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THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

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JAMES A. THOMAS
Editor and Proprietor.

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The Franklin Times.

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ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. SOLD ONLY IN CANS. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 all St. N. Y.

General Directory.

LOUISBURG, N. C.
CHURCHES.

METHODIST—Rev. A. McCullen, pastor services every Sunday, morning and night. Prayer meeting every ednesday night. Sunday school 9 o'clock A. M.

BAPTIST—Rev. Baylus Cade, pastor. Services 1st and 3rd Sundays in each month, morning and night. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. Sunday School 9 o'clock, A. M

MAYOR—O. L. Ellis.

COMMISSIONERS—Thos. white, F. N. Egerton, J. J. Barrow, J. Thomas.

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Board meets Friday before first Monday in each month.

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The Superintendent will be in Louisburg on the second Thursday of February, April, July, September, October and December, and remain for three days, if necessary, for the purpose of examining applicants to teach in the public schools of Franklin county.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

B. B. MASSENBURG.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office in the Court House.
All business put in my hands will receive prompt attention.

C. M. COOKE.
ATT'Y and COUNSELLOR at LAW.
LOUISBURG, FRANKLIN CO., N. C.
Will attend the Courts of Nash, Franklin, Granville, Warren, and Wake Counties also the Supreme Court, the U. S. Circuit and DISTRICT Courts.

D. J. E. MALONE.
Office 2 doors below Thorpe & Cooke's Drug Store, adjoining Dr. J. I. Ellis.

E. W. TIMBERLAKE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
LOUISBURG, N. C.
Office in the Court House

W. A. Dunn. Geo. Coffin
DUNN & COFFIN
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
HENDERSON N. C.
Practice in the courts of Franklin, Vance, Granville, Halifax, and Northampton, and the Supreme and Federal Courts.

A. T. HICKS,
Attorney At Law & Notary Public,
OXFORD, N. C., AND
Attorney at Law,
HENDERSON, N. C.
Will practice together in the counties of Granville, Vance, Franklin and Warren, and in all matters requiring their joint attention.
We hope by prompt, diligent and faithful attention to business, to deserve receive a portion of the law business in this section.

If I Should Die To-Night.

If I should die tonight,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness.
And fold my hands with lingering caress,—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped,
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften, in the old familiar way,
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

Oh, friends! I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow
The way is lonely; let me feel them now;
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn;
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead.
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

—An Old Favorite.

A Private Telegraph.

How it Resulted in the Saving of many Lives.

John Mills, the hero of this sketch, was a railroad engineer, and had been for a long time in the company's employ. When the new engine '59' was completed and placed on the road, John was given charge it it, and he evinced a natural pride in his preferment. At one of the stations there was a young girl, a telegraph operator, between whom and the engineer there had sprung up a warm attachment, and whenever '59' came along, Kate generally managed to be at the door and exchanged signals with her lover. One day the train was detained at the station, and the locomotive detatched and sent up the road to do some additional work, and Kate went along for a ride. As she listened to the sharp, shrill notes of the whistle, it occurred to her that she might teach John to sound her name on the Morse telegraphic characters, so that she could distinguish his signal from that of the other engines whenever his train approached. The plan worked to a charm, and far and near the whistle shrieked Kate until one day, as the operator stepped upon the platform in everhand a conversation between two engineers, and learned that they understood the signal and were laughingly wondering who Kate could be. Their means of communication having been discovered, they were obliged to abandon it. In the meantime Kate had by means of the telegraph, made the acquaintance of a young lady in a distant city, but whom she had never seen; and to her she made known the fact that her secret had been discovered. Then her friend suggested a plan by which, as it was thought, difficulties. It was simply to arrange a means of communication between the approaching train and the station, so as to ring a bell hidden away in the office at Kate's office, engine '59' being the only one provided with means of completing the circuit, which was done by laying the poker upon the tender-brake so as to touch the wire in passing. Kate found an opportunity to acquaint John with the proposed plan, and in the meantime had found an abandoned wire which ran a long distance close by the track, and which she proposed to use for carrying out her purpose. Thanksgiving day came soon after, and John fortunately having a holiday, he and Kate went bravely to work, and before the day was ended the task was a complete success. The dramatic finale of their little episode is told in the following:

It was singular how absent-minded and inattentive the operator was on the day that the great scientific enterprise was finished. No wonder she was disturbed. Would the new line work? Would her little battery be strong enough for such a great circuit? Would John be able to close it? The people began to assemble for the train. The clock pointed to the hour for its arrival.

