

# THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

VOL. XXIII.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1893.

NUMBER 42.

## TO PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS.

The Superintendent of Public Schools of Franklin county will be in Louisburg on the second Thursday of February, April, July, September, October and December, and for the purpose of examining applicants to teach in the Public Schools of this county. I will also be in Louisburg on Saturday of each week, and all public days, to attend to any business connected with my office.

J. N. HARRIS, Supt.

## Professional cards.

**M. COOKE & SON,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.  
Will attend the courts of Nash, Franklin, Granville, Warren and other counties, and the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and the U. S. Circuit and District Courts.

**R. J. E. MAIONE,**  
DRUGGIST,  
202 South Main Street, Louisburg, N. C.

**D. W. H. NICHOLSON,**  
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.

**E. W. TIMBERLAKE,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.  
Office on Nash street.

**F. S. SPRILL,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.

**N. Y. GULLY,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
FRANKLINTON, N. C.  
All legal business promptly attended to.

**T. H. B. WILDER,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.  
Office on Main street, one door below Eagle Hotel.

**W. M. PERSON,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
LOUISBURG, N. C.  
Practices in all courts. Office in the Court House.

## NOTICE.

By virtue of power contained in a mortgage deed executed by T. H. S. Mitchell and wife, and recorded in Book 87, page 187, Register of Deeds office in Franklin county, I will sell at public auction for cash at the Court House door in Louisburg, on Wednesday, the 21st day of December 1893, a tract of land in Franklin township, adjoining land of B. B. Tomlinson, et al., being tract of land bought by said T. H. S. Mitchell of J. R. Mitchener containing 82 acres.

E. W. TIMBERLAKE,  
Att'y for Mortgagee.  
Nov. 22, 1893.

## NOTICE.

Having qualified as Executor of Will son Gray, all persons indebted to his estate are requested to pay the same at once, and all persons holding claims against the said estate will present them on or before December 8, 1893, or this notice will be sold in bar of their recovery. This December 8, 1893.

THOS. GAY, Ex'r.

## NOTICE.

By virtue of a judgement of the Superior Court of Franklin county, in the case of A. J. P. Harris and others against W. S. Harris and others, I shall sell at the Court House door in the town of Louisburg, N. C., on Monday the 1st day of January 1894, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, that tract of land in Denton's township, said county, on which W. S. Harris formerly resided, adjoining the lands of J. A. Baker, J. C. Fowler and others, containing six hundred and two acres, more or less. It will be sold in several smaller tracts to suit purchasers.

THOS. B. WILDER, Commissioner.  
Dec. 1st, 1893.

## NOTICE.

By virtue of the power contained in a mortgage deed executed to me by J. B. Collins, registered in Franklin county, Book 72, pages 191 and 192, I shall sell at the Court House door in Louisburg, N. C., on Monday the 8th day of January 1894, at public auction for cash, a certain tract of land in Cedar Rock township, Franklin county, adjoining the lands of J. D. Wood, J. J. Murphy, T. C. Collins and others, containing fifty-three and three-fourths acres, more or less.

MRS. JOSIE A. GREEN,  
C. M. Cooke, Attorney.  
Dec. 6th 1893.

## LAND SALE.

By virtue of authority given in a mortgage deed to Geo. E. Allen by Dal Privat and wife, dated April 17th 1891, and recorded in book 87, pages 317 and 318, Register's office of Franklin county, I will sell at the Court House door in Louisburg, N. C., on Tuesday, January 2, 1894, a tract of land described in said mortgage, adjoining the lands of B. C. Denton, C. E. Denton and J. B. Denton.

Geo. K. Leonard, Ex'r.  
of Geo. E. Allen, dec'd.

## NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator of N. H. Murphy, dec'd., all persons owing his estate are notified to pay the same at once, and all persons holding claims against said estate must present them on or before November 10, 1893, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. This November 10, 1893.

