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

EPISCOPAL—Rev. T. Jervis Edwards, pastor. Services 3rd and 4th Sundays 1 A. M., and 1st and 3rd Sundays P. M., of each month. Sunday school at 9 o'clock A. M.

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A MOTHER'S DIARY.

Morning! Baby on the floor, Making fun for the fender. Sunlight seems to make it sneeze. Baby "on a bender!" All the spoons upset and gone, Chairs drawn into file, Harness strings all strung across, Ought to make one smile. Apron clean, curls smooth, eyes blue. (How the quarms will dwindle!) For I rather think—don't you—Baby—is a "swindle!" Noon! A tangled, sinken floss, Getting in blue eyes: Aprons that will not keep clean, If a baby tries! One blue shoe untied, and one Underneath the table; Chairs gone mad, and blocks and toys. Well as they are able; Baby in a high chair, too, Yelling for his dinner, Spoon in his mouth, I think—don't you—Baby is a "sinner!" Night! Chairs all set back again, Blocks and spoons in order; One blue shoe's beneath a mat. Tells of a marauder; Apron folded on the chair. Plain dress torn and wrinkled, Two pink feet kicked pretty bare. Little fat knees crinkled, In his crib, and conquered, too, By sleep, best evangel. Now I surely think—don't you—Baby is an angel.

Watching and Waiting.

It was a dark stormy night in December, the eve of Christmas, and as I rode along the rugged pathway, with my cloak drawn closely around me, I peered anxiously into the darkness to try and discover some friendly light, some beacon of hope that my day's journey was near its close.

Ever and anon my thoughts would revert to other scenes, when upon that very night, the cheerful fires were lit upon many a hearthstone, to welcome home the wayfarers of the past year; and a loneliness crept over me when I thought, "No light burns for me; no vacant chair awaits my coming; with sadness at my heart I rode on, and at last, in the far distance, I discovered the light of a friendly lamp."

With renewed vigor my horse moved forward, and in a few minutes more I drew rein beside a humble but neat log cabin, such as may be found among the hills and valleys of many of our Western States. To my call to arouse the inmates, the door quickly opened, and a woman, standing with a lamp in her hand, said:—"Yes, come in—quick!"

"I seek shelter from the storm, madam, for myself and horse." "And I thought he had come. Yes, you can have it. There is the stable; attend to your horse, and then come into the house and I will prepare supper for you."

It was a rough but honest welcome, and I was not long in seeing my horse well fed and comfortable, and then making for the house. The bright light of roasting logs upon the hearth, and two candles, showed me a pleasant cabin of three rooms, and containing two occupants—the person who had just opened the door for me, and an old negress of about sixty. After a substantial supper I became communicative, and informed my hostess, who was a pleasant-looking woman of about fifty, of my journey. I spoke of an attack that had been made upon me by three of a band of outlaws that infested the country, and my dread of meeting, before I found shelter, more of

the band, under their famous and cruel leader, Saul King.

"Oh, what a wicked man he is! How fortunate you were not to have met him! I have turned cold with terror at his deeds, for he must have been a demon," said the old lady.

"He is a demon, madam, and yet his looks would cause me to judge otherwise; for he is rather youthful looking, has light hair, and deep blue eyes, and met him some months since, when he was a prisoner," I answered.

"Have you ever met, strange, in your travels, met my own son Willie Hanson? He is a golden youth, and yet he must be older now—I forget. I have not seen him for twenty years," said the woman, while the proud look that came upon her face proved that she felt a great pride in her boy.

"No, madam, I have never met him. You say you have not seen him in twenty years. This is a long time to await his coming."

"Yes, a long, long time; but a son stay away long years ere he tire his mother out in watching for him. Stranger, he left us here twenty years ago, but was to come back on Christmas; and when you came to-night I thought it was my dear boy. Never have I heard from him; but I know he will come, and I am watching and waiting. You see, stranger, he was a mere boy when he left us—only fifteen. He is not old."

"Ah, madam, twenty years is a long time to watch and wait."

"I know he will come; but—"

"I know it is my boy, and I will rise and let him in."

And trembling the woman rose from her seat and tottered toward the door, which was opened, and a man entered, muffled in a heavy cloak, dripping with the rain. The cloak was thrown aside, the hat taken from the head, and the slender form and girlish face of Saul King, the noted robber chief, stood revealed.

I sprang to my feet and drew my revolver, when the woman cried out:—"Oh, sir, do not kill him! It is my son! My son, Willie, you have come at last!"