Suddenly, with startling distinctness, the bell rang clear and loud in the echoing room. With a cry of delight she put on her hat and ran in haste out upon the platform. The whistle broke loud and clear on the cool, crisp air, and '59' appeared round the curve in the woods. The splendid monster slid swiftly up to her feet and paused.

'Perfectly, John, perfectly! It works to a charm.'

With a swing she reached the cab, and sat down on the fireman's seat.

'Blessed if I could tell what he was going to do,' said the fireman. 'He told me about it. Awful bright idea! You see, he laid the poker on the tender-brake there, and it hit the tree slam, and I saw the wires touch. It was just prime.'

But the happy moments sped, and the train groaned and slowly departed, while Kate stood on the platform, her face wreathed in smiles and white steam.

So the lovers met each day, and none knew how she was aware of his approach with such absolute certainty. Science applied to love, or rather love applied to science, can move the world.

Two weeks passed, and then there suddenly arrived at the station late one evening a special with the directors' cars attached. The honorable directors were hungry—they always are—and would pause on their journey and take a cup of tea and a bit of supper. The honorables and their wives and children completely filled the station, and the place put on a gala aspect. As for Kate, she demurely sat in her den, book in hand, and over its unread pages admired the gay party in the waiting room.

Suddenly, with furious rattle her electric bell sprang into noisy life. Every spark of color left her face, and her book fell with a dusty slam to the floor. 'What is it? What did it mean?' Who rang it? With a frightened face she burst from the office and burst through the astonished people and out upon the snow-clad platform. There stood the directors' train on the track of the oncoming train.

'The conductor! Where is he? Oh, sir! Start! Start! Get to the siding!' The express is coming.'

With a cry she snatched a lantern from a breakman's hand, and in a flash was gone. They saw her light glinting and dancing in the darkness and they were lost in wonder and amazement. 'The girl is crazy! No train is due now. There can be no danger. She must be'—

Ah! that horrible whistle. Such a wild shriek on a winter's night! The men sprang to the train and the women and children fled in panic error in every direction.

'Run for your lives!' screamed the conductor. 'There's a big smash-up coming!'

A short, sharp scream from the whistle. The headlight gleamed on the snow-covered track, and there was a mad rush of sliding wheels, and the gigantic engine roared like a demon. The great '59' slowly drew near and stopped in the woods. A hundred heads looked out, and a stalwart figure leaped down from the engine and ran into the bright of the headlight.

'Kate!'

'Oh! John!'

She fell into his arms, senseless and white, and the lantern dropped from her nerveless hand.

They took her up tenderly and bore her into the station house and laid her on the sofa in the 'ladies room.' With hushed voices they gathered around to offer aid and comfort. Who was she? How did she save the train? How did she know of its approach?

'She is my daughter,' said the station master, 'She 'tends the telegraph.'

The president of the railroad, in his gold-bowed spectacles, drew near. One grand lady, in silk and satin, pillowed Kate's head on her breasts. They all gathered near to see if she revived. She opened her eyes and gazed about dreamily, as if in search of something.

'Do you wish any thing, my dear?' said the president, taking her hand.

'Some water, if you please, sir; and I want—I want'—

'Are you looking for any one, miss?'

"Yes—no—it is no matter Thank you, ma'am; I feel better. I sprained my foot on the sleepers when I ran down the track. It is not severe, and I'll sit up."

