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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.

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THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY E. M. G.
The leaves have turned to cardinal—
Their red is streaked with gold;
A misty light is on the hill—
The most is on the world;
And in the vale and on the hill
The nights are getting cold.
The squirrel chatters on the tree,
The earth is clad in brown,
And from the bows the withered leaves
Are falling slowly down;
The pretty autumn, singing, grieves
For autumn's fading crown.

The saddest season of the year?
The brightest and the best!
With wine, and oil, and crowded bin,
And peace and plenty blest:
And through its gates we enter in
The coming winter's rest.
Oh, heart of mine, take courage, then!
Oh, heart, be of good cheer!
The autumn time—the gladdest time
Of all the passing year,
And winter's clime—a happy clime
To hearts that know no fear.

THE LOVE TEST.

It was the eve of Jack Hudson's wedding day, and I was enjoying a bachelor pipe and glass with him. Perhaps with a praiseworthy desire to see me a Benedict, Jack had been expatiating on the merits of several young ladies of our acquaintance, when, leaning back in his chair, puffing his cigar, he said, sentimentally,—
"My dear Ned, they talk of women's coquetry, but I believe men to be every bit as conceited as I was at one time. I'll tell you how I had it taken out of me."
I listened attentively.
"As you are aware, I and my father's ward, Dora, were betrothed at an early age. She loved me I reciprocated the affection. Brought up, however, as we were, together, from childhood, it was not displayed in the usual fashion."
"As a boy, I adored Dora with a species of awe; but as young, connected spring from college, I rather patronized her. Every young fellow goes through those phases of existence, as he emerges from jackets to tail coats. I am sure I was as absurd as most young fellows; spent an hour over my toilet, two with my tailor, and ran 'up a bill for gloves and pertumery with incredible rapidity. Strong upon the elegance of my appearance and graceful manners, I found constant occasion to correct Dora—one of the wildest, merriest girls in existence—for her girlish, madcap ways in return for which she drove me to desperation by her mimicry of my grand airs."
"I own that never was a girl more irritating. As surely as I arranged my hair to the best advantage, an autumnal garb was abruptly twisted, urban fashion, about my brows, to the utter annihilation of the choicest curls; while once I found her dog, Beau, fastened in a chair before my toilet table, attired in my best cravat and collar, a scented handkerchief on his paw, and panting inanely at his own image to the glass. In fact, I was a dandy; she a lively, unconnected girl, and each carried the game too far. I certainly did; for one day, when stung more than usual by her gay jests, leaping up in anger from the sofa, I roared furiously,—
"I tell you what it is, Dora, you would not dare to act like this if you didn't know I must marry you! I am confoundedly sorry for it!"
"Her face was grave in a second. Rising, she started fixedly at me,

A CHEERFUL WIFE.

Better than gold to a man is a cheerful wife. But he must do his part toward making her cheerful. It is easy for a man to marry a happy woman. But the bride expectant, when she thought how happy she would be, never contemplated the picture of a husband coming home cross as a bear, and going to bed without speaking to her; she had never thought of the long evening when he wouldn't come at all; or his bringing some one home to dinner without warning of preparation; or his awful profanity over so trifling a matter as her hair; or his having no idea, in fact, there could be anything but happiness in married life, and she had determined to be happy, and to distribute her happiness to those about her. It is not often her fault if she doesn't succeed. Men, as a rule, do not exert themselves to secure their wives happiness. They know that it requires a constant and a great effort to possess property and be secure in its value in the midst of constant commercial changes. The cheerfulness, the happy, hopeful character which every woman displays at the beginning of marriage, is not so easily lost as a fortune; it requires but a small share. A word to girls in this connection is in order: Beware of the man who doesn't know enough about cheerfulness to understand its value in daily life. Such a man would improve the first opportunity to grind the cheerfulness out of his home, to frighten a sunbeam into a shadow, and then wonder what is the matter. Such is no better than a husband, as all; and when you want a husband, find somebody else—somebody else—somebody who will give you the best chance to be happy far into the life beyond the honeymoon.

"DEAR JACK:—I love you far too fondly to make your life miserable. You would do for our betrothal. I release you; but I hold out live and see you another's. Farewell!"

