPTER II.**—The village becomes money mad, reflecting the great world in its state of unrest. The Bing family is a leader in the change. To them the village has become "provincial." Pauline Baker, victim of her surroundings, elopes with a stranger, and her parents are unable to trace her.

**CHAPTER III.**—Severe winter weather brings distress to Bingville. Spoiled by false prosperity, the citizens have failed to look ahead, and many suffer absolute privation. The Reverend Otis Singleton, one of the few in the village who seek to stem the tide of extravagance and folly, effects a reformation. Hiram Blenkinsop, town drunkard and general "black sheep."

**CHAPTER IV.**—Mainly owing to Judge Crooker, the village awakes to its short-sightedness in having considered money the essential, and neglecting the real things of life and true democracy. Some of the leading men also receive a lesson, in the increasing waywardness of members of their families.

**CHAPTER V.**—The Bing family feels the strain of the prolonged "giddy whirl." Phyllis, the daughter of the house, is threatened with nervous prostration. Mr. King purchases a pearl necklace costing \$100,000 for her. His employees, hearing of this extravagance, demand more pay and less work.

"You'd better lie down and cover yourself up or you'll never live to see her or the summer either," the clock warned the Shepherd.

Then Bob would lie down quickly and draw the clothes over his shoulders and starg of the Good King Wen.



"Oh Dear! But the Days Pass So Slowly!" Bob Would Answer With a Sigh.

cesses and The First Noel, which Miss Betsy Singleton had taught him at Christmas time.

All this is important as showing how a poor lad, of a lively imagination was wont to spend his lonely hours. He needed company and knew how to find it.

Christmas day, Judge Crooker had presented him with a beautiful copy of Raphael's Madonna and Child.

"It's the greatest theme and the greatest picture this poor world of ours can boast of," said the judge. "I want you to study the look in that mother's face, not that it is unusual. I have seen the like of it a hundred times. Almost every young mother with a child in her arms has that look or ought to have it—the most beautiful and mysterious thing in the world. The light of that old star which led the wise men is in it. I sometimes think. Study it and you may hear voices in the sky as did the shepherds of old."

So the boy acquired the companion-

ship of those divine faces that looked down at him from the wall near his bed and had something to say to him every day.

Also, another friend—a very humble one—had begun to share his confidence. He was the little yellow dog, Christmas. He had come with his master, one evening in March, to spend a night with the sick Shepherd. Christmas had lain on the foot of the bed and felt the loving caress of the boy. The heart of the world, that loves above all things the touch of a kindly hand, was in this little creature. Often, when Hiram was walking out in the bitter winds, Christmas would edge away when his master's back was turned. In a jiffy, he was out of sight and making with all haste for the door of the Widow Moran. There, he never failed to receive some token of the generous woman's understanding of the great need of dogs—a bone or a doughnut or a slice of bread soaked in meat gravy—and a warm welcome from the boy above stairs. The boy always had time to pet him and play with him. He was never fooling the days away with an ax and a saw in the cold wind. Christmas admired his master's ability to pick up logs of wood and heave them about and to make a great deal of noise with an axe but, in cold weather, all that was a bore to him. When he had been molesting, Hiram Blenkinsop found him, always, on Bob Moran's bed.

May had returned with its warm sunlight. The robins had come back. The blue martins had taken possession of the bird house. The grass had turned green on the garden borders and was now sprinkled with the golden glow of dandelions. The toads were coming but Pat Crowley was no longer at work in the garden. He had fallen before the pestilence. Old Bill Rutherford was working there. The Shepherd was at the open window every day, talking with him and watching and feeding the birds.

Now, with the spring, a new feeling had come to Mr. Hiram Blenkinsop. He had been sober for months. His Old Self had come back and had imparted his youthful strength to the man Hiram. He had money in the bank. He was decently dressed. People had begun to respect him. Every day, Hiram was being nudged and worried by a new thought. It persisted in telling him that respectability was like the Fourth of July—a very dull thing unless it was celebrated. He had been greatly pleased with his own growing respectability. He felt as if he wanted to take a look at it from a distance, as it were. That money in the bank was nudging and calling him. It seemed to be lonely and longing for companionship.

"Come, Hiram Blenkinsop," it used to say. "Let's be off together and get a silk hat and a gold-headed cane and make 'em set up and take notice. Suppose you should decide an' leave me without an owner?"

The warmth and joy of the spring-time had turned his fancy to the old dream. So one day, he converted his bank balance into "a roll big enough to choke a dog," and took the early morning train to Hazelmead, having left Christmas at the Widow Moran's.

In the mill city he bought a high silk hat and a gold-headed cane and a new suit of clothes and a boiled shirt and a high collar and a red necktie. It didn't matter to him that the fashion and fit of his garments were not quite in keeping with the silk hat and gold-headed cane. There were three other items in the old dream of splendor—the mother, the prancing team, and the envious remarks of the onlookers. His mother was gone. Also there were no prancing horses in Hazelmead, but he could hire an automobile.