A. S. TUCKER, Adm'r.

## NOTICE.

Having this day qualified as administrator on the estate of John W. Ham, all persons owing said estate are requested to settle, and all who have claims against said estate to present them on or before the 1st day of December 1893, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

J. T. HAM, Adm'r.  
W. M. Person, Attorney.  
Dec. 1st, 1893.

## THE SCARLET LETTER.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### THE NEW ENGLAND HOLIDAY.

Betimes in the morning of the day on which the new governor was to receive his office at the hands of the people, Hester Prynne and little Pearl came into the market place. It was already thronged with the craftsmen and other plebeian inhabitants of the town in considerable numbers, among whom, likewise, were many rough figures, whose attire of deerskins marked them as belonging to some of the little settlements which surrounded the little metropolis of the colony.

On this public holiday, as on all other occasions for seven years past, Hester was clad in a garment of coarse gray cloth. Not more by its hue than by some indescribable peculiarity in its fashion, it had the effect of making her fade personally out of sight and outline, while again the scarlet letter brought her back from this twilight indistinctness and revealed her to the moral aspect of its own illumination. Her face, so long familiar to the townspeople, showed the marble quietude which they were accustomed to behold there. It was like a mask, or rather like the frozen calmness of a dead woman's features, owing this dreary resemblance to the fact that Hester was actually dead in respect to any claim of sympathy and had departed out of the world with which she still seemed to mingle.

Pearl was decked out with airy gaiety. It would have been impossible to guess that this bright and sunny apparition owed its existence to the slaps of gloomy gray; or that a fancy, at once so gorgeous and so delicate as must have been requisite to contrive the child's apparel, was the same that had achieved a task perhaps more difficult, by imparting a distinct, a peculiarly girlish, a simple robe. The dress, so gayer was it to little Pearl, seemed an effluence, or inevitable development and outward manifestation of her character, no more to be separated from her than the many hues brilliancy from a butterfly's wing, or the painted glory from the leaf of a bright flower. As with these, so with the child; her garb was one idea with her nature. On the festive day, moreover, there was a certain singular inquietude and excitement in her mood, resembling nothing so much as the shimmer of a diamond, that sparkles and flashes with the varied throbbings of the breast on which it is displayed.

Children have always a sympathy in the agitations of those connected with them; always, especially a sense of any trouble or impediment or objection of whatever kind in domestic circumstances, and therefore Pearl, who was the gem on her mother's quiet bosom, betrayed by the very dance of her spirits the emotions which none could detect in the marble passiveness of Hester's brow.

This effluence made her fit with a birdlike movement, rather than walk by her mother's side. She broke continually into shouts of a wild, inarticulate and sometimes piercing music. When they reached the market place she became still more restless on perceiving the stir and bustle that enlivened the spot, for it was usually more like the broad and lonesome green before a village meeting house than the center of a town's business.

"Why, what is this, mother?" cried Pearl. "Wherefore have you left me here to-day? Is it a play day for the whole world? See, there is the blacksmith! He has washed his sooty face and put on his Sabbath day clothes, and looks as if he would gladly be merry if any kind body would only teach him how! And there is Master Brackett, the old jailer, nodding and smiling at me. Why does he do so, mother?"

"He remembers thee a little babe, my child," answered Hester.

"He should not nod and smile at me for all that—the black, grim, ugly eyed old man!" said Pearl. "He may nod at thee, if he will; for thou art clad in gray and wearest the scarlet letter. But see, mother, how many faces of strange people, and Indians among them, and sailors! What have they all come to do here in the market place?"

"They wait to see the procession pass," said Hester. "For the governor and the magistrates are to go by and the ministers and all the great people and good people, with the music and the soldiers marching before them."

"And will the minister be there?" asked Pearl. "And will he hold out both his hands to me, as when thou ledst me to him from the brookside?"

"He will be there, child," answered her mother. "But he will not greet thee today; nor must thou greet him."