"I kissed the letter a thousand times, addressing it in words of affection, calling upon Dora to return. Never had I known such wretchedness—how passionately, devotedly, I worshipped her. I groaned, I wept when I recognized the traces of tears on the letter, the outpouring of a broken heart.

"I resolved not to survive her. I knew, after so many hours, rescue was impossible, therefore I determined that the death I had driven her to should also be mine.

"Springing to my feet, I looked upon the calm, placid river, glittering with moonbeams, that robbed death of its horror.

"Dora, dear! I cried, passionately, if it is out of my power to let you know on earth my sorrow—how I would have suffered anything rather than lose you—at least, darling, I will tell in the next I will not survive you!"

"I had already sprung forward, when two fair arms clasped me from behind, a merry peevish face looked over my shoulder, and a familiar, welcome voice fell on my ear,—
"No please don't, dear Jack. Do forgive me! If I had played Ophelia instead of Juliet, don't you play Romeo; for, like the fair Capulet, I am not dead!"

"Dora! I cried. "Oh, is it possible you are not drowned?"

"Not quite, Jack. But if you had taken my disappearance coolly, I think I should have been by this time. It was, however, only a ruse to see if you really were sorry you had to marry me."

"Sorry my darling? I was a fool—an idiot!"

"Then I am forgiven!"

"Dearest, feel how my heart beats with joy; let that be my answer!" I replied, pressing her to my heart.

"Well, Ned, after that our wedding seemed so far off, we hurried our nuptials, and, as you know, are to be married to-morrow."

MY SPARE MOMENTS.

A poor country lad came one morning to the door of the head-master of a celebrated school, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his messy clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen. The boy did as he was desired, and soon appeared at the back door.

"I should like to see Mr. ———," said he.

"You want a breakfast, most likely," said the servant; and I can give you that without troubling him."

"Thank you," said the boy; "I've no objections to a bit of bread, but I should like to see Mr. ——— if he can see me."

"Some old clothes maybe you want," remarked the servant again, eyeing the boy's patched clothes. "I think he has some to spare; and without all minding the boys' request, she went about her work.

"Can I see Mr. ———?" again asked the boy, after eating his bread and butter.

"Well, he's in the library; if he must be interrupted, he must, but he does like to be alone sometimes," said the girl, in a peevish tone. Opening the library door, she said, "Here's somebody, sir, who is very anxious to see you; and so I let him in."

I do not know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business, but I know that after talking a while the Principal put aside the paper he was studying and took up a Latin book and began to examine the new comer. The examination lasted some time. Every question which the Principal asked, the boy answered as readily as could be. "Well!" exclaimed the Principal, "you certainly do well!" looking at the boy, from head to foot, over his spectacles. "Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy.

Here he was, poor and hard-working, with but few opportunities for schooling, and yet almost fitted for college, by simply improving his spare moments. Truly, are not spare moments the "gold dust of time"? How precious they should be! And yet how apt are we to waste them!

What account can you give of your spare moments? What can you show for them? Look and see. This boy could tell you how much, how very much can be laid up by wisely improving them; and there are many, many other boys, I am afraid, in the jail, in the house of correction, in the forecastle of a whale ship, in the gambling house or the tavern, who if you could ask them when they began their sinful courses might answer, "In my spare moments." "In my spare moments I gambled for marbles." "In my spare moments I began to smoke and drink." "It was in my spare moments that I first began to steal ornaments from the old woman's stand." "It was in my spare moments that I got acquainted with wicked associates." Take care of your spare moments!

THE NAME OF GOD.

It is not singular that the name of God should be spelled with four letters in so many different languages. In Latin, it is Deus; French, Dieu; Old Greek, Zeus; German, Gott; Old German, Odin; Swedish, Gode; Hebrew, Adon; Dutch, Heer; Syrian, Adon; Persian, Syra; Tartarian, Edge; Slavonian, Belg or Bog; Spanish, Dios; Hindoo, Dagi or Zai; Turkish, Abdi; Egyptian, Amon or Zai; Japanese, Zai; Paravian, Liau; Wallachian, Zou; Etrurian, Gbor; Tyrrhenian, Eber; Irish, Diel; Croatian, Bog; Margarian, Oost; Arabian, Ala; Dulaitam, Bog. There are several other languages in which the word is spelled with the same four letters.