In the course of his celebration he asked a lady whom he met in the street, if she would kindly be his mother for a day. He meant well but the lady being younger than Hiram and not accustomed to such familiarity from strangers, did not feel complimented by the question. They fled from each other. Soon, Hiram bought a big custard pie in a bake-shop and had it cut into smallish pieces and, having purchased pie and plate, went out upon the street with it. He ate what he wanted of the pie and generously offered the

rest over to sundry people who passed him. It was not impudence in Hiram; it was pure generosity—a desire to share his riches, favored, in some degree, by a feeling of vanity. It happened that Mr. J. Patterson King came along and received a tender of pie from Mr. Blenkinsop. "No!" said Mr. King, with that old hammer whack in his voice which aroused bitter memories in the mind of Hiram.

That tone was a great piece of impudence. There was a menacing gesture and a rapid succession of footsteps on the pavement. Mr. King's retreat was not, however, quite swift enough to save him. The pie landed on his shoulder. In a moment, Hiram was arrested and marching toward the lockup while Mr. King went to the nearest drug store to be cleaned and scoured.

(Continued in our next issue.)

**GOOD BLOOD NEEDED IN SPRING TIME**

People with Poor Appetite, Bad Complexions and Spring Fever Need a Blood Tonic

**GUDE'S PEPTO-MANGAN IS BEST**

Makes Rich Red Blood—Renews Vitality and Increases Body's Resistance to Disease

Spring is the time when good blood is so vital to health. If you do not feel the thrill of Spring in your blood if you take no pleasure in living, if your appetite is poor, your complexion pallid or muddy and you tire easily, you can be pretty sure your blood is not "up to the mark." So many feel that way in the Spring. Especially housewives who have so much work to do. They get over tired and run-down—their blood becomes weak and thin.

Build up your health now by taking that splendid Spring blood tonic, Gued Pepto-Mangan. It will give vital power to the red corpuscles in your blood. They will go racing through your blood, carrying fresh supplies of oxygen to all the tiny cells. It will help improve your color and your appetite. You'll take more interest in things and enjoy life more. You will stop going around with that tired, all-gone feeling.

Physicians have prescribed Gued's Pepto-Mangan for thirty years. You can get it at your druggist's in either tablet or liquid form. Take whichever you prefer. They have the same medicinal value. Get the genuine. Adv

Pete Fowden has just received a car load of fine Milch Cows which are for sale. See him for particulars.

500 bushels Burts' 90-day seed oats just received. Cheap for cash. C. D. Carstarphen & Co.

See Taylor and Peel for the best fertilizers.

Cotton Seed Hulls and Meal also car of hay at Carstarphen's, cheap



Easter Comes  
Early This Year  
March 27th

FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN, EASTER MARKS THE OPENING OF THE SPRING SEASON

Our buyer has just returned from the Northern markets where he has collected the correct wearing apparel for Easter and Early Spring Wear.

Style—in the newest creations.  
Priced—to meet your individual purse as we have marked our goods at a very low margin to meet with the demand for low prices.

Now on display—Coats, Suits, Wraps, Dresses, Waists, Shoes, Men's suits, Shirts, Oxfords, Hats, etc.

We cordially invite you to inspect our lines and will deem it a pleasure to show whether you buy or just look.

Yours to please,

**MARGOLIS BROS. AND BROOKS**

"Just a Little Better—Just a Little Different"



**TO FARMERS**

Give your orders for hog cholera serum to Mr. Jack Biggs at S. R. Biggs Drug Co. All orders taken from March 15 to April 15, will be vaccinated free of charge.

**Dr. E. N. Gordon**

**EASTER  
MARCH 27**

We have special new numbers coming in daily for Easter in Ladies' Suits, Coats, Dresses, Shirt Waists Skirts, Middy Suits, Oxfords and Hosiery.

**Millinery**

Come to see our display and we will show you some of the very newest things in ready-to-wear and millinery at a very low price.

**Harrison & Co.**

FOR THOSE WHO

**AN ENGINEER—**  
DESIGNS STRUCTURES, SUCH AS BRIDGES, BUILDINGS, WALLS, ETC., FOR SAFETY FIRST—THE SECOND CONSIDERATION IS LOW FIRST COST AND LOW MAINTENANCE COST.

**A CONTRACTOR—**  
CONSTRUCTS STRUCTURES AS DESIGNED BY ARCHITECT OR ENGINEER.

**A CONSTRUCTION ENGINEER—**  
IS ONE WHOSE TRAINING, EXPERIENCE AND ABILITY QUALIFY HIM TO DESIGN AND CONSTRUCT.

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WILLIAMSTON — N. C.