"Back, madam. This is the robber, Saul King, and not your son," I answered, still standing on the defensive.

"Speak! Tell me are you my son?" in heart-broken accents cried the poor woman.

The form was drawn erect, a cruel look came into the blue eyes, and the voice was stern and cold that answered:—"I am Saul King, the robber chief; and I am your son. Mother, I have come at last."

A loud, long wailing cry was bursting in his agony, and the silver-haired woman, with every hope blasted, fell forward upon the floor.

I knelt beside her; the storm had killed her, and turning around I called to the old negress, who seemed struck dumb with fright and grief, and beckoned her to take charge of her mistress. Saul King stood erect, his arms folded upon his bosom, and his eyes fixed upon the dead form of his mother.

Thus I left him, and stole quietly away to the stable, saddled my horse, and once more faced the bitter cold storm; it was preferable to remaining there—there in the house, where the watching and waiting of twenty long years for her poor mother had brought her son, but a crime-stained outlaw, and with him came death to all who her spirit away from this world, blasted hopes, disappointment, and sorrows.

It were better that she should have lived to see me, than to have lived to see me

in an' de Foth o' July, an' lettin' clocks an' refrigerators take care of der selves.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOME HAPPINESS.

Make home happy. Study the character of the inmates, particularly the younger ones. Become more acquainted with them. Watch and guard them, and you can more readily detect their natural desires, and curb them accordingly. The majority of parents do not understand their children; they are kept under restraint, and are not properly developed; they live a life of fear rather than one of love, which should not be as the formation of the mind and character depends on early home discipline. Endeavor to leave nothing undone to render young hearts merry; tune them to be in harmony, and try to touch the right chord of affection and love. Home should be the right sanctuary of our hearts—the repository of all our thoughts. Have confidence in each other, and the seed properly sown will spring forth with fruits that will bud, blossom and decay, but never die.

What is comparable to a well regulated, happy home? It is our heaven below, where each thought will vibrate in perfect unison. Why are ale houses and billiard rooms so often frequented? In nine cases out of ten, you find the home of those who visit such places are not happy ones. Make home so happy that each evening will furnish pleasant memories to lighten the labor of another day. Make it so happy that you do not care to leave it, but long for the time when your days will be over, and you desire to rest it as the happiest and dearest place on earth.

If parents would consider more the importance of home culture, home happiness, home love! The latter should be the ruling element, for all the household is more or less surrounded by influences. There are many persons who live mere for the admiration of others than for their own immediate circle—have a smile for all but those who should be nearest and dearest. Husbands cared more for the happiness of their families, wives were more thoughtful of the responsibilities that are resting on them, how much improved and happier their homes would become! How many men have owed all that has made them illustrious and great to the early teachings of a mother's love!

THE LIME KILN CLUE ON "HOOPIN' COUGH."

At the last meeting of the Lime Kiln Club, the committee on drugs and diseases signified their readiness to make a report, and were given an opportunity. "Dis committee," began the chairman, "has bin engaged for de last month on de subject of 'Hoopin' Cough,' an' which an' de best Refrigerator in Market." De committee had de readin' of ober one thousand books, and dey consulted wid dozens of ober women, an' de conclusion was come to dat hoopin' cough an' no alius a fatal disease. It attacks de poor as well as de rich, an' no parent wid a kind heart will gi' up in de night an' spunk his chile kase it hoops. De chile can't help it, de hoop can't help it, an' de drug store an' medicine to fifty per cent. profit on de medicine. We would advise chile'n not to git de hoopin' cough if dey can help it. If dey git it they shouldn't be fed on pickles. If we had a chile, an' dat chile had de hoopin' cough, we wouldn't let him run 'cut nights an' as to de best refrigerator in market, de committee an' divided. Some of us keep our ice in a barrel on our butter on de top shelf, an' some don't hev either butter or ice. De majority, however, an' de opinion of de refrigerator dat don't hev to be wound up in eight days an' de best to wind horses, kase we an' a great many of us go off to camp meet-

in' an' de Foth o' July, an' lettin' clocks an' refrigerators take care of der selves.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FASHION NOTES.

Fine worsted shaws for hotel piazzas are as delicate as lace mesh.

Turban shaped English hats are closely bound with gray, soft scarfs.

Summer travel dresses are made without a trace of any kind.

Summer cashmere are shown in novel and fancy designs and colors.