"What a strange, sad man is he!" said the child, as if speaking partly to herself. "In the dark night time he calls me to him, and holds his hand out to me, as when we stood with him on the scaffold yonder. And in the deep forest, where only the old trees can hear, and the strip of sky see it, he talks with me, sitting on a heap of moss! And he kisses my forehead, too, so that the little brook would hardly wash it off! But here, in the sunny day, and among all the people, he knows us not; nor must we know him! A strange, sad man is he, with his hand always over his heart!"

"Be quiet, Pearl! Thou understandest not these things," said her mother. "Think not now of the minister, but look about thee and see how cheery is everybody's face today. The children have come from their schools, and their fields on purpose to be happy. For today a new man is beginning to rule over them, and so—as has been the custom of mankind ever since a nation was first gathered—they make merry and rejoice, as if a god and golden year were at length to pass over the poor old world!"

The picture of human life in the market place, though its general tint was the sad gray, brown or black of the Eng-

lish emigrants, was yet enlivened by some diversity of hue. A party of Indians—in their savage finery of curiously embroidered deerskin robes, wampum belts, red and yellow ocher and feathers, and armed with the bow and arrow and stone-headed spear—stood apart with countenances of inflexible gravity beyond what even the Puritan aspect could attain. Nor, wild as were these painted barbarians, were they the wildest feature of the scene. This distinction could more justly be claimed by some mariners—a part of the crew of the vessel from the Spanish Main—who had come ashore to see the honors of election day. They were rough looking desperadoes, with sun blackened faces, and an intensity of beard; their wide short trousers were confined about the waist by belts, often clasped with a rough plate of gold, and sustaining always a long knife, and in some instances a sword.

From beneath their broad brimmed hats of palm leaf gleamed eyes which, even in good nature and merriment, had a kind of animal ferocity. They transgressed without fear or scruple the rules of behavior that were binding on all others; smoking tobacco under the bundle of their very nose, although each whiff would have cost a townsman a shilling; and quaffing at their pleasure drafts of wine or aqua vite from pocket flasks, which they freely tendered to the gaping crowd around them. It remarkably characterized the incomplete morality of the age, that the call it, that a license was allowed to a certain class, not merely for their freaks on shore, but for far more desperate deeds on their proper element.

Thus the Puritan elders in their black cloaks, starched bands and steeple crowned hats smiled not unbenignantly at the clamor and rude deportment of these jolly seafaring men; and it excited neither surprise nor indignation when so reputable a citizen as old Roger Chillingworth, the physician, was seen to enter the market place in close and familiar talk with the commander of the questionable vessel.

The latter was by far the most showy and gallant figure, so far as apparel went, anywhere to be seen among the multitude. He wore a profusion of ribbons on his garment and got into his hat, which was also encircled by a gold chain and encircled with a feather. There was a sword at his side and a sword cut on his forehead, which, by the arrangement of his hair, he seemed anxious rather to display than hide. A landsman could hardly have worn this garb and shown this face, and worn and shown them both with such a gallant air without undergoing some question before a magistrate, and probably incurring fine or imprisonment, or perhaps an exhibition in the stocks. As regarded the shipmaster, however, all was looked upon as pertaining to the character, as to a fish his glistening scales.

After parting from the physician, the commander of the Bristol ship strolled jolly through the market place, until he approached the spot where on Hester Prynne was standing, he appeared to recognize and did not hesitate to address her. As was usually the case wherever Hester stood, a small vacant area—a sort of magic circle—had formed itself about her, into which, though the people were elbowing one another at a little distance, none ventured or felt disposed to intrude. It was a forcible type of the moral solitude in which the scarlet letter enveloped its fated wearer; partly by her own reserve and partly by the instinctive, though no longer so unkindly, withdrawal of her fellow creatures. Now, if never before, it answered a good purpose by enabling Hester and the seaman to speak together without risk of being overheard, and so changed was Hester Prynne's repulse before the public that the matron in town most eminent for rigid morality could not have held such intercourse with less result of scandal than herself.