They were greatly pleased to see her recover. A quiet buzz of conversation filled the room. How could she tell the special was chasing us? Good heavens! If she had not known it, what an awful loss of life there would have been. It was very careless in the superintendent to follow our train in a reckless manner

"You feel better, my dear?" said the president.

"Yes, sir, thank you, I'm sure. I'm thankful I knew John—I mean the engineer—was coming."

"You can not be more grateful than we are to you for averting such a disastrous collision."

"I'm sure I am pleased, sir. I never thought the telegraph"—

She paused abruptly.

"What telegraph?"

"I'd rather not tell, sir."

"But you will tell us how you knew the engine was coming?"

"We ought to know in order to reward you properly."

She put her hand in a gesture of refusal and was silent. The president and directors consulted together, and two of them came to her and briefly said they would be glad to know how she had been made aware of the approaching danger.

"Well, sir, if John is willing, I will tell you all."

John Mills, the engineer, was called and he came cap in hand, and the entire company gathered round in the greatest eagerness.

Without the slightest affectation she put her hand on John's grimy arm and said:

"Shall I tell them, John? They wish to know about it. It saved their lives, they say."

"And mine, too," said John, reverently. "You had better tell them, or let me."

She sat down again, and then and there explained how the open circuit line had been built, and how it was used, and frankly told why it had been erected.

Never did a story create profounder sensation. The gentlemen shook hands with him, and the president actually kissed her for the company. A real corporation kiss (loud and hearty. The ladies fell upon her neck, and actually cried over the splendid girl. Even the children pulled her dress and put their arms about her neck, and kissed away the happy tears that covered her cheeks.

Poor child! She was covered with confusion and knew not what to say or do, and looked imploringly at John. He drew near, and proudly took her hand in his, and she brushed away the tears and smiled.

The gentlemen sadly seemed to have found something vastly interesting to talk about, for they gathered in a knot in the corner of the room. Presently the president said aloud:

"Gentlemen and directors, you must pardon me, and I trust the ladies will do the same, if I call you to order for a brief matter of business."

There was a sudden hush, and the room, now packed to suffocation, was painfully quiet.

"The secretary will please take minutes of this meeting."

The secretary sat down at Kate's desk, and there was a little pause.

"Mr. President."

Every eye turned to a corner where a gray-haired gentlemen had mounted a chair.

"Mr Graves, director for the State, gentlemen."

"I beg leave sir, to offer a resolution."

Then he began to read from a slip of paper:

WHEREAS, John Mills, engineer of engine number '59,' of this railway line, erected a private telegraph; and whereas, he, with the assistance of the telegraph operator of this station (I leave a blank for her name), used the said line without the consent of the company, and for other than railway business;

It is resolved that he be suspended permanently from his position as engineer, and that the said operator be requested to resign—

A murmur of disapprobation filled the room, but the president commanded silence, and the State director went on:

—resign her place.

It is further resolved, and is hereby ordered, that the said John be and is appointed chief engineer of the new repair shops at Slawson.

A tremendous cheer broke from the company, and the resolution was passed with a shout of assent.

How it ended they never knew. It seemed like a dream, and they could not believe it true till they stood alone in the winter's night on the track beside the glorious '59.' The few cars the engine had brought up had been joined to the tram, and '59' had been rolled out on the siding. With many hand-shakings for John, and hearty kisses for Kate, and a round of parting cheers for the two, the train had sped away. The idlers had dispersed and none lingered about the abandoned station save the lovers. '59' would stay that night on the siding, and they had walked up the track to bid it a long farewell.

For a few moments they stood in the glow of the great lamp, and then he quietly put it out, and left the giant to breathe away its fiery life in gentle clouds of white steam. As for the lovers they had no need of its light. The winter stars shone upon them, and the calm, cold night seemed a paradise below.—Woman's Journal.