Don't insult a poor man. His money may be well developed. Don't color your cheeks for a living. It is simply dying by inches. Don't show dust in your children's eyes. It will injure the pupils. Don't turn up your nose at right things. Think of bread and taxation. Don't boast of your pedigrees. You're a fool, but a wise ancestor. Don't say a harsh word to your wife. Better make her a snaky. Don't write long obituaries. Save some of your kind words for those living. Don't publish your acts of charity. The Lord will keep the account straight. Don't put on airs to your new clothes. Remember your father's suffering.

A SECRET BURIED.
Virgil James lay dying at Little Rock, Ark., a few days ago. It was known that he had \$5,000 hid, den somewhere, and he was asked to divulge the secret before it was too late. "No," said James; "I will tell my sister when she comes." When he was nearly gone an old negro man, who formerly belonged to the family went to the dying man, and, leaning over, said: "Marse Virgil, you can't live but a few moments longer. Tell me where your money is, and I'll tell her when she comes." "No," replied James; "I'll feel better after a while. My sister will be here pretty soon." He died soon afterward, and the money will probably never be found.

THE UMBRELLA COMMANDMENTS.
Most observed during the late rainy season:

Thou shalt respect no opportunity to steal thy neighbor's umbrella.

Thou shalt not respect the umbrella of thy father-in-law, or mother-in-law, or any of the umbrellas of their maid servants or house servants.

Thou shalt, if possible, use the umbrella of the stranger within thy gates.

Thou shalt buy only the best and cheap screen umbrellas.

Thou shalt leave it in place of thy friend's silk hat, leaning by the umbrella.

Thou shalt walk rapidly away with it, looking neither to the right nor left, and wear on thy face a look of harmless expression.

INTERESTING YOUNG MEN.
The interesting young man must be pale and thin, have long hair, but no side whiskers, eat little in public, utter smoke a pipe, be short-sighted, have a big pain, be sour, talk about himself, be imprudent, be extreme in opinion, especially on theology and mediocrity; be popular with women, not able to shoot or ride, have wet feet, be disliked by men, and, in toto, be "a double fool."

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OPIMUM.

WHAT TO DO WITH DAUGHTERS.

Teach them self-reliance.
Teach them to make bread.
Teach them to make shirts.
Teach them not to wear false hair.
Teach them not to powder and paint.
Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.
Teach them how to make their own clothes.
Teach them how to do marketing for the family.
Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals.
Teach them to wear calico dresses—and do it like a queen.
Teach them to say no and mean it, or yes, and stick to it.
Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.
Teach them to regard the morals, not the money of a beau.
Give them a good substantial common school education.
Teach them every day, dry, hard practical common sense.
Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining room and the parlor.
Teach them to have nothing to do with dissolute and intemperate young men.

A NEGRO'S PHILOSOPHY.
A hater of tobacco asked an old negro woman, the fumes of whose pipe were annoying to him, if she was a Christian.

"Yes, brudder; spects I is."

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, brudder."

"Do you know there is a passage in the Scripture which says that nothing unclean shall inherit the kingdom of heaven?"

"Yes, I've heard of it."

"Well, Chole, you smoke and you not enter the kingdom of heaven because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?"

"Why, I expects to leave my best behind when I go da."

FARMERS' WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.

Lord Burghley having remarked at an agricultural dinner in England that the wives and daughters of farmers at this critical period in the history of English agriculture farmers' wives and daughters should put their shoulders to the wheel, and not play the piano and lawn tennis, nor learn foreign languages, some of the women alluded to are answering this in the columns of the London News. "Ned's a poor girl," writes one of them, "will be thankful for the education that cannot be taken away from her." In these disastrous days. "Another wants to know if Lord Burghley would have them fit for nothing but scullery work, in case they should have to leave home." A third sarcastically retorts that perhaps Lord Burghley will kindly write out a manual of recreations for the wives and daughters of farmers in his concluding chapter. The subject is exciting much interest.