"So, mistress," said the mariner, "I must bid the steward make ready one more berth than you bargained for! No fear of scurvy or ship fever this voyage! What with the ship's surgeon and the other doctor, our only danger will be from drug or pill; more by token, as there is a lot of apothecary's stuff aboard, which I traded for with a Spanish vessel."

"What mean you?" inquired Hester, startled more than she permitted to appear. "Have you another passenger?"

"Why, know you not," cried the shipmaster, "that this physician here—Chillingworth he calls himself—is minded to try my cabin fare with you? Aye, aye, you must have known it, for he tells me he is of your party, and a close friend to the gentleman you spoke of—ho that is in peril from these sour old Puritan rulers!"

"They know each other well indeed," replied Hester with a mien of calmness, though in the utmost consternation. "They have long dwelt together."

Nothing further passed between the mariner and Hester Prynne. But at that instant she beheld old Roger Chillingworth himself standing in the remotest corner of the market place and smiling on her—a smile which across the wide and bustling square, and through all the talk and laughter and various thoughts, moods and interests of the crowd, conveyed secret and fearful meaning.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### THE PROCESSION.

Before Hester Prynne could call together her thoughts and consider what was practicable to be done in this new and startling aspect of affairs, the sound of military music was heard approaching along a contiguous street. It denoted the advance of the procession of magistrates and citizens on its way toward the meeting house, where, in compliance with a custom thus early established and ever since observed, the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale was to deliver an election sermon.

Soon the head of the procession showed itself, with a slow and stately march, turning a corner and making its way across the market place. First came the music. It comprised a variety of instruments, perhaps imperfectly adapted to one another, and played with no great skill, but yet attaining the great object for which the harmony of drum and clarion addresses itself to the multitude—that of imparting a higher and more heroic air to the scene of life that passes before the eye.

Little Pearl at first clasped her hands, but then lost for an instant the restless agitation that had kept her in a continual effervescence throughout the morning. She gazed silently and seemed to be borne upward, like a floating sea bird, in the long heaves and swells of sound. But she was brought back to her former mood by the shimmer of the sunshine on the weapons and bright armor of the military company which followed after the music and formed the honorary escort of the procession. This body of soldiery, which still sustains a corporate existence and marches down from past ages with an ancient and honorable fame, was composed of no mercenary materials. Its ranks were filled with gentlemen who felt the stirrings of martial impulse and sought to establish a kind of college of arms, where, as in an association of Knights Templar, they might learn the science, and so far as peaceful exercise would teach them, the practices of war.

The high estimation then placed upon the military character might be seen in the lofty port of each individual member of the company. Some of them, indeed, by their services in the low countries and on other fields of European warfare, had fairly won their title to bear the name and pomp of soldiery. The entire array, moreover, clad in burnished steel and with plume nodding over their bright helmets, had a brilliancy of effect which no modern display can aspire to equal.

And yet the men of civil eminence, who came immediately behind the military escort, were better worth a thoughtful observer's eye. Even in outward demeanor they showed a stamp of majesty that made the warrior's haughty stride look vulgar, if not absurd.

So far as a demagogue of natural authority was concerned, the mother country had not been so fortunate to send those foremost men of an actual democracy adopted into the house of peers or made the privy council of the sovereign.

Next in order to the magistrates came the young and eminent, and the old and distinguished, from whose lips the religious discourse of the anniversary was expected. His was the profession at that era in which intellectual ability displayed itself far more than in political life, for leaving a higher motive out of the question, it offered inducements powerful enough in the almost worshipping respect of the community to win the most aspiring ambition into its service. Even political power, as in the case of Increase Sather, was within the grasp of a successful priest.