One of the Greatest Mysteries

Of the many mysteries which baffle the analyses of Science, is the law of heredity governing the transmission of mental and physical characteristics from one generation to another. In no instance is this strange law more emphatically illustrated than in the generic perpetuation of diseases. Of all the hereditary blood diseases, none is more common than scrofula. This widely prevalent disease has hitherto been considered incurable, but since the introduction of S S S, nature's own antidote for diseased blood, these scrofulous afflictions have lost their worst features—their alleged incurability. The fact is established that the severest form of scrofula can be cured by this remarkable remedy. The fact is verified by hundreds of incontestible proofs. The following testimony is a striking exhibition of this fact. It cannot fail to impress the minds of parents who may have children troubled with this dangerous disease. M. Collier is a highly respected, popular and well-known citizen of Dooly county. He particularly requested the publication of his letter, so that other families, similarly afflicted, may learn, through his experience, how they can procure a remedy which will infallibly and permanently cure and eradicate hereditary scrofula.

VIENNA, GA., August 15, 1887.

The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga:

Gentlemen.—Three or four years ago my little daughter, six years of age, had very ugly boils, which, very soon after their appearance, terminated in running sores, all over head and face. I tried all the known remedies—salves, healing salves, etc., but none seemed to none seemed to do any good. Her scalp was in a bad condition, indeed. Finally, I sent her to Atlanta to have her examined, for I had become very uneasy about her. The doctors who examined her said she was badly afflicted with scrofula. About the same time my little son, aged four years, broke out all over the head and face with the same disease and for weeks he could not lie down to sleep without enduring great torture. His head was a solid mass of sores.

I began to use S S S as soon as I was satisfied about the nature of the disease, and continued to use it until every sign of the disease had disappeared. It is now going on three years since I have seen any signs of the disease breaking out. To-day they are as healthy children as can be found in the country. Before they began the use of S S S they were frail in constitution, but now they look strong and healthy. I did not give them any other kind of medicine to aid the S S S, but relied entirely on it, as I had seen some cases (and bad ones, too,) of blood poisoning being cured by the S. S. S.

Every parent has within reach a cheap and positive cure for their children, afflicted as mine, and all they have to do is to give it a fair trial, and a cure is certain. You are at liberty to use this letter so that parents may know how my children were cured of their troublesome disease God knows it has lifted a heavy load from my mind, as their affliction greatly troubled me. JOE T. COLLIER.

Treatise on Blood and Skin diseases mailed free.

The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

The New South.

The new "Southern Situation" is giving some of our Republican contemporaries a great deal of unnecessary concern. There is nothing new in seeing a Southern man arise from the ashes of his adversity and strike out in new fields of enterprise and prosperity. From the moment the "New South" got rid of the Republican carpet baggers, who knocked at the front door of the desolated homes and got out of the back door with all that was left, the "Southern Situation" has continued to improve daily. But the New South, mindful no longer of the gallant soldiers who overran her in times of war, will never forget the Republican scamps who despoiled her in times of peace, and would do so again did she lay any stress upon their soft words and fair promises.

The reconstruction or "renaissance" of the South, which these Republican humbugs are beginning to prate about, proceeds gently from the natural cause of a gallant people's search for something to do, and finding it, doing it with their might.

The Star is aware that the South is coming solid again. Solid in industry, thrifty in patriotism. Solid in the enjoyment of a renewed prosperity. Solid in the homes, the schools, the factories and the railroads she is building. Leave her alone, then, you Republican harpies, in her new-founded energies. She wants neither your soft-soap nor your hard-tack. You can never bind her to your rock of Protection. That has too long proved a stumbling block to all the people. The North and South together are about to blow it to atoms.—N. Y. Star.

WHAT AM I TO DO?

The symptoms of Biliousness are unhappily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough at all events. The digestive system is wholly out of order and diarrhoea or constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are headaches or hoids, or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often acidity of flatulence tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not, effect a cure try Green's August Flower, it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

A false sent—a bad penny.

THEIR BUSINESS BOOMING.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at Clifton's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always does all and never disappoints. Coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size $1. Every bottle warranted.