The trained dress has ceased to exist in the streets, save for carriage wear.

French women by one handsome dress each season and wear it steadily.

The use of elbow leeves has revived that of black velvet bands for bracelets.

A new bangle is a snake of silver filigree with his tail and head tied in a knot.

Little straps of insertion now take the place of pins to hold up children's sashes.

The mixture of figured with plain materials to match governs the fashion more than ever.

Foulard wrappers are made princess shape, pad with a contrasting color, and trimmed with Breton.

Jet is combined with gold for evening wear. Jet leaves in embroidery are outlined in gold leaves with a very striking effect.

Black grenadine with damask designs, open work, and stripes of all widths finish the majority of evening dresses.

Brown, black and blue waterproof cloth with an alpaca finish is advertised in London. It is said to be very light and comfortable.

HE KNEW HE WAS MARRIED.

Judge—how do you know the defendant is a married man? Were you ever at his house?

No sir.

Do you know him personally?

No sir.

Did you know his wife?

No sir.

Did anybody ever tell you they were married?

No sir; but when I see a man and woman come to the same church regularly for three years and occupy the same pews, and have a hymn-book apiece to sing out of, I don't want to see no marriage certificate from them. I can swear to their relations all the time.

VERDICT FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

RULES OF HEALTH.

Rinsing the mouth with lime water, directly after eating, is an excellent way to neutralize the acid caused by particles of decomposing food. Keep a box of powdered lime water in the kitchen; and after washing rub a pinch over the hands.

It will prevent chapping. Cold baths are great aids to beauty; but they never should be taken less than three hours after meals.

Living and sleeping in a room in which the sun never enters is a slow form of suicide. A sun bath is the most refreshing and life giving bath that can possibly be taken. Always keep the feet warm, and thus avoid colds. To this end, never sit in damp shoes or wear foot covering fitting and pressing closely. The best time to eat fruit is half an hour before breakfast. Exercise, then, its medicinal properties are considerable.

A MODEL CONFESSION.

Several years ago, in a Western town, a lawyer, a member of a large church, got drunk. The brethren said he must confess; he remonstrated. He knew the members to be good people, but they had their little faults, such as driving sharp bargains, screwing the laborer down to his wages, having money at interest, etc., etc., etc., etc.

they were good people, and pressed the lawyer to come before the church meeting and own up to his sin of taking a glass too much, for they were temperance people, and abhorred intemperance. The sinner finally went to the confession, and found a large gathering of brethren and sisters, whose eyes glistened with pure delight as the lawyer began his confession. "I confess," he said, "that I never took 10 per cent. for money. On that confession I went a headlong way with my groan. I never turned a poor man from my door who needed food and shelter. Down went another head. 'I confess I never sold skin walk cheese for a new one,' whereupon a woman shrieked for mercy. 'I confess that I have not been Pharisaical and self-righteous, and have not sought to injure or persecute those who have not happened to agree with me, when down dropped numerous heads. 'I confess that I never played the hypocrite, and I do not lie, and that I have not used religion as a cloak,' when down went several other heads, and among them the very ones who were so anxious that he should confess. 'But,' concluded the sinner, 'I have been drunk, and am very sorry for it. Whereupon the meeting quietly dispersed.

NO TIME FOR SWAPPING HORSES.

An Indiana man was traveling down the Ohio on the steamer, with a mare and two year old colts, when by a sudden career of the boat all three were tilted into the river. The Hoosier, as he arose poking and blowing above water, caught hold of the colts not having a doubt that the natural instinct of the animal would carry him ashore. The old mare, too, "broke line" for the shore, and explained only by justly down the current with its owner, making fast. "Let go the colts and hang on to the old mare," shouted some of his friends. "Pure boiler!" exclaimed the Hoosier, spouting water from his mouth and shaking his head like a Newfoundland dog, "the all-vivvy line your telling me to let go the colts, but to a man that can't swim to swim, exactly the time for swapping horses!"

WHAT SMOKING DOES FOR BOYS.

A certain doctor struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age who had contracted smoking, was led to inquire into the effect the habit had upon the general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen years, and carefully examined them, and in twenty-seven of them he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and more or less marked taste for strong drink. In twelve there was frequent bleeding of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared upon cessation of the tobacco for some days. Medical treatment was of little use till the smoking was discontinued, when fresh strength was soon restored. This is no bold claim, but the facts are given under the authority of the British Medical Journal.

There is one kind of catnip, good for all the ailments that any child can get.

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