It was the observation of those who beheld him now that never, since Mr. Dimmesdale first set his foot on the New England shore, had he exhibited such energy as was seen in the gait and air with which he kept his pace in the procession. There was no feebleness of step as at other times; his frame was not bent, nor did his hand rest ominously upon his heart.

Hester Prynne, gazing steadfastly at the clergyman, felt a dreary influence come over her, but wherefore or whence she knew not. Her mind was so remote from her own sphere and utterly beyond her reach. One glance of recognition, she had imagined, must needs pass between them. She thought of the dim forest, with its little dell of solitude and love and anguish, and the mossy tree trunk, where, sitting hand in hand, they had mingled their sad and passionate talk with the melancholy murmurs of the brook. How deeply had she known each other then! And was this the man? She hardly knew him now! He, moving proudly past, enveloped, as it were, in the rich music, with the procession of majestic and venerable fathers; he, so unattainable in his worldly position, and still more so in that far vista of his unworldly thoughts, through which she now beheld him!

Her spirit sank with the idea that all must have been a delusion, and that vividly as she had dreamed it, there could be no real bond betwixt the clergyman and herself. And thus much of woman was there in Hester that she could scarcely forgive him—least of all now, when the heavy footsteps of their approaching fate might be heard.

"Mother, nearer, nearer—'for being alone so completely to withdraw himself from their mutual world, while she groped darkly and stretched forth her cold hands and found him not."

Pearl either saw and responded to her mother's feelings, or herself felt the remoteness and intangibility that had fallen around the minister. While the procession passed the child was nearly entering up and down like a bird on the point of taking flight. When the whole had gone by she looked up into Hester's face.

"Mother," said she, "was that the same minister that kissed me by the brook?"

"Hold thy peace, dear little Pearl!" whispered her mother. "We must not always talk in the market place of what happens to us in the forest."

"I could not be sure that it was he; so strange he looked," continued the child. "Else I would have run to him and bid him kiss me now, before all the people; even as he did yonder among the dark old trees. What would the minister have said, mother? Would he have clasped his hand over his heart and scooped up me and bid me be gone?"

"What should he say, Pearl?" answered Hester, "save that it was no time to kiss, and that kisses are not to be given in the market place? Well for thee, foolish child, that thou didst not speak to him!"

By this time the preliminary prayer had been offered in the meeting house, and the accents of the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale were heard commencing his discourse. An irresistible feeling kept Hester near the spot. As the sacred edifice was too much thronged to admit another auditor, she took up her position close beside the scaffold of the pillory. It was in sufficient proximity

to bring her whose position to be seen in the shape of an indistinct but varied murmur and flow of the minister's very peculiar voice.

This vocal organ was in itself a rich endowment, inasmuch that a listener, comprehending nothing of the language in which the preacher spoke, might still have been wayed to and fro by the mere tone and cadence. Like all other music, it breathed passion and pathos and emotions high or tender in a tongue native to the human heart wherever educated. Muffled as the sound was by its passage through the church walls, Hester Prynne listened with such intentness, and sympathized so intimately, that the sermon had throughout a meaning for her entirely apart from its indistinguishable words. These, perhaps, if more distinctly heard, might have been only a grosser medium and have clogged the spiritual sense. Now she caught the low undertone, as of the wind sinking down to repose itself; then ascended with it, as it rose through progressive gradations of sweetness and power, until the volume seemed to envelop her with an atmosphere of awe and solemn grandeur. And yet, majestic as the voice sometimes became, there was forever in it an essential character of plainness.

A loud or low expression of anguish—the whisper or the shriek, as it might be conceived, of suffering humanity, that touched a sensibility in every bosom! At times the deep strain of pathos was all that could be heard, and scarcely heard, sighing amid a desolate silence. But even when the minister's voice grew high and commanding, when it gushed irrepressibly upward, when it assumed its utmost breadth and power, so overflowing the church as to burst its way through the solid walls and diffuse itself in the open air, still, if the auditor listened intently and for the purpose, he could detect the same cry of pain. What was it? The complaint of a human heart, sorrow laden, perchance guilty, telling its secret, whether of guilt or sorrow, to the great heart of mankind, beseeching its sympathy or forgiveness, at every moment, in each accent and never in vain! It was this profound and continual undertone that gave the clergyman his most appropriate power.