Dead sea fruit—A buried clam.

BRACE UP.

You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with headache, you are fidgety, nervous and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Bruce up, but not with stimulants spring medicines, or bitters, women have for their basis very cheap, bad whisky, and which stimulate you up an hour, and then leave you in a worse condition than before. What you want is an alterative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, only 50 cents a bottle at Clifton's Drug Store.

A Chicago woman can shop all the afternoon on fifty cents, and her tour will include at least twenty stores and bazars.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. B. Clifton,

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

The Times is the oldest newspaper published in Franklin county, and its circulation extends all over every section of this and adjoining counties. Advertisers should bear this in mind.

The Editor will not be responsible for the views of correspondents.

Brief communications from all sections most earnestly solicited. News items of any nature will be thankfully received.

THE ONE-HORSE FARMER.

The business of agriculture, and so the best interests of the country, will continue to suffer so long as in most rural families the one boy who is "at for nothing else" is left to carry on the farm. Brains and "muscle" are needed in cultivating the earth as well as in other calling. The Navasota (Texas) Tablet sarcastically hits off some of the characteristic points of the man who is everything that a farmer ought not to be.

The one-horse farmer has a life-long ambition to gain a reputation for wearing a dirty shirt.

He will alarm the neighborhood by getting up two or three hours before day, and then sit around and not go to work until after sun up.

He will ride around a week looking for a two-dollar hog.

He will complain of hard times and then tear his pants climbing a fence where a gate ought to be.

He will pay three dollars for a new bridle, and then let the calf chew it to pieces before Sunday.

He will get all his neighbors to help in getting a cow out of the bog, then let her die for want of attention.

Sloat will get in and destroy his crops at a place in his fence that he has been putting off fixing for six months.

He will sprain his back lifting something to show how strong he is.

He will talk all day Sunday on what he knows about farming, then ride around the neighborhood on Monday hunting seed potatoes.

He will go in his shirt sleeves on a cold day to show how much he can stand, and then return home and occupy two-thirds of the fire-place till bed-time.

He will ridicule the mechanism of a corn planter, then go out and mash his thumb nailing a board on the fence.

He will go to town on Saturday so come back with fifty cents worth of coffee, a paper of pins, and a dollar worth of chewing tobacco.

He is economical, economy is his forte—he will save ten cents worth of axle grease and ruin the spindle of a seventy dollar wagon.

He won't subscribe for a newspaper, but will borrow from his friend and forget to return it.

DARBY'S PROPHYLACTIC FLUID

Use it in every sick-room. It will keep the atmosphere pure and wholesome; removing all bad odors from any source.

Will destroy all disease germs, infection from all fevers and all contagious diseases. The eminent physician, J. MARION SIMS, of New York, says: "I am convinced that Prof. Darby's Prophylactic Fluid is a most valuable disinfectant."

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold at Furman's drug store.

Shiloh's cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. Sold at Furman's drug store.

The Best.

An English geneial in reviewing a corps of delivery suddenly stopped before a splendid-looking fellow and asked abruptly:

"Which is the best horse in the regiment?"

"Number 40, sir."

"What makes you think it is the best horse?"

"He walks, trots and gallops well; is a good jumper; not an ill vice, so blemish; carries his head well; is in his prime."

"And who is the best soldier in the regiment?"

"Tom Jones, sir."

"Why?"

"Because he is an honorable man, is obedient, tidy, takes good care of his equipment and horse, and does his duty well."

"And who is rider of the best horse?"

"Tom Jones, sir."

"And who is Tom Jones?"

"I am, sir."

The general could not help laughing, but he gave a sovereign to his informant, who received it without moving a muscle.—John Bull's Lamp.

The components of Laxador are daily prescribed by the ablest physicians of the land. It is unequaled for loss of appetite and debility. Price twenty-five cents.

Perfect health can be secured to the baby by judiciously using Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Sold everywhere 25 cents a bottle.

J. S. BARROW & SON, January 2, 1888.