During all this time Hester stood, statelike, at the foot of the scaffold. If the minister's voice had not kept her there, there would have been an inevitable magnetism in that spot, whence she dated the first hour of her life of agony. There was a sense within her—too ill defined to be made a thought, but weighing heavily on her mind—that her whole orb of life, both before and after, was connected with this spot, as with the one point that gave it unity.

Little Pearl, meanwhile, had quitted her mother's side, and was playing at her own will about the market place. She made the somber crowd cheerful by her erratic and glittering ray; even as a bird of bright plumage illuminates a whole tree of dusky foliage by darting to and fro, half seen and half concealed amid the twilight of the clustering leaves. She had an undulating and almost a sharp and irregular movement. It indicated the restless vivacity of her spirit, which today was doubly indefatigable in its tip-toe dance, because it was played upon and vibrated with her mother's disquietude.

Whenever Pearl saw anything to excite her ever active and wandering curiosity, she flew thitherward and, as we might say, seized upon that man or thing as her own property, so far as she desired it; but without yielding the minutest degree of control over her motions in request. The Puritans looked on, and, if they smiled, were none the less inclined to pronounce the child a demon offspring, from the indescribable charm of beauty and eccentricity that shone through her little figure and sparkled with its activity. She ran and looked the wild Indian in the face; and he grew conscious of a nature wilder than his own. Thence with native audacity, but still with a reserve as characteristic, she flew into the midst of a group of mariners—the swarthy checked wild men of the ocean, as the Indians were of the West—with an audacity and admirably mirroring at Pearl, as if a flake of the sea foam had taken the shape of a little maid, and were gifted with a soul of the sea fire that flashes beneath the grow in the night time.

One of these seafaring men—the shipmaster, indeed, who had spoken to Hester Prynne—was so smitten with Pearl's aspect that he attempted to lay hands upon her, with purpose to snatch a kiss. Finding it as impossible to touch her as to catch a humming bird in the air, he took from him that the gold chain that was twisted about it and threw it to the child. Pearl immediately twined it around her neck and waist with such happy skill that once seen there it became a part of her, and it was difficult to imagine her without it.

"Thy mother is yonder woman with the scarlet letter," said the seaman. "Wilt thou carry her a message from me?"

"If the message pleases me I will," answered Pearl.

"Then tell her," rejoined he, "that I spake again with the black visaged, bumpy shouldered old doctor, and he engages to bring his friend, the gentleman she wots of, aboard with him. So let thy mother take no thought save for herself and thee. Wilt thou tell her this, thou witch baby?"

"Mistress Hibbins says my father is the Prince of the Air!" cried Pearl, with a naughty smile. "If thou callest me that I'll name I shall tell him of thee, and he will chase thy ship with a tempest!"

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

### STATEMENT.

SHOWING THE NUMBER OF MEETINGS HELD BY THE COMMISSIONERS OF FRANKLIN COUNTY, N. C., FROM DECEMBER 5TH, A. D., 1892, TO DECEMBER 5TH, A. D., 1893, AND THE PER DIEM AND MILEAGE RECEIVED BY EACH MEMBER OF THE BOARD DURING THAT TIME.

Number of meetings held 18.	Per diem	Mileage
Attended 15 meetings at \$2.00 per day	\$30.00	
Traveled 420 miles at 5 cents per mile		21.00
		\$51.00
J. R. ALFORD,		
Attended 16 meetings at \$2.00 per day	\$32.00	
Traveled 396 miles at 5 cents per mile		19.80
		\$51.80
J. A. BURT,		
Attended 16 meetings at \$2.00 per day	\$32.00	
Traveled 404 miles at 5 cents per mile		20.20
		\$52.20
J. H. UZZELL,		
Attended 15 meetings at \$2.00 per day	\$30.00	
Traveled 160 miles at 5 cents per mile		8.00
		\$38.00
GEORGE WINSTON,		
Attended 14 meetings at \$2.00 per day	\$28.00	
Traveled 400 miles at 5 cents per mile		20.00
		\$48.00
B. F. WILDER,		
Attended 1 meeting at \$2.00 per day	\$2.00	
Traveled 14 miles at 5 cents per mile		.70
		\$2.70

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE LOUISBURG, N. C.

In accordance with law, I, W. K. Martin, Clerk of the Board of Commissioners of Franklin County, North Carolina, do hereby certify that the above is a true statement for the year ending November 30, A. D., 1893, of the amount of claims per diem and mileage of the members of the Board of Commissioners of Franklin County, North Carolina, audited by the said Board of Commissioners.

W. K. MARTIN, Register of Deeds and Ex-officio Clerk of Board.

Jagson says you never know how empty a man is until he's full.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a cough, cold or any lung, throat or chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We would not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never fails. Trial bottles free at Aycooke & Co's Drug Store. Large size 50c, and \$1.00.

The best medicine for self-conceit is to be well introduced to yourself.

A Leader.

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant. It is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of stomach, liver or kidneys. It will cure sick headache, indigestion, constipation, and drive malaria from the system. Satisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 50c. per bottle. Sold by Aycooke & Co., Druggists.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

To cleanse grease from wood or cloth, apply the following: Dissolve two ounces of white castile soap and half an ounce of borax in a quart of soft water, turn this into three quarts of cold water, add four ounces of aqua ammonia and four ounces of alcohol.

## The Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution are to plant a liberty tree at the opening of the midwinter California Fair.

SAVANNAH GA. April 26, 1893.  
Having used three bottles of P. P. P. to cure my general weakness, and having derived great benefit from the same, having gained 15 pounds in weight in four weeks, I take great pleasure in recommending it to all sufferers like myself.

Yours truly,  
J. W. McLEARY,  
OFFICE OF J. N. McLEARY, DRUGGIST,  
ORLANDO, FLA. April 20, 1893.  
Messrs Lippman Bros Savannah Ga.  
Dear Sirs—I have used three bottles of P. P. P. large size yesterday, and one bottle small size today.

I had a bottle of P. P. P. to cure my cold, but it did not cure me. I used a small one today, and it cured me. I am very much pleased with it, and will use it again. I have used it before, and it has cured me many times. I am very much pleased with it, and will use it again. I have used it before, and it has cured me many times. I am very much pleased with it, and will use it again.

Yours truly,  
J. W. McLEARY,  
16 Orange St. Savannah Ga.

SHILOH'S CURE, the Great Cough and Croup cure is for sale by Thomas & Aycooke. Packet size contains twenty-five doses, only 25c. Children loved it.

## FEED SALE AND LIVERY STABLES.

The attention of the public is called to the fact that the undersigned are prepared to give their patrons full satisfaction in every particular, and will be accommodated in any line of business.

DICK & WARD,  
Franklinton, N. C.

## REMOVED.

Jacob Evans, the celebrated Boot and Shoe Maker of Louisburg, has moved his shop to the house on Main street, opposite the store of J. B. Tomlinson, and will be glad to have his patrons and all who wish to have their shoes made in any work desired in his line, to call on him at the new place.

## New Barber Shop.

I have opened a Barber Shop in the Court House building, on Nash street, in the town of Louisburg, N. C., and will be glad to have my patrons and all who wish to have their hair cut and their faces shaved, to call on me at the new place.

## FRANKLINTON HOLDINGS.

E. M. WARD, Proprietor